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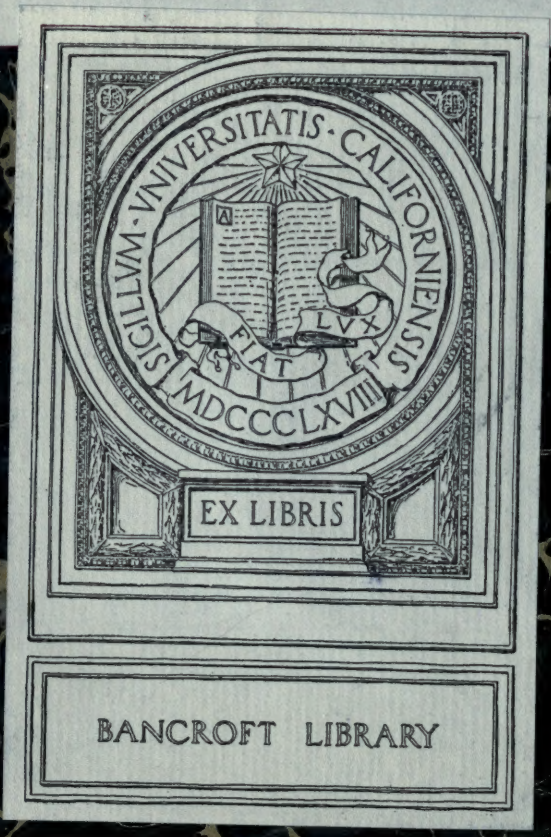

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

December, 1892 to May, 1893

EDITED BY

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Vol. III

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The Californian

THE Christmas issue of the CALIFORNIAN constitutes the first number of its third volume, and the appearance of the magazine is suggestive of the success it has attained in the first year of its existence. The CALIFORNIAN is to-day a permanent institution, has taken its place by the side of the great illustrated monthlies of the world, and is read monthly by over 150,000 readers. This enviable position has been attained by giving its readers the best literary and artistic productions available, and the policy of the magazine for the coming year will be improvement all along the line—an improvement justified by the reception accorded the magazine by readers all over this country and Europe. The cover of the present issue, designed especially for the month, shows a spray of pepper, the bright red berries of which constitute the holly decoration of California homes. The contents of the number: "The California Wild Flowers," many in bloom at Christmas time, "Navidad," the Christmas Spanish American ceremonial, "An Isle of Summer," "The Tournament in California," "The Christmas Bighorn," "The Yosemite in Winter," "The Christmas at San Luis Rey," are all suggestive not only of the Christmas time, but of the great contrast between the Christmas of the Pacific Slope and that of the East.

THE JANUARY CALIFORNIAN.

The January CALIFORNIAN will contain a wide selection of extremely interesting articles. "Barbara Freitchie" is an illustrated paper by Mrs. Eyster, a relative of Whittier's supposed creation. "A Home in the Pacific" describes life in the Southern islands. Mr. Arthur K. Woodbury contributes a paper on Tennyson, which is quite an extensive survey of the literary growth and product of the poet laureate from one of his most earnest and thorough students. Suggestive pen and ink sketches will accompany the article. "The Black Fellows" tells of life in Australia. Other illustrated papers will be "The California Academy of Sciences," a description of the magnificent donation to science by James Lick, the work accomplished, etc. The "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," a paper in the series on woman's work in great reforms, which the CALIFORNIAN has been publishing. The city of San Diego will be described, while the article on popular science will be on the winter habits of Pacific Slope animals. An extremely interesting illustrated paper will be upon Edmund Russell and his great work as an expounder of the teachings of Delsarte. This with short stories and poems will make up a number of especial interest.

Address all communications

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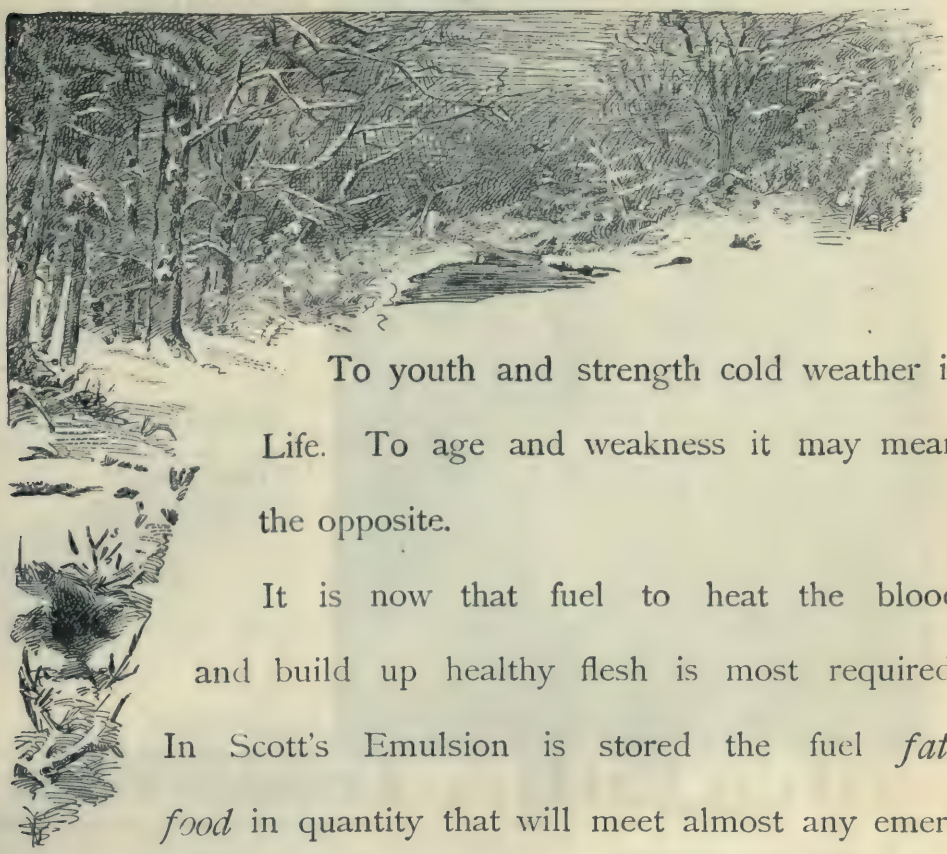

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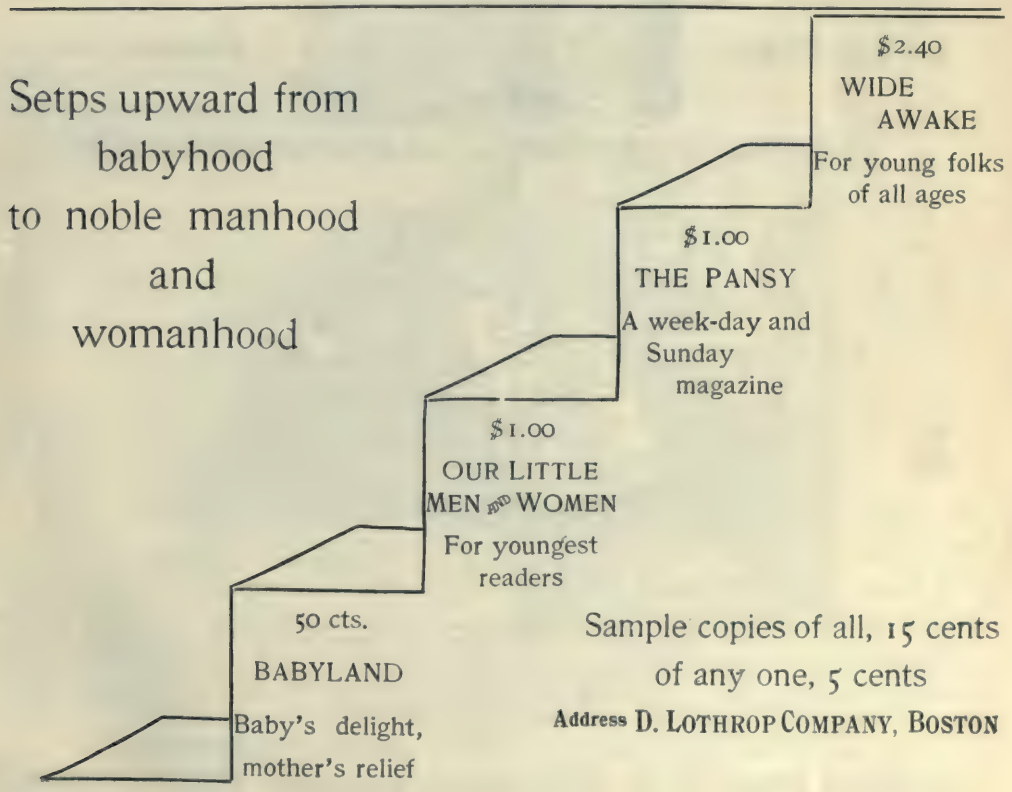

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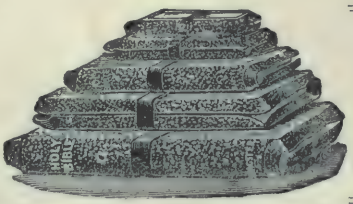

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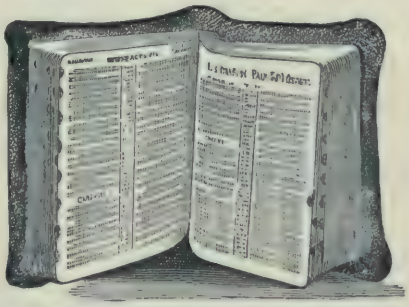

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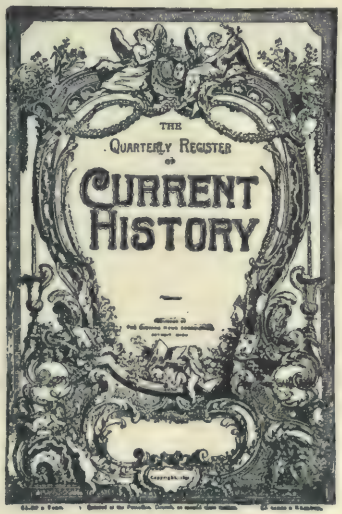

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1892. NO. 1.

Indian Basket of Yucca.

CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS.

BY BERTHA F. HERRICK.

CALIFORNIA spring may be said to begin at Christmas time, and to attain its highest perfection in the month of April. While cyclones and blizzards are raging on the Atlantic shores, and Jack Frost is abroad in all his glory; while railroads are blockaded by snow slides, and relentless floods devastate our great interior valleys, the early winter rains of the Golden State have already clothed the hills and fields with emerald; bright days have expanded the downy catkins of the brook-willows; the air is fragrant with the perfume of violets; and a thrill of new life animates the entire vegetable world.

The overland tourist, climbing by rail the high Sierras, retires for the night in a snowstorm, and awakens in a land carpeted with wild-flowers. His sensations are indescribable, and can only be understood by those initiated.

Our flora is said to include nearly two thousand varieties of flowering plants, several hundred of which, together with numerous growing specimens, are intended to be represented in paintings at the Columbian Exposition. They are noted for their bril-

Twig of Pepper-tree.

liancy and delicacy, many being raised, with sedulous care, in Eastern gardens and conservatories.

Within the limits of the State, many different soils and climates are represented. There are sheltered glens and sunny mesas in the citrus belt, where shrubs bloom nearly all the year ; vast plains covered with chapparal and sage-brush ; romantic cañons, a very Paradise for the botanist, and lofty peaks, "where flowers spring up unsown, and die ungathered."

The Scotch heather is found at Lake Tahoe, and a species of the Swiss edelweiss in the Santa Barbara mountains. The mistletoe clings to our oaks, and the Spanish moss to our pine-trees. In the northern bogs and swamps, flourishes the curious *Darlingtonia*, or giant pitcher-plant; while on the extreme southern borders are domesticated the equally singular gray ice-plant and the brownish "live-forever."

Seen from any unobstructed point in March and April, the open country presents the appearance of a great fantastic checker-board or crazy-quilt, or may be compared to a kaleidoscope, with its ever-shifting views of form and color.

Here are acres of sweet-scented wild mustard, which grows so luxuriantly in certain parts of Southern California that a man on horseback is entirely lost to view. Helen Hunt Jackson, in her celebrated book, "Ramona," compares it to that spoken of in the New Testament ; for in its branches the birds of the air may rest. "Coming up out of the ground so slender a stem that dozens may find a starting point in an inch, it darts up, a straight shoot—five, ten or twenty feet—with hundreds of fine feathery branches locking and interlocking, till it is an inextricable network, like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom, still finer, more feathery and lace-like. It is the

terror of the farmer; but its gold is as distinct a value to the eye as the nugget gold is in the pocket."

In pleasing contrast are wide patches of white wild radish and bluish-pink wild turnip blossoms; while, like a quiet lake in the distance, are fields of the fragile *Nemophila*, or grove-lovers, commonly known as "baby blue eyes."

Tall, shiny-faced buttercups run riot everywhere.

But the pride of the meadows is the gorgeous eschscholtzia, or orange-colored California poppy—appropriately selected as the State flower, not only from the fact that it is almost exclusively Californian, but on account of its beauty and individuality. It is also the emblem of the California Floral Society, and is deservedly popular with artists and verse-writers. Chamisso, the eminent German botanist, named it in honor of his friend, Dr.

Wild Heliotrope.

Eschscholtz, a young surgeon, in whose company he made a voyage to America in 1816, with a Russian exploring expedition. Among the Argonauts of '49 it was known as the "California gold-flower," as it grew in great profusion around the diggings.

It is a smooth-stemmed annual, with kind is of a spotless white; and occasionally a double poppy rewards the novelty-seeker.

Eschscholtzia Californica often attains the height of nearly two feet, and has a corolla four inches in diameter, with a capsule of the same length. So prodigal is its bloom that one may

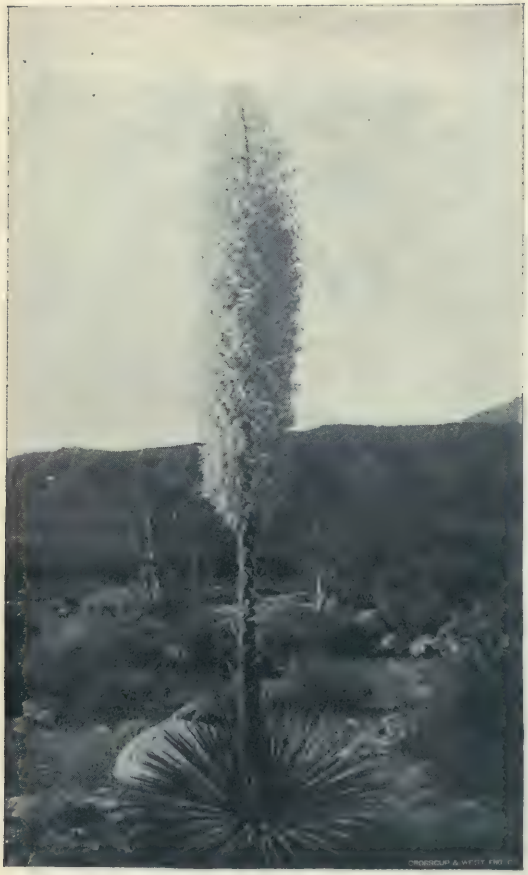
Chinese Lily.

finely-cut, pale-green leaves, four brilliant, orange petals of satiny texture, numerous stamens of the same shade, and a colorless, acrid juice. The two sepals are united into a cap, like a candle-extinguisher, which is pushed upward and dropped off as the blossom expands.

There are several varieties, the largest and brightest being found in the valleys and foothills, and the smaller and lighter-colored in the neighborhood of the seacoast. One pull up a whole plant by the roots, and so bear away an armful at a single picking.

Among smaller spring flowers which aid materially in coloring the landscape are the blue-eyed grass (*Sisyrinchium*), with deep-blue, purple striped petals, nearly an inch in length, a yellow eye, and dark-green, grass-like leaves, which proclaim it a member of the Iris family; the shooting star, wild cyclamen, or mosquito-bill (*Dodocatheon Meadia*), a bracteate

Datura, or Trumpet Flower.



Yucca, or Spanish Bayonet.

umbel of pink, white or purple flowers, growing from a clump of round or ovate leaves; the solferino mayflower (*Calandrinia*), a profuse bloomer in open sections; the peach-scented yellow violet, or wild pansy (*Viola pedunculata*); the dainty evening primrose (*Enothera ovata*), swaying its yellow cups on its slender calyx tubes; the hairy and the smooth-stemmed cream cups (*Platistigma*); the blue flax, and the white morning glory, or bind weed.

The largest of all the orders is the *Compositæ*, which includes over five hundred local species, the principal representatives being sunflowers, dandelions, asters, golden-rod, chamomile, coreopsis, daisies, thistles, the salsify, or oyster plant, and the "brass buttons," a little, round-headed yellow flower, covering the marshes.

Another important family is the *Liliaceæ*. There are twenty varieties of the *Calochortus*, or "beautiful grass," of which the best known is the graceful Mariposa lily, or butterfly tulip, so named by the Spaniards on account of the large dark spots on the petals. It grows in sheltered nooks in the mountains, and is easily recognized by its three white, yellow, lilac or reddish-purple petals, erect, slender stems, large seed-pod, and long, narrow leaves.

The ordinary species of the genus *Calochortus* are nodding flowers, borne upon branching stalks, from four inches to a foot in height, and have concave, connivent petals, hairy on the inner surface.

Some common field flowers of this order are the squills, or wild onion, often called blue-bells (*Brodiæa capitate*), a close head of deep blue or purple blossoms on the summit of tall, swaying peduncles; and the cluster-lily, or wild agapanthus, (*Triteleia*) with long perianths of blue, white, yellow, or rose-color, veined or marked with contrasting shades.

The trilliums, wake-robins, or wood-lilies, love the damp woods and creek banks. All the parts of this plant are in threes; and among certain religious sects, it is the chosen symbol of the Trinity. The largest, *Trillium sessile*, has dark-crimson corollas, seated in a whorl of spotted leaves, on stems about a foot in height; and *Trillium ovatum* is a smaller white variety, which turns pink after being placed in water.

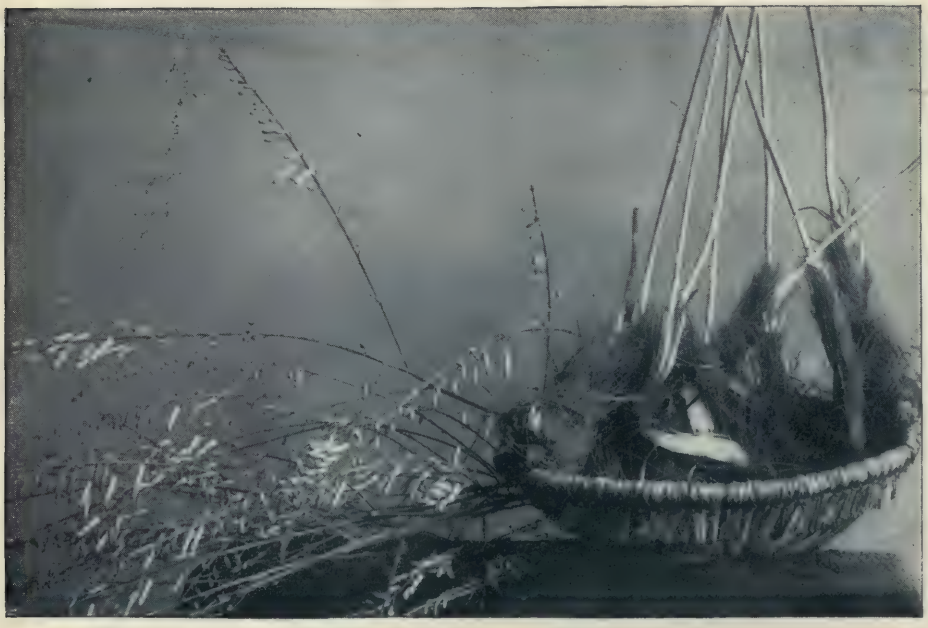
The Solomon's seal, or false smilax, suggests in appearance the lily-of-the-valley, and is so named from the large, round scars on the rootstock.

All along the coast, from the Upper

Sacramento to Santa Barbara County, grows the white, purple-veined "amole," or soap-plant, (*Chlorogalum*) from the large, fibrous roots of which the Indians manufacture baskets. The bulbs are also used as a substitute for soap.

A triumph of Nature's handiwork is the magnificent yucca, or Spanish bayonet (*Yucca gloriosa*), also known as the "Roman candle." It is a native of the Coast Range, from Monterey to San Diego, and thence eastward to Arizona; and flourishes from May to November, without a drop of moisture. A denizen of the scorching Mojave Desert, where it disputes the right of way with the ghoulish yucca-palm, it is not averse to clinging to the sides of barren precipices, or to consorting with the wild artichoke, the prickly-pear cactus, the agave, or

California Wild Rose.



Indian Basket of Amole.

century plant, and the Romneya, or mission poppy, on the edge of the forests of live-oak, sycamore and castor-oil trees. From a clump of sharp, bayonet-like leaves, a couple of feet long, rises a graceful stalk, three or four inches in diameter, and from ten to twenty feet in height, bearing a dense, compound panicle of small white blossoms, which, in shape, size, color and fragrance closely resemble the tube-rose. Sometimes as many as twenty-five hundred flowers are crowded on a single stem.

Then there are the stately mountain lilies, growing in clumps, in dry, open localities, at an altitude of from 2,000 to 3,500 feet.

The Humboldt is a tawny tiger-lily, as tall as a good-sized man; and the Washington has larger and fragrant corollas, dotted or streaked with gold.

The water-lilies belong to the order *Nymphæaceæ*.

Boat-riders on Lake Tahoe are familiar with the sulphur-yellow *Nuphar*, with leaves nearly a foot across; and the white-pond lily, or *Brasenia*, is also a general favorite.

Among maritime plants are the lilac-blue wild aster, or beach-daisy (*Erigeron glaucus*), which clings tenaciously to the precipitous cliffs of Monterey, apparently delighting in the fierce, salt spray; the pink sand-verbena (*Abronia umbellata*), a glutinous, decumbent herb, with fleshy, irregular leaves; the trailing marine convolvulus (*C. soldanella*); the thick-leaved, rose-colored wild-thrift (*Armeria vulgaris*); the fire-cracker plant; the wild house leek; half a dozen kinds of flag-lilies, or Irises; and forty varieties of the well-known lupines, which are invaluable in binding the drifting sand-dunes, in the vicinity of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Another old-fashioned flower, common in suburban towns, especially Alameda, is the tree-mallow, or *Lavatera*, reaching a height of fifteen feet, and bearing clusters of bright solferino flowers of peculiar odor.

The *Sidalcea*, or spike-mallow, is a trailing perennial, with long racemes

of small pink blossoms ; and the marsh-mallow, a coarse weed, growing along our country highways, has large geranium-like leaves and round mucilaginous seed vessels, known among children as "cheeses."

Some of our most characteristic plants are members of the Figwort order. There are nearly forty kinds of the *mimulus*, or monkey-flower—orange, scarlet, buff or salmon—with bilabiate or two-lipped corollas, like musk. They are mostly frequenters of moist situations ; but the sticky and most common species (*Mimulus glutinosus*), thrives best on dry, rocky hillsides.

The pentstemons, or beard-tongues, are gay annuals resembling small foxgloves ; and are especially abundant in elevated districts west of the Sierras.

A popular herb, lingering in open

Mariposa Lily.

places all through a long, dry summer, is the Indian's paint-brush, painted-cup, or soldier-cap (*Castilleia*), with terminal spikes a foot or two in height, of scarlet, or occasionally yellow bracts and flowers.

notice, in the underbrush, spikes of majenta, or white flowers, with four, papery petals, (often marked with a large dark spot), a prominent pistil like a yellow cross, and leafy stems a foot or two in height. This is the godetia,

Eucalyptus Blossom.

Other genera include the figworts (*Scrophularia*), with square stems and inconspicuous blossoms; the white and the yellow pocket-shaped orthocarpus; the snap-dragon, or Antirrhinum, the beautiful collinsias, and the flannelly mullein, or verbascum.

The *Leguminosæ*, or pea family, numbers one hundred and eighty local specimens, including twenty-five kinds of clover.

Orchids are sparingly represented, among them being the "ladies' tresses," the tway-blade and the coral-root.

The summer rambler in the mountains in June and July will be apt to

indigenous to the Pacific Coast, and a member of the Evening Primrose family, although it does not close by day.

A near relative is the Clarkia, a purplish annual, with erect, brittle stalks and eight stamens, four of which are rudimentary. The blades of the petals are narrowed into claws, giving the blossom the appearance of a bee on the wing.

The *Eucharidium* is similar to the Clarkia, only the petals are three-lobed and the stamens are only four.

The *Zauschneria* may be known from its likeness to a small scarlet fuchsia.

With the Crowfoots are classed the red and indigo larkspurs, (*Delphinium*) growing near the sea in dry soil; the twining clematis, or Virgin's Bower; the symbol of folly—the nodding columbine, (*Aquilegia*); the wood-anemone, and the monkshood.

The gilias belong with the phloxes, and are small, five-petalled, rose, white or lilac blossoms, scattered, sometimes scantily, on terminal capitate clusters.

Country stage-drivers are not infrequently desired to halt, while botanically-inclined passengers search among the rocks for the Indian-pink, or catchfly, (*Silene*)—an especially attractive wild-flower, with fiery fringed petals and sometimes sticky leaves.

On the slopes of Mt. Shasta grows a species of milkweed, (*Asclepias*), much sought after on account of its large, oval seed-pods, which, though outwardly unpretentious, reveal within a marvel of skill and neatness, the seeds being packed in layers like the scales of a fish, and furnished with a coma, or wing of silken down.

The chief characteristics of the Borrage tribe are coiled, one-sided racemes, which straighten as the flowers develop. With it are numbered the forget-me-nots, (*Myosotis*); the creeping heliotrope; the tarweed, (*Amsinckia*); and the blue borrage, a rank herb, common in damp woods, in the springtime.

A distinctively Californian flower is the Sarcodes, or snow-plant, (*Sarcodes sanguinea*), which stands without a

Snow Plant.

rival, there being only one known species. Its habitat is the Sierra Nevada mountains, at an elevation of from 4,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea-level. It is a parasite of the pine-tree, from the roots of which it springs, when the snow is melting. The entire plant—small bell-shaped blossoms, fleshy bracts, thick brittle stems, and succulent leaves are all of a brilliant scarlet, which deepens and finally becomes almost purple, after the flower is gathered. The average height is about one foot; and the portion covered by the earth is from three to five inches in depth and of a light pink color. This curious pyramid of glistening crimson is an object of rare beauty, and forms a striking contrast to its wintry surroundings. Experiments have been successfully tried in raisings specimens from seed.

In its vicinity is often found the peculiar "red-snow," a minute form of vegetable life, which colors one's footprints the hue of blood.

Chinese Hat and Nuts—Chinese Lily Growing in Crab-lily Bowl.

The snow-plant is a member of the heath family, as are also—improbable though it may seem—the delicate azalea and the sturdy manzanita.

Of the former, the leading varieties are *Rhododendron Californicum*, a large evergreen shrub, six to fifteen feet high, bearing terminal corymbs of rose-purple flowers; and *Rhododendron occidentale*, a smaller deciduous species,

with bright, green, oval leaves and umbels of fragrant white, or flesh-tinted blossoms, somewhat sticky to the touch.

The manzanita, or bear-berry, (*Arctostaphylos*), together with the deer-brush, snow-berry bush and chemissal, comprises the larger part of our forest undergrowth; and includes twelve species in the State, averaging in height from five to twenty feet. All mountain climbers are familiar with its smooth red bark, thick ovate leaves, tiny waxen flowers, and small, apple-like seed-vessels, which, being acidulous in flavor, are prized as food by both Indians and "grizzlies."

In our woods and cañons are other handsome flowering shrubs, some of which have been transplanted from their native wilds, and ornament parks and gardens.

The toyon, or American holly (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*), is a small evergreen tree with dark, smooth foliage, and terminal panicles of little white blossoms, succeeded by the bright red berries used everywhere for decoration at the holiday season.

The berries of the holly-leaved barberry, or Oregon grapevine, are bluish-purple in tint, and the prickly leafage much resembles the famous holly of England.

In the autumn, the deciduous choke-cherry dons a robe of crimson, and ripens an astringent fruit of an equally vivid hue.

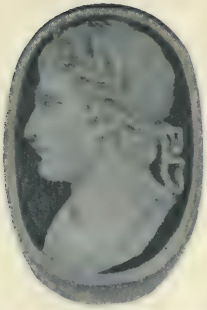
The large white bracts of the cornus, or dogwood; the showy yellow petals of the tree-poppy, (*Dendromecom rigidum*); twenty varieties of the ceanothus, or mountain lilac; the violet blue clusters of the nightshade (*Solanum*); the long, drooping trumpets of the river-loving datura, or stramonium; and the feathery racemes of the wild currant, all add color to the scene, or fragrance to the atmosphere.

Down by the creeks, where the wild roses flaunt their pink corollas high above the brakes and alum-root, flourish the graceful elders, the dull-red, leathery-petalled calycanthus; the stout, spreading aralia, or spike-nard, and the shield saxifrage, conspicuous on the banks of the Sacramento and McCloud Rivers, and bearing circular leaves a foot across, on erect stalks a yard or more in length.

Descriptions of large, flowering trees, such as the madrone and buck-eye, or those domesticated foreigners, the Australian eucalyptus and the Chilian pepper tree, do not come within the limits of this article. What has been attempted is a general introduction to California's most beautiful and typical wild plants; for, as says J. G. Holland, in "Gold Foil," "There are crowds who trample a flower into the dust, without once thinking that they have one of the sweetest thoughts of God under their heel."

Fig. 9—Death Mask of Napoleon.

Taken at St. Helena immediately after death, by Antommarchi.



From a Cameo presented to Dr. O'Meara by Napoleon.

SOME HEADS OF NAPOLEON.

BY P. C. REMONDINO, M. D.

MY earliest recollections of either art or history are connected with Napoleon. My grandfather, an old veteran of the One Hundred and Eleventh of the line, had been one of his old soldiers, and young as I was I had the campaign of 1806–7 almost by heart, so often had I heard all its incidents related, whilst sitting on the old veteran's knee. In deference to his veneration for his emperor, a large portrait of Napoleon hung over the mantelpiece, and a bronze equestrian statue of the emperor as he appeared during the early days of the first empire stood immediately below it. These two works of art had been selected from the best shops of Turin, and my grandfather and many of his brother veterans pronounced them perfect models of the great captain. Piedmontese veterans of the old Napoleonic wars were quite numerous in the days of my childhood, as the race then in no wise differed from that which inhabited the slopes of the Appenines in the days of the Roman empire, when Pliny relates that in the census taken by the order of Vespasian there were returned over fifty centenarians. These gray veterans were from the same stock, and I well remember that at the age of sixty-five my grandfather looked upon a twenty or thirty-mile jaunt on foot as a constitutional. It was but natural that my early imagination would be filled by a veneration and awe, not unmixed by a great admiration for the emperor represented by the picture and the statue, and that even at that early age I became an art critic in regard to anything that belonged to Napoleon. Everything that did not accord with my portrait or statue I at once declared fraudulent impositions, and as at that early day there were as many different portraits of Napoleon as there are at present—I may even say many more that did not resemble him in the least than at the present day—I found plenty of material whereupon to exercise my critical propensities.

The last time my grandfather saw the emperor was on the field of Eylau; he was riding slowly along the regiment's front, talking to them in his familiar way in the Italian language. The regiment was about to charge on a Russian battery, and the emperor was recalling to their minds the many brave deeds of the One Hundred and Eleventh. After addressing many personal remarks to many of the men he moved aside to see them carry the battery. They moved forward on the run, and when within a short distance of the guns, discharged their muskets at the artillerymen and their infantry support, then dashed forward with the bayonet. It was then a part

of the regulation drill to extend the left thumb upwards as a guide, in firing the old flintlock. As my grandfather came to a momentary halt to deliver his fire with the regulation thumb pointing heavenward, the cannon in his immediate front fired, and in the hail of canister that followed he went down, less the extended thumb, the sighting eye, considerable less scalp, a disabled shoulder and a torn and fractured leg. This mutilation, however painful it must have been on that cold February morning in an extreme Russian winter, did not seem in the least to have impaired his future vitality, but it added greatly to my interest in the portrait and statue, as I could not understand how the emperor could have looked so neat and trim, whilst all the veterans I knew were more or less perforated, indented or abbreviated in some part of their anatomy. Many of my grandfather's friends had formed a part of Prince Eugene's—then viceroy of Italy—army in 1812, when the emperor had not as yet become so stout; and they invariably pronounced the selections made by my grandfather as being faithful representations of Napoleon as he appeared between those years.

Since my childhood, I have always been a more or less close student of Napoleonic history, reading both sides alike, but I have always taken a livelier interest in illustrated works, some of the French productions being remarkably interesting from the delicacy and faithfulness of the artistic work, as well as from the truthfulness of the details they represent. One work especially interested me. It was illustrated by Horace Vernet, and the engravings were exquisite. I have since seen an English edition of the same work which is an aggravation to look at—so coarse are the reproductions of the illustrations. A collection of illustrated works on Napoleon, and a collection of prints representing him from Toulon to St. Helena show about as much variety as some of the collections of the portraits of Columbus, who can be seen in every conceivable shape or expression of physiognomy, except in Burnsides or Dundrearys. The only characteristics that the different artists seem, by common consent, to have agreed to hold in common are the great embroidered rolling collar and coat of the directory period for the years from '96 to 1800; and that from then on he should either be in the conventional uniform of the *chasseurs* of the guard or in the cocked hat and great gray coat. As to the individual who was to occupy these clothes they do not seem to have agreed upon. Some of the faces resemble Napoleon about as much as they do George III, or Red Jacket.

The first mask of Napoleon that I had the satisfaction of seeing was the

Fig. 1—Profile View of the Antommarchi Mask of Napoleon.

From Rouvin's Work.

one in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. What struck me as most singular was the dissimilarity between the profile of this mask and the usual profile, as seen in the portraits. I was further astonished that, whereas the mask was taken at the age of fifty-two, it nevertheless presented the same profile that I had been accustomed to look upon as the authentic. By a strange coincidence, on the afternoon of the same day of the Museum visit, whilst strolling down Cornhill street, I entered one of the old bookstores and there found a "Life of Bonaparte," by Wm. Burdon, printed in London, in May, 1805. This work, like all the English works of that period, looked upon Napoleon as the impersonification of the Revolu-

tion; in fact, they seemed to think that he was to blame for the whole occurrence, although he was not twenty at its inception, nor did he take any part in it except on the side of law and order. But what interested me more than anything else about Burdon's book, was a portrait in profile which faces the title page, which must have been taken about the time of the Marengo campaign. This portrait is authentic; its resemblance to the mask is undeniable. That this portrait in Burdon is reliable is further borne out by comparing it with the portraits made by Longhi, in expression, although Longhi does not retain as precisely the relative shape and position of the lips that is to be found in both the mask and the portrait in Burdon's book. Longhi's portrait was taken some time prior to the Friedland campaign, and from my view of the case, based on my study of the Napoleon portraits, it has always seemed to me that the Napoleon in Messionier's "1807" belongs to a much later date, say 1810.

According to David, the court painter of the Empire, Napoleon had a strongly shaped Roman head and physiognomy. It was what he called a beautiful antique head, and he was wont to remark that the upper part resembled that of Cæsar, whilst the lower part was unmistakably that of Brutus. That his face was capable of quick and varying expression, there is no doubt, both the eyes and mouth being very changeable and full of expression, which could alter with the quickness of his temper. M. P. F. Tissot, a member of the French Academy, and a professor in the College of France, gives us a pen picture of the Emperor as he first saw him in his youth. This was on the fifteenth Vendĕmiare, in the court of the Tuilleries. The future Emperor was on horseback; he was not then, apparently a good rider, as Tissot represents him as sitting the saddle awkwardly and without any grace, looking anything but like a man with a "Tournure militaire." He was then thin and pale, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, the effect of the whole being heightened by the peculiar way of wearing the hair during the period, in flat, hanging masses, *oreilles de chien*, or "dog ears," as the mode was then expressed. It was this combination of haggard, pale face and sunken eyes, when seen expressionless and in repose, flanked by the heavy locks of flattened masses of hair, that induced the lady friends of Madame de Beauharnais to nickname him the "ugly general." Tissot relates, however, that on a sudden his eyes would lighten up, and a smile would play about his mouth that would at once change the forlorn and hopeless Dante countenance into one of a smiling Apollo.

Figure 6 is taken from an engraving of the portrait of the Emperor, painted by M. Steuben. This was one of the last portraits painted of Napoleon. It was greatly admired for the simplicity and truthfulness with which it represented its subjects, and was considered a good likeness. This portrait was purchased by Colonel de Chambure, and formed, with the works of Vernet, Delorme, Charlet, Langlois, Desennes and others, one of the master pieces of the colonel's celebrated gallery of paintings of the Napoleonic era. From this gallery of paintings were reproduced many of the engravings since used in the histories of Napoleon, the Consulate or the Empire. The familiar picture of the return from Elba, with the soldiers of poor, unfortunate Labĕdoyĕre's Seventh Regiment of the line rushing to meet their Emperor, was by Steuben, and formed part of this gallery. This painter painted the "Death of Napoleon," a painting remarkable for the portraits of those then in the chamber, even down to Noveraz, one of his old chasseurs, Marchand, having rearranged a facsimile, "The Death Chamber," with the original furniture of which he was custodian. Twelve of the Napoleon paintings on the

Chambure gallery were by Steuben. The collection was sold in Paris in March, 1830.

Napoleon has been accused of being theatrical in the play of his countenance; that it all was studied and a sham for whatever the occasion required. To assume such to be the case simply because he had expressive features, which quickly indexed in the most expressive manner his sentiments, would be manifestly unjust. Napoleon simply had the sensitiveness peculiar to his race, and whether angry or pleased there was always more or less intensity in its manifestation which found expression in the easy play of his features. He was no more accountable for this, neither was there any more of the theatrical in it all than there was in the uncontrollable twitching and jerking of muscles of the calf to which he was subject, when extremely irritated.

Figure 5 is taken from an engraving of one of the portraits by David. It materially differs from most of the other portraits by the same artist, in its greater repose and naturalness of expression. It has been claimed that, by that peculiar perversity so common to mankind, Napoleon wished himself possessed of a slightly different expression; that he wished his countenance to have more of that squareness of brow and of chin—the greater massiveness of either that is so common a trait among the heads on the old Roman imperial coins. We are told that he caused all dies, proofs or representations of himself—whether for use on coins, medals or prints—to be submitted to his inspection, and that he was very hard to please in

Fig. 2—Bonaparte. by Isabey.

this regard. The cast in the medallion represented in figure 8 gives an idea of what Napoleon himself thought he ought to look like. One probable explanation for all this is that it may possibly have had some other source besides that mere vanity, or rather sensitiveness, regarding our personal appearance. Napoleon was probably aware that in repose his countenance lacked that look of command or decision and unflinchingness that were so characteristic of his temperament. He further probably realized that the slightly retreating chin, the overhanging position of the upper lip in relation to that of the lower, gave to his countenance a look of indecision, weariness and anxiety—expressions which were only present when the face was in repose, and which as is well known were not present when in action or animated, at which times the expressions were everything the reverse of indecision or anxiety. As is mentioned in another part of this paper, Napoleon was conscious of his failing physical powers when only at thirty-five; he then felt the unequal condition between his physique and the strains it was called to stand; that he should not wish the nation, and much less his enemies, to build either fear or false hopes on that, was but natural—his work was neither finished nor assured as yet; he felt that he must put forward an appearance of strength and vitality. These sentiments are but those that are common to those who have a great work on hand and who have gone into it heart and soul. Nelson, shot down on his quarter-deck at Trafalgar, had his face and decorations covered with a handkerchief that he might not be recognized, whilst being borne down to the cockpit, feeling that his men must not know that he was struck down but that, on the contrary, they must imagine him in full vigor wherever the action might require. Down in the cockpit, conscious that his wound was mortal, that his spine was shot through and that he was bleeding internally, all of which would soon end in death, he was nevertheless aroused by the remark of Hardy that Collingwood would now take charge of the fleet. "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," spoke out firmly the dying chief, endeavoring ineffectually to raise himself from his cot. Readers of Carlyle will all remember the rage of Frederick William when, on the entry of the future Frederick the Great—then only a youth—into the Tobacco Parliament, that august body arose with respect; how this implied allusion to his mortality and expected early exit from his Kingship—although he had no great or small business on hand—threw him into such a passion that it destroyed the peace and harmony of that gathering for some time. Queen Elizabeth fought equally as hard against fate, and used every endeavor to conceal the approach of time and physical decay.

With Napoleon it was more than a mere personal matter; enemies were watching anxiously for his assassination or death, and any sign of decay or the appearance of a mortal malady would have been hailed by them with delight, and would have redoubled their exertions and plunged France again into a state of anarchy; he must look stronger and healthier than he was, not to discourage at home and encourage abroad.

David, an ardent revolutionist himself, felt and must have been inspired by these sentiments, when working on the Napoleon portraits. He loved and admired the emperor; he was the painter of the empire, but back of all he wished the work begun by the revolution carried to a successful termination, and he knew that Napoleon alone could accomplish that.

Artists do not receive the credit they deserve; the unconscious amount of general knowledge that an artist must possess, and the policy that knowledge and his sentiments transmit unconsciously to his brush are something that is not sufficiently appreciated. Jerome's picture of the execution of poor

martyred Ney—the prone, limp figure on that Paris pavement close to that bleak garden wall of the "last of the grand army"—Ney, the bravest of the brave; driven to Waterloo by the studied neglect and insults of the imbecile court of the first restoration, and then shot down like a brigand on that dismal December morning—caused more dismay than anxiety to the monarchy of the Bourbons than an open insurrection would have done. David is charged with desiring to flatter Napoleon with his brush. We

Fig. 3—Napoleon During the Consulate.
From a painting by Isabey.

must not forget that the great artist was as intense in desiring the completion of the work begun in 1789—and of which Napoleon was the instrument—as Napoleon himself, and that whatever assistance his brush could lend it, should be lent with all the patriotic intelligence imaginable. Hence the poetic fancies and liberties seen in the Napoleonic canvasses from this great artist.

David had further private reasons for wishing well of the Empire—he was a regicide, and there was no telling where he might land in the event of its failure. Artists are all historians, and the fate of the judges of Charles I. may have had no little influence on some of his artistic touches. The old Chambure gallery did not contain a single canvas of David or any reproductions of his works.

The portrait representing Napoleon, when Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Battalion of Corsica, is intended for the year 1792, when he hurried to the islands for the purpose of removing his family to a place of security. The Civil War had broken out, however, in all its fierceness, the islanders being divided between their inability to retain their independence and the warring English and French. Being an officer in the French Army, it was but natural that he should take the French side—a side which was, however, unsuccessful. This portrait I judge to be authentic. I picked it up in the City of Turin, in Italy. It has no signer, nor is the engraver noted. Its conformity in facial angle, slope of forehead, profile and expression to the mask, as well as to the Appiani and the Longhi portraits, stamps it as a faithful likeness. John C. Ropes, of Boston, has a bust in his cabinet, which he found in Paris, that gives us quite the same countenance. He gives us a fine view of it in an interesting article on "Napoleon and His Times," in the *Scribner's* of 1887. It is hard to conceive from whence came the idea of a nearly perpendicular and square forehead that disfigures so many of his later portraits, unless it be for the reasons already stated. By reference to one of the masks, it will be seen that the head or skull line sloping back from the face does not do so at right angles. The Longhi portrait, as well as the one in Burdon's, shows this configuration of the superior profile line of the head to perfection. By comparing them to the cast taken from the work of Rouvin, it will become at once evident that these two

portraits were taken with a total regard to truthful and artistic reproduction; and again, if we compare any of the other portraits taken during the Empire to the fine production of Longhi, we shall see that there was too much ideal addition made to the head, here and there, as if Napoleon's character, ability and intelligence depended on the peculiar phrenological bumps or head lines. Some of these imaginative and untruthful artists have so exaggerated these phrenological developments that it gives the otherwise fine head of Napoleon the appearance of being hydrocephalic, with a necessary distortion of the features, by which the portraits often lose that intellectual appearance which is so expressively shown by the natural features.

The small vignette of the Emperor in figure 7 is taken from M. Visconti's descriptive work, "Le Tombeau de Napoleon I." In the text of the work there occurs the following personal description of the Emperor: "Napoleon was rather undersized, being only four feet eleven inches in height. His head was large and his forehead high and broad; his eyes a clear blue; hair of the fineness of silk, and eyebrows of a dark chestnut. His glance was rapid and piercing, and may be likened to that of the eagle, but wholly influenced by whatever mood that agitated him, nose well formed and a gracious mouth and full of expressiveness. His chest was large and the trunk of the body long for his height, so that when seen on horseback, he impressed one with being a really much larger framed man than what he was. In his childhood and youth he had that peculiar nut-brown complexion and lovely expression so peculiar to Italian youths. After the Italian and Egyptian campaign, his features were hardened and sallow, and his hair, which was then worn long and flat, falling on either side of his cheeks, gave him a most singular but interesting appearance. During the first years of the empire, his figure filled out and his features assumed that type of remarkable regularity artists never tire of reproducing, and of which the portraits of David, of Gerard, of Girodet and the bust by Chaudet will furnish an exact idea. The plaster cast taken after his death reminds one forcibly of the studies of antiquity."

It must not be forgotten that in Napoleon there existed several characteristics, and each one as intensely developed as the other. That he was a humane man and a domestic man, intense in his love of family, history sufficiently proves, as his many benevolent acts also testify. Could Napoleon have banished want and misery from the globe and replenished it with happiness and plenty, there is no doubt that his disposition would have prompted him to do so.

Comparisons have often been instituted between Washington and Napoleon, and the funeral honors paid by the latter to the Father of his Country indicated that Napoleon admired Washington. He was his ideal, but he was powerless to imitate him. Washington had an entirely different element at his back and to work with. The American people were made up of the descendants of the liberty-loving and independent Netherlanders —headstrong, brave, sturdy and intelligent. Added to these at the North, were to be found the descendants of those sturdy old roundheads that had crossed swords with the cavaliers of Prince Rupert, fighting for conscience and Parliament. Men who could leave the roast beef and old port, ale and good cheer of merry England for a home on the bleak shores of New England, and prefer the constant menace of the tomahawk and scalping-knife to having their conscience legally oppressed, could not be anything else but sturdy and intelligent Democrats. To the immediate south of the old Netherland colony were settlements of intelligent and progressive, but a very independent nobil-

ity, of Scotch and English extraction, and their adherents or dependents—men of the type of Washington himself. Still further south the descendants of the Huguenots were to be found—a brave, unconquerable set of liberty-loving people of which Marion was the type. These peculiarly constituted people, with the freedom that a colonial existence naturally cultivates by force of circumstances, made an aggregate such as could not be found the world over, either for intelligence or stubborn determination. With

Fig. 4—Napoleon as First Consul.

From the plate accompanying Burdon's Life of Bonaparte, and probably one of the most authentic portraits existing.

such a people Washington could not have been otherwise, even had he wished, than the stern but aristocratic democrat that he was.

With Napoleon it was entirely and hopelessly different. It was not left to his volition to have it otherwise. As in the case of Washington, his material had been the work and cultivation of generations, but with different methods and different results. Our own observing Jefferson observed this whilst embassador at the French court, at the breaking out of the Revolution. Although he left France in November of 1789, before the end was in any way visible, he nevertheless prophesied its failure. As observed by Mr. Paine, "Jefferson judged the coming Revolution with perfect good sense and sure predictions. He separated, with Jesuitical precision, the speculative from the practical." He saw that the problem of regulating the government, for as large a nation as the French, was something altogether out of the question for inexperienced hands.

At this time Napoleon was a simple lieutenant of artillery in garrison at Valence, unheard of and without influence. Meanwhile the Revolution had gained momentum, and it was not until in June, 1792, that he saw its workings. At this date was his first visit to Paris. He was then a captain. The next year civil war broke out in Corsica, and we find the young captain obtaining a leave to visit the island, that he might place his family in security. We find him fighting there with the party of his adopted nation against the English, and after the annihilation of the French interest, we see him coming back to the continent with his family and many more Corsicans who were compelled to leave their homes. Leaving his family in Marseilles he returned to his post in Paris. At this time the immediate wants of his mother, brother and sisters, and anxiety for their safety were sufficient occupation for his mind, and between these worries and the personal economy he was obliged to exercise, we may rest assured that all his dreams of ambition and glory were matters purely in the imagination of his unthinking critics. His chaffing, taciturnity and somberness, were not the result of ungratified ambition, but the natural outcome of a young, intelligent, observing, sensitive man, so harassed by necessities and anxieties and actual want that he hardly knew where to turn. His portraits show this plainly. The portraits of his

younger days, whilst general of the army of Italy, and afterward whilst in the Consulate, with the profile of his death mask with which they fully tally, show his character as defined by physiognomy to have been that of an anxious, hard-thinking worker, and not of an arrogant, imperious, selfish nature. The man who could deny himself to educate his younger brothers, and who in the higher positions never forgot to treat the old nurse of his childhood with kindness and gratitude, could not be selfish. The man had sufficient from childhood up to embitter and sour his after-nature, but the stoical philosophy that he inherited, and that he seems to have carefully cultivated, prevented these ill-favored occurrences from having any visible ill moral effect, although unfortunately the physical effects of so much worry and depression were not to be so easily escaped from.

The charges of ambition, desire for imperial honors, desire for absolute rule and all like charges should have some better foundation than those upon which they stand; at least, the fact that he was compelled to act as if those were his aims and sole objects should be analyzed and separated from what was inevitable, and from the path that he, *nolens volens*, was forced to take. That these actions of Napoleon should be well considered, and all attending circumstances should be well weighed before passing judgment thereon is sufficiently evident from a study of M. Taine on the subject. Prince Napoleon terms the studies of Napoleon by this able writer and thinker "nothing but a libel." "Napoleon," says M. Taine, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February, 1887, "is not a Frenchman. He is an Italian, a condottiere. To understand him we must ascend to the petty Italian tyrant of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries." Then he proceeds to compare him to Costraccio, Castracani, Braccio de Mantua, Piccinino, Malatesta de Rimini and to the Sforzas of Milan; then feeling that he has not done him full justice he compares him to the Borgias. M. Taine evidently failed to take into account that Napoleon had anything to contend with, or that there existed anything about France that even a Napoleon could not change. In writing his studies on Napoleon, he certainly must have lost sight of what he wrote in his "Nouveaux Essays de Critique et d' Histoire," the year previous, in the article on Jefferson,

Fig. 5—Napoleon First, by David.

From an engraving by Ransonnette.

already quoted from. It took France seventy years, with all the additional lights that they received through the Consulate and empire and the spasmodic revolutions and republics that intervened between 1800 and 1870, to establish a republic on a firm basis, and it is doubtful if it could have been done then but for the co-existing circumstances attending the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and the suppression of the Commune; so that it was unreasonable for M. Taine to expect Napoleon to have acted differently in the years from 1796

to 1815, as far as his concentrating the power within himself either as general-in-chief of the army of Italy, or as consul in the first instances, or as emperor in the end. To have done differently, he must have either had different material to work with, or have quietly allowed the successive crops of anarchists to rule and ruin, or, as England suggested, by the " restoration of that line of princes which for many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home and consideration abroad." To restore the line of princes to which France owed all her calamities was out of the question, had Napoleon even had such imbecile intentions. To retire and allow all the different insane would-be governments to try their hands would have been cowardly; and to have founded a republic on the plan

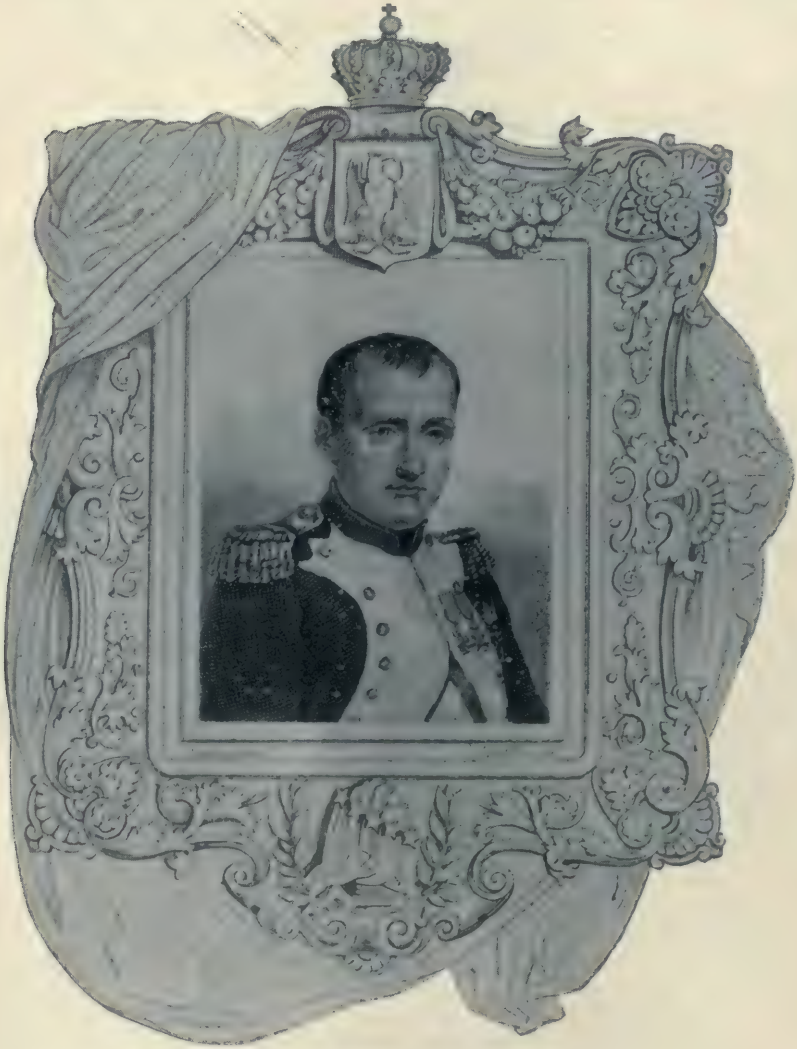


Fig. 6—Napoleon First, by Steuben.

of the United States, himself acting the part of a Washington, has been shown to have been out of the question by a no less authority than Jefferson, and that opinion tacitly acknowledged by M. Taine himself.

Washington was a strictly formal man, a devout man and a humane, unselfish and extremely patriotic man, but he, nevertheless, under the stress of circumstances, swore like a trooper at poor, backsliding discomfited General Lee; and when it became a matter of exigency he hung poor André; and there is no American but under the circumstances would have been compelled to do the same. I admit that Napoleon would have done either act, especially the last, with probably a greater degree of promptitude and probably a much less degree of disturbance to his conscience; as to the first, he might have done as was his custom whenever anything particularly imbecile occurred—as for instance when he received the news of Dupont's senseless performance and surrender at Baylen. He would have given him one look of contempt, rolled his eyes heavenward, made the sign of the cross and consigned him to the prayers of the clergy.

To understand Napoleon well, however, his nationality, and the effect of that nationality for many past generations on an intelligent man must not be overlooked. Napoleon was an Italian, not an Italian mercenary or brigand, a Sforza or a Spanish Borgia, as Taine would represent him, but the type of the Italian patriot warrior. The Italians once were Rome, and as Rome they once governed the known world, from the Baltic to the deserts of Africa; from Britain to the east of Palestine, all were Roman provinces. Since then, with the fall of Rome, Italy has been cut up into petty states, governed by foreign oppressors, robbed by Algerian or Turkish corsairs which ravaged their coasts, sold into slavery, unprotected from foreign foes by their masters, their territory overrun by rival Spanish and French, Papal and Imperialist troops, its best blood shot down, hung or imprisoned, slowly to waste away its life in Austrian or Bourbon dungeon. In the Italian the spirit of the old Roman legionary was not dead, however; even if isolated, powerless of a united effort or of cooperation, and falling before Austrian or Bourbon bayonet or the Papal fusilade, as helpless as the overpowered legionaries of Varus under the blows of the barbarian's hordes of Arminius, Italians have struggled and fought, suffered and died for Italian unity and freedom for centuries. Europeans, and much less

Fig. 7—Napoleon in 1797.

Americans, can fully appreciate the effect of centuries of such struggles on man. The Netherlands had a short and transient spell of it under Spain. Germany had but a glimpse of it during the Thirty Years' War, and Poland, from its important geographical position, has tasted the bitterness of the woes that had afflicted Italy for so many centuries. But no nation has undergone a like experience. From the downfall of the empire to the final unification in 1870, the struggle has continued, the Sicilian vespers, the Balilla insurrection of Genoa, and the death struggle of '48

showing fully the intensity of the feeling, however misdirected, that has prevailed throughout Italy.

The effects of this condition on the Italian youth has been peculiar. A remark by Adam Smith in his "Moral Sentiments," in speaking of the influence of custom, recalls the fact that an Indian, from childhood, prepares himself for the possible contingency of having to defy his enemies at his death-torture with his endurance; so, with the intelligent youth of Italy, the memories of Scipio and of the stoical Seneca have led the Italians to hope for the future of their country. They have, from childhood, become familiar with a desire for liberty and a hatred for oppressors. In youth, the history of Rome and Greece becomes, naturally, a tasteful study; the military history of Greece, the wars of Hannibal, the deeds of Arnold Winkelried and of Tell fire their imagination; they become, in early life, eager for military knowledge and a physique to support a martial life. Although this seemed but poetic it nevertheless culminated in the long-cherished desire; Napoleon was an Italian, intensified by Corsican association, events and climate. His early studies into war, his partiality for a martial life, were not, as many would have us believe, the exhibition of a reckless ambition and bloodthirsty spirit, but they were in him simply the exhibition of traits created in all Italian youths of past generations and intensified by having become in part hereditary. I have said that the rest of Europe cannot appreciate the position of Italy in this regard. It is not a generally appreciated fact, that whereas, in other countries it has been, as a rule, the third class—the common people—who are the oppressed and rebellious, in Italy it has been the better classes who have occupied that position, and there has been no stauncher friend to liberty than your Italian clergy coming from the better class. In 1848, among the revolutions of Europe, Italy alone presented the spectacle of an hereditary prince—a prince from one of the oldest houses in Europe—siding with the people against monarchical oppression. This Italian characteristic—now no longer necessary—and not ambition and glory or inhumanity, were what urged Napoleon on the path of a warrior and a great captain.

Napoleon fostered the sciences and art, loved order and regularity, equality before the laws for all. He was a statesman that considered all and every class, as well. He saw the retroactive working of certain evils which were considered to have but one direction, and little do many of the European classes of to-day dream from whom came the benefits that they now enjoy. As an example, he observed the great harm that resulted from the usury as practiced by the Hebrews throughout the continent. He plainly saw that the social, political and commercial proscriptions under which they labored—being shut out of all employment, business or society—compelled them to follow out this occupation. By removing all their political, social and commercial disabilities, he hoped to engage them in other and legitimate branches of trade and industry, and give up usury. Napoleon could certainly not be charged with slaking his thirst for war, glory or ambition, whilst pursuing such humane and broad-minded objects—something that neither the Bourbons, Hapsburgs or any other hereditary house had ever thought of doing.

Napoleon was a general—his detractors, however unwilling, have to admit that. Lanfrey certainly could have handled the battle of Marengo and some other campaigns with greater skill, and Marmont and some of his other generals, no doubt, could have done better on many an occasion, had he not been around to interfere, but taken on the whole, writers and military scholars have decided that he is entitled to a seat with Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, and the few great cap-

Fig. 8—Lieutenant Colonel Napoleone Bonaparte.
Taken during the Directory.

tains the world has seen. Now when we consider that a man's occupation, habit of thought, sentiments called into play, and associations and the character of friends all tend to mold the countenance, we must be conscious that the man who was admitted by able jurists to possess the clearest conceptions of law; of whom the Concordat evinces the deepest insight into theology and church matters; who discussed the classics and antiquity with scholars, and who was not found wanting in matters of physical or moral philosophy; who was possessed of a clear insight into medicine, and who at the same time was perfectly at home with the dashing Murat, the bulldog Massena, or the cool and courageous Lannes; who wrangled with the wigged diplomats of the day, and who possessed all the address, cunning, duplicity and dishonesty of the most consummate confidence man—such a man must have presented a really composite countenance, as each one of these totally different pursuits must at different times have affected the features, as they in turn would occupy his mind. This must in part explain the great discrepancy that exists in his portraits. I have elsewhere alluded to my impression that the play of the features of Napoleon was fully expressive of whatever sentiments he was swayed by, and not gotten up for dramatic effect, as charged by many. Baron De Crossard, a French nobleman, then in the Austrian ranks serving on the staff of General Vogelsang, relates that after the battle of Marengo, Berthier returning from Alexandria, after his interview with Melas, was accompanied by Count Neipperg of Melas' staff who was empowered to close the negotiations for the armistice. On the arrival of the carriage at the French headquarters at Torre di Gareofolo, Napoleon was seen on the balcony. Not knowing that Berthier had any company, but seeing his chief of staff on the side of the carriage next to him, he anxiously called out to him whilst the carriage was still rolling: "Well, well, Berthier, what have you accomplished; what do you bring back?" "I will tell you presently," answered Berthier. "Speak out, what is it?" again said Napoleon. "Let me alight first," answered his chief of staff, "I have some one with me." The anxiety in tone, and the anxious expression of countenance of the Consul did not escape the Austrian envoy, who according to De Crossard was emboldened to insist on retaining Ferrara, which he accomplished in the ensuing negotiations.

Napoleon's position was a hard one in life. Either as the representative of the spirit of the revolution, as the central figure of democracy, as a ruler, as a reconciliator between the France of the Bourbon monarchy and the France of the people; as a legislator or as philosopher, he was ahead of his time, and therefore incomprehensible to those around him, and an obstacle in the eyes of monarchical Europe. His lack of royalty by the divine right of heredity was something Europe could not countenance. The very fact that his empire was held by the will of the people was an offense to established order. The military execution of a prince could shock Europe, but the plebeian origin of Napoleon and of his power allowed that same Europe to gloat over the prospects of his speedy assassination. The personal Napoleon has been pursued and calumniated through life and since his death, either for the principles he represented or the parties or principles that his name and influence strengthened. John C. Ropes well shows the vituperative work of Lanfrey to be but a flank move on the Bonapartists of the last generation, Lanfrey well knowing that whatever could belittle the first Napoleon would, in a greater proportion, weaken the hopes and chances of the existing Bonapartists. To help the royalist, or strictly republican parties, no pains have been spared in attacking the old empire or

the memory of the older Napoleon. Everything that could afford the least material for detraction was eagerly searched, and from this newly-discovered matter such works as Lanfrey's were constructed. The same kind of attacks have been made since his first accession to the consular power, Napoleon being always the party attacked, whereby something else was to be undone. With time, these works carried, from the ingeniousness of their construction and their semblance to authentic foundation, more weight, although an unprejudiced mind must admit that even Lanfrey overdoes the work and allows his object to come to the surface—a trait but too common to all like productions.

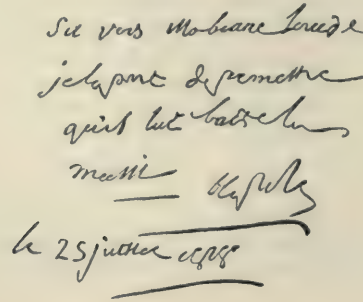
The writer has had some personal experience in the matter, being present in France immediately after the fall of the second empire, when a reversal of conditions existed. Then, the calamities brought about by the combined strife between royalists as a dark horse and the republicans and the imperial government as the principal antagonists, with the vociferous, war-like howls of the Parisian rabble, were all charged to the account of the first Napoleon.

It was a renewal of the journey from Paris to Elba half a century later. Anything and everything that could suggest a national respect, memory, or the influence of his prestige were ruthlessly assailed and destroyed; places and streets bearing his name were named after someone or something else. To such a pitch had the furor against things imperial and Napoleonic reached, that the rich and handsome uniforms of the *gendarmerie* were stripped of the beautiful gilt buttons bearing the imperial eagle, and a miserable, flimsy pewter substitute with the Gallic cock, sewed in their place; 1870 was a veritable return of 1814 for everything Napoleonic or of the older emperor. The writer was then serving as surgeon in the French armies, first on the Loire and latterly with the army of the North in northwestern France, and it was not a little amusing to listen to the invocations addressed to the shades of the great captain, and to hear the fervently wished for supposition that "*le vieux Napoleon*" could only be given back to France. Meantime artisans on scaffolds, with chisel and hammer, were busily at work knocking off any insignia that could in the least recall his existence.

To the unprejudiced reader, studying the times of the Consulate and the Empire, who will step aside from the beaten paths of the writer who merely chronicles his many campaigns and battles, there are circumstances that in the main are entirely overlooked, but which nevertheless were strong factors in contemporaneous events. To judge of an event properly, all its supporting or determining conditions should be taken into consideration; the event itself, instead of being an isolated circumstance, may be but the culmination of a train of other circumstances. The detractors of Napoleon have been too anxious to present a single fact or event stripped of all its preceding or attendant circumstances, and compel public judgment to be passed on this single episode in probably a long chain of events. Many of Napoleon's actions cannot be comprehended without such an analytical study. One ever-present element—disturbing and aggressive—were the Utopian Republicans, to which must be added the disgruntled anarchists and the many who looked upon the personal success of Napoleon as having either thwarted their designs or ambitions. This varied element was further fanned and fired into action by the emissaries of the royalist factions. This fire in the rear, now smoldering, now in a fitful glare, burned actively from Marengo to Waterloo. Bignon, a faithful historian, who recorded the events as they occurred, tells us in his history that with the beginning of the Marengo campaign, Cadoudal had landed in the Morbihan, and only

awaited a reverse to happen to the republican armies, to begin operations. The first couriers that arrived in Paris bringing news of the fourteenth of June aroused the hopes of all these —French armies might be destroyed and France invaded. In their anxiety to down Napoleon, they could not foresee the calamities that must inevitably follow. The better thinking and prudent advised patience until the morrow. Their knowledge of Napoleon had taught them not to trust too much to appearances. They nevertheless all began to lay plans for the future. The next day came the dispatch from Napoleon: "I hope the French people will be content with its armies." All were at once Frenchmen again, and those who on the previous evening hoped for his defeat were vociferously and enthusiastically cheering his name.

Napoleon could not have appeared in France at a more trying period for himself. The physical strain he endured was fully appreciated by himself. He must have felt this physical failing in 1805, when he remarked that he should be good for only six years more. Nothing but the consciousness of the fact that he was no longer what he had been—in other words, that decay had begun—could have called from him such an admission. As observed by Colonel Dodge in his "Great Captains," a failing physique marked his life and actions, dating from 1808. Napoleon began to fail at thirty-five, and we may well believe that his temper, physique and character suffered more from the wear and tear incident to the machinations and annoyance in his rear than to the fatigue and hardships of his most laborious campaigns. Here was the real difference between Napoleon and Frederick: The latter had none of those internal drawbacks to depress him. Frederick, like Napoleon, became wiry in the field. Frederick had his troubles as a child and a youth, but they were of a different nature from those of Napoleon. He neither had a large family to support while almost penniless himself, nor the physical privations that the latter underwent at the time. Frederick came of a stronger and longer-lived stock. In Napoleon the tendency to early decay was evident. It was inherited from his father, who died comparatively a young man. Besides, Frederick had the further advantage of having been born a king—a matter of considerable moment in the beginning of the present century. That removed any and all dangers from internal conspiracies; fighting Austrians and Prussians, and now and then giving the French a good drubbing, as he did at Rossbach, were exhilarating, even if accompanied by hard marches and general bloodshed. Frederick was often in desperate straits, but throughout his life he never had any such annoyances as the pestiferous Bourbons dancing up and down his borders, or the wrong-headed Chouans within them, to say nothing of a lot of wild-haired anarchists, all thirsting for his blood or his downfall. These internal enemies would soon make a Rip Van Winkle out of the rosiest Bacchus.



PAYABLE TO BEARER.

BY MARION HILL.

IT was at the St. James theater, London, in this present year of our Lord, and the curtain having fallen after the first act, the audience awaited the customary burst of music from the orchestra; but among the musicians, there was a quiet dispute under headway. They were endeavoring to explain something to the violinist, a gaunt, reckless-looking man who was making sneering responses in a tone which, as his gorge rose, became more and more audible.

The audience, not yet alive to the delightful probability of a row buzzed contentedly.

To put an end to the insubordination, the leader of the orchestra tapped thrice authoritatively with his baton and started the selection. The discord which ensued was barbarous, as well it might be, since the violinist with devilish *sang froid* scampered far in advance of the other instruments. The dismayed orchestra readily obeyed the signal for silence. The violinist stopped, too, and remarked, with a certain triumph :

"If you won't keep up with me, then fall behind, and be d——d to you."

The leader, by this time purple with spleen, commanded him to leave the theater.

"Leave the theater? Not a toe; and while I stay, I play, too; so we are likely to have a d——d lively time."

Such a resolute look accompanied his words, that his victim was momentarily nonplussed. Then recovering decision and presence of mind, he ordered two burly musicians to remove the belligerent, and in the same second re-awoke to melodious activity his crippled, but by this time, unanimous orchestra.

"Take me out? That suits me," murmured the violinist, and he immediately relaxed his muscles so as to render himself a dead weight to his captors. The only resistance he offered was to convulse them by delivering, all recumbently, bits of profuse and profane advice. By the time his shabby shoes had been carried the way of his shabby body, the excited public had resumed their seats and the disturbance was at an end. In due time the music reached a peaceful and natural end, and once more the curtain rose.

Among those who had been near enough to hear as well as to see the disgraceful scene, was a man of military aspect, who sat in the first row of seats. He now leaned forward and tapped the nearest musician on the shoulder, saying :

"Beg pardon—the man who was carried out just now—his name? Do you know him?"

The man stopped blowing noiselessly into his cornet, and turned his eyes (so goggled as to be almost on movable stalks like crabs) toward his questioner. "*Know* him? *Everybody* knows *him*. Huh!"

"But I am a stranger in the city. What is his name?"

"Him? Vlance. Harold Vlance."

The questioner made a swift swoop for his hat, and strode vigorously up the aisle and out of the theater, quite oblivious to the outraged glances that were thrown in his wake.

Once outside, he turned down a side street, and proceeded directly to the back door of the theater—rather a remarkable achievement for a stranger. Opening it, he walked along the dimly lit passage—dimly lit yet odorous with a prodigal escape of gas—to where two men, seated on boxes, were playing cards upon a barrel head.

"I want Harold Vlance, if he is here; if not, tell me where he has gone, quickly! quickly!"

One of the players never stirred, except to cut the cards; the other shuffled and dealt methodically, casting but one glance at the speaker to impress him with the folly of haste. The gas-jet flared drunkenly in the draught. The doorkeeper arranged his cards in suits, and murmured "your play," then, keeping an eye upon the board, he condescended to reply:

"Arold Vlance, sir, 'e went hout, sir, cussing tremenjous, not 'arf a minute ago. Went to the Big Sun Flower, hopposite corner, hif I don't mistake, sir."

"Take yer bloomin' time for playin'," came in a morose growl from the other; so the seeker after Harold Vlance dashed impatiently into the street again and made for the indicated saloon.

As he attempted to enter, Harold Vlance himself came out, almost stepping into the arms of the other, who said with a choke in his throat, "Vlance, old fellow, is it you?"

Harold Vlance unceremoniously seized his interlocutor by both shoulders, and swung him into the light of a near lamp, under whose rays he proceeded to examine him, apostrophizing meanwhile.

"Before committing ourself, let us first be sure of *your* identity. If you are a creditor, a brazen Bill Dunn, receive our courteous assurance that we are *not* we. If you are ——"

Here he recoilingly loosened his hold and muttered:

"I wish you fellows were dead! all of you!"

"Do you really wish that of me, Vlance? Do you know me?"

Bowing suavely, Harold Vlance replied with recovered indifference:

"Of course I know you. Once plain Hugh Haines, esteemed coworker and fellow-student; now, Major Haines, in Her Majesty's service."

"*Colonel* Haines," was the correction too automatically delivered to be charged to vanity.

Harold Vlance bowed lower still, in ironical abasement, but some of his heart's agony pierced through his bravado and spoke in his whitening lips:

"You are coming home with me!" cried the colonel, vehemently.

"Lie number one," was the response.

"Then you are going to take me home with you!"

"I'll see you—well, anywhere you like, first."

"I'll follow you, then; I *must* speak with you! I will *not* leave you!"

The other considered a moment.

"Well, do as you like; you'll live longer. Pride of place was never a failing of mine, so come on."

With this he led the way, and the colonel accompanied him.

"I was at the theater, the St. James," volunteered the latter.

Harold Vlance emitted a chuckle.

"You were famous for that in the old days at college," continued his friend in vague retrospect.

"Famous for what? Playing the violin, or the devil?"

"The violin," answered the colonel, gently.

"Um, yes. That was something I *could* do, and play out of time I will *not*; no, not for Orpheus himself."

"I heard of your marriage," began the colonel again.

"Did you? And of my wife's death?"

"Dead? No, no, dear friend, I—"

"Pray don't condole. My loss occurred several years ago, and I am slowly recovering." The tone of this rejoinder perfectly conveyed the idea that he had scarcely regarded his wife's death as a loss. He continued:

"I have a little daughter. You will see her to-night. She always sits up for me. *She* is an owlet, *I* am an owl, and we carouse together, in the night season, she on books, I on

morphine—in a word, we are disreputable!"

"Harold!"

"Gospel truth. That is, we take our pleasures in our own way, which constitutes disreputability, I believe. Being poor, we select the cheapest style of orgie that the market affords; and morphine *is* cheap, when you know how to handle your apothecary."

"You cannot, with your random talk impose upon one who knows you well of old," said Haines, in what was nevertheless a troubled voice.

"Twelve years, it *is* twelve, is it not, Harold, since we left college and went our ways, each promising to hunt the other out occasionally? Twelve years since we shook hands in parting and we have never met again till now!" The speaker's voice trembled a little with heartfelt emotion.

"And *what* a joyous meeting it is!" responded the other, with flippant ease.

It has been written that a difference of tastes in jokes strains friendship; so does a difference in pathetics. The colonel suffered natural chagrin. He restrained his footsteps and said with grave dignity:

"God knows I have no wish to force a renewal of our friendship. Is it to be good-by?"

Harold turned upon him fiercely.

"Go, and I'll curse you! Do you want me to twine about you like a woman? Would you have me slobber like a child? Is it lost, then, that intuition with which you used to fit your mood to mine? If it be, then the sooner you take yourself off, the better!"

These coarse words appeared to comfort the colonel exceedingly, for he slipped his arm through his friend's and drew him forward; and if he pressed that arm almost with a woman's fondness, neither you know it, nor I.

They soon reached that unsavory precinct of old Soho, known as Happing Court; and before one of its hopeless tenements, Harold Vlance stopped. By glowering perseveringly into the dark beyond of the doorway, one could faintly perceive the murk outline of apparently endless stairs.

"Brother, I trust thy feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," warned Harold Vlance, as telling fragments of a brawl floated downward to their ears. He then commenced to ascend with the grim quotation of, "*Hoc opus, hic labor est.*"

After three flights had been climbed and the disturbance left behind, Vlance struck out boldly through the darkness, and arrived at a door from beneath which stole a feeble grin of light.

"Here we are," he announced, opening his portal with a strong kick, less an excess of animal spirits than a necessity, since the door lacked its handle.

A little girl who sat at a wooden table, blinding herself with a book, glanced up at her visitors, then gravely measured the candle, and remarked positively:

"Harold, you are early."

"And have all your lessons in deportment been for naught? Don't you know your duty toward your neighbor yet, Cheviot?"

The child quickly slipped from her chair, and put her fingers into the astonished colonel's.

"A friend of Harold's, I hope? Friends are scarce but welcome." She sighed and looked at her father with the request, "Introduce us."

"This gentleman is Colonel Haines," proceeded Harold, politely. "May he never want a bottle, nor a friend to give it, too. Colonel, my daughter, Cheviot. So called because she was born among those ancient hills, and because her mother wished her to be called something else."

Cheviot withdrew her hand and crept back to her book, and Haines sat down and stared blankly about him, while Vlance poised himself on the table's edge and smiled satirically.

It is seldom that one is ashamed of being well dressed, but, at the moment

the colonel would have cheerfully forfeited a month's pay to his faultless evening suit and his light overcoat for articles of apparel that would have held up his friend's attire in less embarrassing and cruel contrast. His shining hat insulted the wooden table; his burnished boots shed scorn over the uncarpeted boards. Of the two the colonel was the man abashed.

The man of poverty quoted dryly: "'Poor and content is rich and rich enough.'"

Hugh barely repressed a groan, and asked almost angrily, "How did you come to it? You promised brighter things in those old days. You never gambled, never drank——"

"No, never was beastly drunk in my life. Not an irremediable disgrace, though. Might attempt something in that line yet."

Haines made an impatient gesture.

"We are not back on the old footing and the fault, Harold, is yours, not mine. There used to be confidence between us, now we are speaking across a chasm."

"Meaning, I suppose, that I do not rattle off engagingly the various occurrences of the past twelve years, with philosophical analysis of the main causes which have led to these very palpable results. Can't do it, Hugh. A man never acknowledges he is falling until he strikes bottom with a thump. Expect no more from me than the admission that I am in perfect condition 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.'"

He flashed a suggestive glance over his bare surroundings, and again smiled at his friend's pertubation. Cheviot marred the silence by turning a page.

"How old is *she?*" asked the colonel.

"Nearly thirteen."

"Impossible! you——"

"Exactly, I was married before I took my degree."

"But no one knew of it!"

"Naturally enough. It was nothing of which to be proud. In fact, it was an act of reparation."

"Reparation, Oh!"

"Yes. I followed the noble impulse of the soul that old Rugge used to preach to us fellows, and the result was as disastrous and almost as prompt as if I had blown out my brains; there's a hitch in ethics for you."

His voice was melody itself, but his eyes burned with a fierce light as they looked back over a wasted, embittered life. Had the colonel seen that hot and hunted look, he would have withheld, I know, his next words.

"You seem to forget," he began, slowly, "that had no wrong been done in the beginning——"

"Don't you suppose," insinuated Harold, "that my wife used frequently to present to me *that* view of the matter?"

In the voice was so dangerous a smoothness that the colonel looked at the speaker, and surprised on his young face a look of such utter agony, that he rose impulsively and sat beside him upon the little table, putting his arm around his neck and laying a hand upon his shoulder, recalling to both those far-off but well-remembered days in which they had so often read and talked together in just that familiar attitude.

"You have suffered, Harold, how much, how long, I will not ask, since you have no wish to tell; but I am in a position, thank God, to help you, if you will let me. On your side there must not be hesitation. You know the claim you have upon me. *You* seemed to think that, after you had succeeded in dragging me out of the water and bringing me up again into blessed sunshine, each mention of it from me was a personal affront. You forbade the topic; but the fact remains that my life belongs to you. You saved it in the face of fearful dangers, at your own life's risk."

"Do you forget that you gave me your note for the amount of the debt?"

"I remember nothing but the

friendship of those old days," quickly interposed the colonel, speaking with an intensity of emotion, and yearning to electrify his old comrade out of what was apparently callous apathy—"those days when your arm used to be around me as mine is around you, now!"

"What fools we must have looked!" was the sympathetic response. The colonel's arm turned to lead and fell to his side. Vlance with cynical carelessness took up the catechism in his turn:

"You, I thought, were in India, accepting promotions as fast as they offered themselves. How come you to be in London?"

"My cousin died a few months ago, unmarried," answered Haines, feeling baffled and weary-hearted. "I inherited the property and my presence here was imperative."

"Done with your liver disease and your bungalows, then? And do you propose to set me on my legs again with some of your new wealth?"

"Yes!" cried the colonel eagerly.

"No!" was the stern response, while the man's eyes glittered with somber pride. "If you have philanthropic ideas in regard to me, put them at once out of your thoughts. Fling your money, if you like, to London's despicable poor, but don't dare offer it to me!"

Here Cheviot stirred unconsciously, and both men turned their eyes upon her. Everyone is familiar with the invigorating and noble growth which a potato puts forth in dark places. Her slim weakness was of the same pitiable order.

"Have you no thought of her?" asked the childless man. "Can you imagine what her condition would be were you to die?"

"Very easily," replied the father with an inexplicable smile. At the same moment that the smile played over his blue lips, a dewy moisture broke out upon his brow. It was naturally invisible to a casual observer. The man's nerve was superb in spite of its display being so highly unnecessary. "No, don't think of reforming me. I decline to sparkle as a jewel in your heavenly crown. Besides, by this time, respectable London is too hot to hold me. Not, of course, speaking climatically, but morally."

His brilliant and smiling eyes hinted at a new story of debt or shame. The colonel not only felt but looked as hopeless as a man who is trying to batter down an iron door with his fists.

The younger man laughed—laughed, for his sex is not the one which weeps. He continued: "Don't look so down in the mouth, Hugh. I may not long encumber the ground, you know. Since you take an interest in my death, I will tell you that exactly nine months ago I was given but three to live. I have a devilish bad knack of disappointing expectations. Just recall for a moment the various honors which you chaps used to prognosticate for me. You see, experience teaches us to expect nothing from fellows who go off like rockets from the roof of Alma Mater; they are never heard of again. The scrubs, mental scrubs, you understand, go promptly to work to invent a disease, or find a worm, or write a book, and get famous in a night. Study over the theorem and favor me with your deductions."

But the colonel studied instead the wasted physique of his friend, and said:

"I never heard of your being ill."

"I am not surprised. No one ever seems to have heard about me, somehow, and yet the world, the flesh, the devil and I have raised several pleasing excitements. I have disgraced myself in every gentlemanly way known to the century. No, there I wrong myself. I have never run away with my friend's wife; but moralists would be pained to know that my sole excuse for the defection is that I never had a friend."

"Hush! Cheviot—she will hear."

"She will hear sound, not sense,"

said her father, with dogged pride. "She is an experiment of mine. She has had no mother to ruin her morals with nagging platitudes, so I have been able to bring her up properly. Women make wrong-doing beautiful to children by religiously warning them away from it; now, Cheviot has no conception of anything that is not good—she has never heard evil explained—consequently to her mind the world is good, life is good, man is good. The word sin suggests to her a mere physical discomfort like *tic doloroux* or measles. My way of bringing up would be a failure with a boy, I admit. But a girl never asks embarrassing questions—either from inborn delicacy or from weakness of intellect, take your choice; to her, life is a varied picture; to a boy it is a puzzle which he begins early enough to pick to pieces. Cheviot knows only what is good. You ought to hear her explain some polluted passages of Fielding in the light of her childish and pure understanding. She'll hold you spell-bound. I'll set her at it. Cheviot!"

"God!" cried the colonel, shuddering, and gripping Vlance's arm. "Harold, you are mad!"

Indeed, the supposition was not far from being correct. A tumult of repressed excitement, with bitter recollections and hot shame, is apt to madden a naturally erratic brain into dangerous activity. Moreover, the faultlessly dressed and irreproachably correct colonel was an unconscious factor in the disturbance. Oftener than one thinks does a shining example lead an erring brother into acts of desperation, rather than into those of emulation.

Cheviot had come in response to her father's call, and, divining that between the two men was trouble brewing, she wistfully asked:

"Don't you think, Harold, that it would calm our nerves if you were to play the violin for our guest?"

"Not if Rousseau was right when he said: 'Count all time lost that might have been better employed,'" answered her father. Nevertheless, she brought the instrument and placed it in his hands. Then she twined her fingers into those of Hugh and drew him down into a chair to listen, leaning against him with the pathetic trustfulness of childhood.

From the moment Vlance's fingers closed around the slender neck of the violin, his degradation and wildness fell away from him like a garment. He straightened up. With a rapid and masterful touch he tuned the instrument until it satisfied his absolutely correct ear; then he laid a caressing cheek upon it and asked a singular question:

"What is the theme, Cheviot?"

She gave herself a moment's thought before reciting quaintly, "'Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!' I have just been reading it, Harold."

"Very good indeed, O daughter of a musician," said Vlance.

He mentally reviewed the poem, repeating aloud the lines which appealed to him. "Very good. 'I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.' Strange that we never took this before, young lady." His bright eyes seemed burningly to pierce the squalid walls, and to see the restless ocean picture. "The tender grace of a day that is dead," he said dreamily; and then commenced to play.

The ocean surged first, with a murmuring tide running in, and every now and then coming up far enough and high enough to break upon the crags, only to wash complainingly back again. Next the ear caught a faint melody—a melody that could scarcely make itself heard above the water which rippled over it and tried to drown it out. Again and again with sad insistence it tried to be heard, and as persistently the sea broke over it, and silenced it and wept at the foot of the crags.

Vlance's face was very tender and patient. Gradually the air gained

strength and asserted itself. It got the mastery. It was beautiful with triumphant pulsations that bore the soul to mighty heights, and yet at the same time went down into a man's depths and brought up great handfuls of God-born thoughts that had been mud-covered for years. It was a wonderful, throbbing melody that you felt was destined to roll on to a stately end; but before its completion you feared that you heard the sea again, so quiet in its encroachment, yet so resistless. The air faltered, and the voice of the sea spoke louder, "Break, break, break," and you knew that the grand song was never to be finished. Wave after wave rolled up and broke sullenly over the stones; through all, the ear strained after the struggling melody. It had spent its force, and had given up. It was a creeping minor echo of what had been. It was dreadful to hear the change in it; its minor voice cried out almost humanly, and dragged the heart down with it to be beaten against the jagged stones, and then washed out, out, out into a distant, dark and sleepless sea. It was over.

"It is my life! You have heard my story!" gasped Vlance, his hand on his throat, choking back the dry sobs that were bursting his frame.

The sensitiveness of the child answered to the father's mood, and she broke into wild crying. "This is not to be encouraged, Harold," she wept. "It is bad for our constitutions."

At the sound of her voice and the touch of her hands, the last vestige of self-restraint gave way, and calling out, "Oh, my God! don't listen to me!" Vlance dropped into a chair, and, hiding his face, fell to weeping, in the horrible fashion of a man who hopes he has forgotten how.

Colonel Haines induced the frightened child to go to her room, and returning to the father, he heard (in addition to what he had guessed) more—much more than one creature should hear from and about another to meet him again naturally. The collapse of such a nature is prone to be very complete, and the frenzied confidences of Harold Vlance overleaped the outermost bounds of conventional good taste.

Duped and handicapped from the start in the worst possible way, he had taken his revenge upon the world by meeting every man as an enemy and fighting him upon that ground. Any sane person sees at once that such a course gains one more knocks than friends. One inevitably gets worsted, too, in the unheroic but none the less despairing contest. But thousands are at it at the present moment; eventually, to be sure, they will see the folly of attempting to oppose the universe single-handed, and will learn the wisdom of fawning upon those who step upon them, and will thus gain fine opportunities of kicking back. But Vlance approved not of these fine *fin du siecle* tactics, and fought it out until he was completely knocked under. Then he was reduced to the customary but fiend-perverted and wholly illogical satisfaction of debasing himself.

He spared no details of the recital. Not a page but its blotted lines were read to the compassionate listener. The candle struggled and went out; but then it is easiest to read a blotted page without a candle, especially to read it aloud. The moon lay in soft patches upon the floor, still further bridging over the chasm between the men, until they became as boys again, and talked, if not hand in hand, yet closer still, heart to heart. Of all their words we need but hear the last.

"You will let me pay my debt, then, Harold? It is not only my right, it is my only wish on earth."

"Do what you like! Pay what you like! I will take anything from you You have promised to lift me up into daylight."

"Once more, good-night, Harold."

"Good-by. I will sleep without the drug to-night."

The next morning Cheviot came to the colonel's hotel with a note. The colonel felt blessedly happy. A man who has undertaken a great and good aim invariably feels so. The note at first puzzled him. It was faded and abused with age. It was, moreover, in his own handwriting—his own, but strangely unfamiliar; his own of some fourteen or fifteen years ago. It read:

LONDON, July 19, 18——.

"I hereby promise to pay to Harold Horace Vlance the worth of a Human Life, value received. HUGH HAINES.

The colonel smiled. He remembered writing it a few days after Vlance had saved him from drowning. He had written it as a joke—a boy's idea of one certainly—but still a joke. He wondered that Harold had kept it so long. Still smiling he turned it over. In fresh ink upon the back was written,

Pay to bearer,

HAROLD HORACE VLANCE.

The bearer? Why, that was Cheviot, surely! And now the colonel ceased smiling. With a creeping fear tightening around his heart, he quickly questioned the child:

"When did your father give you this?"

"Last night, late. He came to kiss me as he always does, and put it under my pillow, telling me to take it to you this morning, without waking him, as he would be asleep."

"And when you left him this morning, was he—was he asleep?"

"Sound."

The child's quaint adjective sank like lead into her hearer's heart.

"Let us go to him."

He hired a cab to take them, and Cheviot laughed all the time for enjoyment. Cabs had not been in her line.

Yes, he was sleeping still; on his face the sternness of a determined purpose, and in one clenched hand the drug he had promised to leave alone. So like Harold Vlance. Untrustable, self-torturing, desperate to the end! The colonel's heart contracted with a grief and bitterness too dreadful to put into words. Never to be resumed—that friendship. Never to be made good—that debt. Never to be even commenced—that noble, unselfish aim. "Payable to bearer," instead.

The laughing child took her father's arm and lightly shook it, calling, "Harold! Harold! wake up!"

The colonel snatched her away from the bedside with a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Cheviot, do you think—look away from me—do you think you could love me?"

Instead of answering, the child, in whose eyes was the darkness of a coming knowledge, clung to the colonel's coat with two trembling little hands, and cried:

"What did Harold mean? He said last night that to-morrow I would take the violin and play 'Bonny Charlie's ganged awa.' And to-morrow's to-day. What did Harold mean?"

"He meant—put your hands in mine—he meant—Oh, for *my* sake, little daughter, hide your face in my breast; hide it, hide it! for he meant that I should tell you something that children with fathers and mothers living must thank God they have never heard."

And in the hour that followed, the colonel felt that the first payment of his debt was heavier than he could bear.

DID THE PHŒNICIANS DISCOVER AMERICA?*

No. II.

BY THOMAS CRAWFORD JOHNSTON.

VAST walls, in which the courses are of colossal size, brought from the quarry in some sort ready-made, so that the characteristic work of a building, made with care, was that "no sound of hammer or saw was heard during its erection (1 Kings iv and vii)—such was the essential character of Phœnician monuments."

The time consumed in the building of the temple, we learn from the 6th chapter and 38th verse, was seven years; and from the 7th chapter and 1st verse, we learn that thirteen years were occupied in the erection of the palace at Lebanon, while from the 10th chapter and 21st verse, we gather some information that seems almost more wonderful than the erection of the temple and palace, namely, that while this enormous drain was still affecting the resources of the people, "all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon." While in the 27th verse, we read that, during this period, Solomon made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones; and the writer, as if appreciating the incongruity of the facts related, offers in the 22d verse what is intended to be a satisfactory explanation, namely, "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks."

For a considerable time prior to this, Phœnician enterprise had opened a way by land across the larger portion of the western side of Asia, which placed them in communication with the Assyrians, the Babylonians and the Persians. The course of this traffic is distinctly traceable as far as the mouth of the Indus, and must, being overland, have been an unsatisfactory method to so distinctly a maritime people as they were; for there is no doubt that whatever access they possessed to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean for naval purposes was due to the favor of the Egyptians. Shortly before this date, however, Solomon, by his conquests of the Edomites, had come into possession of the important seaport of Ezion-geber, at the head of the Gulf of Elam, on the Red Sea, and knowing how acceptable such a place would be to the Phœnicians, turned it over to them; and it must have been a gift of no inconsiderable value, since it gave them access to a new port, under their own control, where they could build such ships as might be necessary for the conduct of their business in the Indian Ocean and Ceylon, along the shores of both of which countries they had quite a large number of business centers.

In return for the opening which they thus obtained for the extension of their business towards the east, the Tyrians conceded to the Jews a participation in the trade, which they had carried on for so long a time with the nations in that direction; and towards its fuller development, two fleets were formed, to which each of the nations contributed both ships and men.

In 1 Kings ix, 26, we read: "And king Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to

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Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon."

The only difficulty there is, in understanding this passage, is the

Fig. 12—Tablet of the Cross Palenque.

mixture of the Phœnician navy with the ships of Tharshish, but this difficulty will disappear, when we recollect that vessels of that build were pre-eminently suitable for making long voyages and carrying large freights, which would be necessary, since it is expressly stated that these voyages were so extensive as to occupy a period of three years; and the Phœnician ships of that time were little better than open boats, so that by dovetailing these facts, we arrive at the following proposition: That in connection with King Hiram, King Solomon built at Ezion-geber a navy after the pattern of the ships of Tharshish, which were more suitable for carrying large freights and venturing on long voyages than the Phœnician biremes; and officering and manning them with Phœnician seamen, sent them to or by the land of Ophir, on a series of voyages which occupied a period of three years each.

To the Jews, all the land lying in the direction of the Indian Ocean, on the east side of Babelmandeb, went by that name; the term was as comprehensive as ours is, when we speak of traveling east or west. We know, however, that the territory in the direction of the Indian Ocean was more familiar to the Phœnicians than to any other nation of that time, for it is beyond question that their chief renown was not based on their caravan, but on their maritime expeditions, and that the lower portions of the Indian peninsula were reached like Ceylon, as suggested by M. Ragozin, in his masterly work on Assyria, "in large armed vessels of the same build as the *Tharshish ships*," which were used in the expeditions to England.

The question naturally arises here, Where did these large armed vessels go, since the period consumed in the voyages is expressly stated as three years, and the freight carried on the return voyages was gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks?

It is only natural that we should find considerable difficulty in answering this question, when we recollect that the vessels were manned by Phœnicians, who were accustomed to preserve with great secrecy the sea routes over which they traveled, and the destinations for which they set out, lest some other nation trading on their enterprise should follow and supplant them, as the Greeks had supplanted them nearer home. To such an extent was this precaution

used, that a story has been preserved of a Phœnician captain, who, while on his voyage to the "Tin Islands," as England was called, finding himself pursued by some Roman ships, and being unable to escape, deliberately ran his vessel ashore, losing vessel and cargo, besides drowning his crew, so that he might not be questioned, and the route found out — a deed which was recorded at Tyre as one of the highest patriotic heroism.

Fig. 13—Pyramid of the Moon and Pathway of the Dead.

It is here that the average investigator has come to a standstill, and in consequence of this that so many curious answers have been given to the question, Where were the gold mines of Ophir, and this land that yielded to Solomon one year thirty million dollars and another twenty million, and what evidence have we of the location?

It has seemed to me that the only way in which we could obtain light on this enigma was by following the traces of Phœnician influence and civilization, and this the more so when we bear in mind the class of men who officered these fleets, some account of which we find in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel. This was no rude, uneducated horde, set adrift on voyages of adventure. The cost of the vessels, the unique nature of the enterprise, and the importance of the voyages, drew into that charmed circle the very *élite* of Phœnician science and culture, that class of men who have passed beyond the merely animal tendency of life, and rising above fog and miasma, live in an atmosphere mainly intellectual—men who dominate their surroundings, and in touching them, leave an indelible trace of their presence and influence behind them. "The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy mariners, thy wise men that were in thee, O Tyrus, were thy pilots." (Ezekiel 27th chapter, 8th verse.)

We are still, however, confronted by many difficulties, for though the Phœnicians invented the alphabet, and possessed a literary and scientific knowledge of a high order, they seem to have turned it all into practical channels; so much so, indeed, was this the case, that they do not appear to have written any memorial of their extraordinary career as a nation, or of their exploits and adventure as merchantmen and pioneers, although their experiences in many cases must have been as thrilling as they were unique.

The object of the Phœnician merchant was wealth, not fame, and while possessing that unique quality of inflexibility of purpose which won for them in their own, if not for all time, a pre-eminent position among nations they seem to have stopped there; for record other than fragments, we have found none.

Their enterprise it is impossible to overrate. About the time of which we write, their business establishments were spread not only along the shores eastward, for apart from the dangers that beset the coast line of Europe, and the tempestuous Bay of Biscay, on the voyage to England, the Phœnicians from the most ancient times believed that the pillars of Hercules—those sentinel gate posts of the Strait of Gibraltar—marked the end of the world, beyond which lay the mysterious deep, into which Baal Melkarth, the glorious sun-god, plunged nightly, on his journey to the east, and whither it was sacrilege for mortals to follow.

Fig. 14. Chart of Phœnician Travel.

of the Mediterranean, from Phœnicia to the Atlantic, but also along the entire sea route from Ezion-geber and the Red Sea to Ceylon. What need was there, pray, for a new and double fleet to pursue this course? The navigation of the seas to the westward required not only courage, but an *abandon*, with respect to religious prejudice, that it is hard for us with the larger mental liberty, that is the birthright of Christianity, to realize; and that did not and could not condition the navigation of the ocean to the

If the reader will now take up the map of the world, he will, I think, obtain some new light on this enigma. By following the line, from the head of the Red Sea down to the Straits of Babelmandeb, and from that to the coast of India, and on to Ceylon, he will have before him the known track of Phœnician commerce; but if from Ceylon he will continue the line to Java and Sumatra, and from thence to Mulgrave Island, in Torres Strait, proceeding to the Caroline Islands, Tonga, Samoa, Rappa, in the Austral group,

and from thence to Easter Island, connecting therewith the coast of America, at Mexico and Peru, he will have located a series of islands and points on the mainland, which contain remains of substructions of a character identical with those found under the remnants of Solomon's Temple, and marked with those peculiarities described by M. Renan, which he demonstrates were not only a marked feature, but were indeed characteristically peculiar to Phœnician architecture.

If we now follow the northern line, and enter Mexico at Yucatan, we are confronted by buildings that not only contain evidence of this peculiar Phœnician method, in the size and nature of the substructions, but whose composite decorations leave no room for doubt as to their origin. Not only do we find strong evidence of Greek, Egyptian and Assyrian influence, but also, in plainest form, the Phœnician wall previously referred to.

What nation of ancient times but that of Phœnicia ever was permitted to have a foothold in the land of the Pharaohs, of a nature that would influence them to such sympathy with Egyptian art as would lead them in other lands, and among a new set of surroundings to reproduce it? There was none. To the civilization of the period, of which we write, Egypt was as completely closed as China, one hundred and fifty years ago. One nation, and one nation only, was permitted to possess a permanent home in its boundaries, and that one because it was well known that the supremacy it sought was mercantile, and not territorial, in consequence of which it so won upon the Egyptians, as not only to be permitted to establish itself at Memphis, and erect a temple for the worship of its own gods, but so completely subordinating Egyptian prejudice, as in late years to have some portion of its deities added to the Egyptian pantheon.

The Egyptians never were seamen. How, then, do we find so strong an Egyptian influence among the remains of the ancient cities of the New World? The explanation is a simple one. It is not Egyptian, but Phœnician art, and this the more so that the

Fig. 15—Aztec Idol—Egyptian Type.

type is not merely Egyptian, but quite as strongly Greek and Assyrian.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the Phœnicians had an almost uninterrupted intercourse with the Greeks, Persians, Assyrians and Jews, as well as the Egyptians, and it seems that their commercial supremacy and the advantage which the association gave to these countries was the means of engendering not only a native skill, but also a versatility and range of method and design in art, as well as architecture, that was not obtained by any other of their time.

We could scarcely expect to find much similarity between Greek and Egyptian architecture or art. The intercourse between these nations was much too casual to warrant one looking for it, but it would not be unreasonable to expect evidence of the influence of both of these countries as well as of the others previously mentioned in Phœnician remains, when we recollect that the workshops and merchants of Phœnicia made it their peculiar business to cater to the needs of all of them; and curiously enough, the art and the architecture found in Mexico are just such as we would expect to

find produced by such a set of circumstances, when the restrictions of a local market and a peculiar need were removed.

In the architecture, as we see from these photographs after M. Desiré Charnay, the buildings are, as described by M. Renan, of pronouncedly Phœnician origin, and the decoration not only Egyptian, but Greek, with an unmistakable trace of Assyrian and Persian, while, when we come to the art of the Aztec, we find that the motive in the winged vase from Mexico contained in the figure, is no other than the winged disk of Egypt and Phœnicia (Fig. 17).

We shall, however, leave this aspect of the question, by simply calling attention to the pieces of mural decoration which speak so emphatically for themselves, in the light of the foregoing, and shall pass shortly to the religious beliefs of the Aztecs and Phœnicians, where we shall meet a series of not only corroborative, but of startlingly corroborative facts.

Starting originally as monotheists, the Phœnicians, in process of time, clothed each of the attributes of the deity with a distinct personality, which quickly developed into Polytheism, with a principal god and a number of lesser and tributary deities, who were supposed to act under his guidance, and subject to his control; and so widespread was the influence of this form of belief emanating from them, that it became not only the basis of the Greek and Roman superstitions, but in various modifications seems to have overrun the face of the earth, as peopled at that time. In process of time, however, strange developments were produced by this mongrel worship and the decadence from their once simple and pure faith, so that the original conception of the deity was ultimately buried beneath a mass of superstition, that in time sapped the very vitals of Phœnicia, as a nation.

Having once embarked in polytheism, the Phœnicians soon imported into their system new and strange ideas of the deity. Baal became identified with the sun, and Ashtoreth with the moon, and a general belief that the anger of the gods was best averted by human sacrifice prevailed; and to such an extent did this prevail, that in the later years of the nation's history not only in Phœnicia proper, but throughout its entire colonial system, there was an established practice of offering up human sacrifices, especially in times of public calamity, which bore the most terrible aspects in parents sacrificing their children to Baal, under the presumption that being the most precious possession of parents, they were the offering most certain to appease the wrath of the supernal powers. When we now come to the Pacific, we find the traces of this belief spread from shore to shore, not only in exact form in Samoa and Tahiti, but sacrifice by mutilation in nearly every island on this route laid down, and as might be expected in most pronounced form, where the largest traces of their influence and civilization are most apparent.

Among the early inhabitants of Mexico, human sacrifice prevailed to an appalling extent, and, curiously enough, we find that the deity at whose shrine this usually took place was one which, while going under another name, corresponds exactly with the Phœnician Baal or Moloch, this deity, among the Aztecs, being represented by an image, half-human, half-brute, with a cavity in front; and when we turn to the Chinchemecs, we find the old and distinctly Phœnician custom of an open-air worship of the sun and the moon, and the strange usage of presenting to the sun the bleeding heart, torn from the victim before throwing it with the rest of the carcass at the feet of the image to be consumed with fire, while as many as twenty thousand victims were offered some years as a propitiation not confined by any means to adults, but as in the more degenerate days of Phœnicia, including children of both sexes.

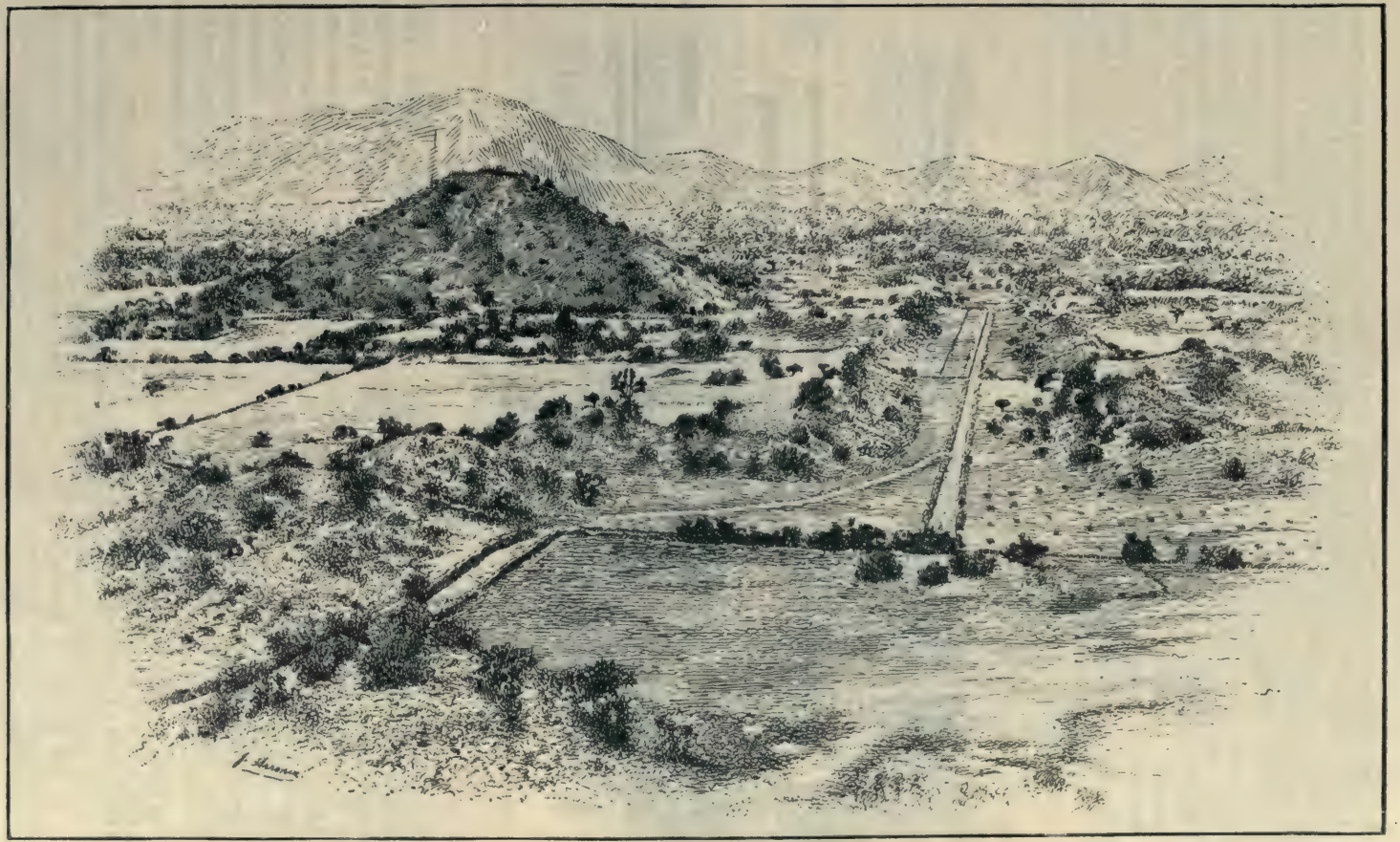


Fig 19—Pyramid of the Sun, Mexico.

Like the Samoans and Tahitians, the Aztec's idea of a supreme being was that he was independent, absolute and invisible; so much so, that none of these peoples ever attempted to represent him by image. Not only did the Aztec, like the Samoan and Maori, believe in the existence of the soul as distinct from the body, and regard it as immortal, but they located the entrance to the other world at a determined point to the

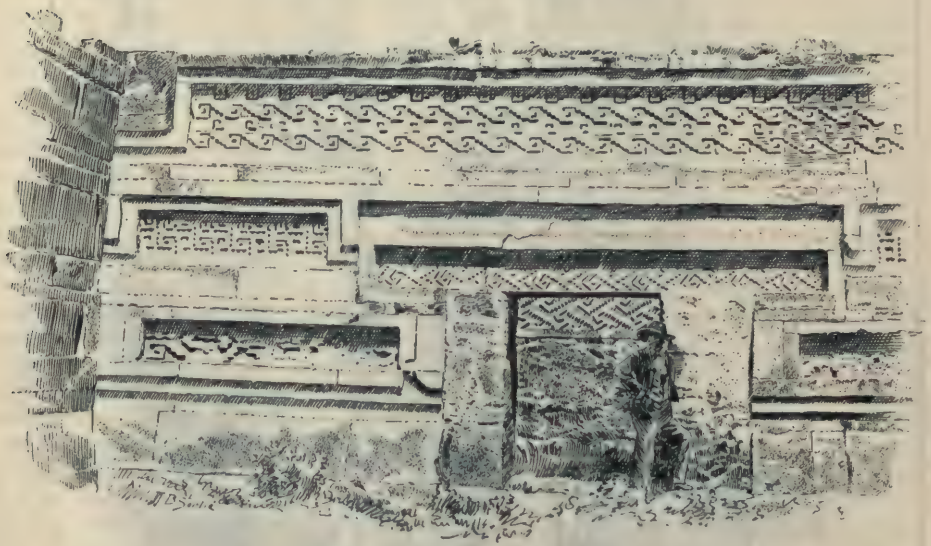


Fig. 16—Mural Decoration, Palenque.

westward, a circumstance that speaks volumes for their origin, and which finds an interesting correspondence, not only in the Samoan Falealupo, but among the Marquesans. These, from time immemorial, but certainly reaching to a date within historic record, fitted out expeditions, and ventured on long voyages in search of the Elysium, which the tradition of their ancestors reported lay in a land toward the setting sun.

Again, we find a correspondence in the Aztec plan of making fire. Philo ascribes to the Phœnicians the discovery of the means of producing fire by the friction of two pieces of dry wood, Phos, Phur and Phlox—a portion of the early Phœnician pantheon—being men who found out and taught to mankind this secret. Not fire by drilling, nor fire by striking stones, but fire produced by the friction of portions of the branches of trees; and on the line of this migration across the Pacific, not only in Samoa, Tahiti, and Easter Island, but in Peru and Mexico the plan pursued is the same, and there seems to be no doubt that it was of peculiarly Phœnician origin.

But why attempt to continue this argument? I have in my possession still some twenty points of striking similarity between the Aztecs and the Phœnicians, and most of these are of a nature that removes them out of the sphere of chance. But I forbear, for there has surely been enough said to convince the most skeptical as to the connection between the Phœnician and the Aztec.

In conclusion I quote some short paragraphs from the "Encyclopedia Britannica's" article on "America" that seem so pertinent to the whole line of this research, as to make a suitable setting to all that has preceded.

"Votan, it seems, came from a foreign land, and found the whole country, from Darien to California, occupied by a barbarous people. Votan and his followers arrived in large ships, and wore long, flowing garments." According to one document by Ordonez this event is laid a thousand years before Christ

It is desirable to notice that this date corresponds exactly with the dates given in the Bible narrative of the historic voyages of Hiram and Solomon, and the building of the temple, which was about 1000 B. C. "This journey to America from their native country was a long and painful one and indicates that seas and lands intervened between them. The tradition reports it to be in the far East, and that the first comers filled seven ships."

Votan returned four or more times to his native country, and on the first occasion visited, according to Ordonez, a great city wherein a magnificent temple was in course of erection and which he supposed was Jerusalem. He also visited "the dwellings of the thirteen serpents," which undoubtedly refers to the temple in Benares, one of the most ancient cities on the face of the globe, and the religious center of India for centuries before the Christian era, being the birthplace of Hindoo mythology. Here the God incarnate in the serpent was worshiped.

The Rev. Mr. Sherring, in his "Sacred City of the Hindoos" (1868) says:

"Twenty-five centuries ago, at least, it was famous, when Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added luster to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants had been carried into captivity, she had already risen to greatness, if not to glory. Nay, she may have heard of the fame of Solomon, and sent her ivory, her apes and her peacocks to adorn his palaces, while partly with her gold she may have overlaid the Temple of the Lord."

All of which receives a peculiar value in the light of what has preceded,

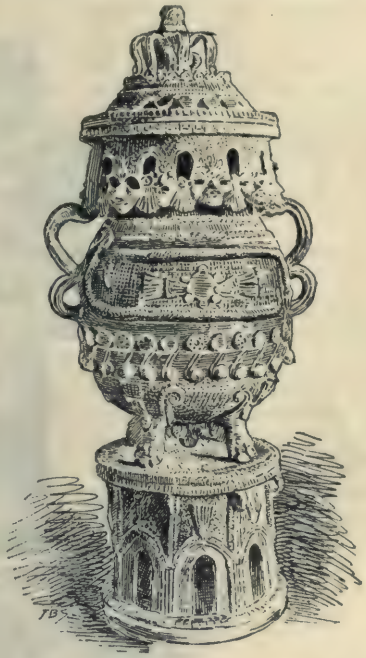


Fig. 17—Aztec Vase with Winged Disc Symbol.

and is emphasized, if a little attention be given to the Aztec Molloch, where the drapery of the image will be found to be serpentine in form, and bearing the symbolic *four hands* of the goddess Kali, the wife of Shira, to whom the "Monkey temple," at Benares was erected, and at whose shrine daily sacrifices of human victims were offered, up to a comparatively recent date, when the English Government interfered.

"Votan also visited the ruins of an old building which had been erected by men for the purpose of reaching heaven. The people who lived in its vicinity told him it was the place where God had given to each family its particular language."

We have no difficulty in recognizing this as referring to the "Tower of Babel," at Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, and in doing so the chain becomes, link by link, more complete; but curiously enough the case does not rest even here, for Humboldt in describing the Aztec cycle of fifty-two years, gives strong reason for believing that it was borrowed from an ancient Zodiac formed of twenty-seven or twenty-eight lunar houses, which was made use of from the remotest antiquity, in Tartary, Thibet and India, which divided the month into four weeks of five days, and enable us to trace a distinct connection between the Mexican and the Asiatic nations. Of course, we are compelled to believe that these several nations received it from a common source, and no one so perfectly fills all the necessary conditions of the case as the Phœnicians.

If anything more were necessary to a complete establishment of this theory, we find it in another interesting paragraph from the same source which says:

Fig. 18—Aztec Molloch.

"The architectural character of the oldest towns lend some support to the considerable antiquity claimed for them."

"The ruins of Mexico and Central America present so many different architectural styles, that it seems very probable that they were built at different times, and by different peoples. Those which appear to be oldest, and which are most uniform in

style are, the substructures in Mayapam."

The native traditions held that Quetzalcoatl traversed the peninsula, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and on reaching the last ocean, sent back his companions to tell the Cholulans that in a future age his brothers, white men and bearded like himself, would land there from the sea, where the sun rises, and come to rule the country."

To this I append a note of the gold and silver yield of Mexico, in support of the contention that this was the location referred to in Scripture.

	GOLD.	SILVER.	TOTAL.
	$70,000,000	$2,090,000,000	$2,160,000,000
1537 to 1821	£14,000,000	£418,000,000	£432,000,000
	$50,000,000	$900,000,000	$950,000,000
1821 to 1880	£10,000,000	£180,000,000	£190,000,000
	£24,000,000	£598,000,000	£622,000,000
	$120,000,000	$2,990,000,000	$3,110,000,000

SYNOPSIS.

First.—We find a correspondence between the architectural remains in Mexico and those of Europe and Asia.

Second.—We find that the details of this art are not a distinct type but composite, and the product of a variety of sources.

Third.—We segregate this composite art, and reduce it to its original sources.

Fourth.—We determine the nation, and the condition under which the amalgamation took place.

Fifth.—We show that they were the only people capable of making this journey and this amalgamation.

Sixth.—We know that they made such journeys.

Seventh.—We show a motive for these journeys.

Eighth.—We trace the course they pursued.

Ninth.—We determine from historic records the date at which the journey took place.

Tenth.—And show that the religious beliefs of both were identical, and consequently conclude that in consequence of this and the other matters referred to, the Aztec was the product of Phœnician adventure and civilization.

REBELLION.

BY C. MICHENER.

What care I for her eyes! The skies are blue.
What care I for her eyes'
I have the skies.
It is a common hue,
The skies are blue.
What care I for her eyes; the skies are blue.

NAVIDAD.

A CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE EARLY CALIFORNIANS.

BY DON ARTURO BANDINI.

NAVIDAD! Pasquas! Noche Buena! Christmas! What memories of good old times gone, never to return, must the above words bring back to the minds of old Californians. *Noche Buena* meant to us jollity in the full sense of the word, but with some religious thoughts as well. With all the uproarious fiestas and racket, the thought that to the world was born a Savior, was not forgotten, and to the credit of Mother Church be it said, that the great event was kept in the minds of the people by the continuous and merry ringing of the bells. For us *muchachos* and younger folks, however, the *Vispera de Navidad*, or Christmas Eve, was the day of great expectations. I remember how a lot of us would get on the roof of our large adobe house to watch for the arrival of the different great rancheros escorting each his individual gaily decorated *carreta* (ox-cart), which contained his family. What canopies these humble conveyances carried! Great silken bedspreads, worked with the most beautiful flowers, the fringe serving as a screen and reaching to the axle. Others had coverings of gay rebosos, China crepe, and lace curtains, with flowers and figures embroidered in vivid colors. And the escorts: how shall I describe the trappings of the gallant horse and his still more gallant rider, and not be charged with exaggeration? Fortunately I know many, both Americans and Spanish-Americans, that can corroborate my statements.

The costume of the early Californians was picturesque and serviceable; for riding, especially, it was most appropriate; the short, graceful jacket, beautifully embroidered in silver or gold, the trousers snug at the seat, but expanding from thigh to ankle; the side-seams being open, the wearer, if he so preferred, could bring them together by means of silver buttons or clasps in the shape of tiny shells; underneath all this was the snowy *calzonsillo*, or riding drawers. Others used knee-breeches and *botas*, a species of leggings worn to protect the lower part of the leg. On the bota the embroiderer used her greatest ingenuity to show it to the best advantage; indeed the early Californian was more particular about the beauty of this article than almost any other part of his dress. The bota was wrapped two or three times around the leg and fastened at the top by a wide and tasseled garter. As in the middle ages, some knights carried to extremes the length of their pointed shoes, even to the extent of attaching the end to their girdles; so did some of the early Californians with the cords and tassels of their botas, the ends of which would touch the ground.

Luxury, it is said, leads to effeminacy; if such is the case, it had no effect on the Californians, for a hardier race of men could not be found the world over. As for their fighting qualities no less a competent judge than Kit Carson said, that "they were hard to beat."

In those days, the people always rode good horses; but for the Christmas fiestas they used the very best and most showy of their numberless herds —satin mouths, and feet that barely touched the earth, worthy descendants of the Arabian Alboraks, light of limb, and eye of fire, devourers of miles and leagues, tireless, indomitable. New-

comers, think not what you call, or rather spell, "broncho" (meant for "bronco," wild, unbroken) is his true descendant. No; what you now meet and see is the hybrid offspring of a nameless race.

The trappings also must befit the horse. Imagine a black or red saddle, according to the taste of the rider, the leather most artistically stamped in flowers or embroidered with silver threads, the pommel and seat lined with silver, and often being of the solid metal itself, a snowy or jet black *anquera* descending half way to the ground. The headstall and reins heavily mounted, even more. Some families that I could name never used an inch of leather on the last mentioned pieces, but had them composed of pure silver filagree work with gold slides and mountings. The rider that indulged in all this luxury became it well. He bestrode his steed with the proud consciousness of being the horseman *par excellence* of the world, while his animal plunged and curveted as if to show and prove himself worthy of the burden that he bore. Such were some of the sights of olden California. In those days everybody knew everybody else, and as the well-known families passed by, the bright curtains would part, young and old faces peered out, and shrill greetings flew from carreta (wagon) to house, and vice versa. But the event was yet to come. Gaily decorated and festooned carretas, prancing horses, and splendid horsemen were a common enough sight for us, but the Pastores —Ah! that was something that occurred but once a year during Navidad—Christmas time. Los Pastores—The Shepherds—is a species of sacred drama, something like the Passion Play; the principal characters were the Archangel Michael, the devil, a lazy, clownish individual, named Bartolo, and shepherds. Of these personages the ones most admired by the boys, and the rabble in general were, first, the devil; then St. Michael. The former was patterned after the most approved pictures of his Satanic majesty to be found in the old church—horns, tail, cloven hoof, etc. The pastores went from house to house enacting the same scenes. The first act, if I may call it so, represented the shepherds watching their flocks by night. The second was the appearance of an angel announcing the birth of Christ and commanding them to go and adore Him. Meantime the devil was using sarcasms and endeavoring in every way to keep the pastores from going. The lazy Bartolo, lying on his sheepskin, was cracking tame jokes which the crowd received with marks of the greatest approval and merriment. The third was the scene in the stable, the Infant, Mary, and Joseph being invisible. The part most enjoyed by the spectators, the boys in particular, was when the pastores sallied into the street; there and then the angel and the devil crossed swords, and a seeming combat *à l'outrance* began. As a matter of course, the fiend was soon put *hors de combat*, much to the edification of the pious ones, but to the great chagrin of us boys who looked on him as the principal hero of the day. Our confidence and admiration were soon restored, however, for, on rising to his feet, the fiend would select some young active-looking Indian in the crowd and rush at him with a blood-curdling screech. "Lo" could not stand this and would light out for dear life, superstitious fear adding wings to his feet. Then began the greatest and most uproarious chase on record, the Indians urging on their man with shrill whoops, while the boys encouraged their hero in the most approved and animated manner. The principal ground for this famous struggle was the old plaza opposite the Church of "Our Lady of the Angels." Three or four times around the circle would the race continue, "Lo" being afraid to retire from the immediate protection of the crowd. At last the pursuer would get near enough to strike the quarry with the flat of his

sword. The Indian, in despair, would then stop, draw his knife and show fight, and the chase was ended; that devil was not meeting aboriginal St. Michaels. These pastores were huge feeders. At every house they visited, they were treated to *bunuelos*—sweetened cakes fried crisp in grease. Bunuelos are to my mind, always associated with old-time Christmas festivities and pastores. I remember that my great ambition was to grow up as quickly as possible so that I might be able to take the character of the devil or that of St. Michael. My preference was decidedly for the former, but I was doomed to disappointment, as it fell to my lot to take the part of the angel, and that long before I was grown. But about this and how it happened, I will tell later on.

Let not the reader imagine that scenery or other stage effects accompanied the street pastores—quite the contrary; everything was of the crudest sort. The favorite spot for these strolling actors was the courtyard, the usual appendage of an early Californian residence. Taking a lot of candle-wicking and placing it in large vessels filled with melted tallow, the actors would place these on different parts of the adobe walls, and fire them, and the lights for the performance were ready. It was quite a weird scene to see by the dim and smoky light of the primitive torches, the grotesque figures going through their different acts. Many privileges had the pastores of old, such as invading the *patios*, (courtyards) and even the residences of the highest people in the land. Wherever they went, they were sure of good treatment, and sometimes very liberal *largesse*. One thing was peculiar: the old American settlers, most of whom were from the enlightened State of Massachusetts, even from the very hub itself—Boston—fell heart and soul in with these customs, enjoying and encouraging all kinds of performances with a zeal and ardor equal to that of the native Californians. The greatest good fellowship and friendliness prevailed between these two most opposite natures. The argonaut was just as ready for Pastores, horse-racing, bull-fighting, dancing, etc., as his native brother; indeed, after they were thoroughly initiated, they went a step ahead in organizing all these saturnalias. It has been asserted with good reason that many Americans profited by abusing the confidence or taking advantage of the simplicity of some of these people. This is undoubtedly true, but the record of the good old pioneers is quite clean on that score; the cloud overshadows some later comers.

The last play given by the pastores in Los Angeles City was on the Christmas eve of 1861. The place selected on this occasion was the site on which now stands the present Pico House, then a large courtyard pertaining to the Pico homestead. This was the residence of Don Pio Pico and his brother Don Andres—the former the last Mexican Governor of California, and the latter the commander of the few rancheros, poorly armed and organized to resist the American occupation. These good gentlemen told the pastores to make the greatest display possible, as it would probably be the last time that the play would occur, for the people must soon choose between the North and the South. Though the storm was far to the east from us, still the distant but threatening muttering could now and then be plainly heard in our western land. Such being the promising outlook for the future, the pastores went to work with a will. First came countless carretas loaded down with willow branches and tule for stall and wall. Ready hands soon unloaded these and the work of decoration commenced; side-booths brightened with greenery, others with costly hangings sprang into existence as if by magic; confusion reigned supreme; shrill cries, expostulations and silvery Spanish oaths filled the air. Caterers—*tamale* men and women; candy and fruit

venders—*enchilada* and *tortilla* women; proprietors of musical taverns—all struggled, and even fought for choice locations exactly as the American hawkers do at our modern fairs. Above all the din could be heard the twangings of guitars, shriekings of violins and songs interspersed with blank verse. All these came from the booths already occupied by their more lucky or energetic proprietors. At last all the ambitious, one-day merchants seemed to have found a place, and some quiet is restored. Gaily dressed rancheros and more soberly attired townspeople walk around visiting, admiring and patronizing the different stands. If you wish to know the rank, wealth or social standing of each individual, watch the actions of any proprietor of a booth; see how deferential his smile to some, and with what humble but all-absorbing interest he listens to their conversation. But suddenly he straightens up, stands on tip-toe, looks shocked and offended, and whispers, but loud enough to be heard by his visitors. "Sh! sh!" What is the matter, you wonder. Why, he is only rebuking and silencing two *pelados* (impecunious ones) for daring to talk so loud near such presence.

Another Navidad or Christmas play, but of higher order and more refinement than the pastores, was called *Pastorela*. In this last one all the crude passages of the former were left out, and many beautiful and realistic ones took their place; for example, the scene of the annunciation to the shepherds, combats between angels and devils, glimpses of hell, etc., would make a spectacular drama of no mean order. It was in the Pastorela that the expectations and ambition of my childhood were realized.

About this time some priests of the order of St. Vincent de Paul came to Los Angeles with the avowed purpose of erecting a college, the result of whose labor was the founding an institution which is now an honor to Southern California — St. Vincent's College. The good fathers being somewhat short of funds, cast about for some one to help them on with the good work. They made a fortunate selection in Don Antonio Coronel, who agreed to give, at his own expense, three recitals of the Pastorela. At that time the only theater in Southern California was the upstairs hall in the historical old county courthouse. Here all the *dramatis personæ* good, bad and indifferent held forth, and this was the place selected for the Pastorela. I remember well what indescribable joy and exultation filled my boyish heart when my mother, at the earnest solicitation of Don Antonio Coronel, at last gave her consent to my taking the part of the Archangel Michael. The character of Satan was given to a magnificent fellow named Ramon V——.

For months before Christmas we had rehearsals three times a week, at the residence of Señor Coronel, his sister, Doña Soledad, an artist with the harp, furnishing the music. Those rehearsals were a source of continual joy to us, and with such practice, and the inexhaustible patience of our instructor, by the time the eventual Christmas eve came, everything—acting, costumes and scenery—were simply perfect. Before the play commenced, two orations, one in Spanish, and the other in English, had to be made before the curtain. Mr. Coronel's nephew spoke in Spanish and I in English. My speech was composed by some individual whose name, fortunately for him, I have forgotten. Fragments of that famous discourse have remained with me to the present time. For this tenacity of memory I can give but two reasons, namely, first—the numberless hours of hard work that I spent learning it; secondly—my dear old mother who, by the way, understood but very little English, would make me recite it to her numerous friends in detail.

That momentous night, in the supposed and complete costume of St. Michael, I came before the great audi-

ence, made my bow and began. I strenuously advocated the advantages of a modern education, especially that derived from an institution located in their midst. I remember, also, with what *sang froid* I made the following complimentary assertion, to wit: that I knew "that many of the hearts of my listeners were bleeding to see their children growing up ignorant, lazy and a curse to society—all for the want of a good education." Also that it would take me too long to enumerate the advantages that would result from such an institution, but that they knew from hard experience how to appreciate its blessings much better than I. In after days I have often thought that the only thing that saved me from being mobbed was my extreme youth. The audience gave me a most respectful hearing and many rounds of applause. I will here admit that I learned that speech after the style of the parrots, by listening, and repeated accordingly. But retribution nearly overtook me. When I retired behind the scenes, an admiring but dreadfully near-sighted old lady took up a lighted candle to more closely examine my catching costume, and it caught, sure enough; for in her pirouetting about, she brought the flame too near my expanded, curled, tissue-paper wings, and presto, change! from white angel to fiery devil. Fortunately for me, Satan, who it is said "goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," came most opportunely across me, during his hunt, and being in his element, speedily extinguished the flames. The marks of the singeing were soon erased or disguised, and the Pastorela came off with grand *éclat* and complete financial success.

Strange as it may seem, the most liberal patrons and frequenters of the nativity drama were the Jewish people; so much so that the play was given an extra night at their earnest solicitation. Christmas morning at 3 A. M., was the scene of great commotion at all the California homes, preparing to attend to early mass, sometimes called by Americans "midnight mass," but styled by the Spanish-Americans *la misa del gallo* (the mass of the rooster) named so, I presume, from the fact that the barnyard lords do their most vigorous crowing at or about that time. Everybody that was not bedridden went to the misa del gallo, which was celebrated at 4 A. M. It is a beautiful and really impressive service with no sermon.

In the olden time the surroundings were more romantic than in these prosaic days. After the mass, all would gather at a little distance from the church door and exchange greetings and good wishes; *Feliz Noche Buena; Felices Pasquas* (Merry Christmas) were heard on all sides. Gifts were not customary. I remember the large number of beautiful and richly caparisoned horses that were tied to the railing surrounding the old plaza, the rays of the cold, rising Christmas sun reflected back from silver ornaments on headstall and saddle. So chilled from being tied out in the cold, the impatient and fiery creatures would welcome the appearance of their masters with loud neighs of welcome or stamping of hoofs. The elder gentlemen would go with slow and dignified steps to their more quiet steeds; but the younger men! Ah! here was the time and place for horsemanship, with the fair ones looking on so demurely, far more demure than their modern sisters. Still no glance or movement of grace escaped their sharp, bright eyes.

The remainder of the day was devoted to social intercourse, music, dancing, horsemanship, etc.; in the evening, pastores *ad libitum*. It is a sad task to recall to mind, and more so to note down, all the events and customs of those happy days. Still some comfort may be derived from the knowledge that the perusal may afford the reader pleasure, and that he may join with the chronicler in heartily bidding the good old times a "Feliz Noche Buena!"

TWO GREAT JEWS.

BY GUSTAV ADOLF DANZIGER.

HE question has often been asked: Did Jesus really exist? Was not his life an invention to promulgate a doctrine? After mature deliberation and study, the writer of this article has come to the conclusion that Jesus did live and work for the welfare of mankind; that his death was the seal to his work; but that he died by hands of the Romans, caused by a spiteful priesthood, who saw in his labors a menace to their own selfish affairs. The writer is also convinced that Jesus was a principal figure in his time, who sought to inaugurate a new phase, as will be demonstrated hereafter.

Bruno Bauer, in his excellent work "A Christ and the Cæsars," has certainly succeeded in clearing the Jews in general from the guilt of having killed Christ. He has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the great mass of the Jews had no hand in the persecutions against the Preacher of Nazareth. But we do not agree with the author of "Christ and the Cæsars," that Jesus was an after-consideration." We hold that he and Hillel were central figures of their times. Among those who doubted the existence of Jesus were not only those who denied his Messiahship, but many Christian writers who have written long arguments to prove that Jesus never lived. But, as before stated, we cannot agree with these writers. Jesus lived, beyond a doubt, but not because Mark, or Matthew, or Luke, or Paul say so. Their statements would not convince us. Because (and here it is best to quote some reasons, which a number of scholars and historians, among whom Dr. Isaac M. Wise, have given):

First—None of the gospels, now before us in the Greek, was written in the first century. The Christian Scriptures of the first century were epistles and apocalypses, of which John's is an example.

The gospel stories and the precepts of Jesus were preserved traditionally in the various churches, and must necessarily have undergone many changes and modifications before they were reduced to writing. Whether the gospel according to the Hebrews, and the gospel according to the Egyptians, mentioned by the oldest historians of the Church (Clemens, Origines and Eusebius) were older than those before us, cannot be proven now, as we know nothing of their contents. The first account of the existence of the four gospels is in the Muratory fragment, which, according to the best authorities on the subject, was written by an Italian bishop between the years 180 to 200 after Christ.

Second—The oldest of the gospels is that of Mark. It is less legendary and more epic and chronological than the others. It is Unitarian in doctrine, confirms nowhere the miraculous origin of Jesus, represents the Holy Ghost as a mere vision of Jesus, has none of the anti-Pharisaical speeches, which are the products of the second century, and is not Jewish in principle.

The 13th chapter of Mark (so much is evident from the fruits of modern criticism, compiled by Dr. H. Graetz in his great work, "The History of the Jews," Vol. III, Chap. 2, and Vol. IV, note 19) must have been written during the persecution of the Jews by Emperor Hadrian, after the fall of Bethar, when Jerusalem had

been changed into a Pagan city, to which facts Mark so clearly refers. The date of these persecutions is, according to Graetz, 135 to 138 after Christ. According to the Talmud, Bethar fell 122 after Christ. The persecutions outside of Bethar must have commenced before the fall of that city. It is certain, therefore, that the oldest gospel was written between 120 and 138 after Christ. This leads to almost a certain knowledge of Mark himself.

Dr. Mosheim, in his "Ecclesiastical History," (Chap. 5) informs us, when the Emperor (Hadrian) had at length razed Jerusalem, entirely destroyed even its foundations, (an unhistorical statement) and decreed laws of the severest kind against the whole body of the Jewish people, the greatest part of the Christians, who lived in Palestine, to prevent their being confounded with the Jews, abandoned entirely the Mosaic rites and chose a bishop named Mark, a foreigner, and consequently an alien from the commonwealth of Israel. This Mark, and no other, was the author of the second and oldest gospel extant. He was head master of an academy in Alexandria before he was elected bishop.

It is also discernible why Mark wrote his gospel. Up to that date, the Christians read in their churches the Jewish Bible only and exclusively. One of the edicts of Hadrian prohibited, under the penalty of death, the possession, reading, exposition, or teaching of the Jewish Bible, especially the Pentateuch. So the Christians, also, had no Scriptures to read in their churches. It entailed upon Mark the duty of writing a gospel to be read in churches, in lieu of the Bible. He being the bishop of the parent congregation, his book soon became widely known among Christians, whose traditions differed essentially from those of Mark and his congregation.

This successful attack upon the evidences of Christianity would certainly preclude the possibility of verifying the existence of Jesus. But the Talmudists cannot be doubted. They are the veriest reporters, because they were his contemporaries. And they hated him because they held he misused the ineffable Name; because he had been declared illegitimate; and lastly because Rabbi Joshua ben Perachyah, who had been the teacher of Jesus, had declared him under ban for expressing an opinion in the presence of his superiors (Tract Sanhedrin). The Rabbis hated Jesus so much that they put the ban upon anyone who conversed with the apostles.* It is, therefore, quite reasonable to conclude that Jesus existed, for otherwise they would not have mentioned him. The Rabbis have indeed chronicled the names of all, or nearly all, persons of those early times, who in any way were associated with the fate and history of the Jews during the latter days of the second temple and long afterwards.

The reason why the existence of Paul has been doubted was mainly due to the fact that the Rabbis did not mention his name; but it has been demonstrated (see, among others, Wise's "Origin of Christianity") that Paul is identical with Elisha Ben Abuyah, whom the Rabbis styled Achar, after his conversion to Christianity.† Based upon such evidence as Talmudic sources furnish, we enter upon the discussion of the subject before us.

Some time ago, the writer of the present article was asked why the Jews rejected Jesus of Nazareth, and have persistently refused to acknowledge him, even as a great Rabbi, considering, the questioner added, that there is not a Rabbi to be found who could have aspired to the dignity of a Messiah, nor was there any one so pious, so patient and so good as he whom the world had learned to regard as the Christ. My answer was prompt and to the point. The Jews never rejected Christ, which is proven by the fact that the people received him kindly; and when he entered Jerusa-

*See Abodah Zarah, 16*b*. †See Hagigah 15*a*.

lem, they danced and sang Hosannas. As this shows a popular demonstration, it would be folly to say that the Jews as a people rejected him. That he was considered a great Rabbi is evidenced by the fact that he was shown sufficient respect even by the priesthood. For while it is recorded that he drove the traders from the Temple, there is nothing to show that any one opposed him; clearly they dared not oppose him, because they looked upon him as a holy man. This bold act, however, brought him the immoderate hatred of the acting High Priest, who had obtained this privilege from the Roman Procurator, and who derived a revenue from that trade. I shall speak of the consequences which Jesus incurred through his bold stand, later on.

It is not true that there was no Rabbi as good or as pious and as patient as Jesus. Men who suffered the death of ignominy and torture for the Law of Moses are not at all rare in Jewish history—the noblest among them was Rabbi Akibah. Certainly there has never been a Rabbi who died on the cross for the purpose of vicarious atonement. However, we shall discuss this point further on. In his sufferings and the peculiar features of his death, the case of Jesus has certainly no parallel. His life, however, has a proto-type in Hillel. The latter was a Babylonian by birth, and came to Jerusalem at quite an early age, where he lived from 70 before Christ until 10 after Christ. The Sanhedrin was presided over by the two great savants, Shemaiah and Abtalion. Hillel's desire for knowledge led him to their school; but he was poor, and though his brother was a prominent merchant, Hillel refused to be supported by him. He chopped wood for a living, and divided the proceeds, part for his personal needs, which were few, and part for the entrance fee to the University. Being without work for one day, he was unable to pay the entrance-fee; but being eager to hear the lecture, he climbed upon the roof and heard the lecture through the skylight. He was so absorbed in the subject under discussion that he took no notice of the cold and the falling snow. The snow gradually covered him and the skylight. On the following morning the pupils found him cold and stiff. They took him into the lecture-room, and though it was the Sabbath-day, they kindled a fire and revived him. "Hillel is worth it," said the President, "and on his account, ye can break the law." * He continued his studies, and when, after years, the savants met at Jericho to select a president for the University and the Sanhedrin, their eyes fell upon the meek Babylonian, who was distinguished no less for his profound learning than for his humility and philanthropy.†

Hillel was a descendant of David by one of the latter's daughters, and but for his meekness would have occupied the place later occupied by Herod. Hillel was the founder of the humanitarian and logical school in Palestine. It was the fourth phase of the Kingdom of Heaven. The first phase closed with Samuel the prophet as the visible head. The second phase closed with Nehemiah at its head who was a Davidian prince. The third phase closed with the high-priest Hyrcan II at its head. The fourth phase, of which Ezra was the founder, asserted itself with Hillel. "The law of God governs the Kingdom of Heaven and its legitimate expounders are the highest authority in the Kingdom of God" became the axiom. The religious idea leads the people; the political idea is but a secondary consideration. At the time of Jesus, this principle in the phase of the Kingdom of Heaven had suffered a relapse; the political idea became more and more assertive, and we can readily understand why Jesus spoke

*See Yomah 35.

†See Sotah 48. "A heavenly voice said: 'there is one among you who is worthy that the *Shekhinah* rest upon him'—and the assemblage looked upon Hillel."

so much about the Kingdom of Heaven. Hillel said that it mattered little whether the King or any one else collected the taxes and fought the battles. Everything concentrated itself upon the spirit of the law in its humanitarian sense and application. The object of God's law, he claimed, is peace and good-will to man, and he deduced from this that the principal law was and is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This principle he expressed in the negative form: "What unto thee is hateful, practice not upon thy neighbor.* This is the principle of the law, the rest is its commentary; go and finish."

It is man's most sacred duty to be unselfish; to study the law and gain knowledge, but to guard against vanity and haughtiness. He taught his disciples not to place too much reliance on their own virtue and goodness until their very day of death; to condemn none before they had placed themselves in the situation of accused sinners; to speak clearly and with perfect veracity, and that their affirmation or denial be made in the simplest language. When the question of the law of the Sabbath was brought before him, he ruled that "the Sabbath was given to you, but you were not given to the Sabbath." "Man shall practice the law of God and live, but if the law interfere with his life, let him break the law and live"† was another axiom of his, and he practiced what he preached in private life and as Nassi—prince. The many proselytes which he made, therefore, were made by mild suasion and by the power of his noble example. Here, then, we have almost a perfect man. He preached the Kingdom of Heaven, making the essence or the spirit of the law its first principle; he also preached faith, as can be gleaned from his admonition to his disciples. And the question naturally arises, why did he not proclaim himself a Messiah? For if we are to believe the Talmudists, it seems that Hillel was a great favorite in heaven. "Hillel is worthy that the Shekhinah descend and rest upon him like unto Moses"—a voice from heaven (Bath Kol) was heard to proclaim, so the Rabbis say; "but the people are unworthy of such a miracle" (vide: Sanhedrin 11*a*). Nor do I find in the Talmud that Jesus of Nazareth—who is so much like his prototype—ever proclaimed himself a Messiah. Those Rabbis who hated Jesus blamed him for going among the people and *quasi* popularizing the knowledge of the spirit of the law.* It seems also that he was not considered a bad man by the majority of the Rabbis, for in the non-expurgated editions of the Talmud I find that the Rabbis blamed Rabbi Joshua ben Perachyah for pushing away Jesus. They claim that the very action of preventing a man from the opportunity to correct his statements is wrong. I glean from this that they simply disagreed with the mode of his exposition. He evidently desired to inaugurate the fifth phase of the Kingdom of Heaven, in which he, by the later labors of Paul, succeeded. The fifth phase of the Kingdom of Heaven was to have the spiritual Messiah at its head. He therefore followed in the footsteps of Hillel. Had the Rabbis of his time thought of that, Jesus might have lived and died an honored prince; and the reason why Hillel did not proclaim himself a Messiah is because his phase did not require it. But nearly seventy years had gone by; that phase was at its close; the glory was waning, and he of Nazareth, whose keen perception was enhanced by a personal contact with the people—he thought the time ripe for the fifth, the Messianic phase. Had it remained thus; had not personal spite connived to make a criminal of the

*D'aloch sani lechabrach al taabid; zu torah veidech perishu: lech gemor.

†Vechai bohem-velo sheyomus bohem.

*Shehikdicho tavshilo borabim—he cooked—or burned—his food in public. I take this to mean that he popularized the knowledge which the haughty Rabbis claimed as their own exclusively.

man who was guided by the purest motives, we are quite sure that the catastrophe which wrought ruin in the Palestinian hierarchy would never have come to pass. We fail to see the necessity of a total obliteration of hierarchical supremacy ; the Hebrews had gone through so many battles with neighboring nations ; their temple had once before been destroyed, but they did not lose their identity. Nor is it logical that the appearance, work and death of Jesus would have effected such a change, for many a prince and prophet had suffered death before him ; sects had sprung up in Palestine ; people and factions opposed each other ere that ; yet Judaism remained intact. Jesus had evidently changed nothing, for, as we have shown, he preached nothing that could have been construed as being against the law of Moses. He did not go further than Hillel, or many other contemporaries ; and the question naturally arises : Who brought the *religious change ?*

It seems to me that the religious change was brought about by Paul whom the Rabbis call Achar ; and the proposition reduces itself to the following points :

The political change was brought about by the death of Jesus rather than by his work, since in life he had preached submission to Roman law; faith in God ; love toward the enemy (the Romans) whom the Hebrews could not conquer, but by submission and loving regard they could have converted ; the Romans would then have been friends instead of enemies. This is exactly what Hillel taught. Those, then, who opposed Jesus and hoped to secure themselves, some by bribing the Romans, and others by bitter opposition—they and they only brought the calamity upon the country.

The second point — the religious change—is to be sought in the work of Achar, or Paul. The Rabbis justly claim that Paul destroyed the work of Jesus. The latter, like Hillel, by humanitarian principles, gained converts for Judaism, but they did not seek them ; they were satisfied to accept into the fold anyone who would be willing to live up to the spirit of the law without much regard for the dogma. Paul, however, popularized Judaism by adapting it to the needs, habits, and modes of the people he came in contact with. He Romanized Judaism for the Romans, and Hellenized it for the Greeks. In doing this, Paul certainly upset the work of Jesus, who meant to continue the hierarchy, or sought to re-establish it by humanitarian principles and faith, until God should change the faith of the nations. " Your temple is in the hands of Roman soldiers and Hebrew hirelings ; therefore stay away from the temple," he said. " Pray in your closets; understand what it means 'I delight in mercy, and not in sacrifices.' This is a time of affliction and tribulation ; bear it with all the patience at your command, as a punishment for your sins. All depends on the restoration of the Kingdom of Heaven and God's grace to Israel ; this accomplished, Providence will heal all wounds." While this doctrine placed Jesus in conflict with the officiating priests, Sadducees and Zealots, it certainly met with the indorsement of thousands whose feelings and aspirations were less political and more religious (vide : Wise's " Second Commonwealth ").

We have stated that Jesus never proclaimed himself the Messiah, for, like Hillel, he had no cause or reason to do so. But more than that he knew that such a proclamation would be equivalent to a death-sentence. Mosheeach—Messiah—signifies " the anointed one," a title which no one dared to claim except the King over all Israel, the high-priest or his proxy. Jesus knew that his life was in jeopardy, if he were proclaimed Messiah, and when Peter did it against the expressed will of Jesus, the latter knew that the Hebrew authorities would reject him; that he would suffer and would be killed by the Romans.

These would have objected to Jesus' assumption of this title for two most important reasons: Firstly, because Jesus was poor; and supposing he had aspired to no other position than that of high-priest, it is reasonably sure that he would have had to suffer, because the Romans chose to give that dignity to such persons as could satisfy their greed. Secondly, because the Messiah, under whatever guise he appeared, must, of necessity be hostile to the invader; it lies in the very nature of the thing. The redeemer must redeem someone from something, or it is a misnomer. If Jesus was the anointed one, he was the enemy of the Romans, and it was an easy matter for the enemies of Jesus to accuse him of treason. What matters it that Jesus objected to being proclaimed the Messiah? What matters it that he rebuked Peter in unmistakable language — "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men?" What matters all this? The enthusiastic disciples seized the idea, and with the death staring in his eyes, Jesus was proclaimed the Christ! Oh, what a sovereign pity that so great a teacher, so beautiful a character should be so misunderstood!

We have not hesitated to place Jesus side by side with Hillel; both were great and most lovable characters. But in placing them in juxtaposition, we are willing to give the palm to the man who literally sacrificed himself for truth and for humanity. It seems to us that it would have required but a word, the sign of a complaint on the part of Jesus, to cause the masses to rise against his enemies. But he was well aware that this would cost the lives of thousands without effecting any good. Bloodshed and worldly power were contrary to his teachings and most repugnant to his nature. Therefore, he resolved upon delivering himself into the hands of the authorities. Most admirable of men, who could thus die the death of a martyr to save others!

In this, then, lies the difference between these two great men: Jesus dies for what he preached, and also to save others from as sad a fate as his own, brought about by over-enthusiastic disciples. In this alone there is unutterable greatness; the man who is thus humane is a hero, before whose glory all other men fade into insignificance.

It is no wonder that the world has learned to look upon Jesus as the Savior; for though we might not adhere to the idea of vicarious atonement, yet we must acknowledge that in Jesus of Nazareth—even as in Hillel—was the potentiality of a Savior, which was enhanced and consecrated by his death on the cross.

He does not teach any other truths than those taught by his forerunner, Hillel; but there is a sweet solemnity upon every word he utters; his every expression breathes love and compassion. "Let him without guilt cast the first stone"—this is almost the same that Hillel said to his disciples, but the latter did not say it with death staring in his face.

There is a wonderful grace about his form, his serene face is inexpressibly sweet; his voice is as heaven's own music; the words that drop from his lips are liquid pearls; they impress his hearers with a feeling that is a co-mingling of joy, hope and sadness.

Hillel appears to us a wise teacher and a good man; but in his words there is no tinge of sorrow, no shadow of trouble. In the words of Jesus, however, one almost hears his tragic fate; in his announcement of the Kingdom of Heaven, one can hear the beats of the hammer upon the nails that pierce his hands. As the masses listen to him, an angel of sorrow spreads his wings and clouds the sun; it is the background to the tragedy to be enacted on Calvary. For, what he speaks will be construed as treason, by virtue of the proclamation his disciples have made; and the tool of the Romans — Caiphas — is waiting to inform the bloodthirstiest

of Romans—Pilate. But the people delight in hearing him speak. For who would not love the bearer of light and life eternal? To them his very person becomes adorable. He speaks of spiritual redemption; he speaks to them in language they can understand—language in which the haughty scholars never spoke to them; he is tender and kind; he is full of pity and compassion; he bids them hope, be patient, in spite of the fact that he is on the brink of the grave of torture and death. Ah, thus speaks, indeed, a Messiah!

But the time is up, the chains are forged, the crown of thorns is ready, the accuser is on the stand, and Pilate, the cruel hypocrite, is upon his seat, whence he dispenses death.

Veil thy face, O sun! grow dark, ye skies! Earth tremble, and mankind weep; for he, the most angelic of preachers, the most patient and kindest of teachers, the meek and lowly prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, is to die the death on the Cross!

Is it possible? He who lent grandeur to humility; who broke down the barriers of the school, and brought the wisdom of life from the learned into the homes of the lowliest among his people—is he to die the death of agony? Aye, it is so. The redeemer of the poor and ignorant, the friend of the cheerless and careworn died on the Cross, but he died for a cause, for which to die is godly; he died for the spirit and essence of all religious beliefs—purity, charity and holiness. He was the hero of the Messianic drama, which ended with his death, until Paul rose and transformed the entire scheme of Jesus and of Hillel. He could facilitate the propagation of the idea of a "Son of God," because nearly all heathen nations believed in some such legend. The Palestinian Peter, therefore, opposed the "Apostle of the Gentiles" because the "Sonship" of Jesus, or of any other being was paramount to dualism, a thought most repugnant to Hebrews, who adhered to the axiom of Moses: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord, our God is one God." But Paul knew very well that the idea of a Messiah, a redeemer, would not be understood by Gentiles. The free Arabs, the martial Romans, the æsthetic Greeks needed no Savior; while the Hebrews had made the Messianic idea a cardinal principle of faith, on account of their constant troubles, the aggressive heathens ridiculed it. A "Son of God," however, was not only more congenial, but it really opened the eyes of the Pagan world. The vicarious sacrifice was a most comfortable thought, and the heathen accepted the faith of the Hebrews in a modified form, because it harmonized with his own mode of thinking. And that which Hillel's tolerance but slowly would have brought about was afterwards readily communicated by the subtlety of Paul, through the martyred Rabbi of Nazareth. Had this not come to pass; had Jesus lived and died like Hillel, who knows but the Hebrews might have solved all the great problems of civilization more readily and peacefully than the barbarous means which are now employed? For, in spite of the great work of Hillel and Jesus, and in spite of the latter's death for the humanitarian principle, the world is not yet redeemed. That love of which men have dreamed, and for which men have died is as yet unrevealed. Perhaps the time is near when from the cradle of Messianic ideas—Palestine—a new Christ will rise, who will lead us to light and truth, and who will teach us to love each other as fellowmen and brothers. And we shall follow him, whatever be his name.

AN ISLE OF SUMMER, SANTA CATALINA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

WHEN Cabrillo sailed by the Island of Santa Catalina, three hundred and fifty years ago, he found it inhabited by a vigorous race of natives who thronged the shores of the little bays and headlands, and gazed in wonderment at the white-winged ships of the Spanish adventurers. To-day the island stands as it did three centuries ago, but the people, the men and women, are but a memory represented by the quaint stone implements that are unearthed by the modern stroller among the deep cañons of this isle of summer.

Santa Catalina lies thirty miles off the shores of Los Angeles County, Southern California, and if asked to describe it, one might say that a lofty spur of the Sierra Madre by some strange convulsion had strayed away from the mother range, and now rests in the deep Pacific, its lofty peaks rising to form the Island of Saint Catherine. This is but a figure of the imagination; but Santa Catalina is a mountain range twenty-two miles long, from one to eight miles wide, rising from the ocean with grim precipitous walls, abounding in deep cañons, and scenery, grand and impressive beyond description.

From the mainland there appear to be two islands, a mistake into which Cabrillo fell, due to the lofty peaks which divide it, and on clear days the entire shape and length of the island can be traced lying upon the surface of the sea like some sleeping monster. In days gone by—the Cabrillo days—the natives reached Catalina in long, narrow canoes; now the twenty or more miles is crossed by fine steamers that sail from the ports of Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro, and the tourist or pleasure-seeker is provided with all the material comforts and luxuries that find place in the famous Sound steamers of the East. Once out from the headlands that guard San Pedro, we are in what is known as the Santa Barbara channel. Away to the northeast, unseen but felt by the calmness of the sea, are the Santa Barbara Islands; to the south and dead ahead, the grim heights of Santa Catalina; and beyond, low, lying in the haze, San Clemente, the barren. How blue the water is, seemingly a reflection of the sky; and in its depths drift living gems, jelly-fish in wondrous shape, moving by gentle pulsation. Flying-fishes clear the air in every direction, in seeming flight, and a variety of sea-fowl follow in the wake. Once in mid-channel, the great range of the Sierra Madre looms up grandly; Mount San Jacinto, Santa Ana, San Gorgonio, with other snowy peaks, pierce the sky in strange contradictions to the orange and lemon groves that are sheltered at their base. As we near the island, its grim and forbidding nature becomes more and more pronounced. The shore, apparently of rock, rises abruptly from the sea, facing it with a bold front, while high above, ridges and peaks rise one behind the other—a maze of mountain ranges. It would puzzle the mariner, were he not familiar with the coast, to find the harbor, but suddenly as we near the island, a deep cañon is seen to reach down to the sea, ending in a white beach; then another, and finally a lofty sugar-loaf rock is passed, and the little half-moon-shaped bay comes in sight with its sandy beach, its wide cañon reaching away to distant mountains, its scores of picturesque cottages and homes, its white tents and hotels.

The town of Avalon is built in the mouth of the cañon, and the hotels

The Pavilion. Hotel Metropole.

Avalon, Santa Catalina.

are fairly perched on an ancient kitchen-midden; the tell-tale black earth appearing everywhere, with its bits of gleaming abalone gathered ages ago by the ancient inhabitants. The little bay has its long wharf, its fleets of boats, its yachts of all sizes moored here and there, for this is the famous cruising ground of the Southern California Yacht Club that includes the *Paloma*, *Aggie* and many of the crack yachts of the Pacific Coast.

Sugar-Loaf Rock, Avalon Harbor.

Life at Avalon during the summer months is a round of gayety. The present owners of the island, the Banning Brothers, who have taken its 5,000 acres from the Lick estate, have improved it in many ways; built a beautiful pavilion near the beach, where the band plays nightly during the season; provided a large bath, wide and well kept roads, and most important of all a marvelous trail that takes the visitor to the summit of the island, unfolding beauties and wonders of scenery difficult to describe.

For years, Santa Catalina has been known as a charming resort, but only within the past two or three seasons has it taken on metropolitan airs, seen the erection of a large hotel, the Metropole, and taken rank among the great watering-places of the coast. Life at Catalina is ideal in every way. Its hills, cañons and mountains are restful to the eye, and the visitor can here find absolute seclusion or mingle with the fashionable throng. I confess to a strong bias in favor of this isle of summer, as I believe it to have a climate nearer to absolute perfection than any land so near all the conveniences of civilization. I have seen it under all conditions, and in a sum-

mer spent here from June until October. There was not a day not absolutely perfect, never too warm, never too cool; simply delicious; as near the ideal as one could wish. Think of it, you toilers in the East, a summer so clear, so constant in sunshine, that not a single squall, storm or shower came to disturb its perfection. True, if one were habituated to summer storms, thunder and lightning, then Catalina was not perfect, as it had none of these. It is the true land of sweet idleness, where one can drift around, with all nature to entertain. The bay teems with animal life, wonderful gold-fishes, sea anemones of brilliant hue, fishes that fly, marvelous living gems that float in the depths, flashing like diamonds by day and at night, changing the sea to a scene of weird splendors.

During the warm nights of August, the waters seemed to fairly change into gold; the bay is filled with flying fish, and everywhere their tracks are illumined against the surface. Huge jelly-fishes, the moons of the deep sea, shine brightly, their long tentacles extending away like the train of a meteor, while upon the bottom appear fitful gleams as of electric lights. The water is so clear here that fishes can be seen, as in the tropics, at a great depth, and the gardens of the sea afford to the drifting visitor a never-ending delight. To the lover of good fishing Catalina is a Paradise. Here is the home of the famous jewfish, a monster resembling the black-bass — a distant cousin in truth—a giant of the tribe that comes in during the summer months and is lured by the wary fisherman. I caught my first jewfish or black sea-bass with "Mexican Joe," the genial Catalinan of thirty years standing, who adds not only to the picturesqueness of the island, but to the actual enjoyment of its life. He took me out by Pebble Beach and told stories of the old days, while I waited for a bite, and when it came, well—it was I, not the jewfish who was caught. How he pulled the boat about, attempting to fill it with his mighty tail, wrenched our arms and made music with the big rushing line, are memories which anyone can revive at Catalina, but whether our catch of 342½ pounds for a single fish can be beaten remains to be seen.

The fish are gamy and plentiful in season. The sea-bass, yellow-tail, rock-bass, grouper, sheepshead, barracuda, tuna, mackerel—all do their share in adding to the joys of a summer at Santa Catalina. Then there are the trips to the various points of interest not down in the unwritten guide-book; the sail or row to Seal Rock, where a herd of seal and sea-lion, and possible sea-elephant may be watched; a trip to the isthmus; the sail along shore bringing into view impressive scenes at every move; the voyage to San Clemente, where a lone herder lives; and more interesting than all a search for the archæological treasures in which the island abounds.

The new-comer at the island will immediately be attracted by the curiosity stores which abound, and among their chief treasures are the household gods of the ancient islanders whose descendants Cabrillo saw 350 years ago.

Associated with the ancient history of the island is a soapstone quarry in Potts Valley, where the ancients dug out the material with which many of their utensils are made. The general trend of the island is northwest and southeast. The prevailing winds beat against the west shore, while the east is a land of calms. The entire length of the island is broken up by ranges of mountains and spurs, which, cut here and there by deep cañons, present a bewildering maze. If the beaches and caves are attractive, what shall we say of the upland region of this isle of summer? To the casual observer the island is a jumble of peaks, available to the wild goat alone; but a surprise awaits the visitor, who, weary of fishing, with rifle

Avalon, from the South.

in hand or mounted upon a sturdy pony, essays the upper country, as here great, level tracts are found, broad cañons, fertile valleys abounding in water, and a wealth of verdure not suspected by those who view the island from the lowland. It was my good fortune on a recent visit to accompany the survey which made a week's trip over the various ranges, during which many new and interesting features of island life were observed. The outfit consisted of six or seven mules and horses, the former laden with articles dear to the camper's heart, the latter bearing the members of the expedition, the important figure of which proved to be Mexican Joe—cook, hunter, story-teller, guide and general-utility man. The new trail leads directly back from Avalon, winding away up the hills, giving the climber a vision of new wonders at every step. The trail, a triumph of engineering skill, winds about the slopes of the hills, bringing the ocean and the deep cañons alternately into view, and, finally, when near the summit, the full splendor of the view appears. From the saddle one can drop a stone that will fall and roll away to be lost in the deep cañon. The one that bears the little hamlet of Avalon is a deep chasm at our feet; a gigantic basin into which scores of minor cañons empty like green rivers. Below us, to the south, spread away like a checker-board, is Avalon; the blue waters of the bay dotted with white specks, which might be gulls, but are the yachting fleet. Away across the stretch of blue lies the mainland, the familiar peaks of the Sierra Madre standing out in bold relief against the sky.

The upper portion of the island is a revelation. Instead of the sharp points of mountain peaks, here is a broad plateau extending over to the west shore and wide valleys, sug-

Map of Santa Catalina.

REFERENCES :

1 *Avalon*
2 *Avalon Bay*
3 *Sugar Loaf*
4 *Rock Spring*
5 *Pebble Beach*
6 *Seal Rocks*
7 *Church Rock*
8 *Grand Cañon*
9 *Silver Creek*
10 *Sugar Cove*
11 *Lucky Beach*
12 *Hay Press*
13 *Gallagher's Cañon*
14 *Swain's Valley*
15 *White's Cove*
16 *White's Valley*
17 *Middle Ranch Cañon*
18 *Middle Ranch*
19 *Bull Rush Cañon*
20 *Ben Weston's*
21 *Burnt Hollow*
22 *Cape Cañon*
23 *Black Jack*
24 *Laurina Peak*
25 *Echo Lake*
26 *Long Point*
27 *Italian's Garden*
28 *Goat Harbor*
29 *Garnet Peak*
30 *Big Spring*
31 *Little Harbor*
32 *Little Spring*
33 *Sulphur Spring*
34 *Potts' Valley*
35 *White Rock*
36 *Fisherman's Cove*
37 *Isthmus Cove*
38 *Government Building*
39 *Catalina Harbor*
40 *Pin Rock*
41 *Fourth of July Cañon*
42 *Cherry Valley*
43 *Howland's Cove*
44 *Johnston's Harbor*
45 *Bird Rock*
46 *Boushey's*
47 *Ram's Point*
48 *Parson's Beach*
49 *Silver Peak*
50 *Cottonwood Cañon*
51 *Razor Back*
52 *Pinnacle Rocks*
53 *West End*
54 *East End*
55 *Pebbly Beach Cañon*
56 *Blakes' Caves*
57 *Button Beach, Arch Rock and Spook's Cave*
58 *Boat Cave*
59 *Mines*

gestive of agricultural possibilities. From a lofty point on the west, I sat in the saddle and tossed a pebble over that must have fallen into the ocean, 1,500 feet below. The afternoon breeze was blowing in the mist, which shattered against the wall of rock, drifted up the cañon illumined by the sun, like masses of molten silver. From far below, came the roar of the sea as it broke upon the rocks, the weird cry of the sea-lion, and occasionally, out from the flying fog, dashed a white-winged gull that seemed to separate itself from the cloud-mass and become an animate being, to eye me in wonderment and soar away. The entire west coast faces the sea, with forbidding walls of rock rising from 500 to 1,500 feet, breasting the sea with a bold front, hurling the masses of foam high in air, and in the occasional winter storms forming a grand and impressive spectacle. Where the various cañons reach the sea, are little inlets, with abrupt, sandy beaches against which the waves beat, and approach able only on calm days. The object of the survey was to lay out what will be one of the most remarkable stage-roads in the country, reaching from Avalon to the Isthmus. The Wilmington Transportation Company, operating the line of steamers between Catalina Island and the mainland, owned one of the earliest stage-routes in California, running from San Pedro through Los Angeles and San Bernardino across the desert into Arizona.

This line, from San Pedro to San Bernardino, was one of the best equipped and most noted lines in California; and this company now proposes to revive the ancient glories of staging in California at Catalina, and afford the visitor from the outer world an opportunity to ride along the crest of Santa Catalina mountains and enjoy the wonders that go to make up its charms, and the tourist a six-in-hand ride over the crests of the island mountains. The route led our train over level tracts for miles, admirably adapted for the purpose, over miniature mountain ranges, through rich valleys and along the edge of precipitous cliffs. The horses seemed to catch the inspiration, and the pack and Mexican Joe were left far behind. In the center of the island, the ocean was not to be seen. We might have been a thousand miles from it, so far as any evidence of its presence was concerned. The soft balmy air was redolent with the odor of flowers. The notes of the valley quail made music everywhere, telling of woodland life; yet a rush of the horses up a gentle rise would bring the blue expanse of the Pacific into view. A ride of six or seven miles through these various scenes and we plunge down into Middle-ranch Cañon, the grand cañon of Catalina, extending literally from one side of the island to another, east and west. The entrance down which the coach-road is to extend was now a narrow trail bordered on each side by luxuriant vegetation. The little stream was hidden by a thick growth of willows and cottonwood, while a variety of flowering shrubs added their attractions. Masses of wild rose blocked the way; the trees were hung with festoons of clematis, and here brilliant masses of red against deep black green leaves told of the wild currant, one of the most interesting "trees" found on the island. The wealth of verdure which catches the eye as we ride along is a revelation.

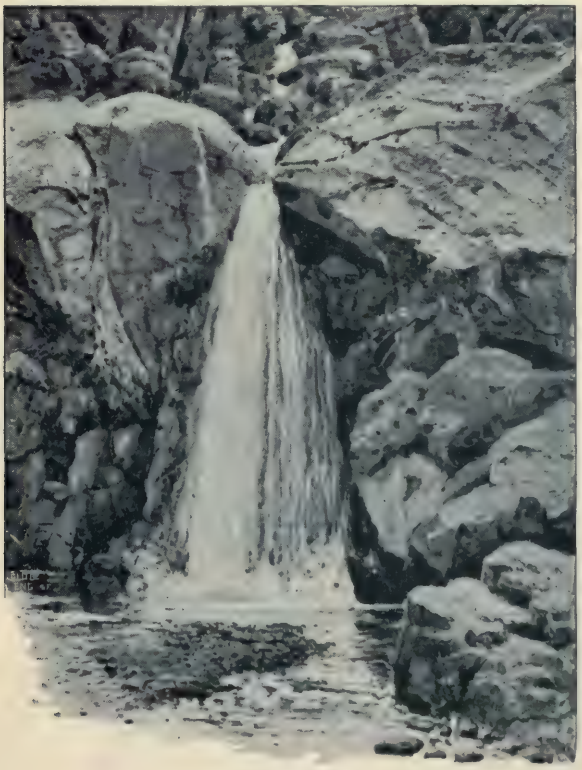
An hour's ride down the cañon brings us to the Middle-Ranch house, which is to be the terminus of the stage in this direction. Here the lodge is to be fitted up and become a half-way house for sportsmen and tourists. It will be a mountain inn, after the Mexican fashion, Mexican viands and comforts being dispensed. Here one can revel in the insidious *tamale* made from the island quail and pheasant. *Carne con chile* will tempt the appetite, not to speak of *chile colerado* and *chile a la Mexican Joe*. In short, this attractive spot by the side of the mountain stream will become a

picturesque resort where all the material comforts will be attended to in the Spanish-Mexican fashion. From here the sportsman can essay the quail, the roar of whose wings sounds all the time. Mexican Joe will take him to the haunts of the Catalina wild cattle and wild goat, while the present owners of the island propose stocking its valleys and plains with deer, antelope, pheasant, wild turkey and other game. Our first camp was to be in Cottonwood Cañon, well down to the ocean. The trail has been overgrown, and some of the party go ahead and cut the crossing limbs, and we slowly descend into one of the most attractive cañons of the island, deep-wooded, and bearing a stream abounding in miniature falls. Down into the bed of the stream we plunge, splashing through the crystal water beneath the fallen trunks of great trees, pushing through the willows whose undulating roots tint the stream-bed a deep red, now over the hilltops high above the stream, where the trail winds through the wild lilac, and bits of blue ocean shine through the distant trees. Down the horses plunge into the stream-bed, now following it out upon glades where the roar of the wings of the quail startle horse and rider, skirting huge rocks where delicate ferns are fanned by the west wind, and finally come out upon Cottonwood grove—our camp for the night. The cañon here has abrupt lofty walls by the foot of which the stream rushes. The grove is of cottonwood trees, and beneath their sheltering limbs the wild grass has grown and turned to hay. The horses and mules are tethered, beds of blankets made on the grass, and by the roaring camp-fire Mexican Joe initiates some of the party into the mysteries of roast mutton *a la Catalina*. The juicy slabs of meat are placed upon a huge skewer six feet long,

The Seal Rocks.

which Joe deftly turns over the coals, while with the other hand he gently stirs the ingredients of the famous *Carne con chile*.

The stars were out and elbowing each other in the sky by the time this feast was served, and as we discussed its merits, other and uninvited guests came. A roar of many wings, and a flock of quail rushed down into the tops of the Cottonwoods and selected their roosts above our heads. Others came, until the grove seemed fairly alive with them, and their notes and calls filled the air with melody. Then stretched on blankets around the fire we thought of the old days in the Cottonwood, when Cabrillo was beating off and on in the channel; listened to the tales of Mexican Joe, of his adventures on sea and land, his famous struggle with a Catalina wild bull, in which the animal charged him down the mountain side, receiving a bullet that stopped the maddened creature at his very feet; and many more such stories. The day following, the cañon was followed to the sea, its wealth of water investigated, and twenty-five inches found, as good as a gold mine, for this was to be taken over the hills to the famous isthmus. From Cottonwood and Middle-Ranch, other cañons were visited, found rich in vegetation and water, and nearly all open by trails that suggested delightful trips in almost any direction.



La Paloma Fall, Cottonwood Cañon.

From Middle-Ranch the road following the proposed stage-route led up a well-wooded cañon, where the wild goat lurked; finally, bringing us to the foot of the highest peak on the island — "Black Jack" — whose peak rises nearly 3,000 feet above the Pacific. The ascent of the peak, though difficult, can be made on horseback and well repays the climb, as the view is one of the finest in Southern California. Catalina is at our feet with its maze of mountains, its innumerable cañons, its bays and inlets. The intense blue of the water is striking. San Clemente away to the west stands out in bold relief against it. The coast of the mainland can be traced far down towards San Diego, while the peaks of the Sierra Madre, though forty or fifty miles away, appear near at hand. From Black Jack the road winds for five miles or more through a most interesting country, showing here and there evidences of ancient occupation, finally coming out at the isthmus a narrow neck of land that connects the

island. Here it would appear that the island was at one time separate, with bays reaching in from east and west, affording good harbors and excellent facilities for boating. The west harbor is partly land-locked, an ideal place for boating, and in time destined to become one of the most popular resorts on the coast. This spot, with its two bays, will be the terminus of the stage-route, and here the steamer *Hermosa* will stop on each trip, the locality being about ten miles nearer Santa Monica and Redondo than Avalon. The site will be improved in every way, laid out as a park, and provided with water from Cottonwood Cañon ; the idea being to form here a delightful summer and winter resort. Land and facilities for camping or building will be afforded free to parties not objectionable ; the place beautified in every way and kept up to the highest standard. The isthmus has long been a favorite camping ground, the fishing and boating being of the best; and now that the climatic possibilities of Catalina have attracted so much attention among medical men all over the country, it will be made as attractive as possible, and thrown open in February of the present year as a winter resort, as well as summer, and equipped with the best transportation facilities. We have seen Catalina in summer with its perfect climate always cool, with that lack of change so desirable to the invalid, yet the winter if possible is even more delightful. Then it is that the true beauties of this isle of summer are seen. The rains, which curiously enough are less than on the mainland, change the brown hills to a vivid green, and we have an emerald in an azure setting.

Myriads of flowers spring up and the face of the island is changed as if by magic. They grow to the very ocean edge ; their delicate forms overhanging the water and are reflected in it. On the west coast where high seas rage during the winter storms, the beds of wild-flowers are deluged by the spray that, hurled high in air, is borne away over the fields to cover the delicate forms with gleaming spangles of salt. The island winter exists but in name. In February and through the winter months, Catalina is still an isle of summer.

Sam Brannan.
(From an old steel engraving of about 1860.)

EARLY CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRES.

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

CALIFORNIA has always been famous for big things, natural and artificial, and it is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that its millionaires are men of large financial caliber. The railroad and mining millionaires seem to appeal to the imagination of the "tenderfoot" Eastern correspondent, who comes out to the far West, and disposes of its social and material features after a week's stay. These men, who have rolled up imperial fortunes in the life of a single generation, are certainly imposing figures to one who shares the natural human worship of wealth, but they do not compare in picturesqueness with the earlier California milionaires—the men who came up out of the ruck in the days of the argonauts, and who set their stamp on the first twenty years of California's history. There was nothing accidental in the careers of these earlier men. No lucky strike of great mineral wealth, no enormous development of railroad land grants gave them fortune; they owed their wealth solely to native ability, to that capacity for taking advantage of opportunities which they possessed in the highest degree. None derived money by inheritance; not one was helped to wealth by friend or associate, though all aided in the making of millionaires, and, one, at least, lived far beyond his time, and tasted the bitterness of ingratitude from men to whom he had lent a hand in their days of sore need.

The world furnishes no parallel to

the energy of these men, or to the rapidity with which they gathered imperial fortunes, or to the swiftness of the flight of their wealth. No Arabian Nights' tale ever surpassed in wonders the story of these early Californians. They had not Aladdin's lamp, but they conquered time and space, and upset all natural laws in their rush after wealth and power. With far more than the normal endowment of energy and strength, it was natural that they should be filled with those fierce passions that found such free expression in the Italy of the Borgias. Self-control does not come naturally to such men. They "want the earth," to use an expressive bit of current slang, and they generally get what they want. The virtues of measure or moderation cannot be preached to men whose blood is at fever heat, and whose souls cry out for fresh conquests, when the ordinary man is languid from over exertion. Such men as these are survivals of an earlier period, when civilization had not refined away that barbaric energy which has furnished the motive power for the great conquerors of modern times. And in their contempt for many laws that bind the normal man, they also show this inheritance. But any one who will carefully study the lives of these typical early Californians will see that there was far more of good than of evil in their nature, and that they all did work that was of great value in the development of the resources of California.

The first place among the early millionaires must be given to Sam Brannan. Something in the man's free and easy nature may be learned from this title of "Sam," which clung to him through life. No one ever thought of giving him his full name; it would have fitted him as ill as any unfamiliar dignity. Brannan was a Mormon elder, who was selected by Brigham Young to bring a shipload of the faithful to California. This was before the discovery of gold, when the head of the Mormon church dreamed of a great empire, either on the shores of the Pacific, or on the Sandwich Islands. He found the place he sought, however, by the Great Salt Lake, so that when Brannan reached California, he found the scheme of a Pacific Coast empire abandoned. He made a great effort to induce the Prophet to settle in Hawaii, where the Mormons had purchased a large tract, but he failed, and from that time dates his apostacy.

Many legends have gathered about this period. The Mormons always asserted that Brannan gained his first start toward fortune by the use of the money of the saints, but the more natural explanation is that he profited by his shrewdness as a trader. Certainly he was doing a small business at Sacramento as the keeper of a general variety store, when the gold discovery came. Here was Brannan's first great opportunity, and the way he improved it showed his genius as a trader. While others were declaring that the gold would soon be exhausted, Brannan hastened to San Francisco and bought up a large stock of such goods as miners would need. He had these goods in his store when the great gold rush began, and he sold them at an enormous profit. Brannan, also, was the first to see the commercial advantages of San Francisco, and he bought largely of real estate, when others predicted the early decay of the young city. He had the courage of his convictions, and did more to develop San Francisco than any other man. He built the finest business block of that day; he urged the importance of street improvements; he subscribed liberally to every public purpose; he was the life of the first Vigilance Committee and an active contributor to the great committee which Coleman headed.

For five years before the breaking out of the Civil War, Brannan was recognized as the richest man in California. Everything he touched turned to gold. Then came the reaction. First his wife, who had never done

anything to aid him in making a fortune, sued him for divorce and stripped him of half his property. About the same time his scheme to found a bank and issue paper money

Milton S. Latham

was killed by jealous rivals. This was the unkindest cut of all, and Brannan never recovered from it. Several schemes like the Calistoga resort failed to pay, and when he most needed money, none was to be had. So fell the man who had been the moving spirit of San Francisco for nearly ten years. In his fall were forgotten the personal services he gave, the money he spent like water to uphold the Union cause during the war.

But though his own country had a short memory, Mexico proved more grateful. Brannan had fitted out at his own cost a regiment of frontiersmen from this State, and had placed them at the disposal of Juarez, when such aid was sorely needed. When

success came to the Mexicans, they did not forget Brannan. He was given a royal concession of land on the Yaqui River, in Sonora, and there, when broken in fortune, he turned, in the hope of making more millions. His scheme was feasible. It was to plant colonies of Americans on these rich Sonora lands and grow all the products of this semi-tropical land. But Brannan, who had Mulberry Sellers' gift of seeing millions in any scheme that was brought under the flash light of his imagination, reckoned without the Indians, who were the original owners of this land and held the legal nine points of possession. They refused to permit any colonists to settle, and Brannan was forced to begin the tedious and disheartening work of securing aid from the Mexican Government. The McGarrahan claim is a juvenile compared with many claims that rest in the dusty archives of our sister Republic. The delay wore Brannan out and he died at Mazatlan, still full of hope in the future. This refusal of the broken old man to admit defeat proved the sterling qualities of Brannan's nature. He had many and grave faults, but over against them must be set superb courage, royal generosity and a tenacity of purpose that no misfortune could impair. He should be held in grateful remembrance by Californians as one of the first men in the State who saw clearly its possibilities, and who gave without stint to every enterprise which promised to develop its great resources.

Mention of Sam Brannan and his downfall recalls the peculiar career of another early Californian, who, though not a millionaire, cut a wide swath in the financial affairs of San Francisco, and when ruin came was execrated for years. This was Harry Meiggs, a man of Brannan's type—brave, resolute, energetic, generous and incapable of recognizing defeat. Meiggs was a lumber merchant who tried to boom North Beach in San Francisco. He built an expensive wharf, which remained one of the curiosities of the city for over twenty years, but he became involved in real estate speculation, and was finally tempted to make use of his position as a municipal officer to raise money on forged city warrants. Finally, when exposure could no longer be delayed, he converted all his available property into cash, loaded the remnant upon a bark and slipped out, like a thief in the night, through the Golden Gate and made good his escape to Chile. With the wreck of his fortune he began life anew in Chile. There railroad development had just begun, and Meiggs performed the same part in spanning the Cordilleras that Charles Crocker did, a generation later, in the Sierra Nevada. The work was difficult and dangerous, but Meiggs' enormous executive force came into good play in this Spanish land of to-morrow. He agreed to construct the road within seven years from breaking ground, at a cost far below the estimates of English and other foreign railroad engineers, but he had a clause put in the contract that, should the road be finished before the specified time, the Government bound itself to permit Meiggs to manage the railroad and receive any profits for the intermediate time. The Chileans thought nothing of this proviso, as it was not regarded as possible that the road could be finished within the specified time. Meiggs had the best engineers, and he had almost unlimited cheap labor. He put an army of peons at work, and in a little over four years the road was finished. Meiggs made a great fortune from the receipts of the road, during the three years that he had control, and he gained prestige in Chile, which stood him in good stead in later years when he became the railroad builder for Peru. The story of the great Arroyo railroad in Peru is too long to tell here, but it will suffice to say that Meiggs in his old age undertook the gigantic task of building a railroad across the Andes to connect Lima, the

Peruvian capital, with Brazil and the eastern seaboard. His idea was that royal fortunes would be won by bringing the produce of the rich interior tableland of Peru, Bolivia and Brazil to the seacoast. So he began a work all the claims against him. His advertisement to all creditors to call upon his agent may be found in old files of the San Francisco newspapers. Then he tried to have a bill passed by the California Legislature removing

William C. Ralston.

which was destined never to be finished, for it would require the treasures of the old Incas to tunnel the mountains, that no engineering skill may surmount.

As soon as he was in a position to do so, Meiggs sent back a trusted representative to San Francisco and paid the legal cloud that rested against him, so that he might return in safety for a visit to his old home; but this was found to be unconstitutional. So Meiggs never saw again the city from which he fled. No old Californian with whom I ever talked held Meiggs to be the chief offender in his forgery

and flight. Those who are well informed in regard to the circumstances declare that he was used as a scapegoat to hide wealthy usurers who coined money out of his necessities, and who were fully aware of his misuse of the city warrants.

The whole after career of the man shows that he possessed qualities that do not go with the defaulter or embezzler. Yet in the face of the facts of his restitution, a philosophic historian of California has devoted pages to putting Meiggs in moral pillory, because he succumbed to temptation, and setting him up as an exception to the rule that disaster comes to those who violate the moral laws. It may be added that this historian disapproves of the Vigilance Committee, which cleared the moral atmosphere of San Francisco and shipped out of the State a large number of cut-throats and swindlers. Chile raised a monument to Meiggs, the railroad builder and financier, whose word was always as good as his bond ; and it is not out of place, therefore, that the truth should be told here about this picturesque figure of early California days, who was more sinned against than sinning.

One of the men who had large influence in California during the days before the war, and in the dark period of the rebellion, was Milton S. Latham, yet his name is almost unknown outside the State for which he did so much. Latham was a born advocate, gifted with persuasive power in the highest degree, and endowed with personal qualities that made him many friends. He had enjoyed a far better education than most of those who sought fortune in California during the gold rush. He came here in 1850 from Alabama, where he had made a reputation as a lawyer, and soon he had established an excellent practice in his new home. Political preferment came to him at the early age of twenty-two years. He was elected to Congress, and served two terms ; then was chosen Governor of California, and scarcely had he taken the chair when he was called upon to resign and accept the United States senatorship. Thus in ten years he had filled all the most important public offices in the gift of the people—a feat, perhaps, without a parallel in this country, when it is remembered that Latham was only thirty-one years old when he entered the Senate. He returned to California while the Civil War was in its height, and like Brannan, he proved to be a power in advocating the cause of the Union.

Latham's legal practice naturally led him into business speculation and the development of the resources of the country. He became banker, financier and railroad builder. Beyond all his contemporaries he had the artistic tastes which it requires large wealth to gratify. He built the finest house in the young city of San Francisco, and he made it a veritable palace of art, filled with treasures from the Old and the New World. There he kept open house, and entertained hundreds of visitors. In an evil day, he conceived the idea of carrying a railroad into the heart of the great redwood forests that line the Russian River, about sixty miles north of the Golden Gate. Lumbermen saw millions in the scheme. So Latham built a narrow gauge road, which skirted the coast. He put six millions into the venture, out of which he never drew legal interest on the investment. The road was enormously expensive to build because of the numerous tunnels and the heavy grades ; it was very costly to maintain, and the freight on the timber, which was counted upon to maintain it, did not pay any large return above operating expenses. Hard times came, this railway burden dragged Latham down, and he was stripped of the fortune he had used with so generous a hand.

About the only memorial that is left of him is the picturesque railroad that furnishes a series of magnificent views of mountain and sea, the sub-

stantial mansion which witnessed his open-handed hospitality, now converted into a boarding-house, and the monument in Laurel Hill Cemetery that he reared to the memory of his first wife—a white Italian marble figure, gazing out upon the shoreless Pacific. To-day the sea is as blue and lustrous, the headlands that stand as warders of the Golden Gate as tawny and rugged as in the days when fortune showered her favors upon Latham. But what changes these years wrought in his life, as well as in the lives of those who worked with him! Gone are most of the fortunes that were piled up in the heat and dust of the great city, and few memorials remain, even in that city of the dead where Latham rests, to remind one of him and the other financial giants of his days.

Of all the early Californians who made big fortunes, the most widely known was William C. Ralston. Wherever the fame of California has spread, there is known the name of Ralston, who stands as a type of the far western Monte Cristo, the realization of the stage ideal of a financier with almost unlimited power, before whose command the very forces of

John Bidwell.

nature are made to yield. The glamour of his personal influence endures to this day, and old men who knew him well speak with moistened eyes of this Napoleon of the New West, who dominated all his associates and did the work of a half dozen strong men, apparently without effort. Something there was in Ralston which the scientists have not yet been able to explain—that touch of the fire of genius which enabled him to bend conservative men to the most daring ventures. And the warm imagination, that gave him power as a speculator, endowed him also with the dangerous quality of binding men to him as with hooks of steel. Those who differed from him the most widely in temperament were found among his zealous partisans, eager to do his bidding. Any fears of the future, which they may have had in moments of depression, were cleared away the moment they came into the presence of this powerful personality that never knew doubt, fear or hesitation, this man who seemed free from the weaknesses of other men. His was a name to conjure with, for men came to believe in his invincible luck, and no longer doubted the feasibility of any project that he approved. Much of Ralston's success must be attributed to the fact that all his great enterprises were carried out by men who were imbued with his own confident spirit. They knew no such word as fail, and with unlimited energy and resources they pushed each venture to completion. It was a spectacle to which Victor Hugo alone, in this latter half of the century, could have done justice. There was something in it of the same defiance of the laws of nature and the power of the elements shown by the heroes of "The Toilers of the Sea."

Looking back at Ralston's work now, it is easy to see the desperate chances that he smilingly accepted, but the men of his day were blind to any dangers, and only a few could coldly analyze his operations and predict the collapse that came in the end. And when that ruin came, it is proof of the personal influence of Ralston that he could have saved himself by appealing to his friends. The selfishness born of trade would have been forgotten, had this financial dictator stepped down into the marketplace and asked aid of the hundreds whom he had helped. But his pride revolted from this step, or he fancied that ingratitude would be his portion; so this moving spirit of a score of great enterprises was suddenly quenched in the waters of San Francisco Bay, going out in a great mystery which will never be cleared till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll.

Ralston first came into prominence as a steamboat man on the Mississippi. We know from Mark Twain's book what a training the old river traffic gave; what risks rival captains and pilots took to get in ahead of one another; what exciting races were seen with the great boats trembling under the dangerous throbbing of the engines. It was a life to stimulate all the dormant traits of a speculator, and Ralston's nature expanded under the influences about him, till the Mississippi River life became too slow for his ambition. Then the gold rush began and among the foremost of the adventurers was Ralston. He never mined for gold; that was too prosaic an occupation. He devoted himself to trade and banking, in which there was free play for his imagination. Wealth came to him as iron comes to the magnet, but he did not become a great financial power until the organization of the Bank of California, in 1864. Among the heavy stockholders were D. O. Mills, Ralston, R. S. Fritz, J. B. Thomas, O. F. Giffin, John O. Earl and Alvinza Hayward. The capital stock was two million dollars with the privilege of increase to five million dollars. Although Ralston was nominally the cashier, in reality he was the ruling power, the very bank itself. Ralston used his

position, at first, with wisdom. He was always ready to aid any enterprise that promised to help the State, but unlimited power brought its penalties. He kept open house at Belmont and spent thousands in the entertainment of guests. No prominent visitor from the East or Europe failed to enjoy Ralston's hospitality. His country home was one of the wonders of the State, being finished throughout with California laurel, while the grounds bore a strong resemblance to those of the great estates in England. It was one of the peculiarities of Ralston that he cared nothing for the luxury that he provided for his guests. Power was what he lusted after, even more than wealth, and in the management of the bank and his many ventures outside the bank Ralston tasted to the full the sweets of authority.

But despite his marvelous sagacity, his untiring industry and his enormous executive force, Ralston could not escape the fate that overtakes, sooner or later, the man who runs great risks for great gains. There came a day when his ventures began to fail. A man of Ralston's temperament, sanguine, confident and filled with the sense of power bred by long-continued success, is loath to acknowledge defeat. He will risk all and more than he ought to risk to avoid that sense of failure which he cannot endure. The great speculator is like the great general—no sacrifice is too costly to bring success. Ralston, in his last days, when ruin encompassed him on every side, was much like Napoleon after the Russian campaign was fairly begun. He instinctively felt the doom before him, but he determined to use every means at hand to ward it off. So it came to pass that the bank which he had founded was brought to the verge of ruin, and the treasure which he was trusted to preserve was scattered in the vain effort to retrieve his personal fortunes. When exposure could be delayed no longer, he took that plunge into the Bay of San Francisco, which proved to be his last. Whether it was suicide or accident can never be told; but its results were clear. It cut down in his prime the ablest financier the Pacific Coast has ever seen and it left no man to carry out his work.

There is no older living pioneer of California than General John Bidwell, and he was a millionaire when most of the rich men in the State to-day were just beginning the accumulation of wealth. Bidwell comes of New England stock and a strain of Yankee shrewdness runs all through his career. It is more than a half-century ago that Bidwell crossed the plains with a party from Missouri. He reached California early in 1841, and his first exhibition of native shrewdness was in joining fortunes with General Sutter, then the foremost man in the Mexican territory. He acted as agent of Sutter, and in this way came to know intimately all the prominent Spanish Americans, as well as the foreigners in California. As interpreter of Governor Micheltorena, he gained valuable experience, and in his reminiscences in the *Century Magazine* he has told with quiet humor and no little descriptive skill the story of the Bear Flag uprising, the struggle over the possession of California and the results that followed.

Bidwell also has given the clearest and most interesting account of the discovery of gold at Coloma by Marshall. Although he was a miner and gave his name to old Bidwell's Bar, on the Feather River, yet he always preferred agriculture and fruit-growing. Through his close acquaintance with the legal status of all the Spanish grants, he obtained possession of a large body of rich land at Chico, Butte County, which he has since greatly improved, so that now he possesses the finest orchard in the State. The cherry, peach, pear, apricot and almond trees on General Bidwell's ranch are unequaled in size, for many are forty years old. Here on this magnificent domain lives the

old General. Unlike many rich Californians, he is most popular in his own home, where he is best known, as he has done much to add to the attractiveness of Chico, and his charities are large. He is a great advocate of temperance, and in several campaigns he has been the prohibition candidate for Governor of California. He was the latest Presidential candidate of the Prohibition party. His life is thoroughly consistent with his professions, for he rooted out a valuable vineyard planted to wine-grapes and stopped the making of any intoxicating beverage on his ranch. General Bidwell's wealth is estimated at three million dollars, most of it in real estate which is constantly increasing in value. He bears his years well, and his memory is unusual for one of his age, for he not only recalls the main outline of events that occurred forty or fifty years ago, but even the minor details. This remarkable memory makes him a very interesting companion, for his talk of early days in California is better than the work of the historians.

The California Mining Stock market, which has now reached so low an ebb of fortune, once dominated the financial life of San Francisco, and the man who first ruled it, and then transmitted his power to the Bonanza kings, is well worth a short study. Erwin Davis was a natural banker and financier. He had a special gift for the negotiation of large business enterprises such as Lloyd Tevis possesses in such high degree. He had also a genius for the exploiting of mines and the manipulation of mining stocks. Coming to San Francisco and gaining control of the mining market in the early days, when the Bonanza men were unheard of, he ruled speculation in this city for over five years. Davis lived on the summit of what is now known as Nob Hill. He bought the property on which Senator Stanford's mansion now stands, and he built there what was then regarded as a very fine residence. The original owner of this lot was Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, the actress, who lived in a pretty cottage on the crest of what was then a great sugar-loaf-shaped sandhill. Financial and domestic trouble swept over the clever actress, and she was forced to part with the home that she loved. Davis cleared away the sand and built the large house which was afterward removed to the southwest corner of Pine and Hyde streets. He also built the finest stable in California, using laurel and manzanita in the finishings of the stalls. As he had cleared away the work of the actress, so in his turn Senator Stanford left not a vestige of the mining magnate's improvements. The stable and house were removed, the level of the lot was lowered, and a great wall was built around the property. The only relic of old days, on this bleak hill, is the weather-worn home that stands directly opposite Stanford's mansion, and that looks precisely as it did thirty years ago.

Failure finally overtook Davis in one of his mining deals, and he removed to London, where he has built up another great fortune in the floating of new mines and in speculation in stocks.

Other early California millionaires there are who are well worth a sketch, but the limits of this article almost forbid the mention of their names. James Lick is so well known by his great gift of the Observatory on Mount Hamilton that he needs no more than passing mention. He has demonstrated that a gift to science is the surest means of perpetuating one's name.

Of other men who gained fortune in the early days may be mentioned David Jacks, the land-owner of Monterey County; Jesse D. Carr, the Salinas cattle grower; C. H. Huffman, who has thousands of acres in wheat in Merced County and who built, with Charles Crocker, the largest irrigating canal in this country; and J. S. Cone, the wheat king of the Upper Sacramento Valley, who counts his grain fields by the mile along the great river in Tehama County.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAWNING.

BY CLARE CARLYLE.

"LOOK here, Robert, why can't you be sensible for once an' join the rest of us boys ter night either at the schoolhouse, where they 're goin' ter have a Christmas tree, or at the dance in the new building next Joe Fischer's saloon. I'm goin' ter both places; would n't miss dancin' for the world ; an' I must go to this Christmas tree, for my new girl will be there. There won't be a feller in town put as much on the tree for any girl as I have for mine ; three big boxes all covered with that soft stuff, with combs an' brushes, an' lookin' glasses, an' them little fixins' they told me was ter clean finger-nails. The girls at the store seemed ter think I wanted a carload of boxes. First, they sold me a yeller one ; an' when that was paid for, an' I spoke about a pink one's being purty, they bundled it up an' before I knew it they had their money for that. The little girl behind the counter kept smilin' up at me till I was n't certain whether she was mashed on me in my new clothes, or, startin' before daylight, I had n't a good wash on me face, an' she was makin' fun. I forgot ter look in the glass, after I got ter town, an' the more I thought about it, the worse I felt. Then blood just lit up my face an' must have struck ter my brain, for if that dog-goned girl did n't sell me a red box, sayin' 't would n't soil so quick as them others, an' that coal dust was mighty bad for plush boxes. I lit out, at that, an' tore inter the nearest barber's,an' I'll be jim swizzled if there was n't a long black streak runnin' from my left eye down ter my shirt collar."

A slight smile showed for an instant about the mouth of the man who sat, listening to the swaggering talk of James, with his elbows on the rude table before him, his fingers buried in his prematurely gray hair. The other continued :

" For them that likes them sort of doins' the show at the schoolhouse will be fine. Mrs. Preston, the doctor's wife 's been trainin' the kids, an' the way they sing them pieces she 's learned 'em they say will beat anything this side the mountains. After the first song, Miss Koffin, the teacher 's goin' ter speak a piece, an' I 'll be surprised if them little Lewis boys she licks regular don't stand outside under the winder an' say it over after her, through their noses, like herself.

" They 've done that before, an' old Perkins, who thought he must keep order, bein' director, stumbled an' nearly fell down the slope chasin' 'em. After Miss Koffin's piece, Lewis Lewis 'll play a tune on his fiddle; then Bobby Burns, with his bow legs, an' squint eyes rolled up, playin' he was looking straight inter Heaven, 'll speak a piece he made himself. And then they 'll all whoop it up singin', old an' young, after which there will be tabloos, where the youngsters are all kneelin' playin' they 're angels an' such stuff ; an' Pete Deckett 'll burn something on a shovel that will make 'em look all colors of the rainbow. After they 're all through with that performance an' the winders are up, for the smoke ter go out and the boys ter look in, the presents 'll be handed 'round ; an' don't I want ter see Jennie's eyes shine when she sees the boxes? Yeller, pink an' red, an' the stuff they 're covered with as thick an' soft as the down on a new hatched chicken ! Now, old boy, if ye say yees 'll go, I 'll stop for ye, an' I 'll interduce ye ter Jennie an' the rest. So brace up an' begin ter have a good

time; Christmas is just ther time to start in on."

An expression of annoyance crossed the face of his companion, who raised his head from his hands and looked at his good-natured visitor, saying: "It's very good of you to invite me, James, but as I have a book I wish to read, I can't go with you to-night."

James looked with contempt at the shelves ranged on one side of the cabin, filled with books, periodicals and neatly folded papers. To him they represented a waste of money and time; he then returned to the charge:

"'T was last Christmas, old feller, we was takin' turns nursin' ye, who was that bad with fever I never thought ye 'd see another. 'T was a bad job we had n't let yees gone, for it's just as well ter be buried by friends as ter bury yerself in the injun house by day an' yer cabin by night, with never a soul to trade a word with."

This hint in regard to the former kindness of the youth had the desired effect upon Robert Vaughn, and a reluctant consent was given to accompany James to the scene of the Christmas festivities, stipulating, however, that he should receive no introductions to any of James' friends or acquaintances. The young man, feeling he had achieved a victory, hastily took his departure, after stating at what hour he would call.

Robert Vaughn then arose and began pacing the narrow limits of his cabin, which he seemed to fill completely with his personality. He was a man of generous proportions, having the upright figure and bearing of a military commander rather than a mining-camp engineer. His face, in spite of its present troubled look and frown, was a face to inspire confidence, and the pleasant light that usually shone in his blue English eyes denoted a mind filled with kindly impulses. He paused at last before the open fire, and, unconsciously, gave expression aloud to his agitating thoughts:

"Three years ago to-night! and it seems as though it was only yesterday; yet in those three years I 've lived ten ordinary lives and died ten thousand deaths. To *suffer*, *suffer*, *suffer!* must have been written in the book of fate for me at the beginning.

"Yes, *burned!* with letters of fire to illustrate the fires of hell in which my soul has lingered, for *years!* It was a bitter fight to satisfy the cravings of my nature that poverty or the cruel will of others could not change. But I rose, victorious, to a height from which I could look back on that path over which I had journeyed with tortured heart, under the lash that struck my sensitive boyhood's soul; and from that height of safety and respite her hands have torn me. The hands of a frail creature I could *crush* and kill has hurled me down from happiness. Curse her! Curse her!"

He threw himself down, burying his face in his hands; in his restlessness soon rising again, he went to the opposite corner and from a little box, filled with old letters and other souvenirs, he took a plain gold ring. He threw it upon the table before him as though its touch were fire.

"I do not keep it in remembrance of her," he whispered; "I need no such reminder, but it seems to me like a poor human thing, with a mission that utterly failed; failed as a token to bind her to a life of happiness, of love and honor, because it was plain and poor, and her nature too sordid to wait for the costly jewels I could not give her then; but I 'll find her at last. What is ambition or wealth to me now beside my hope for revenge?" He paced the floor again in excitement. It took a long time for the old love to die.

A sneer crept over his expressive features as he went on: "But I learned my lesson, at last, when necessity drove me back to work, and I stopped from my quest awhile. Learned it as I stood beside the great

engine watching the revolving, reaching arms that could crush man and overcome the works of nature—arms moving steadily ; accomplishing, subduing. I have watched the throbs, like human heart-beats, yet knowing they never pulsed with pain ; that here was no quivering of inner fibers to turn from steady purpose, and I have striven to make my heart like that steel, upon which there shall be no imprint."

Did he not remember that the great engine, with all its might, must obey the impulses of a guiding hand, and on the lever of our lives rested a controlling power we are unable to resist with all our boasted will ?

The door burst open unceremoniously, and James, the irrepressible, rushed into the room stamping and brushing, with right and left, the damp snow with which he was covered.

' It's snowin' like blazes," was his greeting. "Would n't wonder if that train was n't stuck between here and town, an' ther 'll be no dance ternight. I made up my mind to waltz with all the purtiest girls an' cut Tom French out, who says he used ter be a dancin' master."

He began whistling a lively air, and, placing his hands on his hips, sailed about the room, turning over the rugs of bearskin with his great feet, and knocking down one or two volumes from the shelves, with his projecting elbows.

In the confusion, Vaughn slipped the ring into his pocket and turned toward the door. James paused in his mad whirl and took note of the look of annoyance upon Vaughn's face, but did not see fit to remark it, and began addressing him in his usual familiar manner, which would have been resented, coming from another source.

"Now, you 're never goin' like that," said he, looking with disapproval at the dark flannel shirt above whose low collar Robert Vaughn's throat showed whitely. "Just for once, Robert, let me eyes look at yees in a biled shirt; what 's the use goin' to a Christmas tree, where everybody in camp 'll be lookin', if yees can't go like a swell ? "

He glanced complacently in the small mirror at his own image, gorgeous in expansive shirt-front, high collar and scarlet tie, with a great imitation diamond blazing in the center. His curly hair was plastered over his brow, and his slight mustache was waxed and pointed on either side like two bodkins beneath his tilted nose.

He knew the little room was redolent of the strong perfumery upon his blue silk handkerchief, and gloried in the fact.

" I do not wish to go at all, James," the other said impatiently.

James tried to rectify his mistake by saying :

" Of course ye don't ; yer agoin' ter please me, an' I only thought, seein' ye was so handsome in yer every-day clothes, I'd like ter see how perfectly grand you'ld be dressed up like."

Vaughn smiled helplessly and made no further remonstrance, unwillingly accompanying his guest. James anxiously regarded himself in the glass for a moment expressing apprehensions as to the effects of snow upon his waxed mustache, and, with his handkerchief ready to shield that ornamental appendage, joined his friend outside.

The snow was falling in great damp flakes, soon weighting down any stationary object. It was not dark, for a full moon was somewhere behind the thick snow-laden clouds ; but walking was difficult along the uneven street, and Vaughn's cabin was nearly a mile from the schoolhouse.

" Sure it 'll be all out an' look like the wet feathers of a rooster ; an' there's Tom, an' Bobby, an' the rest that won't have so fur ter go will take the shine off me altogether," said James regretfully, thinking of his waxed mustache, which he attempted

to shield with the blue handkerchief, then remembering the perfumery that might be exhausted upon the unappreciative breeze, sadly restored it to his pocket and tried the efficiency of his generous hand.

A sound of music presently fell upon their ears, and raising their bowed heads they found themselves near the schoolhouse. The door stood open, for people were passing in and the warm light streamed out invitingly; but the words being sung had struck the ears of Robert Vaughn, and he suddenly halted.

The last words of a sweet old carol were dying away—words taught by the refined, sympathetic woman who understood the heart-longings for old associations of most of those about her; longings doubly felt at this season of all others, so universally observed in their old home.

At the opening of the door upon the scenes within, it all came before him, as he stood there among the whirling flakes. The night he last heard those words sung, in the same childish tones, was his wedding night.

He had stood at a window in the great house of his friend and benefactor, in the old town across the seas, where primitive customs still prevailed, encouraged by the gentry, who clung to the traditions of their forefathers; and she was there beside him, her golden head upon his shoulder, and her slender hand upon which shone the ring clasped in his own. He clenched his hands, set his teeth and turned toward his cabin.

"See here, old feller," said James, "they 've begun a'ready an' we won't get seats; I wanted ter get as fur forward as I could."

'I'm going home," said Vaughn, hoarsely.

James took him by the arm. "Do ye want ter spile my evenin'?" he said, piteously; "my looks are all spiled, I know, with this confounded snow stickin' to me like tar; but I'm goin', an' I want yees along." His companion yielded, as to the entreaties of a child, always willing himself to suffer rather than cause another's unhappiness.

Their entrance at the schoolhouse created a decided sensation among the audience, for Robert Vaughn seldom crossed a threshold save his own.

James felt decidedly important, since his companion was regarded as superior to most of those about him by reason of his learning and his reserve, which checked, in most cases, the familiarity that breeds contempt.

James obeyed the letter, if not the spirit, of the command regarding introductions, but he fully intended Vaughn should know that the sallow little girl in the blue dress with the pink bows scattered indiscriminately over her small person was the admired Jennie.

"Step right up this way, Mister Vaughn," he said, his voice quite audible. "Miss Jennie Owens," he announced, boldly stepping up to that blushing young person. "Could yees tell meself an' me friend, Mister Vaughn, where we could find seats so we can see the whole performance?"

Jennie blushed again, and bowing to the stranger, pointed to the vacant chairs she had been carefully guarding for these very occupants.

"Good evenin', Mrs. Preston," said James, shaking hands with a sweet-faced lady who sat near, unmindful of the fact that Miss Koffin, on the improvised stage close by, stood ready to recite, indignant at the interruption.

"Me friend Mr. Vaughn thought he 'd come with me ter-night an' see how he 'd like the show."

"Sit down, Jim," called a voice near the door, "can't ye see the school marm's goin' ter speak 'er piece?"

James seated himself in dignified silence, and the young woman began her recitation.

His fears in regard to the mischievous little Lewis boys proved ground-

less, and Miss Koffin droned, or sharply enunciated with flourishes abrupt and startling or majestically slow, without interruption to the end.

She wisely refrained from responding to the cries of some among the audience for "another piece," understanding, through a frankly given hint, the sentiments of the impatient majority, expressed in a whisper by Ben Hooper to a companion: "That if they was goin' ter sing-song a dozen more pieces like that he'd be hanged if he'd stay a minute; moreover, he'd step up an' take off the presents he'd brought for 'Mandy right afore their eyes."

A remark that called down upon him the wrath of the young man who worshipped Miss Koffin from afar, and who informed him that, "if he did n't shut up an' listen ter whatever was goin', he'd lick the life outer him when the show was over."

Robert Vaughn sat on stoically to the end, when the presents were distributed, Jennie's boxes admired, and James made happy by her blushing thanks and her aunt's grateful and conscious acceptance of those falling to her share.

Robert had also been remembered by this generous friend, who, knowing of no more acceptable gift to him than a book, had selected one with careful regard to the binding. It gleamed with red and gold without, and within, where James had not condescended to look, was the inscription, "Tommy Tillotson and his Dog, or the Reward of a Good Boy."

There was some dissatisfaction among the Sunday-school scholars, who openly declared the teachers guilty of partiality in the distribution of gifts intended for the school exclusively. And poor little Mrs. Padley thought the worked motto, "The Lord Will Provide," purchased and presented on principles of economy by Miss Koffin, was a pointed allusion to her poverty and the burden of a shiftless husband and seven children; otherwise the evening was a success, in its way, and the originators were well repaid for their trouble. The somewhat excited audience were once more called to order and joined in a final anthem, before dismissal. The words of the anthem were simple and old, yet an ever-necessary reminder to humanity:

> For Christ has suffered, Christ has died
> To wash all sins away,
> As He forgave, may all forgive,
> This blessed Christmas day.

There were several voices of exquisite natural melody in the mixed assembly, and to Robert, passionately fond of music, this would have been as a grateful gift; but the words of that closing stanza were significant and seemed a personal appeal. Christ has suffered. Could any human agony exceed the agony of that divine existence who bears the extreme of every ill? Yet "He forgave." Strongly affected by the words, Robert made a gesture of dissent, as though refusing to listen to a voice of pleading.

"Forgive!" he almost said aloud, bitterly, as he stood outside, the excited and mainly happy audience hurrying past him.

The warmth and life, the interest and affection displayed, gave him a keener sense of his loneliness and loss. He was soon quite alone; even James had forgotten him, in his joy of being allowed to escort Jennie Owens home, and carry her parcels.

The snowfall had ceased suddenly, the wind blew keen and fitfully, and the moon, released from the screen of storm-clouds, shone full above the white, ragged clouds occasionally passing over its face, then fluttering away as though chased by flying companions.

Robert Vaughn thought, with a feeling of dread, of the lonely cabin, of the unresponsive silence reigning there, and looked about longingly as if seeking some place to which he might flee. A strong gust of wind swept by and fluttered the leaves of the book he held; the slight occur-

rence turned his thoughts, and reminded him that a package of periodicals and papers would arrive by the evening's mail. He walked mechanically in the direction of the station and met the somewhat excited proprietor of the saloon, who informed him the train had not yet reached camp.

"They left Coaland at the usual time, and this blamed storm must have snowed them in between stations. Dan and his whole crowd were coming up, and if they get here at all to-night it's likely 't will be too late for the dance," said the proprietor.

They waited about the station for an hour more, and at last, along the snow-clogged track, a solitary man, still bearing his brakesman's colored lantern and nearly exhausted, appeared. From him the horrified listeners soon learned that the expected train had been hurled down an embankment, and lay a heap of shattered cars of dead and dying humanity, some five miles down the line.

Christmas eve festivities were suspended, and the men of the camp struggled through deeply piled snow to the scene of the accident. They made their way with difficulty down the steep incline, over which the cars had rolled, to the wreck beside the stream at the bottom. The empty coal-cars in the rear of the mixed train had been dragged after and piled in horrid confusion upon the coaches containing the passengers, burying many who still lived and whose groans reached their ears.

It was past midnight, and the moon still sailed above, lending her light to the scene. The black waters gurgled loudly as though striving to drown the feebly uttered cries. The branches of the great cedars, along the slope, laden with the heavy snow, drooped like arms beneath the weight of winding sheets. The rescuers worked with a will, thanking God in their hearts that the horror of fire had not been added to the wreck.

The minutes rolled on as the men toiled to reach the victims. The mountains above seemed to mock them with their aspect of calm endurance. The black stream brought to them a thought of the river of death. The wind swept down the gorge with a wail like a dirge. The hours rolled on. One by one the unfortunates were released from the wreck, most of them mercifully dead, others crushed and shattered; and those who never prayed before prayed now for death to release them from their agony.

A change came over the moonlight, foretelling the approach of day. The wind lulled, and the summits of the great mountains flushed faintly. The shadows among the drooping cedars and over the black waters, seeming darker beneath that hovering shadow of death, yielded slowly to the oncoming light.

Robert Vaughn, one of the first upon the scene and untiring in his efforts of relief, paused for a moment and looked about him. On litters, formed of broken seats and the universal debris of the wreck, lay those of the women found dead. The increasing light showed plainly each lineament and feature, some distorted by fear and horror, others still wearing a blank look of despair. The painted cheeks and blackened brows, the artificial shadows beneath the eyes intensified the ghastliness of death. Their gaudy finery was torn and blood-stained, the jewels upon the dead arms and throats sparkled like glaring, defiant eyes. The souls torn from the debased tenements and waiting in agony for God's final judgment, might have turned in horror and loathing from what was once his stainless gift.

The helpers were lifting another from the wreck. The woman's form was slight and girlish; upon her face pain and even death scarce left a disfiguring mark. It might have been sleep that closed the great violet eyes and pressed the long,

curling lashes on the dimpled cheeks. Her red-gold hair lay in rings, clinging where the death-damp had soddened them, about her white, low brow; for hers had been a lingering death, and the soul to be judged by a divine standard was just loosed from its cell. The perfect, pallid lips had scarce ceased to quiver, and a tiny stream of blood like a scarlet thread, still slowly trickled from between.

The throat, bare above the pointed neck of her rich bodice, was white as the snow on the cedars, and creased and rounded as that of a babe's. She was a piece of human flesh of fairest mold and coloring; beside her sodden, painted sisters she lay like a "pearl among the swine of humanity." But death had not spared her its worst approach, and her body was crushed, her lower limbs mangled. One ear, perfect as the petal of a white rose, had been torn across down to the great cold drop sparkling with fire that seemed alive and mocking the coldness of death. All remarks were silenced by the movement of Robert Vaughn. He bent above the prostrate form, and even the dullest might have read the secret of his life's tragedy in his face.

He lifted it at last, white and drawn and stern as the decree of death, and glanced at the heights above as though reading in their rugged grandeur, in whose presence man shrinks into insignificance, and his very sorrows became a passing slight event, an answer to his heart. Was it a vision of celestial hosts, as in the ages long ago, who bore the lesson we are so slow to learn? Or had the helplessness of death the power of appeal, which living lips could never utter, that changed the look upon the face over which he bent once more, whispering slowly, "Margaret" and "forgiveness?" And then, as if oblivious of all human eyes, he placed upon the yielding, fast-stiffening hand, the tiny, plain gold ring.

The great, white shining hills now glowed with crimson light, the fir-trees on the summits turned to flaming brands, and over the mountains burst in splendor another Christmas day. So, on each was bestowed a separate gift, according to the will of that Love at whose command light comes after darkness.

A SHELL.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

Across a beach of shining sand
A shell rolled at my feet,
I kissed and laid it far beyond
The line where billows beat.

When on the wave of death I drift
Far up the Beach of Bliss,
May someone greet my storm-tossed soul
With welcoming hand and kiss.

THE TOURNAMENT IN CALIFORNIA

OR THE CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS.

BY BELLE M. AUSTIN.

AT high-noon, April 19th, the wide portals of the Pavilion were thrown open, and the Festival of Flowers that has made Santa Barbara famous began. Here were blended the witchery of bloom, fruitage, fragrance and music. The interior of the great building was draped in the soft gray-green moss from the live-oak, which, with occasional clusters of airy pampas-plumes and branching palm-leaves, made a pleasing background for the gayer tints of the numberless flowers which were in every imaginable shape, from the most conventional design to Nature's wildwood tangle.

At every turn was a surprise. Here a spreading palm, or an orange tree laden with fruit and blossoms; there a tall camelia with shining foliage and waxen bloom, or, perhaps, next a banana reaching out its heavy leaves to touch the dainty tea-plant. Everywhere a wonderful profusion and exuberance of growth. Among the many tables covered with their burdens of bloom was one devoted to flowers taken from a place which only a year ago was an uncultivated spot on a rocky hillside. Here were thirty-five varieties of roses, besides begonias, marguerites and poppies. Great baskets of blossoming pinks, exquisite pansies, and seventy-five varieties or shades of nasturtiums. A floral cottage covered with Banksia roses, its door invitingly open stood midway down the hall. The carpet a mosaic of pink and white rose petals. A flower-hammock swung, and in the window ledges, graceful baskets of roses. Near by was a garden blooming as sweetly and unconsciously as if out under its native skies; beyond stood a tiny olive orchard with soft, silvery, green foliage.

Swung high against one wall an immense horn of plenty poured forth a flood of roses, and one thousand were used in its construction. In a sequestered corner was represented most charmingly, in miniature, a mountain cañon. Here towered the sycamore, its tender green foliage contrasting with the somber oak. A tiny stream wound in and out among the mossy banks, dancing over its pebbly bed. A little patch found its way through the glade, by wild shrubs and over the flower-spangled grass. A table was spread, and here was a picnic, the children being daintily dressed dolls. They had finished their luncheon. Some were gathering flowers, others sitting on the banks, among ferns and vines. Altogether it was a perfect representation of a cañon picnic in Southern California.

A little further on was another tiny woodland vale, where was set a miniature adobe with its old-time roof of red tiles, the low veranda and the olla set there to keep the water cool during the long heat of summer. It lacked but the dark-eyed children of the sun, who lived in their rude houses and laughed and sung their life away in the earlier days.

The modest wild flowers smiled from their nook in another alcove. Here were a hundred and twenty varieties, each with its individual charm, mingled with the dainty ferns and vines of the woodland. Not only flowers, but fruits were here: the orange and lemon, lime and citron, beside loquat, cherimoya and guava, persimmon, banana, date and pomegranate—all perfect in their semi-tropic luxuriance of growth.

In the evening, the hundreds of incandescent lights, shining like brilliant suns in the firmament of gray-green moss, made the scene more than ever bewitching. This day at last gave place to the greatest of all the Carnival days, when every one, from the highest to the lowliest, joined in the merry-making, and the floral goddess came in earnest to witness the finest floral procession and battle of flowers ever witnessed out of Italy. The town was awake early enough this morning (though it has the name of liking a lingering nap on ordinary days) and the very air was alive with the spirit of festivity. Men hurrying to and fro with armfuls of flowers; maidens with baskets, or plucking the dewy blossoms; every now and then along the side of the street or in the garden, carriages with merry groups about them, being fast hidden in bloom—everywhere movement and gaiety among the gathering clans of Flora's Kingdom. Two o'clock came. The tribunes occupying opposite blocks above the Arlington Hotel were filled with gaily dressed people. The long street was outlined with the same expectant throng, nearly all carrying baskets or bouquets of flowers, the fairy weapons of the coming warfare. Not a cloud was in the sky; the air golden with sunshine; the sea sapphire-tinted. Every eye was turned eagerly down the white-paved street, which looked like a long floral aisle, with its numberless flowers and flags. At last the band was heard in the distance and down by the shore; the street began to be filled by a "glittering host advancing." First came the Grand Commander and his many aids, all representing either English or Spanish cavaliers, every prancing horse gorgeous with blanket and bridle of flowers and ribbons. Then drew near the lovely goddess, in her flowery chariot of Neptune.

Her throne was a mammoth conch shell, apparently resting on foam-flecked billows. Over her head a blossoming canopy. Her dress floated about her like the ethereal mist of a cloud; on her forehead a coronet of purest white roses. The dainty little nymphs that form her court were appareled like her, and rode the mimic waves in glistening shells. On she passed triumphantly, the people shouting their welcome, and strewing her pathway with the choicest buds and blossoms.

Slowly the procession came. What a vision of beauty! Not a horse or a carriage in the long line but was bright with flowers. Reaching the tribunes, the battle opened. Flying bouquets, wreaths, sprays and sailing single blossoms, flung gaily back and forth between the spectators and the fair occupants of the passing equipages, made the air a rainbow of colors. Soon the street was carpeted with fallen blossoms; still the battle waged. The only wonder was, where all the flowers came from. One great float represented the tropical products of this valley. A tall cocoanut palm rose from the center, from which waved long creepers. A mass of huge brakes and broad-leafed taro grew about the base, while a live monkey gamboled among the deep foliage. Outriders of the duskiest

hue guided the float. Next came the haymakers. Here were a number of charming lads and lassies, standing amidst a mass of new-mown hay, their rakes and pitchforks and hats and dresses adorned with wild flowers. Another passed in the form of a Malay boat, covered with daintiest pink roses, two sailors at the bow and stern, while the two fair Castilian ladies in delicate pink gowns played dreamy melodies on their guitars. Then came a great basket, the graceful handle arching from side to side, and the whole entirely covered with pink roses and the soft tree-moss. Within stood four lovely maidens in costumes artistically made of pink silk and the moss combined. They carried shields of pink roses to protect them from the flower shots. Another exquisite equipage was a basket entirely massed with marguerites, the four ladies wearing white gowns and hats in the form of a marguerite.

A low phaeton was a symphony of color, covered with the pale-gray "dusty miller" and pink roses (5,000 Duchess roses were used). The lovely gray horses had harnesses covered with pink satin ribbon, while the outriders were two handsome youths in pink and gray costume. The fair occupants wore pale gray silk dresses. The whole was lovely in the extreme. Here were dozens more as beautiful as these. One of the Banksia roses combined with wild purple boodea, having exactly the effect of white and purple violets; another, a cart massed with calla lilies with swinging bells of the flowers over it. Another cart and its occupants, golden with marigolds. One was all of the delicate smilax, and another covered with the nodding yellow blossoms of the airy wild mustard; and still another glorious with the wild poppy so dear to every Californian.

Then there was the beautiful Roman chariot of lilies and roses, drawn by three magnificent gray horses, with the classically attired maidens standing within; and Robin Hood—his "merry men all robed in Lincoln green, but Friar Tuck who was cowled in gray," their horses decked with flowers. After these came by the Japanese jinrickisha with a tiny native maiden being borne along by two gallant Japanese men. Then passed the pony carts, their happy little riders fairly smothered in flowers; and the proud boys on the much ornamented donkeys, and the unique chariot in the shape of an egg of white flowers, from which peeped a fuzzy yellow chicken. Another lad went flyingly by as a lively rooster with spreading wings. The merry troop of equestriennes with elaborately decorated saddles and costumes were followed by the long line of native Californians. They wore the dress and gay trappings of the Castilian gentleman, with Mexican stamped saddles and silver-mounted bridles, all gay with wild flowers, while they played, as they rode, their beloved guitar.

Back and forth the gorgeous army marched and countermarched for more than an hour, the battle still raging, till at last the dainty ammunition was exhausted, when all passed before the goddess, and she bestowed upon the fairest the prizes, with her own hand. Then the gay lines disbanded, and the town was again filled with the returning brave. Never before in all the history of battles in America was there one like this.

After the floral parade, it was supposed that Santa Barbara had reached the pinnacle of her glory; but she still had in store the "Dance of the Flowers" which rivaled it in enchantment. Again the great pavilion, still a bower of beauty, opened for the most artistic entertainment in the annals of the little city. The thousands upon thousands of flowers; the loveliness of the human blossoms; the fair young faces of the floral dancers in their exquisite flower-like costumes; the hundreds of richly attired spectators; the gay uniforms of the officers of the warship *Charleston*—light, color, music, fragrance, blended to make a

scene of surpassing brilliancy. A trumpet-call announced the coming of the sylph-like little goddess borne along in her shell throne by her gay postillions, and about her a flight of butterflies (tiny boys in black tights with gauzy wings of brown and gold) which fluttered lightly as they passed. Following their queen came the flowers. These were twenty-eight young ladies, each dressed to simulate a distinct flower. Here were the golden poppy, and the delicate violet; the imperial fleur-de-lis and the piquant pansy; the chaste moss-rose, and the luxurious water-lily—each blooming in its own sweet way.

The dancers moved forward with a graceful swaying motion like the "movement of a breeze-touched lily on its slender stalk." A long delicate ribbon of flowers was held by the first advancing four, in their uplifted hands, while in their other hands they carried wreaths or bouquets. Reaching the place of honor, where were seated the invited guests of the carnival, they placed before them, with graceful courtesies, the garlands they had brought, thus conveying, as was designed, the welcome of the city to her visitors, in a most charming and original manner. After the presentation of the floral tributes, the dancers in couples passed again down the hall, and after a series of graceful changes, arranged themselves in the form of a horseshoe, the little gold-dusted butterflies fluttering again about them.

Another beautiful day dawned for the closing scene of the Carnival, which was again under the open sky —California's trysting place. It was an inspiriting picture: the crowd of people, mostly in summer attire; the numberless equipages, here a luxurious victoria, there a farm wagon; children in their little saddles (in no place in the world do children ride as they do here); the dark-browed Mexican with sombrero set square on his dusky head; next to him the jaunty city man; the mounted knights in their gay trappings, and ladies wearing knots of ribbon answering in color to those worn by their favorites.

Here were sixteen riders in the tournament clad in fitting costumes with bright sashes and kerchiefs on their heads.

Five poles placed forty yards apart, with arms on which hung the rings, formed the lists. At the opening burst of the music, the first knight starts, his horse flying as if on the wings of the wind; his twelve-foot lance held straight before him.

A shout, and the first ring is taken; and another, but a glance aside, no doubt at the lady with the lavender bow, caused him to miss the third; but the fourth and the fifth are his, and a great cheer rises from the three thousand people. Dainty handkerchiefs are waved to him as he passes back, and another valiant knight, this time the knight of the blue ribbon, bears down upon the rings, and with unerring hand he secures every one. Another shout arises and other dainty handkerchiefs wave; so the sport continues till each has had three trials. The first winner has a silver cup, the next some braided rawhide hand-lines, the third a Mexican horsehair *riata* (lasso). Next come the old-time sports and pastimes, and for the remainder of the bright afternoon the new-comers step into the background, and the native Californian comes to the front. His face is bronzed by the southern sun; his figure is as straight as an arrow. The broad-brimmed sombrero is rich with silver and silken thread, or plainer with a band of Mexican carved leather; the *chapajeros* are bear-skin with the long hair. His costume is like that of his father in the old days of regal ranching. In his hand is the unerring riata, and never was there a mustang too fiery to daunt him, or bronco he dared not mount. At the sound of the band, down the track rode a dozen or more of these typical *vaqueros* (cattle-herders); one gray-haired veteran leading an untamed horse from over the mountains.

The horsemen dismount and surround the dazed animal; the man who is to ride approaches him. High in the air he rears, then begins bucking and kicking, till the riata is skillfully thrown to encircle one hind and one fore foot. Again he plunges madly to free himself. At last he stands trembling, and very cautiously does the vaquero approach him again, and strokes him gently, speaking to him in his soothing Spanish tongue. At last the blind is fastened over the eyes of the terrified creature. Into the air he leaps again, but soon stands quivering for a moment. Then the saddle is placed lightly on his back and deftly cinched, and again he goes through a series of mad antics to rid himself of the burden. At length the man sees his chance to leap into the saddle. He removes the blind and then the sport begins. Head down, nostrils inflated and ears back, the furious bronco bucks and rears alternately, turns madly around in a circle, and tries in every way to unseat his captor, but still the cool Mexican holds fast. Finally the horse feels that he is mastered, and runs swiftly along the track between two other dashing horsemen, answering to the touch of the rein.

Two mustangs were thus subdued, but a fiery little bronco was brought in which promptly threw the Mexican who tried to ride him bareback, then vaulted the fence and struck out for the salt *estero* (creek) near by, where he was finally lassoed; but time forbade his taming, and next came the ground-skirmishing. A ten-dollar gold piece was wrapped in a small handkerchief and placed upon the track. The native Californians bear down upon it with their flying steeds and snatch it, while leaning almost to the ground from under the hoofs of their swift horses. Three of the prizes were secured, but not till after many trials. This sport closed the entertainment, to many of the visitors a novel and exciting experience.

The Santa Barbara Floral Association has been formed, which will aim to make the Carnival of Flowers an annual festival; and with it must come each year more and more delighted visitors to discover that this fair valley is indeed one of the rarest gems in Flora's coronet. We will hope that in years to come it may be far-famed like Nice, for its Carnival and Battle of Flowers; and even finer effects could be here attained, as there are infinitely more flowers than in the Old World city. There is no land that summer so loves, and nowhere is so blended the bloom of all countries.

Here is thy realm, O Flora Goddess fair,
Gemmed by thy flowers and bathed in lambient air,
Kindred with beauty, fragrance filled serene,
As lotus lands where blossoms lie and dream.

A CHRISTMAS BIGHORN.

BY HENRY M. CLIFFORD.

HEN Crawford's trail was cut through the Black Cañon of the Sierra Madres, it was said by old hunters to mean the last of big game in the upper range, as it virtually threw open to the world a region that hitherto had been almost as inaccessible as the famous valley visited by Sindbad upon the back of a roc. It was my fortune to reach the Black Cañon before the cutting of the trail, and to spend a Christmas on the upper range with one of the strange characters of the region.

It was two days before Christmas that I found myself at the mouth of a big green cañon that wound away, slowly reaching into the heart of the range. My outfit consisted of my horse, blankets and rifle, and thus lightly equipped, I was soon well up the cañon. The trail wound in and out, constantly crossing the rippling trout stream now passing beneath great sycamores and fragrant bay-trees between lofty cliffs and by the mouths of branching cañons, up which were caught vistas of the upper range with great mountains capped with snow. Twenty miles in, I came to the cabin of my search, a low, weather-beaten shanty, in the center of seemingly innumerable beehives about which the industrious insects thronged, filling the air with a subdued murmur distinguishable for a long distance.

There were strange tales abroad regarding my host. He was said to be the guardian of a vast treasure, a lost mine that had so far defied discovery. The secret had been known to the early Indians, and in some way had come down to old Juan, who was supposed by the credulous public to take from the mine simply what was necessary for his requirements, being under a solemn and fearful oath not to divulge the secret. That there was something plausible in this was suggested by the fact that at very regular intervals the old man appeared in a neighboring city, went to a certain bank, and deposited gold-dust and nuggets; the equivalent in coin being placed to his account. The deposit was invariably made the first of the month, and had been made for at least ten years, but rarely exceeded fifty or sixty dollars a month; such was the regularity of the deposit and the amount that it was supposed that the old man had a vast store at hand, and simply took out his monthly stipend. The facts had come to the ear of a daily paper, upon whose staff I was, and I had been detailed to work up the lost mine story, which explained my presence in the cañon, a few days before Christmas. The cabin was a long rambling affair and came into view suddenly, as I turned a big jutting rock. It set back in a little flat against the side of the mountain, overhung with trees draped with wild grape that in turn was festooned with the graceful clematis.

As my horse left the stream that here formed the trail and filled its bed and approached the cabin, I caught a glimpse of a scene not intended for public view. A young girl sat on the little veranda, and on the step below half-reclined a stalwart young fellow, who held her hand and was undoubtedly pressing his suit with ardor. The girl was a rare type of the Spanish-American, her mother having been an American, while old Juan, the father, was a Mexican, with just enough Indian

blood to make the eyes of his daughter deeper, darker, more passionate and lustrous, if possible. The young man took my horse, and with gracious salutation, the two lovers bade me welcome; and as I stepped upon the veranda, the old man came out, a small, bent, shriveled old fellow, with a pair of sunken eyes that gleamed like coals of fire against his parchment-like skin. I had met him before and received a hearty welcome, and we were soon talking over old times, I trying to lead the conversation to the object of my quest, and he plying me with questions relating to the valley and the outer world that he saw but once a month; but even the flagon of wine the girl placed upon the table did not facilitate matters. Indeed, suddenly the old man dropped his glass, eyed me in a peculiar way and said:

"Señor, you should have been a lawyer, instead of a layer-down of the law, but if you will pardon me I will say that your skillful questions are lost upon me. I know nothing of the so-called lost mine. Not a week passes but some one comes up here to question the old man. They have dug up my place, tunneled the range and made their claims, for years, but the secret of the lost mine is as much a secret as ever. If you wish adventure, now there is Felipe, who by St. Michael needs company, and will undoubtedly be glad to have you." "What is it?" I asked. "Simply this," replied the old man, "this witch of a daughter of mine has so captivated him that he is her slave, and she, after an ancient fashion of her race, has made her hand the conditions of his bringing her a mountain-sheep from the high peaks of San Antonio, on Christmas day."

"The day after to-morrow?" I asked.

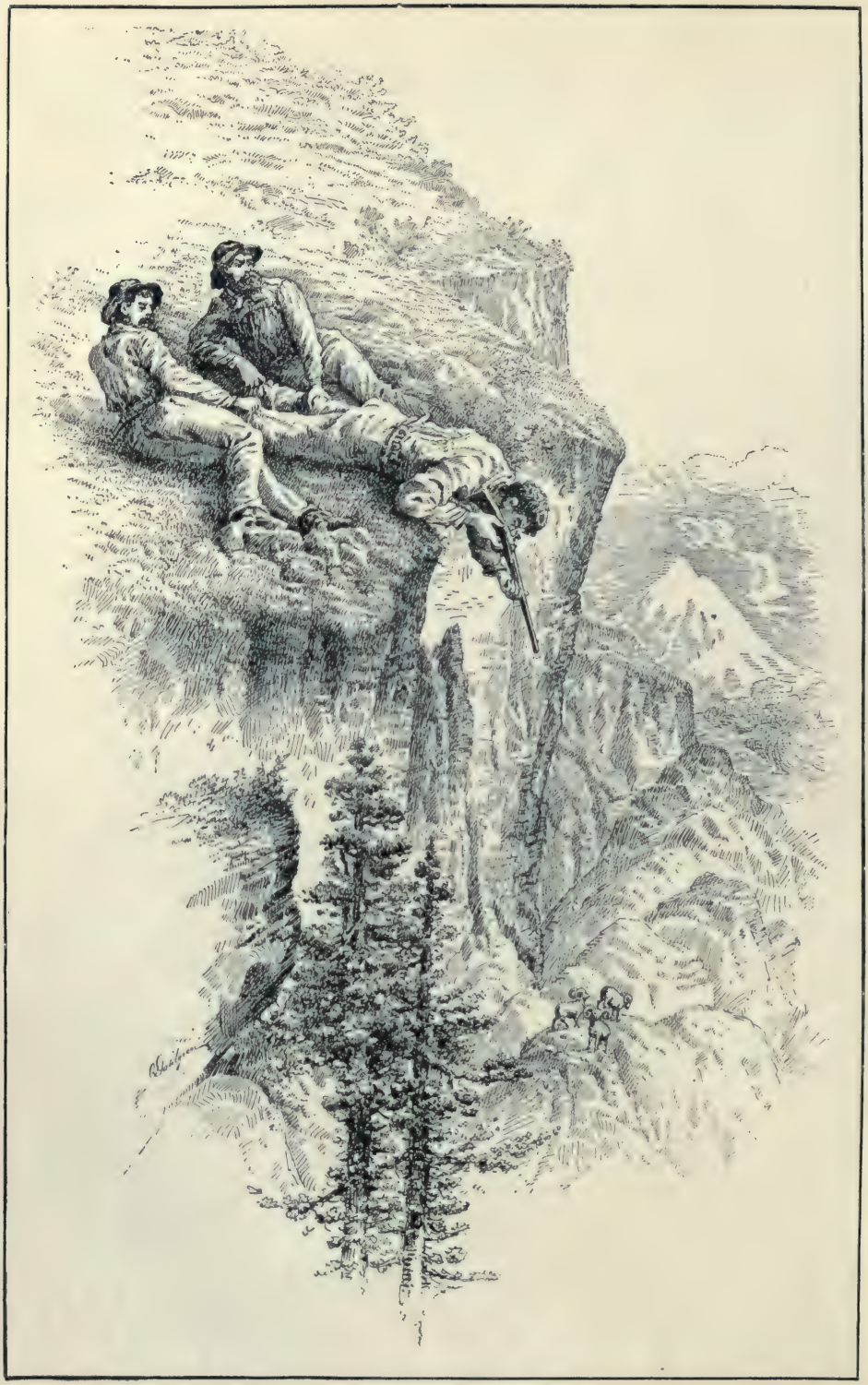
"Yes," replied the old man, "and look at the peak, it is almost an impossibility."

Limping down the steps, he went, and I after, then down the stream until a sudden break in the big mountain near us showed a magnificent spectacle: the white dome of a great mountain rising apparently out of a sea of green standing in high relief against the blue sky.

"It looks calm and quiet over the manzanita," said the old man brushing a fractious bee from his hair, "but watch it closely." I did as he bade me, and saw what I conceived to be clouds rolling up the north side of the mountain.

But they were not clouds. While the air where we stood was redolent with the odor of the wild lilac, and the song of the big blue shrike made music, my eyes rested on an arctic blizzard. The soft, fleecy masses were not clouds, but snow; a mighty blizzard was raging in the upper air, and catching the loose snow, it rolled it up the side of the great mountain, bowling it over and over, so that it ever increased in size until the summit was reached, when, caught by currents from the opposite sides, it was tossed high into the air to drift away snowy wraiths, to be lost in the warm currents from the summer-land below. Not a particularly inviting outlook, yet I made up my mind then and there that, if possible, I would join in the Christmas hunt for the bighorn; and a few moments later I had made the proposition to Felipe, and that night found us on the way to San Antonio, with a packer whom we picked up further up the trail.

Many miles up the cañon, we camped on a little shelf beneath the oaks, by the side of a musical brook, and the following day crossed the range, ever drawing nearer to the great dome of white that appeared like a spectre drawing us on. The snow on the mountains had driven the big game down, and we caught fleeting glimpses of deer; often saw the huge track of a bear in soft sands; and once a mountain lion faced us for a moment and slunk into the bush. The night before Christmas found us at the foot of the great mountain, and by pressing on up the wash that was called



Shooting the Bighorn.

the trail, we camped at midnight very near the snow-line high above the surrounding ranges. The blizzard had died away, and the great snowcap was silent and still, a strange rosy light playing about it. Long before the sun came up over the desert we were up and pushing our way up.

The higher we went, the more difficult it grew. Originally it had been a fair trail, but the rains of many winters had cut it out, filled it up with huge rocks and trunks of trees, until finally it became the simple bed of a stream of melted snow. We soon left it and began our climb over the rocks as best we could. Felipe was an ideal alpine climber, and by instinct found the way and led us ever upward. The blizzard of the previous days had swept part of the north slope clear of snow, and a mass of rocks, gigantic bowlders, great crags washed out of the very heart of the mountain were lying about, as if some mighty cataclysm had occurred. Over these we climbed, now wading in deep beds of snow, now out upon the bare rocks, moving carefully in and out, as we were now high above the winter snow-line and in the domain of bighorn sheep. For several hours we toiled upward, finally striking an immense sheet of snow, a field glazed with ice that stretched away hundreds of acres, and so far as appearances went, a miniature glacier reaching from the very summit of the mountain a mile or more down its flank and filling a great basin or depression. I was about to step upon it, being in front, when Felipe pulled me back.

"This is the mother of avalanches," he said, "and I have seen the entire field moving down the mountain with the roar of an earthquake."

To test the field, a big bowlder that was standing on the edge was started, and like a stone from a catapult it shot down upon the white field. Imperceptibly the snow began to move, gradually at first, until, with a strange roar, it rushed away, leaving the air filled with a snowy cloud. As it cleared we saw that the upper ten feet of the surface of the field had gone down the mountain and was piled up in a broken mass far below. We were just starting back, when Felipe clunched my arm; pointing away across the field of snow, and following the direction of his finger, I saw, or thought I saw two dun-colored objects. "The bighorn," he whispered, pulling me back, "and now to get them." The sheep had disappeared around a ledge evidently disturbed by the rushing snow, and the only way to reach them was by scaling a high bluff or plateau that appeared to be clear of snow. We had a rope and by alternately hoisting and pulling each other we reached the surface—a level spot of a few acres, from which a magnificent view of the entire country could be had. Away to the west were the orange and lemon groves of the south, a paradise of verdure backed by the broad Pacific, a turn of the head, and the eyes rested upon the California desert, a sea of shimmering sand, yellow like gold, a furnace, a lifeless horror that stretched away as far as the eye could reach, while around about us was the snow of an Eastern winter completing these strange contrasts. The plateau was blown clear, and we quickly made our way to the opposite side, where it suddenly fell away—an abrupt cliff. We crawled to the edge on hands and knees, and reaching it drew back; as we were upon a shelf or rock that fairly overhung the abyss below, Felipe laid prone upon the rock, threw his hat aside and leaned over, rifle in hand, while we held him by the legs and braced back. For a moment he looked in vain, then whispered to push him ahead. He was hanging head down when he fired, and his exultant shout as we hauled him back over the cliff told that a bighorn had fallen. We all took turns in looking over the brink, and there lay the rarest of California game by the side of a big rock, deserted by its mates. It took us three hours of climbing and lowering

to reach it, and it was another day before our triumphal procession wound its way down the green cañon to the old bee-ranch with the first bighorn taken on San Antonio for years. I might add that the big head and mighty horns that had weathered many a storm on the peak now adorn the home of Felipe and his wife, away down in the San Jacinto country.

NOCTURNE IN COLORADO.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

Rose-flame is melting in the murky west.
Along the lazy length of mountain trail
A sleeping mist hangs like a fleecy veil
That trembles, nodding on each shaggy crest;
Far to the barren north with silvered breast
A petrel wheeling goes; the lowing gale,
In whispers sad, breathes some mysterious tale
Of gath'ring gloom, of woe and strange unrest.

Red in the distance gleam the forest-fires
Like winking tapers through the saffron bloom—
Weird harbingers of grief and coming death,
That twinkle o'er a thousand granite spires
Where solemn broods the grandeur of earth's tomb
Pulsating with the dying day's last breath.

Powell Street, the First Church Built.

METHODISM IN CALIFORNIA.

No. I.

BY REV. A. C. HIRST, D. D., LL. D.

TRACING some of the lines of its past history; analyzing some of its present conditions and possibilities, and finding there a rosy and inspiring prophecy of the future mission and success of Methodism on the Pacific Coast, and especially in and around San Francisco—is the explanation for this, and a succeeding article, finding a place in the pages of THE CALIFORNIAN.

This will bring briefly under review the genius of Methodism and its present status in San Francisco, some of the causes for its normal development, its mission and opportunity, its educational interests and its prospects for future success.

The student of history has failed to accumulate aggressive force for his intellectual life, if he masters the historic page only as a correct record of facts in individual or national life, and fails to discern in the grand march of history the Divine plan and purpose. He fails even to hold the facts in the grasp of a clear apprehension, unless in the strong light of some great principle or positive law of which these facts are the illustration.

There is a ringing emphasis in the strong words of a recent writer: "The history of religion is the history of man. The chronicles of nations, made up as they are of wars and revolutions, political formations and decays, dynasties and parties, institutions affecting the temporal and material well-being of their subjects—these, and the like of these, are properly no part (or a very subordinate part) of the history of man. These are accidents, not substance; episodes, not methods. The true history, the thread on which these are strung, is that progressive life of the spirit which binds the nations in one providential order, and which alone gives meaning to man's being in time." This exalting principle maintains its supremacy in the State as well as in national and international history. Hence the careful study of the progress of Christianity in the city and State is of intense interest and value.

Another fact challenges attention: that the splendid achievements which have refined, purified and exalted civilization, and moved the world to lift herself and shake her awful front into the light, were made possible and real by the heroism of noble spirits, who, through self-abnegation, loyalty to truth and fidelity to high purpose, seized their crowns.

The rich beauty poured from the invisible urns in the golden splendor of the sunset hour have no such power to move the soul to lofty aspiration and to deeds of heroism as the richer atmosphere of human love and truth and faith that rolls down upon the world from such great souls. It is the incarnation of truth in human hearts that marks the real progress of the world. Its fruitage is science, art, philanthropy, patriotism, conquering enthusiasm, unselfish devotion, self-sacrificing zeal, the emancipation of woman, the broken chains of the slave, the subdued passions of men, the development of stalwart character, the building of grand manhood.

It sings its triumph in the answer of a devoted missionary to the efforts of friends to break the power of a noble conception over his soul:

Bishop William Taylor.

Hush you! Close your dismal story,
What to me are tempests wild?
Heroes on the way to glory
Heed not pastimes of a child.
For the souls of men I'm sailing;
Blow, ye winds, north, south, east, west,
Though the storm be round me wailing
There'll be peace within my breast.

When the sublime, fundamental principles of the Republic of Righteousness that the Divine Teacher founded

in the world become incarnated in the human heart, unfragrant selfishness blossoms into fragrant self-hood, and utters its splendid protest against any limitation of the power of a life filled with the infinities of goodness, benevolence, truth and heaven. The Divine Ideal, shining with holy light and inspiring with the foregleams of eternity, flashes forth its power. The unspeakable value of manhood is revealed, and man is in alliance and fraternity with omnipotence. This uncovers the genesis of greatness. This is genuine enthusiasm. This is truest heroism. It is human capacity filled with divine fullness. It is human possibility aglow and unfolded into conquering power by divine energy.

Methodism, in its organic life, grandly aroused and developed the spirit of self-sacrifice and holy daring. Her pioneer preachers were true heroes. Their preaching was soul-stirring, new, wonderful, entrancing. Multitudes thronged to hear them in the "old log schoolhouse," the barn, the grove, the private dwelling. Their names may not be emblazoned on the world's calendar, but the institutions of the land bear the impress of their work, and have been strengthened and enriched thereby. The iron teeth of Time can never destroy their record. Their age stands forth as one of the grandest epochs that characterize the history of the world's redemption, because stamped with their sublime heroism. The heritage of such lives is priceless. Such, for illustration, in the early historic days of Methodism in this nation was that of Francis Asbury, peerless and irresistible in his great life-purpose.

"The swamps and the rivers, the wilderness and the mountains, savage Indians and wild beasts of the forests, the longest reaches of distance and the most laborious modes of travel were as nothing in his presence, while he moved on ceaseless, tireless, in circuits that spanned half the continent."

During the forty-five years of his ministry he traveled 270,000 miles, mostly in sulky and on horseback. He preached 16,500 sermons, and as bishop presided at 225 annual conferences and ordained 4,000 preachers. During those eventful years, he saw the church grow in membership from 600 to 211,000, and from 10 preachers to 3,000.

Methodism to-day moves forward as the sublime fact of a spiritual force in splendid organization, interpenetrating the souls of men and pressing them onward to God in developing a refined and exalted manhood.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows, in 1866, gave his testimony to this genius of Methodism. "Methodism," said he,

John Trubody.

"commenced as an inspiration. It grew out of a necessity. It met a want. It performed a mighty and a holy work. Its missionaries have

gone down among the poor with their precious messages of penitence and love and faith. They have followed the emigrant into the wilderness, and been the pioneers of civilization, scattering the seeds of virtue and enlightenment in waste and desert places. They have done more than can be estimated to restrain, elevate and educate the common people of our land. There are no moral census tables to tell in mathematical figures the real good Methodism has done in improving the manners and morals of the people and influencing the higher life of society."

Rev. A. C Hirst, D. D., LL. D., Pastor of Simpson Memorial Church.

California was a most inviting field for such a moral and spiritual force as this, and for the self-sacrificing and persistent work of men and women under its control. Such preachers and laymen came, and by their wisdom, wonderful adaptability to the peculiar conditions, unyielding loyalty of purpose and glowing enthusiasm, wrested victory from seeming defeat. They transformed opposition into harmonious co-operation, softened the harsh asperities of a wild unbelief, and sent streaming into the lawless and riotous living a restraining and self-mastering power that was largely to determine the quality and quantity of the moral currents, for the future of the city and State.

They were men of intense convic-

tion, to whom the gospel was not a theory but a Divine reality, a rich personal experience. To them the sublime facts of the judgment, heaven, hell, life and death were vivid realities. Those early days ensphered the forces that were to determine the future civilization of the State. Materialism, sensualism, feverish restlessness swayed the thoughts of men and directed their lives. The spirit of Christianity was needed. The horizon lifted at its coming. The prophecy of the coming years was read by the men of faith, who have left as a heritage lessons of patience, of self-denial, of self-conquest, of mastery over a forest of difficulties, and through whose lips there came the thoughts of God.

Action explains and verifies thought. Action glorifies thought. Goodness is militant, and, like a sword, is made for war, flashing and striking as the antagonist of all wrong. A strong, symmetrical manhood incarnates goodness and truth, enshrines boundless powers and appeals to eternity for the fadeless laurels of victory it wins on the battle lines of Time.

Most interesting and romantic is the history of Methodism in the country and among the miners, in the days when the gold mania held its sway. If a careful record of the church life during that period could be secured, it would show how true, brave and heroic the pioneer itinerant was, and what hardships and toils he endured in planting the gospel in California. Facts more wonderful and startling than fiction centralize about Shasta, Coloma, Grass Valley and Nevada City. The names of Revs. John B. Hill, Adam Bland, C. V. Anthony, W. S. Urmy, H. B. Sheldon, and others, will pass into history as men of dauntless courage, conquering faith and tireless zeal. The three last-named are still honored and active members of the California Conference. Wonderful things are told of John B. Hill's glowing enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. In the year 1852, he built a church in Shasta, overlooking the town. The building was plain and unattractive, of rough boards set on end and battened. There were three

Rev. Freeman D. Bovard. D. D., Ph. D., Presiding Elder.

windows on each side and a door in the end. Shasta had a population of 1,500 inhabitants and was the headquarters for the mule trains. The people were eager for gold. This was intensely demoralizing. Irreligion and profligacy repelled the restraints, reproofs and warnings of the gospel. This stubborn indifference and opposition were only an inspiration to the undaunted Hill. He worked earnestly with his own hands in the erection of the little church. He boarded himself in an old shanty near by, joyous in his toil. He walked to Weaverville and preached, and from Downieville to Forest City, and delivered his burning message. He was his own chorister and janitor. Storm or snow drift, reckless living or blatant infidelity brought no defeat to this courageous, itinerant Methodist preacher.

H. B. Sheldon came to the State in 1852. He was one of the mountain preachers active, earnest, brave, and

capable of great physical endurance. He was gifted with a good voice and could sing with fine effect, which gave him popularity among the miners

Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D., Pastor Central Church.

He was often admitted to preach in saloons and gambling dens. With unflinching fidelity he declared the truth. One incident will give an insight into this phase of his work. At one time, at "Indian Diggings," ten miles from Volcano, he preached in a large tent where twenty tables of gamblers were planted, each table full. In that vile atmosphere of obscenity, profanity and mad speculation, the preacher was admitted by the proprietor who said to the gamblers and visitors, "Boys, would you like to hear some good singing and preaching?" "Yes," was the reply of these reckless men. The games were temporarily closed, cloths were thrown over the gold coin, cigars were lighted, and the gamblers thus prepared for the service, which was introduced by music from the brass band which was a part of the gambling institution.

Sheldon sang a touching hymn, offered prayer and preached. When this strange service closed, some one said: "Boys, this man can't live on Hallelujah, I am going home; get out the dust." And a generous collection was taken, with an old slouch hat as collection-box. Who can tell what sacred memories that hymn, prayer and sermon aroused in the hearts of those men who had left home, church and a refining civilization, in search of gold?

Who can paragraph the resolves quietly made in that impressive hour for a noble manhood? In the great whirl of the intense, unrestrained, adventurous, wicked life, men were made to feel that spiritualities were here in all their power; that the moral law made the same imperative demands upon them here as in the more civilized centers from whence they came; that moral responsibility was the same as in the old home—as on the old farm across the Rockies.

Some of the noble men who stood firm in those surging tides of immorality, striking masterful blows for purity and progress, still live in San Francisco and vicinity. Whom can the State more worthily honor than these veteran heroes? To them, more than to any others, is due the place California holds among the sisterhood of States—the fairest, the richest of them all in climate, fruitage, resources and possible development.

These men, who organized the church in California, were men of great faith and brave purpose. They built on solid foundations, and, as if

with prophetic vision, they sought to plan for the future material prosperity of the State, as well as for the progress of Christianity, by their fidelity amid the leaping torrents of worldliness and the mad frenzy for gold.

The peculiar conditions that confronted them aroused their best energies, and gave an irresistible force to the message of truth they brought to the minds of men.

Among those now living may be mentioned Rev. M. C. Briggs, D. D., who arrived in San Francisco, October 16, 1850, and soon after began his work as pastor in Sacramento, and who is still in the successful work of the pastorate in Petaluma. If the pen of some historian would paragraph the unwritten history crystallized about Dr. Briggs during these years as pastor, editor and leader of the best political thought of California, in her crucial hours as a new State, and especially in the crimson days of the rebellion, an insight into the heroism of those early days would be given that would awaken gratitude for the directive potency of Christian character and its rich fruitage, and arouse grander purposes among the churches for enthusiastic, aggressive work, as the new century dawns with inspiring promise. His commanding personality has been a leading factor in shaping the Methodism of California.

Another of these pioneer preachers is Rev. S. D. Simonds, who came with Dr. Briggs, and, after years of devoted and faithful service, is living a quiet life in San Francisco, hopefully awaiting the summons to reward. His record as editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, in these historic days, will remain as a monument to his memory. The columns of his paper were aflame with his burning protest against the immoralities of the day. So vigorous were his blows against gambling, vice, hypocrisy and libertinism, that two determined efforts were made to assassinate him. His life was in sacred keeping, and the assassin failed in his fiendish purpose. A few others of those preachers still live to rejoice in the wonderful growth of Methodism since its first planting, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

The announcement of the transfer of these stalwart preachers was received by Rev. William Taylor in May, 1850, from Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal church. Also the transfer of Rev. Edward Barrister, who was to be placed in charge of the educational work. Such a reinforcement was prophetic of large results in church work.

Seneca Jones.

Rev. S. D. Simonds was very sick with typhus fever on his arrival in San Francisco, but on his recovery preached as opportunity offered, north of the bay. On the 27th of April, 1851, he organized and superintended the first Methodist camp meeting on the Pacific Coast. It was held at Sonoma and was a successful campaign for souls. The enthusiasm, spiritual fervor and wise adaptability to rude conditions of the superintendent transformed the primitive simplic-

ity and perplexing inconveniences environing the camp meeting into forces for spiritual victory. In August, 1851, he was appointed the pastor of Powell Street church, succeeding Rev. William Taylor, the first pastor of the same church. In

Rev. Thos. Filbin, A. M., Pastor California St. Church.

October, 1851, with Dr. Briggs as associate editor, he issued the first number of the *California Christian Advocate*, which is still in circulation as a most helpful and educating agency, and is under the wise editorial management of Rev. B. F. Crary, D. D.

Great opportunities were here, scarcely realized by the most thoughtful and sanguine of these pioneers of Methodism. Had prophetic vision been granted them, how grandly they might have planned and built for these years, and what a tremendous sweep of mental, moral and spiritual forces they would have started.

Bishop Simpson, during a visit to San Francisco in February, 1854, wrote to a friend in the East: "There is a wide field for usefulness here, and there are few who seem to comprehend the actual condition of things. I have been very warmly urged to fix my residence here, and I think I could spend a few years very pleasantly in trying to lay the foundations of the church on the Pacific Coast. It is a strange and peculiar country. Everything in society is on a grand scale. Everything is under high pressure, and I believe great good might be done by plans well directed and promptly and vigorously executed."

That bit of gold found in the raceway of Sutter's mill on the American Fork of the Sacramento River, was the magic and masterful key to the treasure-house of the immense mineral wealth of this great State. The intense thrill of this discovery leaped through the land. Hitherward the adventurers and gold hunter came. Representatives from all the world turned to the "Golden State." California, from being nearly unknown and unsettled, sprang into a mighty state with a force that shook the nation. Onward has been the march of her civilization, in giant strides.

San Francisco is a cosmopolitan city, enshrining the mighty forces that will make it a magnificent industrial, commercial and educational center. Multitudinous activities sweep forward to the realization of such a future. The "Golden Gate" of the finest harbor of the world flashes its welcome to the nations of the earth. Trade and commerce in every form are here. Every possible stimulus to aggressive exertion and brilliant achievement evokes thought and action. Treasures of art, colossal fortunes, artistic buildings, enchanting luxury, cultured homes, great universities, are the fruitage of a single quarter of a century. With all this social, material, and intellectual progress, the church has kept in line of march.

The "Old Adobe," near the Plaza, in San Francisco, a building which had been used as Custom House, was made historic as the place where was held the first Protestant service in California. An itinerant Methodist

preacher, Bible and hymn-book in his hand, and soul aglow with his message, was the hero of the hour.

This preacher was the Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and first missionary of Methodism on these western shores. He came from the Jersey Conference. On April 24th, 1847, he preached the first sermon ever delivered in the State. California was then a part of the Oregon mission.

John Trubody, now living on Washington street, and a steward in the Powell street church, was one of the auditors, that memorable day. Rev. Roberts was his guest. The Trubody home was not spacious, palatial or luxuriant, but the genial hospitality of the host and hostess, the sweet fragrance of their Christian greeting and courtesy gave the weary itinerant a resting place.

The home was a board shanty 12x14 feet, of rudest architecture, and adorned with an adobe chimney. This Christian home was truly *multum in parvo*, for parlor, reception-room, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen were all in one. The preacher was no ordinary man, but one of broad culture with a rare genius for the work entrusted to him. He could adapt himself without complaint to the conditions that surrounded him. With his saddle bags for a pillow, and the floor in front of the fireplace for a bed, he slept.

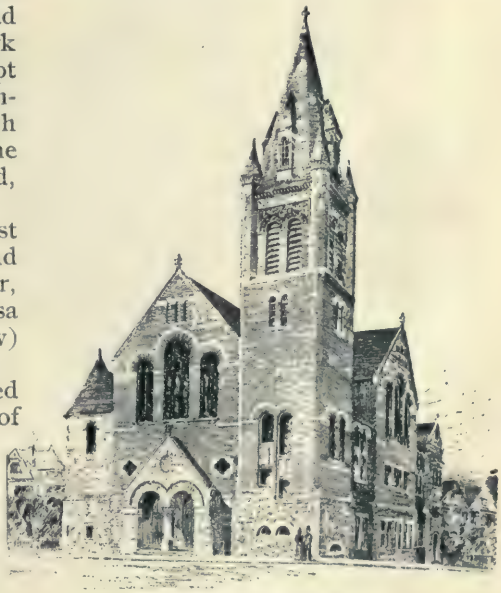
In that room he organized the first Methodist class, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Trubody, Mr. and Mrs. Hoddler, Mr. and Mrs. Glover, Father Asa White, Mr. Lament, (his son-in-law) and his wife.

Superintendent Roberts consecrated that little room as the birth-place of the first Protestant church organized in California. Then was the first Methodist love-feast held, twelve persons participating. What modest beginnings of a history that was to hold so prominent a place in so great a State!

How the roof of that humble home lifts, how its walls expand, as the Divine possibilities it enshrines move out to their splendid realization! Before his return to Oregon, Mr. Roberts placed Father Asa White, a local preacher, in charge of the new and important work. The parsonage was a cloth tent, pitched on the lot now occupied by the residence of Hon. Annis Merrill.

The first Sunday school in the State was organized in May, 1847, with J. H. Merrill as superintendent. Trubody came from Dover, Missouri, reaching San Francisco in 1847, and is now 84 years old.

He was determined to have a church and religious services, and finally selected a spot on what is now Powell street, between Washington and Jackson. From a Frenchman he purchased a fifty-vara lot for $5,000, and gave one-half of it for the purposes of a Methodist church. The same is now occupied by the Powell street church. Judge Annis Merrill, who has been for many years an honored member of that church, drew up the deed that marked the



California Street Church.

generous gift of John Trubody. On the other part of that lot Trubody built the first brick house ever erected in San Francisco. It still stands on the corner of Powell and Washington streets, remaining as one of the landmarks of the early times.

Rev. William Taylor was the first pastor of this church. When he

Rev. W W. Case, D. D., Pastor Howard St. Church.

arrived the building was in process of erection. Under the superintendence of Rev. William Roberts, the timbers were hewn and rudely prepared in the forests of Oregon. Captain Gilson in command of a vessel that sailed between New York and San Francisco, who, while here, often took his ship northward to Portland, became a friend to this church enterprise. The genial warmth of the enthusiasm of Trubody, Roberts and others, evoked his own generous impulses, and he brought in his vessel the timbers for building the first Methodist church, free of charge.

John Trubody, being a carpenter, was the master-builder. Other carpenters demanded and received ten dollars per day for their wages. More lumber was needed for siding, sheeting, flooring, etc. This was purchased at the rate of $60 per thousand feet. These and other hindrances and difficulties did not prevent the finishing of the building. Its architecture was primitive. Its attractions and conveniences were by no means equal to those of the modern churches, but it served its purpose, and the inspiring history centralizing there sweep grandly forward to the eternal ages, with forces to secure a higher and purer civilization. All this was the initial life of the present Powell street church, which rightfully wears the crown as the mother church of all the other Methodist churches of San Francisco.

Father White ministered to this little flock of believers, until the arrival of the Rev. William Taylor, now the Missionary bishop of Africa, the Pauline missionary of the 19th century and the pioneer Methodist preacher of California.

His first greeting from this rugged, uninviting field, among the most complex and perhaps the most unrestrained population of the world, was a fraternal letter from Superintendent Roberts :

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—Let me welcome you to these shores as a fellow-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. Would that I could see you before I leave. But our work in Oregon forbids that I should remain longer. With the most heartfelt expressions of cordiality, again I welcome yourself and family to these shores.

I leave this letter in the hand of Brother Asa White, a local preacher in good standing in this place, in whose hands I have placed the interests of the church here until the arrival of some itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. I am, dear brother, Yours in Christ,

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

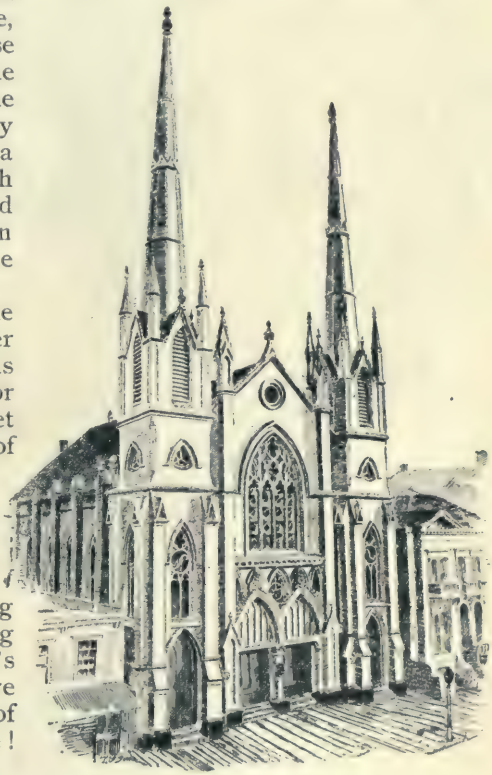
Few like William Taylor live among men. With an unquestioned piety, courageous as a lion, he preached the gospel with convincing power, marvelous simplicity and logical directness, in San Francisco at a time when wickedness reigned triumphant.

What a vivid contrast between the city as it appears now and as it was then ! A city of tents—with here and there adobe buildings and rough

board shanties, and great sandhills in every direction! The population was composed mostly of men and boys; few women were here. What conflicting elements of social, civil and religious life! How the mania for gold swept away all barriers, and how men, unrestrained by the sacred power of home, family and religion, resented any influences that would purify and enrich the life and character! Such times needed preachers and laymen of clear brain, steady nerve, masterful self-control, unyielding courage and unfailing tenderness, to meet the conditions, analyze the social problems and control the tremendous forces of human greed and passion. William Taylor, with commanding presence, with sublime faith, confronted these antagonisms, equipped with that whole confederation of powers which make the real man. His marvelous history since then, as a missionary in India and Africa, is but the resultant of such a consecrated life that has sacrificed with all cheerfulness, and has been inspired with a hope that spans the centuries.

With his family, he arrived in the sailing vessel *Andalusia*, in 1849, after a weary voyage of five months. His salary was $750—most meager for those days; scarcely sufficient to meet the natural demands and wants of a family for two months. Very soon he inaugurated that masterful system of street preaching which holds a distinctive place in history. On the Plaza, with his noble wife as chorister, he preached in startling simplicity, abruptness and convincing power. What a study for the World's Fair if some master artist could have placed on canvas a picture of one of those services! How picturesque! How romantic! How thrilling!

The organization of the Second Methodist Episcopal church was completed in January, 1852, under the wise management of William Taylor. The first pastor was the Rev. M. C. Briggs. The congregation worshipped in what was called the "Happy Valley Schoolhouse." This stood near to where the Grand Hotel stands to-day. Twenty-three persons composed the original membership The only survivors are James W. Whiting and wife, and Mrs. Seneca Jones. This was the small beginning of the present Howard street church, and of a remarkable history that gathers about it of the earnest struggle of godly men and women with financial difficulties, great discouragements and strong opposition. Through persistent effort they gained a glorious victory which even now sweeps on with cumulative force. They never dreamed how grandly they were building for the future. They never realized that they were planting an indestructible seed for the endless to-morrow.



Howard Street Church.

A gleaming scrap of history in this connection is worthy of special record.

Just prior to this organization, a home near the corner of Essex and Folsom streets, where the Folsom street church was afterwards built, was a church in embryo, a leading factor in shaping future history. It was the home of Seneca Jones. With his devoted wife and family he left Cincinnati, Ohio, on Christmas day, 1849, for California, traveling by stage over the Alleghany mountains to New York. At Brooklyn he purchased a house all ready packed and prepared for erection. On the clipper-ship *Saratoga*, Captain Trask commanding, he sailed from New York, February 20, 1850, by the Cape Horn route, for his new home in the far West. After a stormy passage of six months he reached San Francisco. In due time his house was built and was at that time one of the finest residences in the city.

Rev. S. D. Simmonds.

He consecrated that new home about April 14, 1851, by the organization of a Sunday school. The scholars were his own children and those of the neighborhood. He was superintendent, and his wife was chorister and teacher. There are fadeless garlands for such enthusiasm, and starset crowns for such builders of Christian life and character. He lifted not the embroidered banner of a selfish life, but in his home and in his business in the world, worked for the betterment of his neighbors, with the potency of a soul enshrining consecrated energies ever ready for duty. Two of his sons afterward became honored members of the California Conference.

This home-school — vigorous and prophetic—became a part of the organization at Happy Valley schoolhouse. The increasing congregations and the expanding interests of this new society demanded quarters larger than the schoolhouse and better adapted to church work. Events were moving rapidly. The Oregon and California Conferences were created by the action of the General Conference, which convened in Boston, in May, 1852. At that Conference, Rev. E. R. Ames, D. D., was elected and ordained as Bishop, and his first Episcopal tour was made to these new Conferences.

Up to this time no event had focalized such interest, centralized such expectations, or awakened greater hopes than the arrival of Bishop Ames in San Francisco, in January, 1853. The Methodists of the coast gave him a royal welcome. The service in the Happy Valley schoolhouse, on Sabbath, January 24th, when he preached his first sermon in the State, was of intense interest and was the more impressive because of the baptism by the Bishop, of the infant daughter of J. W. and Mrs. Whiting, the first child that had been baptized in the society. Two other events signalized the day. A quarterly Conference was held, at which the first Board of Trustees was chosen. Those to whom this special trust was committed were: J. W. Whiting, Seneca Jones, W. H. Coddington, James Christy, Charles Merriman, Horace Hoag, John Payne. This pronounced the final organization of the second Methodist church of San Francisco. The other action of this quarterly Conference was granting a license to the first local preacher—John Bennum — and recommending him to the annual Conference. He

was received as a traveling preacher, and appointed to a circuit in the mines. He is remembered as a man of attractive Christian character with a complete consecration to the work of the ministry. Soon after his appointment his work suddenly closed, as he was drowned in an attempt to ford a swollen stream. He passed from labor to eternal reward.

The first session of the California Conference was held in the Powell street church, February 3, 1853, Bishop Ames presiding. Keen discrimination and rare judgment were required to rightly adjust the work of these feeble churches, planted in the midst of such difficult and perplexing surroundings, and to project the lines for the aggressive movements of Methodism in California. Results proved that the Bishop commended the situation in his thought, and with a masterful analysis solved some of the tangled problems of that hour which were to determine the future. At the close of this memorable conference, the trustees and membership of the churches thus far organized in San Francisco heroically faced the future of difficult duty, discouragement and earnest service, with the forceful swing of brilliant conquest. This was especially true of the Second church, under the leadership of Rev. N. P. Heath as pastor. The selection of a lot on Folsom street proved unwise, because situated amid sand dunes and sand drifts, and too far from the center of population. The troubles of this heroic society did not cease with the erection of a house of worship, which was dedicated January 7, 1854. A five-thousand-dollar mortgage and one hundred and fifty dollars per month as interest gave no good cheer to that noble band of Christians. The burden was too heavy, and the discouragements accumulated and would have resulted in dismemberment but for the timely assistance of the Missionary Society of the church at large. The years that followed were eventful ones, ensphering a record of self-denial, patient service and persistent duty, that can never be fully written. The whole history of early Methodism in San Francisco and California is a battle-music pouring forth its rhythm of final victory.

(*To be Continued.*)

Powell Street, the Present Building.

Bird's-eye View of a Portion of Sunny Slope.

CROSS-COUNTRY REMINISCENCES.

BY HON. L. J. ROSE.

THE incidents which I shall attempt to describe, if narrated by an abler writer, might be of more interest to the reader; and it is only under the encouragement of my friends, and at their earnest request, that I begin my story.

In 1858, some miners, who had returned from California, so fired my imagination with their descriptions of its glorious climate, wealth of flowers and luscious fruits, that I was inspired with an irresistible desire to experience in person the delights to be found in this land of plenty.

In the same year, therefore, I started overland from Iowa, with the finest herd of shorthorns and drove of trotting-bred horses that had ever been driven over the plains. Twenty other young men, also afflicted with the "Western fever," joined my party, which then consisted of my foreman and his family, myself and wife, her mother and father, and their little ones, and the above-mentioned young men.

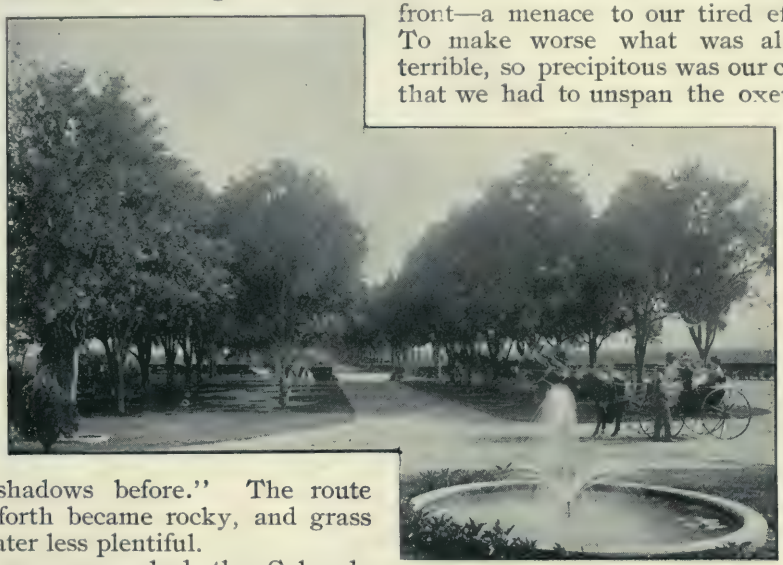
We had all the conveniences necessary for a camping life, and found traveling one round of diurnal pleasures. At Albuquerque we were joined by another party of thirty, and our journeyings continued to afford us delight and variety.

An outdoor life certainly has its fascinations. Let me try to picture to you one of our camping grounds. We halt at the base of the San Francisco Mountain, one of the most beautiful of earth's pinnacles that I have ever seen, and which, with its coronet of perpetual snow, is a landmark a hundred miles around. Huge pines form a canopy overhead; at our feet gurgles a spring of clear, cool water, the overflow from which trickles temptingly down the slope. In front of us extends a beautiful valley hemmed in on both sides by towering forests. The grass is knee-high, and as it waves to and fro in the gentle breeze, like a green sea ever undulating, its caprices of motion and shading are fantastic. Game is profuse, and herds of beautiful antelope and deer roam about and graze on the delicious pasturage, while wild turkeys and other small game are abundant in the woods, confiding creatures at the time I am speaking of that had not yet learned to fear destructive man. On the occasion to which I refer, the camp at night was full of trophies of a most successful hunt, a large bear among the slain adding dignity to our prowess.

Daily new sights and novel experiences lent charm to our travels. We passed Indian villages, and large rocks covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. We saw the caverns of cave-dwellers, and deserted towns, the relics of which

denoted a former stage of civilization of a race now buried in the mists of time. All this and much more kept alive perpetual interest; but we must not tarry on the way too long, or we will not reach California.

After leaving San Francisco Mountain, a change came over the spirit of our dreams, and "coming events cast their shadows before." The route thenceforth became rocky, and grass and water less plentiful.



Orange Avenue, five-eighths of a mile long, at Sunny Slope.

As we approached the Colorado River, day by day our trials became more severe and our progress more retarded. However, our persevering efforts were finally rewarded, and we arrived at the range of mountains that bounds the valley through which the Colorado flows.

We had long suffered from excessive heat and want of water, and our mouths were scorched by thirst as by a flame, when suddenly, as we surmounted a lofty peak, the glittering waters of the Colorado burst upon our vision. Its banks, fringed with cottonwood and willows, promised shade and pasture for our suffering stock, our gratification being increased by beholding, far beyond, California, the goal of our hopes, which at a later date so bountifully repaid our sufferings. Our hopes and spirits revived, toils and sorrows were forgotten, and a shout of exultation arose as we beheld, apparently at our feet, this paradise of plenty. But soon all this bright anticipation, like the baseless fabric of a dream, vanished. The clear atmosphere had played truant with our judgment of distance, and bitter was our experience when, having arrived at the base of one mountain, we saw another loom up in front—a menace to our tired efforts. To make worse what was already terrible, so precipitous was our course that we had to unspan the oxen and let down the wagons by hand—a task which our wasted strength found almost impossible. However, after three days and nights of desperate work, we reached the valley. Our water had already given out, and the glaring sun beat viciously on our parched bodies. Men and stock were crazed by heat and drought, and were quite exhausted; and yet there was another day's journey to perform, and night set in before we quenched our thirst with water of the Colorado.

So exhausting had been the toil and travel of the last three days that a number of our party remained encamped on the river's bank, to recruit their strength, while I, with the remainder, after a day's rest, proceeded up the river in search of a suitable crossing place. We started at

Sunny Slope Manager's Residence.

daybreak, and by ten o'clock, having found a spot which promised facilities for our undertaking, we unspanned and went into camp. A party of men was then detached to fell timber of the light cottonwood wherewith to construct a raft.

At first all went well, but about eleven, some bands of Indians were seen crossing the river at a point some little distance above us. They numbered about three hundred, and as they swam the water with their bows fastened on their heads like big horns, they looked not unlike an army of demons. We perceived that they were fully armed and smeared with war paint; their movements at once foretold trouble, and we looked well to our arms. We corralled our wagons in a half circle, with the river for a base, to guard against surprise. After lunch we rested and smoked.

All this time the crafty savages were creeping upon us, and when we were least expecting, a shower of arrows dropped into camp. Thus we were unceremoniously aroused from the peace of repose to the turmoil of battle. The rattle of musketry, rifle and pistol soon mingled with the yells of the savages and our own excited voices, making the woods resound. Owing to our surprise, our firing at first was wild, and the Indians gained vantage. They came so near that we could see the play of their wild features as they twanged their bows. The firing from our side presently became more steady, but our foes had approached to within ten feet of our wagons. Now was the moment of suspense; could they face our fire and break through our barricade? As the smoke rose from that last volley, they were seen to become unsteady and then fall back.

My men were nearly out of ammunition, but dared not desert their posts at this crisis, for fear of inviting attack. Having foreseen this predicament, I had meantime filled a large basket with caps, bullets and powder, and placed it in a convenient position. This proved a fortunate precaution. Those who had fired their last bullet quickly reloaded, and another volley was poured into the retreating bands. Occasionally a single report would indicate that some less cautious Indian had exposed himself while darting from cover to cover.

This attack, which was made about one o'clock, was followed by a general lull. It did not last long, however, for a concerted movement was soon made, and the enemy again rushed at us without warning. So determined was this assault that, feeling sure that they would close with us, I rushed for a box of large carving-knives and stuck them in the ground within reach of the men in case of a hand-to-hand struggle. Shooting their arrows as they ran, the Indians came nearer and nearer, but at short range our regular firing was too effective, and they wavered. Another discharge broke their general spirit, and they turned in flight, which we precipitated by increased rapidity of firing. Many of us were now wounded.

Our stock had now been cut loose, and was in the hands of the marauders. This we trusted would satisfy them, but we were doomed to be disappointed. Under cover of a shower of arrows, another charge was made which was met on our part with a steady fire. On this occasion the Indians were sooner discouraged and retired to shelter. That portion of our party which was outside engaged in making a raft fared badly; as they struggled in, they had to run the gauntlet of the Indians' arrows.

My attention being attracted by a noise in the direction of a break in the barricade, I saw a horse leap into camp, and my foreman, Mr. Brown, reel off the animal's back. Staggering toward me, with his last breath he gasped out: "Rose, where's my wife? I'm shot full of arrows." These were his last words, poor fellow! When his wife saw his lifeless form, she allowed one pent-up sob to escape her, which seemed to take with

Receiving Grapes at the Sunny Slope Crushers.
Sunny Slope Winery and Distillery.

it life and hope. This was all the outward show she made of her bitter grief. Woman, you often put men to shame with your powers of endurance and restraint in time of extreme peril!

Only a few of our party were disabled, though over half were wounded. We had been engaged since one o'clock, and it was now sundown.

After consultation we decided to make use of a few oxen which had strayed back to camp, and retreat to our companions encamped lower down the river.

About two miles back there was a cañon, through which we should have to pass, and if the Indians caught us there, there would be no hope for us. At dark we stole out of camp and soon arrived at the cañon, where we waited for the moon to rise. During these hours, we had leisure to ponder on life and death. The pressure of suspense was felt by every soul, quiescence reigned, and lying in what we felt to be the very jaws of death we awaited our doom. The strain was fearful. The rattle of a detached rock would make our sealed hearts knock at our ribs. However, the moon finally rose, and we were thankful when morn found us back in the camp of those left behind to recruit. Eight of these, impatient to join us, had forged ahead, met the Indians, and in meeting them had met their fate by being brutally massacred. After this dreadful experience, we decided to return home.

I will touch on only a few incidents of our journey back. Provisions gave out, and we lived on the meat of cattle that died on the way, of which some were even diseased. Our shoes wore out and we made rude moccasins from the rawhides of these cattle. These rough coverings dried and hardened and dreadfully chafed our feet, already made tender by exposure. To add to our discomfort, the spears of the cactus would pierce our flesh, which would be sadly torn, as each morning we had an hour's diversion extracting these barbed needles.

Finally, after much suffering, we reached Albuquerque, and were much indebted to Gen. Rucker, Col. Booneville and other Government officers for lavish courtesy and many kindnesses. Our past experience, how-

ever, bitter though it was, did not deter us from prosecuting our design of going to California. From Albuquerque our journey back was comparatively easy, and about November we again reached the Rio Grande. As my wife and I stood on the river's edge, its unruffled water reflected back to us like a mirror our grotesque appearance; myself clothed in ragged nankeen breeches, patched and so glazed with dirt and exposure as to creak and rattle with every motion, my shirt being in like condition. Partially covered by a rusty overcoat, I was a fitting companion for my wife, who was hatless, shoeless and clad in a ragged cassimere dress liberally sprinkled with party-colored patches of dirt.

I rented an adobe house, with a door so low that on entering we had to stoop and thus do homage to the luxurious furniture within, which was constructed out of candle-boxes. Here we began life anew on a different stage, and after many hardships and trials and three years of waiting, we finally reached the land of our aspirations.

Fortunate generation, who in palace cars can now haste away from climes inclement to those extravagant in beauty and loveliness!

In 1861, I arrived at El Monte, lying at no great distance from Los Angeles, on one of those delightful evenings that so frequently occur in that part of California, bringing peace to the wanderer's soul. The willows threw dancing shadows on the road; bloom greeted the eye on all sides; sweet-scented flowers and new-mown hay charged the air with delicious perfumes; and nature and mankind seemed to take their repose, so quiet was the world, as the sun was sinking to his rest. Presently the bells of San Gabriel Mission rung the vespers, protesting, as it were, against nature's silence, and rousing the indolent to activity. On every hand was plenty; surely we had reached the promised land.

From El Monte we went to Los Angeles, and having in time made some little money, radiated thence in different directions in search of a permanent home. I visited Santa Clara County, went to San Jose, San Francisco and Sacramento, and proceeded to still more northern parts of California; but not one of the places that I visited had sufficient attractions to lure my fancy and love away from the San Gabriel Valley, which, to my mind is the most beautiful portion of California. So I turned my face homeward, and then tried in the balance San Bernardino and San Diego, and found them also wanting. My preference was still more strengthened.

My dream was to become the possessor of a ranche in this valley; and finally, after some difficulty—for parties did not desire to sell—I succeeded in purchasing a piece of land which was the nucleus of the Sunny Slope Estate.

I will not enter into details, but simply state that, for some years following, my life was covered by the darkest clouds, and my wife's lot was, I believe, one of the hardest. We struggled on in the very teeth of adversity, scraping, and economizing, pawning and borrowing, till the estate which was very large, became productive. Finally, with a quantity of wine which I had made, and a supply of provisions, I started, deep in debt but high in hope, for Prescott, Arizona. Bad roads deterred others from starting, and I had a monopoly, reaping thereby heavy returns. This is the history of the first important load of wines which left the now famous Sunny Slope vineyards.

From the time of this turn in my fortune I prospered, and when I finally sold almost all my interest in the Sunny Slope estate of over two thousand acres to a syndicate, and paid my debts, I may claim a net balance of $1,000,000 in my favor.

I have spoken of my difficulties and final success, not for my own aggrandizement, for any other man with

Sunny Slope Wine Cellar, No. 12, capacity, 750,000 gallons.

Sunny Slope Office.

energy, perseverance and business qualifications, could have accomplished as much in this particular location. I speak in tribute to Southern California, and in acknowledgment of its vast resources, which, if properly handled, are mines of wealth. I believe I may say without bias, that though all parts of California have attractions, the southern portion possesses such as are nowhere excelled—if anywhere equaled—in its combined advantages of climate, productiveness, present facilities of transportation, and its exceptionally refined and intelligent population, who demonstrate their energy and enterprise by the improvements accomplished and now under way.

Most people have heard of the boom that occurred a few years ago in Southern California, but there are many who have no conception of its results. With regard to that particular portion around the San Gabriel Valley, I may state without danger of cavil that it was an event which, though operating with a temporary depressing influence of about a year, proved this country to be a wonderful exception to those visited by a like unnatural condition. At the end of that year we began to recover from the shock, and gradually but firmly established our future on a far firmer basis than ever before. Improvements now march on the even tenor of their way. The values of lands are based on their actual productive capabilities, and, in short, a most healthy state of progression prevails.

Though the San Gabriel Valley is but a stone's throw from Los Angeles, not long ago it was alive with rabbits, quail and other small game, and from the slopes of the Sierra Madres the country below could be seen, covered with high grass, clover and native flora, whose variegated colors were ravishing to the eye. To-day those scenes are changed for more attractive ones. Vines, orange, lemon and other fruit trees, cultivated flowers and beautiful arborage gladden still more the sight. To-day as one gazes on the Sunny Slope vineyards, they appear like an ocean of green in their vastness, and in this lovely valley the beauty of the orange groves with their golden fruit can never be realized till seen, and the peach has a cheek as rosy as ever bloomed. In days gone by, as I reclined under some spreading live-oak tree, I felt that it required no inspiration to call this, which I thought the most favored spot of a favored country, Sunny Slope. Indeed, the gradual decline of the foothills, kissed by a sunshine of no transient nature but of a life-giving and invigorating quality, and tempered by the balmy breezes from the great Pacific, smiled so under the sunbeam's caress that it would have been almost a sacrilege to call the place by any other name.

But that this little land is not alone a land of poetry, and in order to show that a great industry of a great State is by no means stagnating therein, I may state that the Sunny Slope wines and brandies are at present held in even higher esteem than of yore, having captured their position by their continued excellence and purity. To-day the Sunny Slope brand is known all over the Union, and these products reach Canada, South America and Europe. Mr. Bichowsky, the present general manager, though he assumed control in an era of misfortune, by his versatility, perseverance and strict business principles, has placed the company's affairs in a flattering condition. To-day the owners of Sunny Slope have offices in the principal cities of the United States and in London. As another illustration of commercial progression, I may say that their fruit business is in a like thriving condition.

The water supply at Sunny Slope has its source about the center of the property, and is beyond comparison. The company has an enormous surplus which is held in storage in huge reservoirs. It might be of interest to those who think the locality a desert,

to know that the winery plant is run by water power.

There are many large land owners who have divided their estates into small farms, believing that plan to be better for the country in general, and individuals in particular, than having so much land in large holdings. L. J. Rose & Co., Limited, agree with these opinions, and have cut up a small portion of Sunny Slope into farms. In this way, they will enable those whom they deem desirable purchasers to embark with them in fruit-growing, which has a record of profit during the past and a brighter future ahead.

It might also be of interest to the reader to learn that Sunny Slope is just thirty minutes from Los Angeles by rail; and in order to show how progression marks this section, it may be mentioned that the Southern Pacific runs just south of the estate, with a station there, and that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé bounds the property on the north, with a station at Lamanda Park (a settlement on the estate, a portion of which is covered with a forest of live-oak, making a most alluring residence section), while to reach Sunny Slope Winery and Distillery and arrive at the heart of the property, the Los Angeles Terminal traverses Sunny Slope through the center, having a station by this name a few yards from the plant.

Before closing, I would say that visitors have always been welcomed to this estate, and that this custom still prevails. It seems to be the fashion for those coming to Los Angeles, Pasadena or the Raymond Hotel, to visit the Sunny Slope vineyards, winery and orchards, and I trust this will not, like some fashions, go out of date.

For those who cannot visit my old home, I have been allowed to reproduce some views, so that they may see through the eyes of a camera what I feel to be an ideal spot.

Tropical Peep at Sunny Slope.

AT SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

O singing star! O voice of song! O soul
Which had the high harmonious heaven for goal!
Lark which outsang the nightingale and past,
As love outwearieth sorrow at the last,
And music discord; ever-gentle spirit
Who this here-lying dust did once inherit
And with a plenitude of life inform;
That life, that light went down in wreck and storm
To rise again in an eternal sky
Of love and fame. The clouds are gathered by
Which did o'erhang thee living, dark and thick,
Making breath sorrow. The heart so over-quick
Lies cold beneath this stone; from age to age
Shall colder hearts make here their pilgrimage
And kindle, as from ashes of a shrine,
Fire from the inextinguishable fire of thine,
Still warmer, cold, than any living is.
They shall make pilgrimage to thee for this
And for thanksgiving; for when men have blessed,
Praised, thanked and loved all poets, then—thou best
And best-beloved of poets and of men!—
They shall kneel here and love and bless again;
Paying with tears of love the love they owe
For gift of all of heaven earth can know.
The highest gods own lowliest offerings,
So even I hither a gift may bring;
O Heart of hearts!—disdain not thou my own,
Laid, with a violet, upon the stone.

Rome, 1892.

From the Curran Portrait.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Like a poet hidden
  In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
  Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

A PASSIONATE PILGRIMAGE.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

PASSIONATE pilgrims are we all. Earth is full of holy sepulchres, and each heart has its peculiar shrine. Somewhere in the world exists for each one of us a set of scenes endeared beyond all others; a land, or dwelling, or rood of ground by association linked with that name which has been for us a talisman all our lives; and thither in our heart of hearts we cherish a dream, life-long and unfulfilled, perhaps, of voyaging "like a quiet palmer."

It is not given to all to visit their Shekinah, still less to bring back the message from it; the first good gift was, however, granted me, and, without aspiring to the second, I have thought there must be those somewhere in this wide world whose worship was identical with mine, and upon whose imaginative hearts the very faintest, feeblest echo from the haunts of the "singing-god" may fall quickeningly and be born in a better music. Such may read into dull pages the fervor and color of southern skies and waters glowing in a "light that never was by land or sea."

From my earliest childhood, if anyone had asked me what I most craved to see in Europe, I should have answered him unhesitatingly: "Shelley's home and grave."

And if anyone asked me now what in Europe I am most glad to have seen I should answer again: "The home and grave of Shelley."

And since the closing of a century is a period specially consecrated by our imaginations to remembrance, I would fain believe—and I do believe—it was something better than a mere chance which rounded an all-unforeseeing journey into a Shelley pilgrimage in this Shelley's centennial year. Spezzia had been pulling at my heart-strings for months; we took the train for otherwhere, but Fate, stronger than intention, circumstance or will, drew us back to the only place which had for me, at that moment, supreme significance.

It drew us first through Pisa—Pisa to which we had never in the least proposed to go, but missing which, the story we re-read in living characters would have lacked a chapter. For here in Pisa began that which others may denominate a tragedy, but which to me is only so tragic as the Morte d'Arthur and the mystic voyage to Avillon. In one sense, it is true, indeed, that the end began with the poet's birth, foreordained by the very destiny which imprisoned so "spirit-winged" a heart in human body; but more immediately, and, to most imaginations, more comprehensibly, it began with the Shelleys' occupancy of the Tre Palazzi, the arrival of the Williamses, the neighborhood of Byron and the consequent importation of the Leigh Hunts. Everyone knows the oft-told tale.

The Tre Palazzi, or the Palazzo di Chiesa, easily found by its inwrought sign of the church, stands near one end of the Lung'Arno, not far from Byron's statelier Palazzo Lanfranchi. Every book and article tells you to your confusion that the palaces stand opposite one another; one can only explain it by supposing the intervening houses did not exist once, and only the street separated the two which now form parts of a continuous row of palaces.

The Shelleys lived above, the Williamses below, in Tre Palazzi, and I wonder why they lived there at all.

I wish very much I knew why Shelley, whose every other haunt explains its own attraction, loved so alien a place as Pisa. Other people have loved it, too, I am aware, but other people are not Shelley, and I wonder why even these have loved. But the fact remains—Shelley did love it; and trying to love it after him I failed signally, through my own fault, doubtless. Perhaps seventy years ago the city may have worn a different charm. I tried to think so, as I looked at the palaces, the streets through which Shelley deftly glided, deep in one volume of an encyclopedia, with a second under his arm; and that bridge of sunsets over the Arno which he exulted in. I re-constituted in my mind the little cavalcade of riders; that dashing corsair, Trelawney, "superb Byron," and the "elfin Knight" issuing from Byron's palace courtyard for their daily ride; and melancholy Pisa showed the melancholier for that vanished paladin group.

We left her and sped to Viareggio, Fate again leading us on our wayward quest in wayward fashion. We did not indeed choose to follow the poet's life to his death, but rather to trace death back to the deathless life.

Months before, I had seen in Rome that "slope of green access," of which Shelley wrote: "It might make one in love with death to think he should lie in so sweet a place." We had stood by the grave of the poet of two immortalities—Keats and Adonais—who yet dreamed when dying that his name "was writ in water," and we had lingered gratefully a moment—for his sake—where Severn lies. Then within, under the shadow of the wall, and in surely the fairest spot one can conceive, we had sought the graves of another pair of friends. The simple slabs differ in inscription only; violets and acanthus cluster impartially about both.

Beneath Trelawney's name is Shelley's verse:

> These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
> So let their memory be, now they have glided,
> Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
> For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

Under the other stone lies that heart of hearts, which Trelawney plucked from the flames, for which single act we hold him richly entitled to his resting place at Shelley's side, and richly requited thereby. Standing there we had read the touching inscription:

Cor Cordium.

and beneath—

> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

It was this sea-change we sought lovingly to follow.

So we went to Viareggio; to Viareggio because (pure fairy chance again) a magazine had come to my hand the day before, with an article by Signor Biagi, giving account of his researches after the exact spot where the sea gave up the poet's body and the flames received it. I had but barely glanced at this article, so that when we found our faces set toward Spezzia we were fain to stop and buy another "Harpers," little dreaming how richly we invested two francs. As we journeyed we read the account, which contained among other things a photographed group of survivors who had witnessed that memorable cremation.

A low, long place, Viareggio stretches between the blue Mediterranean and snowy Carraras, and a low, long pine grove (La Pineta) of strangely growing trees stretches to the right of Viareggio, behind the sands. Toward this we drove beneath a cloudless day, the water just kissing the shore, and leaving it again—the sands and the pines and the air equally still. I can fancy that it is always still there, whatever storms rage.

As we drove, with Trelawney's words vividly in mind, we longed to know a little more precisely the spot

where, with such oblations as his "much beloved Hellenes" used, the funeral pyre had been lighted. We took out our "Harpers," therefore, showed it to our driver, a Viareggio man, and asked if he chanced to know any members of the group. Very funny was the startled expression with which he gazed from it to us and back again, suspicious of necromancy; but he finally found breath to admit that he knew two—Canova and Bandoni—and could take us to their homes.

Accordingly, he drew up before a small house, in the street of small houses which mainly comprises Viareggio. Three words of inquiry and as many more of explanation produced one head, then another, and another, then bodies following heads; a half dozen, a score of men, of women and of children flocked about our carriage. I question whether in many a year Viareggio has been so much excited.

We produced our "Harpers," and the excitement grew to astonishing proportions. Curiosity, wonder, stupefaction and a torrent of rapid Italian exclamations ensued. The magazine was taken from us; it flew from hand to hand, appeared and reappeared, held high and held low, passed over heads and thrust under eyes—never, I am sure, had even "Harper's" so rapid a circulation before!

"Yonder is my *nonno*" (grandfather), cried one handsome girl, her eyes snapping with pride.

"And my father's cousin," cried another.

"There is Giacomo—"

"And there Rafaello himself—*vede, vede!*"

"*Dio mio!* but how it looks like him!" exclaimed a stupefied woman.

Ah, how obliged we were to Signor Biagi who had taken the trouble to photograph all these, but had not taken the trouble to send them down even one copy of the magazine; thereby making us heirs of his legitimate pleasure.

Presently—in the confusion, we could not tell how or whence it came—we were aware of a voice at our carriage-side ejaculating at intervals:

"Chelley! Ah, yes, Chelley!"

We turned to behold a handsome, white-haired, robust man, with a Hugoesque head, who had obtained the place of honor in the middle of the group, and the sole possession of the magazine. With his eyes fixed upon us, he continued to reiterate—

"Chelley! yes, Chelley!"

"Yes, yes, Shelley!" repeated we, catching eagerly at the name, "what of Shelley?"

The orator drew himself up; we judged him to be a man of importance among his townspeople, for they all stopped chattering to listen.

"Ah!" said he, "he was a great poet!" Then he went on: he had not been present at the burning, no, Bandoni had; (a dozen messengers had been dispatched for Bandoni) but he knew all the story—oh, *altro!* Chelley was a great, a grand poet—the Dante of England. The *Inglese* did not love him, because he was too *democratico*, too *liberale*. "I also," he added with dignity, "am *democratico*; but perhaps the *Signore* are *Inglese?*"

"No, the *Signore* were Americans."

The orator smiled.

"Ah, the Americans are of all the most *liberale* and *democratico*, but the *Inglese* are *aristocratico*, and they did not love their great poet, Chelley. *Altro!*"

At this moment appeared a feeble, wavering, dim-eyed figure, looking as if it might indeed have the ninety-four years which his fellow townspeople proudly claimed for him. His dim eyes glimmered with pride, as twenty excited voices hailed him and twice twenty gesticulating hands waved his own likeness before his face.

Did he remember? Oh, yes, he remembered well. He was Canova Rafaelle; he had not been present at the cremation, but he with his *Capitano* retrieved the boat and brought it in. There were trunks and books and two suits of clothing, one of which (as Signor Biagi relates)

his *Capitano* wore at a *festa*. Garrulously he recounted the tale and went through the sad little inventory of articles. We listened silently, gazing at the strip of blue visible at the end of the street, and reminding ourselves that this was the Mediterranean; that the decrepit figure before us had veritably stood in the fairy cabin of the *Ariel*; that those weather-beaten hands had touched the garments of the Prince of Song; and all this but yesterday. We had traced the elfin presence to the very marge where its last footprints passed over.

Meanwhile Canova prattled on; he knew the precise spot where the poet's body was burned. Would he guide us to it? *Volontieri;* and twenty hands lifted, pulled and pushed him bodily to the box-seat; poor old link of that magic past to the present!

The crowd drew back to let us pass, and bowing with that profound grace and dignity only possible to an Italian, our orator announced gravely:

"If at any time the Signore have need of more light, I am here!" (*sono qui*).

With thanks and farewells, we drove off, our ancient prize murmuring incoherent reminiscences by the way. At Pineta we left our carriage, and went on foot to the shore, beholding as we went a train of men advancing to meet us with the recovered Bandoni. Besides, Canova Bandoni seemed relatively new and young, being but eighty-four years old, and he had been an eye-witness of the scene we strove to re-create. Across the sands, the two led us, rehearsing the tale. Here were the Two Dykes; here the waves washed the body ashore; here it was buried in the sand; and here, halting at last at a small hillock mid-way between the pines and water, they set the furnace.

We drew a long breath, and then the same thought striking us simultaneously, exclaimed:

"But no; it was on the shore itself; you must be mistaken."

"Signore," replied Giacomo, respectfully, "in those days the sea came up much farther." And to our ignorant wonder, we learned that the tideless Mediterranean, year by year, withdraws "two *bracchie*" from the land. What was shore, in Shelley's day, is already inland now.

Unspeakably lovely is the place; the pines are so freshly green, the carraras so sunnily white, and the Mediterranean, caressing the shore, seems ever to ask of it the treasures she yielded up so long ago. Quietly we thanked our sailors, adding to a more substantial reward the pictured group which Canova, as the veteran, bore off in triumph.

In the evening, with a glorious rise of moon to lure us, we visited again, by water this time, the place which for us meant Viareggio. We sent our man in advance and followed swiftly where the boat, "its sails all folded like thoughts in a dream," lay sleeping at the *mola*. A strong hand reached up to help us, and—

"*Ecce!*" exclaimed a voice cheerily, "the Signorine of to-day!" Our own delighted recognition followed; the Ariel of our trip had sent us Bandoni for a boatman.

Slowly we pulled out of the dark waters into the silver beyond, Bandoni, as if imbued with our own mood, beginning at once to tell us how a solitary Englishman had come to Viareggio, the summer before, and every day walking far out on the *mola* he would stand gazing towards Spezzia; and at last he told Bandoni that it was for the sake of the dead poet he came and lingered. He might be a friend or member of the Shelley family, Bandoni thought, and he spent much time, and at last went away. Whoever he was—that solitary Englishman who so loved Shelley—we owned him for a friend. We, too, would fain have lingered, it was so beautiful that night.

Giacomo remembered Byron—"*Milord Birone*"—well; he summed up his memory in one brief, impressive phrase—

"Ah, he was a *personaggio*." The beautiful and arrogant Byron never failed to win the impressionable Italian hearts.

"And also Chelley," hazarded Bandoni, timidly—not with the splendid assurance of the morning's orator—"he was a great poet, *non é vero?*"

"A great poet and a well-beloved man," we made answer.

And thus talking between the dip of oars, with the Spezzia light now flashing out, now fading, we stole past the sacred bit of shore again. Presently Bandoni broke the silence:

"If the Signorine consent, we will go back; soon there will be much wind."

The Signorine consented willingly, their minds too freshly filled with one tempest to court another. Who were they that the Mediterranean should spare?

As we lingered then, so I linger now, over those hours at Viareggio; for no one will see it again so lovely. On the 4th of August, the centennial of Shelley's birth, a monument is to be erected to his memory, near the place of the burning. Men were already at work preparing the ground. The whole place is to be made into a piazza, that is to say, spoiled, and the Spirit which has so long dwelt there will take its flight forever. It may be well to mark the place—for Bandoni and Canova will not live forever—but a rough rock in the sand would do so fitly. Ever since learning of that contemplated piazza, I have been thinking gratefully of Miss Trelawney, who, owning the bit of land in Rome where Shelley's and Trelawney's graves are, will not suffer its poetic simplicity to be replaced by a monument. But Viareggio—there is none to save.

We left it the more reluctantly on that account, and went to Spezzia. It is said there is but one thing lovelier than the Gulf of Spezzia in Italy—the Bay of Naples; and there cannot be many things more gaily Italian than the little town itself. Strangely Southern is all the country about it, as if it lay miles southward of Florence, instead of a little northward. In Shelley's day Spezzia must have been a mere handful of buildings; lovely as it is, it had little to detain us, and we hastened on to Lerici and San Terenzo, in the smaller arm of the gulf, which bears the name of the Bay of Lerici.

The beauty of the drive thither, its winding ascent, its wooded hills, violet strewn, its olive slopes, such as I have not seen equaled, and its matchless water-views which unfold at every turn of the commanding heights, will remain in my memory so long as Italy remains. Skies as blue as Southern California's (only a Westerner knows the meaning of that phrase); waters a thought bluer than the bluest Pacific; a splendor of loveliness still ethereal; and every bit of it pregnant with Shelley's memory.

It chanced to be Palm Sunday and Lerici—precisely the Lerici of one's imagination—was in gala dress. Gay, small flags floated from the confusion of tiny craft moored in the inlet, smiling up against the frowning cliff whose crown is Castle Lerici, and straight across, in another loop of the bay, lay San Terenzo. The hamlet nestles against a wooded bluff, a curve of water shore (for it is neither precisely shore nor water) outlines it, and at the end most remote from the clustered houses, stands a larger house, Casa Magni.

In half an hour we were there, and while we waited for the custodian to bring the keys we lingered quietly beneath the porch. Here, too, the Mediterranean had indulged its caprices; the waters which once ran level with the door have receded many feet, and a wall stands barrier between it and the sea. But the sea has left its name on honey-combed pillar and corroded wall. That unpaved floor upon which Shelley and Williams used to keep their boats is now prepared for dwelling, but upstairs there is little change.

I do not know that it is so, but the

same furniture might very well have been there seventy years ago—quaint desks, sofas and chairs bearing their age upon their faces.

"How old?" we asked, hoping to verify the possibility.

The *portiere* shrugged his shoulders.

"*Chi lo sa?* more than a hundred years."

It cannot be by chance merely that a small engraving of Byron in his youth hangs still on the wall above the desk.

No house (and all houses are haunted) was ever more sensibly haunted than this. It feels as if in seventy years no foot had passed there, and heaven forbid the foot of the mere sight-seer should learn the way. For myself, I went through it fairly praying pardon, but believing that there are certain forms of worship which cannot offend the delicatest spirit, and that who goes thus worshipfully and comes away in gratitude will be made welcome to the secret places of whatever is "Most High" to him.

I said the house was haunted; we had an odd little proof thereof. On one side of the large "living room," which opens upon the upper terrace, is the room of Mary Shelley—not unworthy of remembrance in herself, and very sacred as Shelley's beloved—and across on the opposite side are two other rooms, one of which was Shelley's. But which? Dimly I remembered reading somewhere that his room opened back of that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and with the fatuous tendency of mankind I submitted my doubt to process of reason. Mary Shelley's was a seaward room; what more natural than that the other seaward room should have fallen to the lot of the Williamses? This confirmed my dim memory and satisfied me as conclusive.

Accordingly, it was with a little trembling of the heart that I approached the threshold of the back room. A pleasant room! Conscious of a disappointment that it was no more, I stepped carelessly to the next room, and on the threshold stopped short. I could not to myself say why, but to myself I said: "This is Shelley's room." I returned to the first room, repeating my excellent, unanswerable arguments in its favor; and then I returned to the second and said again to myself: "This is Shelley's," with more emphasis than before.

Presently, in my wanderings, I encountered my friend, who is a bit of a "sensitive" in such matters.

"Have you been to Shelley's room?" she asked softly; for it seemed hard to speak, and impossible to speak loudly in a silence so alive.

"Which is Shelley's room?" asked I.

"The seaward one—then you haven't been there?"

"I understood it was the other—"

"Go and feel," was her quiet reply.

Arrived at Florence again, my first errand was to the Library, and that singularly significant room was still so present to me that with a feeling of prescience I turned the pages and read: "The Shelleys occupied the seaward rooms."

I said the house was haunted. It would be truer to say the sea and sky and air are all haunted, so absolutely their poet

> Is made one with Nature,

and is become

> A portion of that loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely.

It is impossible to help thinking—what it is very folly to say, I well know—that had one awakened there unawares and been asked what presence informed all the beauty, he must needs have answered: "Shelley's." For it is like one of his poems—addressed to the eye instead of the ear.

We stood on the terrace where Shelley used to walk and dream, and where so walking and dreaming, he once beheld the figure of the little Allegre rise from the moonlit waters. Over those waters Jane Williams'

guitar must often have sounded, and here Trelawney looking upwards from his boat beheld for the last time the little group which he then believed "the happiest and most united in the world." As we stood gazing, a strain of the always beautiful martial music of Italy came, borne across the vibrating sunlight. They were burying their dead at San Terenzo. A just-discerned little procession with a flower-laden bier moved across the Square and lost itself behind the church, but the music continued to sound its dirge-like strains long and tenderly.

In Mary Shelley's time the natives of San Terenzo were "little better than savages," she tells us, spending their nights in singing and dancing on the beach; to-day they are a fine-looking people, with something almost of the Roman cast in their beauty; and dance and song (for us, at least), are replaced by dirge and burial. There is not in all the village one living soul which remembers Shelley, though all know his story; yet how should they dance or sing there now?

Mary Shelley did not love the place, though on earth there can be nothing lovelier; and if so lovely in sunlight, one dares not think what moonlight would make of it, a place which only a highly happy heart would bear to face. In all its splendor of color and witchery of light, moreover, there is a brooding peace and tranquillity. It must have been ideally lovely when Shelley found it; and by how much the more is it beautiful now, when that multiplied beauty of character, of life, of love, and of genius, which we mean when we say Shelley has passed into it and become its soul!

To leave San Terenzo at all was a wrench; in a few hours our hearts had taken such abiding root there. But a link was wanting in the chain of memories, and we went to forget it at Livorno. We paused there a single hour and saw but one thing—the harbor whence the *Ariel* took its last flight, and whence watching eyes saw the little craft with its immeasurable freight blotted out in tempest; a tempest of rainless wind, our Viareggio friends told us.

Looking in our turn, seventy years later, we saw the sea beyond the headland, and followed the light form, borne by waters which surely loved it and caressed it as they bore, to the shore of Viareggio; we saw the shore receive it and the fire claim it, and followed the ashes to their resting-place in the breast of Rome; but the freed Spirit we beheld escape to San Terenzo.

And it is there that one must seek him. All over the world into a thousand regions, spirits and tones, Shelley has passed; but on that little space of Mediterranean most abidingly he is; and more than the Pisan palace, more than the sacred sands of Viareggio, more than the blue beyond Livorno, where the riven bark went down, more even than the perfect sepulcher at Rome is the charm of San Terenzo.

The many will go to Rome with their flower and thought-offerings, and so doing, do well; for the stone there is as an altar whose sacrifice was offered up at Viareggio. But Shelley—the beloved and loving—and Shelley—the true "singing-god"—are nearer at San Terenzo; and as I could wish that none but his lovers' eyes might ever rest upon that scene, so I wish that all who have loved him might once in their lives behold it—foretasting Paradise.

Fiesole, Italy.

Tropical Growth near the Colony.

AN IDEAL CALIFORNIA COLONY.*

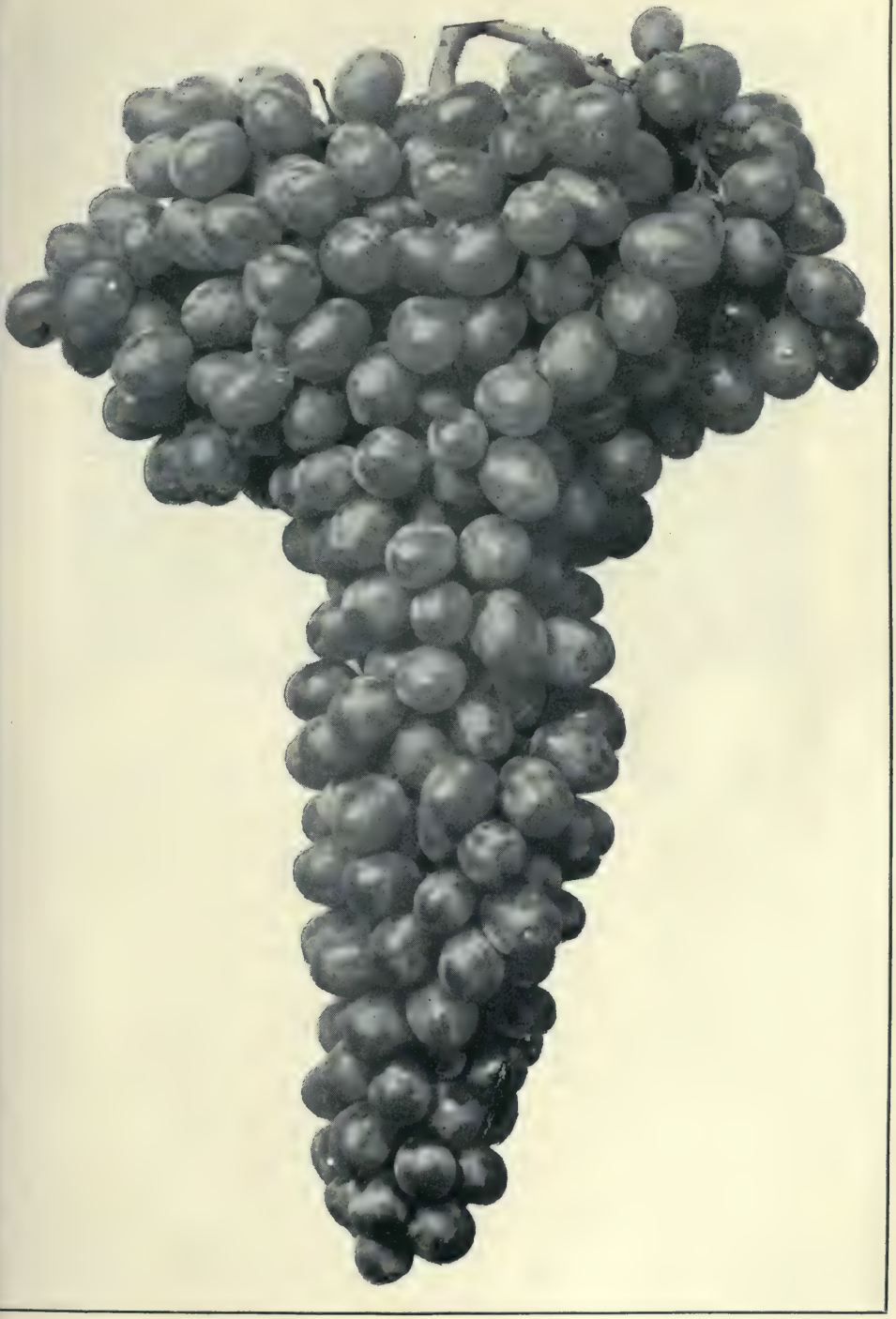
BY JOHN PARSONS REDPATH.

THE carol of the meadow lark, the odor of a thousand flowers, the hum of insect life, a dim suggestion of snowy peaks on distant mountains, a summer day in winter—these were the impressions of the California Colony on a Christmas morning. The East was deep in the snows of winter; blizzards raged in the same latitude over beyond the mountains; yet here, in this valley so rich in its historical associations, summer reigned supreme in the heart of winter, and the warm sun seemed to have summoned all the forms of animal and plant life to a festival strange and difficult to realize. Imagine, you dwellers in the East, a Christmas day, on which the land was carpeted with flowers, patches of red, yellow, old-gold and delicate tints of blue that wound away veritable rivers of living things, filling the air with a thousand odors, the incense of nature.

Imagine a Christmas day on which the air was as balmy as an August sun could make it; a day on which the farmers were a-field trimming up their vines, ploughing perchance for the coming crop of grain — a Christmas day in which all things seemed at their best—and some idea can be formed of the conditions in winter in this charmed spot, the valley of the San Joaquin. There was something here to satisfy all tastes. From the center of the vineyard in which I sat upon my horse the land reached away north and south to seemingly illimitable distance, a true garden of the Lord, rich in vineyards, groves of trees, fields of grain, ranches as large as town sites, the homes of a happy and contented people; to the east a dim wall rose, the lofty Sierra Nevadas, their bases caressed by a wealth of verdure, their summits white in the snows of eternal winter. Just over the range and but a few miles down the valley was the gateway of the mighty Yosemite with its world of wonders so aptly described in the accompanying article: the famous King's River cañon, the parks of the big trees, while hundreds of cañons cut the great range in every direction, rivers of verdure flowing as it were down into the San Joaquin valley affording endless resorts for the tourists or dwellers in the valley.

For years this famous section of the country lying so beautifully between the Coast Range and the sea was a vast cattle range and belonged to the Spanish-American owners of the soil. Here the antelope ranged, and the

*The California Raisin and Fruit Growers' Association.



Bunch of Muscat Grapes.

bear and black-tailed deer ventured out from the deep cañons and wandered over the valley at night free from intrusion. The gold excitement of 1849 attracted thousands to the coast, who wandered down the slopes of the Sierras and feasted their eyes on this garden of the world. Some of these men came over the mountains, on foot, plowing through the snow of the high Sierras suddenly, with the icy breath of winter about them, to be confronted with the valley of the San Joaquin with its wealth of verdure, almost a vision of Paradise at their feet. The land could but attract; it appealed to all that was and is best in man—his poetic fancy, his love for the beautiful. Here was life possible in a land of perpetual summer where the soil produced every day in the year, and prolific nature was at its best.

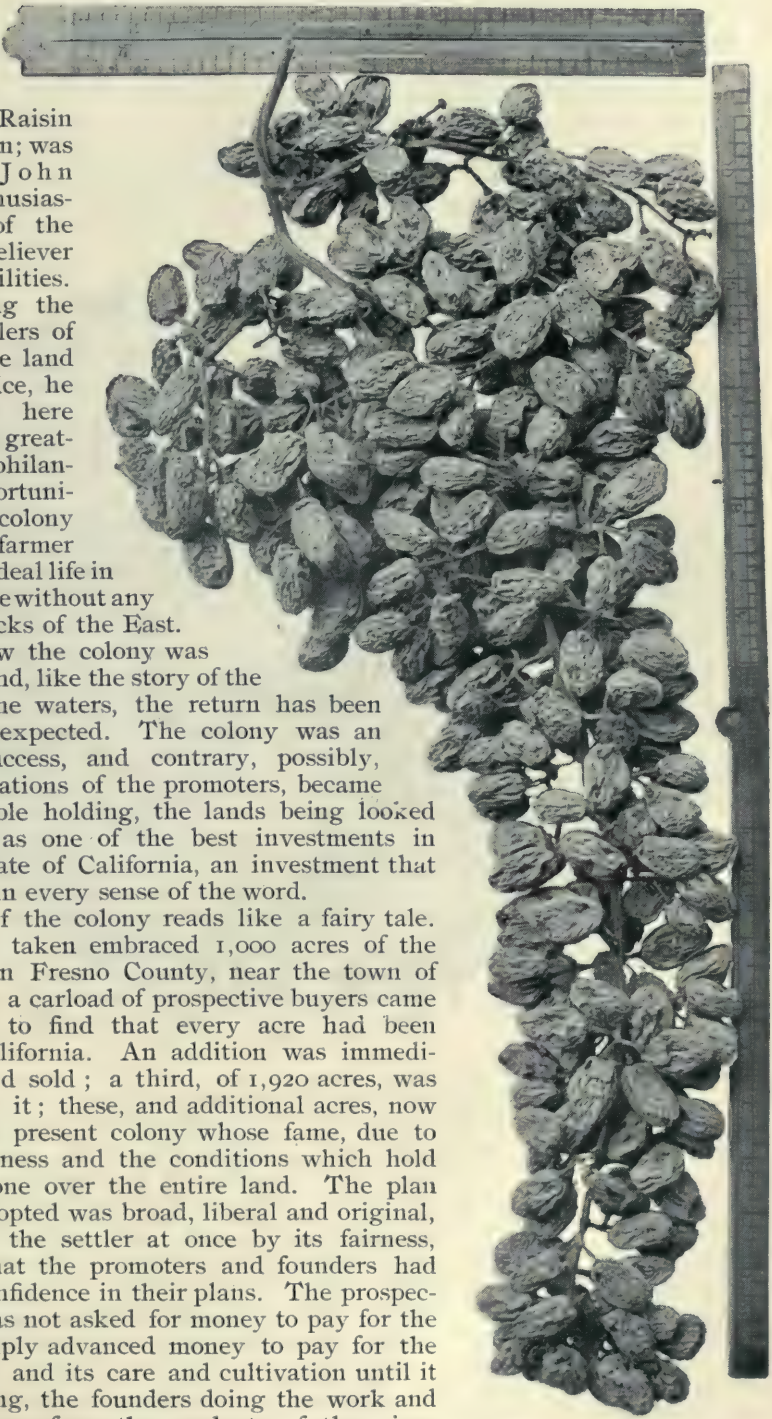
Drying Raisins.

When the excitement of the search for gold ceased, the beauties of the valley and its richness were recalled; and with the introduction of the railroad the great holdings were broken up and home-seekers from every land poured in and took possession. Towns, villages and hamlets appeared as if by magic; tourists who had come simply for the fine hunting became enamored with the conditions of life and decided to remain. Farmers, who had toiled summer and winter and looked with amazement at the variety of productions, could scarcely believe their eyes to see the palm, banana, peach, almond, grape, fig, apple, lemon and pear—in fact the fruits and flowers of every clime and zone growing and flourishing in the same dooryard. There was no long winter; every day was productive in its results, and life was far easier—telling arguments to the tiller of the soil. A winter, where the falling petals of the rose were the only snowflakes, had a charm for these masters of the soil and explains the presence of the farmer in such strong force in the San Joaquin Valley to-day, and accounts for the steady stream of immigration pouring into this region. With time, towns and hamlets grew into cities, great counties took form; and the once cattle range became a principality whose reputation for productiveness has spread over the entire world.

Among the colonies, one especially is ideal in its responsiveness to the

wants of man. It is known as the California Fruit Growers' and Raisin Association; was founded by John Brown, an enthusiastic admirer of the land, and a believer in its possibilities. After studying the life of the tillers of the soil in the land of snow and ice, he realized that here was one of the greatest fields for philanthropy, an opportunity to found a colony where the farmer could live an ideal life in an ideal climate without any of the drawbacks of the East. With this view the colony was established, and, like the story of the bread upon the waters, the return has been great and unexpected. The colony was an immediate success, and contrary, possibly, to the expectations of the promoters, became a most valuable holding, the lands being looked upon to-day as one of the best investments in the golden State of California, an investment that is productive in every sense of the word.

The story of the colony reads like a fairy tale. The first tract taken embraced 1,000 acres of the richest land in Fresno County, near the town of Madeira; and a carload of prospective buyers came from Chicago to find that every acre had been bought in California. An addition was immediately made and sold; a third, of 1,920 acres, was then added to it; these, and additional acres, now constitute the present colony whose fame, due to its productiveness and the conditions which hold there, has gone over the entire land. The plan which was adopted was broad, liberal and original, appealing to the settler at once by its fairness, suggesting that the promoters and founders had the utmost confidence in their plans. The prospective settler was not asked for money to pay for the land; he simply advanced money to pay for the nursery stock, and its care and cultivation until it came in bearing, the founders doing the work and taking their pay from the products of the vines



Sample Bunch of Raisins.

and trees after they began to produce. Thus a farmer, instead of paying several thousand dollars down for land, took up his residence in a delightful country where perennial summer reigned, and paid, say for ten acres, an amount equivalent to about $1,000 in three years, the money paid

The Colony Irrigating Stream.

being used on the land, the colony receiving its return when the vineyards and orchards yielded $200 per acre. According to this plan, the farmer was carried over the unproductive time, to a great extent, and as a result we find in Fresno County hundreds of happy homes and a contented people. The colony is admirably situated, being near the town of Madeira and the city of Fresno on the line of the Southern Pacific, and within easy reaching distance of San Francisco, where many of the colony's fruits are shipped.

The future of such a place is not difficult to imagine, and is already outlined. The phenomenal success of the colony has had an immediate effect upon surrounding lands, enhancing their value; and to-day this young colony is the center of one of the most productive and valuable regions of the world. Nature seems to have been particularly kind to this spot, as here the offerings of almost any clime are seen. Here is what will soon be the greatest raisin-producing country in the world. Nearly all of the finest grapes and raisins which find their way to the East come from the San Joaquin at and about this famous colony. As far as the eye can reach, vast fields of grain reach

away over the valley, through which flow the purling waters of the Fresno River. Here are vines bearing grapes of every kind, of enormous size and great delicacy of flavor. The soil is so rich that it produces marvelous results in the shortest time, suggestive of large returns. Wandering over the rich lands, watching the men at work, we learn some of the wonders of horticulture; in this land of the afternoon, we see 3,200 acres planted in the famous Muscat grape alone; hundreds of acres in peaches, apricots, fig trees; we are shown a small nursery worth $11,000 in young trees alone, and are told that ten or twenty acres here is far more profitable than ten times the amount in the East. We are shown three-year-old vines that produce three tons of grapes per acre, and twenty acres which netted the fortunate owner $2,900. What possibly impressed the writer most, at this ideal colony, was the fact that while the settlers who were coming every day were expecting simply to earn a living here under the most favorable circumstances, they were making investments in land that, from the fertility of the soil, the advantageous position, and the marvelous improvements going on, were not simply going to provide them with fruit, but were going to so increase in value that wealth will come to many in this possibly unexpected guise.

Not only does the farmer find a land flowing with milk and honey, and with all the conditions and facilities of modern civilization, but the land is attractive to men of all tastes. The tourist tarries long on the San Joaquin. Here, and in the adjacent mountains, is the finest hunting in the world,—deer, antelope, the mountain lion and grizzly bear attract the follower of big game, while in the lowlands the whistle of the plumed quail woos the sportsman to fields and pastures green.

Central in its position, with an incomparable climate, and soil, productive beyond description, with all the conditions of life most favorable to longevity and happiness, the dwellers in this land of a fulfilled promise seem to have found the true land of contentment and to live an ideal life.

TO A GRIZZLY BEAR.

BY MAUD WYMAN.

Old guardian of the Early Days,
How do the changes seem to thee,
When, from the peaks where thou didst flee
For safety, thou canst look and see
This land, thy home transformed? Tell me,
Canst thou, within thy hunted forests wild
Feel naught of pride in this fair Western child?

THE YOSEMITE IN WINTER.

BY JAMES M. CARSON.

TO understand the Yosemite rightly, to comprehend its wonderful possibilities and appropriate the extraordinary variety of aspects under which Nature presents that stupendous temple of hers; to learn the lessons taught in that great school for the instruction of the human soul in the workings of all-powerful force, and read correctly the hieroglyphics and picture-writings that elevate the mind to some idea of the infinite, we must see the valley under all the many changes of atmospherical condition. We must see it not once, but many times; we must visit it during bright summer days, and be there when the storm-despot drives over it in his chariot of whirlwind and fire; and we must dwell in it when the ice-king of the north has sent thither his ministers to make it their abode for awhile.

The ordinary summer tourist, with his hasty visit and hurried trips along the common well-beaten routes, sees but one stereotyped aspect of the Yosemite. Nor is it an easy matter to enter it in the winter time, except for those well practised in the use of the snow-shoe and capable of great endurance. Therefore, let our readers—many of whom are doubtless well acquainted with the appearance of the valley during the visitors' season—travel in imagination to it in the depth of winter and see it with the eyes of those who have lived in it for years, and of those who live in it now.

The first white man to make the Yosemite his place of residence during the winter time was Mr. James C. Lamon. Mr. S. M. Cunningham and Mr. Buck Beardsley erected a cabin in the valley, during the year 1857, which was broken down in the following winter by the weight of snow, and a more substantial one was built in 1858. This was opened as a hotel, and kept by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Neal for Mr. Cunningham, who kept it himself during the two following seasons. In 1859 a more commodious establishment for the accommodation of visitors, known as the "Old Hutchings House" was opened, but these places were closed during the winter months. It was in the spring of this last mentioned year, according to Mr. John Muir, that the pioneer, Lamon, "loaded an old horse with fruit-trees and a scant supply of provisions, and made his way into the valley from Mariposa, built himself a cabin beneath the shadow of the great Half Dome, cleared a fertile spot on the left bank of Tenaya Creek, and planted an orchard and a garden." In spite of hardships and the discouraging prognostications of friends, "year after year he held on undaunted, clearing and stirring the virgin soil, planting and pruning; remaining alone winter and summer with marvelous constancy." From Mr. Muir's account one would be apt to conclude that Lamon began his continuous residence in the Yosemite in 1859; but Mr. Hutchings, in his well-known work, "In the Heart of the Sierras," states that after he had himself demonstrated that a residence at Yosemite in winter was possible, Lamon "was the first to try the experiment, and spent the winters of 1862–64 there entirely alone."

Early in March, 1862, Mr. Hutchings had penetrated the valley under extraordinary difficulties and a display

of extraordinary perseverance and intrepidity. Abandoned by two companions, who could not withstand the fatigue of toiling along through knee-deep snow and gave up the attempt, he pursued his way alone, and for eleven days never saw human face. With a heavy pack, comprising blankets, overcoat, axe, rations for fifteen days and sundry other requisites, he started on his perilous journey. For six days he struggled with the ever-opposing snow, "not walking merely in and over it, but wallowing through it." Toward night of the sixth day Mr. Hutchings almost exhausted with fatigue, dropped his pack upon the snow and seated himself upon it. Surrounded by cloud-mist, no shelter in sight, hope had well-nigh left him, when the clouds lifted and he looked down upon the Merced three thousand feet below, gazing upon green grasses upon gay spring flowers, and no longer upon blinding snow. Down the side of the mountain-ridge he made his way, leaving behind him the "muscle-testing, patience-trying snow," "the unfeeling the never-yielding, the ever-bullying snow." "For months afterwards," he says, "in my dreams, it was a ghost-shadow in white, a ghost that would not be 'laid'—and was always present." For three days more he pursued his difficult course up the cañon of the river, and then reached the valley of the Yosemite. It had been rumored that "no one could ever make a permanent winter home in Yosemite, inasmuch as snow from the surrounding mountains drifted into it, as into a deep railroad-cut, and filled it half full." When Mr. Hutchings, with such discouraging assertions to support him during his perilous enterprise so hazardous as to result examined the valley, his joy may be imagined when he discovered that nearly its entire surface was free from his late antagonist, the snow. He had proved that it "did not interpose any insuperable obstacles to a safe residence in the grand old valley during winter." Many summers and many winters has he resided there, and at his Old Cabin he published his above-named work. From the above account the reader will be able to form some idea of the difficulties attending a journey to the Yosemite in winter time—difficulties which yet are far from having been smoothed away by facilities of personal transport during this season of the year.

The same writer furnishes us with a biographical sketch of the lone pioneer resident in the valley—a man long known "for his uniform kindness and many manly virtues." Mr. Lamon, he informs us, was born in the State of Virginia in 1817, emigrating in 1835 to Illinois, and then to Texas in 1839. In 1851 he came to California and engaged in the saw-mill and lumber business, in Mariposa County, until 1858. In June, 1859, Lamon went to the Yosemite and assisted in building the hotel since known as the Hutchings House. In the fall of that year he located a pre-emption claim at the upper end of the valley, cultivated it, planted an orchard and built the first log-cabin in the Yosemite. Temperate and frugal, with an indomitable will and untiring industry, in time he converted the wilderness around his cabin into fruitful garden ground and orchard. In 1874 the State paid Mr. Lamon $12,000 as compensation for his claim, the benefit of which he only enjoyed until May 22, 1875, on which day he died at the age of fifty-eight years. A monolith of Yosemite granite marks the grave in which his remains lie near the foot of the Yosemite Fall. Mr. Muir gives this tribute to his memory: "He was a fine, erect, whole-souled man more than six feet high. No stranger to hunger and weariness, he was quick to feel for others, and many there be, myself among the number, who knew his simple kindness that gained expression in a thousand small deeds." Let us look upon the wintry scenes of which these veterans of the Sierras have so often been spectators.

The first snows generally fall on the

mountains in November, in which month the storm-clouds begin to announce that they will presently make their appearance. Their couriers in advance, the fleeting mist-billows, come and go, wandering among the domes and crag-tops, first hiding one and then another from view, lingering here and loitering there as if loath to depart. They fondle the lofty spires and minarets, and floating high above the valley kiss the pine and fir-tops on the mountain brows. As they unwillingly move away, the first storm-clouds take their place, weaving a canopy of mist over the valley from wall to wall. As you look upward from below through the clear atmosphere in the valley, and mark that the summits of El Capitan, the Cathedral spires, and all the other granite giants of Yosemite are hidden in the overhanging roof of cloud-mist, you can imagine that they are supporting a vast sun-screen stretched taut across the valley. As yet, however, the Indian summer still lingers; the Merced has shrunk to its smallest dimensions, and is divided into numerous grassy pools connected by trickling threads of softly murmuring water.

In December the snowstorms set in; the heavily charged clouds sink down into the valley hiding the mighty rocks and cliffs from sight. Presently snowflakes fall, the storm bursts out in its fury and the frozen cloud-mist darkens the air as it descends to earth in ever thicker and faster-falling flakes. Then follow mysterious sounds, dully echoing through the valley, grinding and rasping and crashing noises, and heavy thuds and muffled explosions. They are the voices of the avalanches as they tear themselves loose from the roofs of the sloping domes and the summits of the granite walls, and dash themselves down with a booming and a rumbling into the valley below, rivaling the waterfalls in the impetuosity of their descent. When the storm ceases and the clouds disperse, several of the largest of such snow-slides may be seen. Mr. Muir thus describes a Yosemite snowfall: "When the mass first slips on the upper slopes of the mountain, a dull, rumbling sound is heard, which increases with heavy deliberation, seeming to come nearer and nearer with appalling intensity of tone. Presently the grand flood is seen rushing with wild, outbounding energy over some precipitous portion of its channel, long, back-trailing streamers fringing the main body of the current like the spray and whirling folds of mist about a waterfall. Now it is partly hidden behind fringes of live oak, now in full view, leaping from bench to bench, spreading and narrowing and throwing out long fringes of rockets airily draped with convolving gossamer tissue of snow-dust. Compared with waterfalls, these snowfalls have none of the keen, hissing, clashing sounds so common in some portion of the currents of waterfalls; but the loud, booming thunder tones, the pearly whiteness of the mass, with lovely gray tones in the half-shadows, the arching leaps over precipices, the narrowing in gorges, the expansions into lace-like sheets upon smooth inclines and the final dashing into upswirling clouds of spray at the bottom are the same in both."

Snowstorm follows snowstorm. Winter has arrived with its liege lord the frost-king and his fierce ally Boreas. He has spread his icy mantle over the Yosemite. The mighty cliffs and domes look down upon the valley as in the summer months, but it is with forbidding stateliness, and with threatening aspect. How changed the scene and different the attractions! The smiling vale is no longer gay with gorgeous bowers and bright with green meadow lands; no longer is it resonant with the hum of busy insects, the murmuring lullabies of slumbering streams, and the joyous songs of summer birds; zephyr no longer whispers to the pine fronds as he floats softly through the forest; and echo no longer repeats the exclamations of

glad visitors. The Merced rolls its swollen current impetuously through the valley, flooding many an acre of the meadow land—for rain as well as snow has fallen ; the woods are hoarse with protesting against the fierceness of the storm-blasts ; the snowslide holds the beholder in awe as it races with the waterfall in its downward plunge, and slabs of talus and unshapely chunks of rock loosen their hold of their parent cliff, as water and weather do their work, and are washed with din and headlong speed down into the valley. It is true that such terrifying storms do not occur with frequency, but one such was witnessed by Mr. Hutchings and his family during the winter of 1867 when they were the only residents in the valley. On that exceptional occasion the rain poured down incessantly for ten successive days ; all the meadowland was covered with a surging flood ; large trees were swept over the ridge of the upper Yosemite and shivered into fragments on the granite rocks ; and pines and cedars were blown down and piled in confusion upon each other by the windstorm that followed the rain.*

Seen from some advantageous standpoint, the valley, in an ordinary winter, presents a wonderful variety of snow patterns and frostwork, constituting a marvelous exhibition of curious figures, and groupings of irregular forms and constructions. Snow covers the sloping rocks and summits of the cliffs, except where the storm-blast has swept them bare. It can find no resting place on the perpendicular walls, but in every crevice, and on every ledge it effects a lodgment. Vast fields of white stretch out to view in the distant Sierras ; the meadow lands seem paved with the whitest marble ; and the Merced is dotted and sprinkled with white blotches where the snow and ice-capped rocks and bowlders peep above its surface. The forest, too, is speckled with the feathery plumage of snowflake and frozen drift which weave fantastic forms as they rest pillowed on the foliage of redwood, pine and spruce. In the valley, on windless days, the drip of melting snow, or the thud of a mass of it that has lost its hold under the rays of the sun, or the crash of a fallen icicle ever and anon mingles with the roar of the waterfalls and the hum of the torrents. On the banks of boisterous streams the flute-toned voice of the water-ouzel strikes pleasantly on the ear, and the hoarse honk of wild geese is heard as they make their way into the valley up the cañon of the Merced.

But Boreas is not unfrequently abroad, driving his furious storm-steeds through the Sierras ; then other sights are seen, and other sounds break upon the ear. The following extract is a description by John Muir of one of these visits of the northern blast : "Early one winter morning, I was awakened by the fall of pine-cones on the roof of my cabin. A noble storm-wind from the north filled the valley with its sea-like roar, arousing the pines to magnificent activity, swaying the most steadfast giants of them all like supple reeds, plucking off branches and plumes and strewing them on the clean, smooth snow. The sky was garish white, without clouds, the strange glare being produced, no doubt, by fine snow dust diffused through the air. The wild swirling and bending of the pine trees, the dazzling light, the roar of the wind sweeping through the grand domes and headlands, and eddying in many a rugged cañon and hollow, made altogether a most exciting picture ; but afar on the summit of the range the storm was expressing itself in yet grander terms.

"The Upper Yosemite Fall was torn into gauzy strips and blown horizontally along the face of the cliff, leaving the ice-cone dry. * * * The peaks of the Merced Group appeared over the shoulder of the Half Dome, each waving a resplendent banner in

* *In the heart of the Sierras* by J. M. Hutchings, pp. 492–93.

the blue sky, as regular in form and as firm and fine in texture as if made of silk. Each banner was at first curved upward from the narrow point of attachment, then continued in long drawn-out lustrous sheets for a length of at least 3,000 feet, judging from the known height of the mountains and their distances apart.

"Eager to gain a general view, I pushed my way up through the snow by Indian Cañon to a commanding ridge beyond the walls, about 8,000 feet in height, where the most glorious storm-view that I had ever beheld awaited me. Every Alpine peak along the axis of the range, as far as the view extended, had its banner from 2,000 to 6,000 feet in length, streaming out horizontally, free and unconfused, slender at the point of attachment, then widening gradually as it extended from the peak until it was a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in breadth, each waving with a visible motion in the sun-glow, and clearly outlined on the dark-blue sky without a single cloud to mar their simple grandeur.

"The tremendous currents of the north wind were sweeping the northern curves of the mountain peaks, just as the glaciers they once nourished were swept down, a supply of wind-driven, wind-ground, mealy, frosty snow being incessantly spouted upward over the peaks in a close, concentrated current, owing to the peculiar sculpture of their north sides. Thus, ever wasting, ever renewed, these glorious banners, a mile long, waved in the gale, constant in form, and apparently as definite and substantial as a silken streamer at a masthead."

The freaks played by a wind-storm in the Yosemite, and the curious displays of the physical force and performances of nature are marvelous in the extreme. On another occasion the same writer saw the whole column of the Upper Yosemite Fall arrested in mid air by the violence of the gale, and held suspended for more than a minute, "resting in the arms of the storm-wind." Meanwhile the usual volume of water poured down from above, and the base of the aqueous tower, resting on its invisible floor, kept widening and widening, until the weight of the superincumbent mass overcame the atmospheric opposition; then with a grand display of water jets and spray, singing the loud, triumphant pæan of accomplished victory, the waterfall continued its descent. It is only the residents in Yosemite that have the opportunity of seeing such rare and wonderful sights.

Such sublime phenomena as this suspension of a waterfall and the snow banners of the Sierra peaks—sights only rarely seen—are supplemented with more permanent though far less imposing exhibitions. The visitor to the Yosemite during the winter season may be sure of seeing such beautiful sights as the ice-cone at the foot of the Upper Yosemite Fall; the ice fringes that deck the sides of every waterfall; the frozen wreaths under Vernal Falls; the gigantic icicles behind the Ladders; the frozen Nevada Falls; and all the thousand and one marvels of frostwork and its prismatic coloring under the paint brush of the great artist, Sol.

The monster ice-cone above mentioned is a wonder in this great collection of wonderful productions of nature. Its height varies from 400 feet to 550 feet according to severity of the season and the favorable conditions that regulate its formation. Its construction is due to frozen spray which is deposited on and becomes attached to the walls of the precipice on each side of the avalanche of water. These continued deposits sometimes attain the thickness of a foot in a single night. During the day, however, the heat of the sun loosens their hold, and the layers of ice scale off the rocks and fall with crashing noise to the foot of the waterfall. As this continues day after day, the basement of the cone is laid and the superstructure rises upon it, ever growing in height and widening at the base. Into the center of this the

waters descend, hollowing it out with a gurgling and roaring and boiling, sending up around the summit of the cone clouds of misty spray that float away and deck the atmosphere with shifting rainbow colorings. There are, moreover, other components of this icy fabric. As the winter advances, immense icicles, some over 100 feet in length, form glittering pendants near the margins of the waterfall, and amorphous masses of ice cling to every available projection. Under the solvent touch of the sun's rays these ponderous bodies of crystallized water lose their grip and fall with thundering crash to the base, where they split and splinter into pieces like massive glassware. A vast congeries of blocks and slabs and bowlders and lumps of ice—an indescribable confusion of ice débris—is thus heaped up and welded into a mass of frozen concrete by the ever-settling spray, which, permeating every crevice and vacant place, is soon congealed and becomes part and parcel of the whole. Large openings at the base of this hollow cone allow the waters to escape after their struggles in the enormous tube. Mr. Muir once scaled the side of the cone, and holding his ear close down upon it listened "while it sounded like a huge, bellowing, exploding drum." He was unable to reach the summit, owing to the falling ice from the walls and the choking drifts of spray. The same writer gives the size of the cone's mouth to be 100 feet by 200 feet, forming an irregular ellipse. The uneven thick-lipped orifice may be seen from the ledge above during gales of wind when the water is blown aside.

Another beautiful sight is the display of icicles under the Ladders above Vernal Falls. Here, by some operation of Nature, an irregular cavernous hollow has been formed, and through the rifts and crevices of the roof, and down the sides and edges of the overhanging rocks the water drips and trickles, the frosts of winter congeal it, and icicles, here in united masses, there in single loneliness, keep growing downward and downward until their size becomes enormous. Some of them reach the hand-rail of the bridge, just beneath the rock, and connecting the two flights of steps, or the Ladders, as they are called, and attach themselves to it; thence they take a new start from a new support, and continue their downward growth. In places these icicles are so cemented together that they form compact sheets of ice which are fringed at their lower extremities with inverted fence-work of ice-spikes and javelins. Under the falls may be seen a collection of ice-wreaths and ice-veils that for their beauty and the delicacy of their fabric would well serve to deck the bridesmaids of the goddess of the North.

The first falls of snow in the Sierras generally occur in November, but they do not come to stay; they are but fleeting messengers, and having announced the approach of winter, are soon put to flight by the lingering god of the tropics who still tries to maintain supremacy over his rival of the Arctic zone. But it is his final effort to keep back the legions from the north. By the end of December snow hides from sight all but the forms of the mountains, covering them with a vast winding sheet. Only the mighty trees toss from their wind-shaken branches the white deposit, which ofttimes with its unyielding weight snaps their great boughs.

Owing to the retreat of the sun southward, and the immense height of the walls of the Yosemite, there is a considerable difference between the climate on the north and south side of the valley during the winter. While on the south wall the sun never shines during this season, and a chilling shadow is constantly cast over that portion of the valley, the rays of the winter sun fall upon the surface of the northern elevation almost at right angles with its plane. As a consequence, the weather on that side is mellow and mild, and in sheltered nooks among the warm rocks flowers

are observed to bloom every month in the year. Nor is the frost severe even on the shaded side. Mr. Muir gives the average temperature for twenty-four days in January at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. as 32° Fah., the minimum being 22° and the maximum 40° 5' above zero.

This shadow-side is naturally in strong contrast with the bright, cheerful aspect during clear days of the northern part of the valley whither resort the few winter birds that make their home therein. These comprise the water-ouzel and the robin, woodpeckers and kingfishers, wrens and finches. There are also flocks of bluebirds and several species of ducks.

From the time when winter sets in to the return of spring the forty or fifty residents of Yosemite may be regarded as voluntary prisoners therein. Communication with the outside world is closed to all but the hardiest mountaineers; the stage lines are blockaded with snow, and casual visitors so seldom make their way into the valley, under the difficulties which Mr. Hutchings faced alone, that their arrival during the winter months is no more frequent than angels' visits. Once within the valley, however, none of the discomfort is found that may have been expected. Residence therein, without the summer sun and without the summer tourist rushing from scene to scene with hasty impetuosity and superficial observation, is no hardship. Good cheer and comfortable lodging greet you; instead of heat and dust and rush with disquiet and excitement all around you, you find repose and a season for contemplation, while sublime views and glorious sights, not seen elsewhere, contribute their spectacular wonders for your entertainment. When to these great factors of human happiness are added pleasant company and intellectual conversation, the visitor will find that there is nothing to regret in a sojourn in the Yosemite during the winter. It is getting there that is the difficulty.

Let us make the trip with Mr. Allen Kelly, who paid the valley a visit last winter, leaving Raymond February 28th. Riding to Grant's Springs at the foot of Chowchilla mountain, a distance of twenty-five miles, on the following day he left the stage road and reached Ferguson's ranch by way of Snow Creek. Then he proceeded on a mountain trail in company with Hiram Branson, who carries the mail up the Merced River, for a distance of thirty miles. "Between Ferguson's and the south fork of the Merced is a high ridge that forms the westerly wall of Devil's Gulch, one of the deepest, roughest, most inaccessible gorges of the Sierras. The road to Hite's Cove winds down this ridge and from some of the turns, where the road is but a shelf on the mountain side, one can look almost straight downward about 2,000 feet into the dark gorge where the grizzly's reign is undisputed and undisturbed by man." The trail down the mountain ends at Hite's Cove, and from the river bank abruptly begins to climb the mountain, zigzaging over rocks and through low brush to a height of over 4,000 feet on to a ridge so narrow that "a horse cannot stand transversely upon it." From the summit of this "hog's-back" Mr. Kelly could see the Merced's "foam-white ribbon of water" 2,500 feet below, and it seemed as if he could toss a stone from each hand, one into the main river and the other into its southern branch. The scenery was stupendous.

When the trail strikes the bottom of the cañon, it follows up the course of the river along the line of the projected free road from Mariposa to Yosemite. It was neither an easy nor a safe task to cross the Merced. Half a mile above Ward's place there is a ford, but a dangerous one and too pregnant with disaster to be available in winter time. Just below it a wire cable has been stretched across the river and the venturesome traveler had to pull himself to the opposite side, hand over hand, seated on a six-inch plank slung

from the cable on trolleys. Then the horses were driven across the ford and Mr. Kelly was within an ace of losing his animal which was nearly swept away by the impetuous current.

Continuing along the trail they found it bad and dangerous. Skirting on smooth shelving ledges along the brinks of cliffs where a slip meant death to man and horse, and passing a huge storm-rent and weather-rifted granite cliff that overhangs the trail and ever threatens with a downpour of rocks and bowlders, they pursued their way for twenty miles, and then struck the Coulterville road just outside the Yosemite grant; thence a good wagon road led them into the valley. Speaking of that overhanging cliff with its oft-repeated slides of granite slabs and disintegrated masses of rock, an old mountaineer said: "I don't want anybody to speak above a whisper in that place, because I think the ghost of an echo would start some of those loose rocks. I never crossed there yet without finding new rocks on the trail, and I don't think it would take much of a blast to bring that whole mountain side down into the Cañon, dam the Merced River and make a lake of the Yosemite Valley."

There was but little snow in the valley when they entered it, and they proceeded without difficulty; but there are times when the mail-carrier is obliged to leave his horse near the entrance and continue his journey for eight or ten miles on snowshoes. But these spells of heavy weather do not last. In the valley the snow rarely lies deep for any length of time, except in isolated places that protect it from the liquefying effect of sun and weather.

Few, very few, of the numerous visitors to Yosemite see it in all the phases of its thousand glories even in the summer time. The impressions carried away by most tourists are general and common to the majority. Following beaten tracks under similar conditions of season and weather, and under like circumstances of transportation and hurry, the same routine of views and emotions is followed by all. It is only those exceptional individuals, whose enthusiam carries them off the hackneyed highway of the sight-seer, that behold nature under other than ordinary aspects; and the few who face the discomforts of a journey to Yosemite through the snow have their reward in being spectators to some of the most sublime sights that Nature, in her prodigality of phenomena, is in the habit of exhibiting.

TRUTH.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

There is no life's companion like the Truth.
Bind it with close-forged fetters to thy side,
And guard it like the apple of thine eye:
Else it will flee away; and men will say:
"Aye, so he says; but we believe him not."
Then wilt thou call for Truth to come again:
"Ah, Truth, sweet Truth, I know thy worth at last!
Come back again!" And then it will not come.

CHRISTMAS AT SAN LUIS REY.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

ON this special 25th of December it is pleasant to think that Mass will be said within the Mission walls of San Luis Rey under what will henceforth be known as the Re-establishment. The romance of the year is also its news. The Franciscan Order has returned to California. Santa Barbara, watching devoutly from her tower, has probably long known of the coming of the King to his own again, but to many of us it seems a fact almost mediæval and perhaps even startling.

The letter of announcement was shown in Los Angeles at the private house where interesting facts have a pretty habit of congregating, with an earnest request for its publication in a respectful manner.

Later in the quiet Rectory of the Cathedral of Saint Vibiana the subject was discussed afresh.

The Vicar was absent but the Father in charge listened with courteous attention to a resumé of the morning's news, receiving warmly congratulation upon the accession of the brethern of another but Catholic order, and confirming each detail of the information received. Some technical point arising, he suggested introducing the Franciscan friar already with them and only waiting the arrival from Mexico of his expected confrères to join them in their re-establishment within what we have regarded in current literature as the picturesquely irreparable ruins of San Luis Rey. This older Father, who immediately answered the summons, came in with apologies for his after-dinner cigar, smilingly waved away the absurdity of a suggested *siesta*, and entered into the coming of his Order with great accuracy as to details, great intelligence as to the policy involved and no small wit in dealing with Protestant perplexities. He stated with entire simplicity that the arrival of the Mexican Fathers must be a matter to be expected soon, since a package had already been received addressed to them in Los Angeles; also that if they expected to render the Mission inhabitable, work must be commenced before the setting in of the rainy season with its attendant destruction and inconvenience. Had he said Frederic Barbarossa and the Mahdi were *de re'our* together, and the crusading sword and cross of the one with the turban of the other, here in a registered package, he could not have delivered himself of anything less commonplace.

The pathos and "Storm and Stress" under which the Order practically left California are only now becoming clearly known. That the Franciscans *could* return is a contingency entirely beyond average American contemplation. And yet this quiet return, though not so dramatic as the going away of Father Peyri, is a fact as significant and unprosaic.

In 1891, the Mexican brethren of Saint Francis, assembled in Cholula, where they were making a retreat for the Christmas novena, were arrested by the Government and individually imprisoned. Benedictines, Dominicans—all Catholic orders shared the same fate. By subsequent legislation no more than two brethren may live in community in Mexico.

This policy, recalling at once the Napoleonic *coup d'état* and the Spanish "pragmatic sanction" of 1767, is followed in 1892 by the return of the Franciscans to their old inheritance in California, where freedom to worship God according to the dictates of individual conscience is part of American citizenship.

These facts form at least an interesting Christmas antithesis.

Spanish history is so busy with expulsion! Expulsions of Moors, of Jews, of Christians, of Jesuits—these form the burden of her chronicles. The result was at least a homogeneous population from which heresy seemed chemically expelled.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from lower California preceded the coming of the Franciscans; the practical expulsion of the Franciscans by secularization brought in the present secular clergy. That personally, however, harmony existed among the various orders acknowledging Rome as a head, is evident from a study of the Catholic literature of the State. In Father Adam's translation of Palou's Vida, for instance, it is distinctly mentioned that the Franciscans informed themselves of the régime observed by the (expelled) Jesuits, and then strictly adhered to it, thus doubtless retaining the confidence of the Indians, first won by the Order of Jesus, and setting the neophytes an example of harmonious action, the value of which cannot be overestimated.

The present good-will existing between the black sotana and gray gown can be proved by any one fortunate enough to possess credentials admitting to an interview with the representatives of the varying orders.

The interview at the Rectory was succeeded by a call upon the editor-in-chief of the principal city paper, whose editorials during the decade of its existence have steadily been making written history for future reference, and whose brilliant staff is doing telling work not only in journalism but contemporary literature. The voices of the newsboys, still crying the contents of the last edition, suggested as a parting subject for conversation the relative importance of the day's events and the return of the Franciscans to California. The editor's recognition of the interest attaching to the information was prompt; and a reporter sent to the Bishop's residence, received fresh details from the Vicar himself, details published on the following day under the heading "After Many Years."

Thus announced, the Gray Friars commence with the new year a fresh epoch in our common history, under the renewed and extended protection of that French Louis who guards the great city on the Mississippi River—the half mystical Meschacebé of Chateaubriand. We bespeak from Saint Louis interest in San Luis Rey.

Mr. Bancroft's resumé of its establishment is of special interest in this year of the Re-establishment:

"The Governor issued orders, the 27th of February, 1798, to the commandant of San Diego, who was to furnish an escolta and to require from the soldiers personal labor in erecting the necessary buildings, without murmuring at site or work, and with implicit obedience to Lasuen. The records show no subsequent proceedings till the 13th of June. On that date, at the spot called by the natives Tacayme, and by the Spaniards, in the first expedition of 1769, San Juan Capistrano, or later Capistrano el Viejo, in the presence of Captain Grajera, the soldiers of the guard, a few neophytes from San Juan, and a multitude of gentiles, and with the aid of Fathers Santiago and Peyri, President Lasuen with all due solemnity, supplemented by the baptism of fifty-four children, ushered into existence the mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, it being necessary hereafter to distinguish between the establishment of San Luis, king, and San Luis, bishop. All was prosperity at first. In a week Antonio Peyri, the energetic founder, had 77 children baptised and 23 catechumens under instruction. By the first of July he had 6,000 adobes made for the mission buildings. In July he was joined by José Faura, who was succeeded in the autumn of 1800 by José Garcia.

"The mission books of San Luis Rey are the only ones in California

which I have not examined. Their whereabouts is not known."

The Governor mentioned is none other than Don Diego de Borica—he who rode into his kingdom of California accoutred with Cervantes in the *mochila* of his saddle, comparing himself to Sancho Panza, and laughing alternately over his book and the horrors of the sea vovage, as suffered by the ladies.

The Padre-Presidente was that courteous Frenchman whom Mr. Bancroft bids us ever rank first among the Californian prelates, of whom it was said by La Perouse: "*Sa douceur, sa charité, son amour pour les Indiens sont inexprimable*;" and whom every Angeleño who embarks from San Pedro for north, south or west should remember as the beloved "Padre Fermin," after whom Captain George Vancouver named the present lighthouse point, famous in the history of Pacific navigation. Of these two, Captain Grajera and Father Antonio Peyri form picturesque accessories; Father Peyri was almost worshipped during his long pastorate, and rudely canonized after his departure on the same vessel—the *Pocahontas*—which carried Governor Victoria away.

Of the Indian policy of the Re-establishment, we know as yet only that it is a matter of earnest intention and thought. One instinctively wonders what the remnants of the neophytes will say about the campfires of this Christmas, concerning the to us unexpected, possibly by them, anticipated and believed in return.

Reading over the Indian Report (1852) of that pioneer American of whom his descendants may well be proud, and whose pages, amid much of the wearisome and unfortunate partisan writing of his period, stand out like a classic, in their honest intelligence, we find the Hon. B. D. Wilson accepting the defeat of the Franciscans as final as we have considered it to be.

"To the missions they (the Indians) can never go again with hope of finding a home. I am not certain that some of the Indians do not preserve a sort of vague belief that those immense buildings—to our eyes, greatly dilapidated and fast going to ruin, yet with their rude repairs, ample enough for their accommodation—are ultimately to be restored to them."

The character of Saint Luis of France, as given so exquisitely by Mrs. Jameson—whose "Legends of the Monastic Orders" should form part of every traveler's preparation for California—is one to appeal distinctly, by its very kingliness, to the inner heart of savagery. To the neophytes who worshipped at his altar he must have been always the great *Capitan*, and Paris his rancheria.

Legends cluster around the books and the bells, the altar and court of this Parisian king. In the "History of Los Angeles County," it is stated (p. 120) that two of the old Spanish bells of the Cathedral of Saint Vibiana are from San Fernando Mission and one from San Luis Rey. Mr. Doyle, on the contrary, in the *Century Magazine*, asserts that, visiting the Mission of San Luis in person, in the summer of 1862, he saw "the old chime still hanging in the belfry, inscribed with the maker's name and Boston, 1820," testifying to their American origin. The history quoted above may have used the word Spanish in a romantic and inexact sense.

There is a current Indian tradition, supported by the usual testimony of the dying, that part of these bells are buried in the church itself, hollow reverberation testifying to the spot as known to the initiated.

Helen Hunt calls the name Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles musical as a chime of bells. Musical also is the distinction between San Luis Obispo and San Luis Rey, between Bishop of Toulouse and King of France. The latter figures in California tradition and history, prose and poetry, fiction and facts. Here the old Capitanejo laughed scornfully over the possible dethronement of dancing

by baptism; here Paulino, the mission baker, vied with the record of San Antonio. Here was educated the last chief of Agua Caliente, Antonio Garra, and through the same corridors went that Alexander whom Californians are commencing to pronounce Alejandro, but whom they still spell in Italian. Mr. Harte has made this mission the scene of the least acceptable of all his poems. The ride of Father Peyri's neophytes may yet, in poetry, rival that from Ghent to Aix.

Most sacred, to some of us, of all its associations, is the fact that at the left of the altar is buried Padre José Maria de Zalvidea, the planter of the San Gabriel tuna hedge; he whose smile is a Franciscan memory; whose self-scourgings explain the *penitentes;* and from whose arms when, in his cell, they prepared him for burial, yet living witnesses took off with blinding tears the cruel *cilicios* armed with iron points, which he himself had bound upon them.

In 1846, San Luis was sold for $2,437. In 1847, for two months it was used as a military post by Lieutenant Oman and thirty-two men of the Mormon Battalion.

Strange tales of incoming treasure already greet the returning Frays. We commend to those who have thought the Preservation Fund an unnecessary one, the statement of Mr. John T. Doyle on the authority of General Beale, concerning this same mission then just vacated as a military post by the United States Government at the close of the Mexican war: "When it ceased to be so used, the Government caused an estimate to be made of the expense of repairing and restoring it to its former condition. The figures were $2,000,000, and the project of repairing was of course given over."

May not the Re-establishment, re-opening communications between San Diego and San Juan Capistrano, essentially revive the old Camino del Rey, or King's Highway, under entirely natural conditions? A recent article in the *Century Magazine*, quoted by the New York *Evangelist*, asserts that in France good roadways pay better than great railroads themselves. What could not the drive from San Diego to Sonoma be made, if the State once roused herself to make it? Planted and watered and owned as an illustration of Forestry, reviving the traditions of the Alameda of San José, why should it not also, as a route of pilgrimage, rank with that to Canterbury or Cologne on the Rhine? The Franciscans have given to California a nomenclature which connects them and us permanently with what was great in their contemporary history, while preserving daily upon our lips the great chiefs of their own order. The cordon of missions included the jurisdiction and protection of Archangel and warrior; "Poor Claire" and Seraphic Cardinal; Archbishop and martyr; Virgin and king; crusading priest and *Padre Serafico*. You may offer prayer for your own soul at the shrine of Santa Barbara, on one eve, and on the next, remember Keats at that of St. Agnes.

Why may we not establish a President's Highway or Camino del Presidente, which shall rival in sweet and gracious associations that of the third Charles of Spain? Across this highway who should dare draw the line of State division? Might not such a united revival of sacred associations still, once for all, the latent feud of North and South *Arribeño* and *Abajeño*, and bury it forever in the old gray Franciscan robe of the Friars?

The assertion concerning the probable causes of the Franciscan return have been submitted to the Rev. Father Joseph O'Keefe, General Auxiliary of the Re-establishment. His reply follows: "Although the Order in Mexico has had under consideration the expediency of establishing a house and novitiate outside the Republic since 1857, this last act you refer to, forced them to decide in favor of doing it at once."

AS WE SEE IT.

IT is earnestly to be hoped that some philosopher or critic, domestic or foreign, with kindly sympathy, will explain the remarkable prevalence of the literary spirit, accompanied, as it is, by a corresponding dearth of literary thought and expression. There are a hundred men and women who are moved to speak in print, where there is one man or woman that has acquired the faculty of speaking acceptably and in a pleasing manner. It is the distinguishing property of all writing entitled to the name literature that it be not only acceptable in substance but pleasing in form. That is not literature which lacks the touch of beauty.

It is probably true of the great majority of those who seek gratification or fame in publishing their thoughts, that they mistake a mere inspiration for a faculty of insight and expression. They forget, if they know, that inspiration is short, but "art is long." Because we listen to an orator with delight, it is not to be inferred that we are all orators The latent inspiration that is awakened in us by reading Tennyson or Longfellow is no proof that the reader is a poet. True orators and poets are they in whom both inspiration and expression unite and blend.

The writers of verse among us are legion, and the occurrence of the real poet is in inverse ratio to this number. It seems as if a great many of our countrymen, and especially of our countrywomen, conscious of an afflatus excited by objects of natural beauty or grandeur, or by the pathetic aspects of human society, conclude that they are poets, and begin to perpetrate rhymes. The mistakes made by these laudably ambitious tyros are easily exposed. The poet is the subject, not of a fleeting but of an abiding inspiration—an inspiration under control and discipline. In the experience of a passing emotion the tyro thinks he has a poet's creative feeling. He mistakes an effect for a cause. He is susceptible to the appeals of poetry, but he cannot himself create. In attempting to give verbal form or execution to emotional sentiment he undertakes to use an art for which he has neither genius nor acquired facility. He tries to accomplish with small practice what has cost the successful poet infinite pains. The great defect of our popular literature is the absence of painstaking. Another blunder of the mere versifier is that he mistakes the pleasure of rythm for poetic inspiration, and rhyme or jingle for poetry. But these are the dress not the body of poetry. They do not make Mother Goose's "Jack Sprat" equal to Gray's "Elegy" or Tennyson's "Brook."

The immense overflow of American verse that contains no other trace of poetry than the external accident of rhythm is a national phenomenon that merits something more than an editorial sneer or a passing jest. It contains a grave problem of national character and of the future of national literature. What is our philosophy respecting it? Must we confess the judgment rendered with modest sarcasm by Prof. Nicol, of Glasgow, that "Americans mistake rhythmical spasms for poetry?" Or is this endemic poetical inspiration the advancing genesis of the future great American poet?

In the belief that this last is the true view of the case, let us exhort editors to be patient and contributors not to grow disheartened, but to adopt the sentiment of the following quatrains from a San Francisco aspirant who has written some things well.

TRY AGAIN.

Oh, the disappointed hurt
  Of manuscript's refusal,
Sent by aspirant all alert
  For Editors' perusal!

What seemed the writer very fair
  Has changed its form in toto.
The blemishes are now laid bare
  As faults upon a photo.

And when the lines can find no place
  Within that publication,
The Editor with courteous grace
  Asserts a kind negation.

Then the writer still undaunted
  Takes to the pen once more,
And lo! writes now just what is wanted,
  Some thought ne'er scribed before.

'Tis needless now to trace the same.
  The entering wedge is set;
All obstacles on way to fame
  O'ercome as soon as met.

LITERATURE AND BOOKS.

BEST of all days of the year is the winter solstice festival descended to us from the birth of a Child and from the ancient Scandinavian Yule with its burning log, its Yule candles and baby images of dough. The scene thus brought vividly to view is the hearth and home, and the central figure is the child. Christmas proclaims a truce to selfishness; the heart holds the pocket, and the disposition to make everybody happy, for at least once in the year, reigns supreme. The ministry of art is now alert. Every toy expresses a thought and a joy. Every picture and book that addresses the child mind is a revelation of joy.

Early in the field comes the D. Lothrop Company of Boston, so well known by the little people as the publishers of "Wide Awake" and "Babyland." The bound volume of this infant periodical is a microcosm of baby life abounding in simplest description, the best of pictorial art, and snatches from the fairy-land of the old tales.

FAMOUS PETS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE, by Eleanor Lewis, is a superb gift-book for the older class of little men and little women. The humanizing influence of animal society is forcibly illustrated in the mutual affection that has grown between great people and their pet dogs, cats and birds. It will rejoice older as well as younger readers to get a look at Sir Walter Scott and his favorite bull-terrier, "Camp"; to get a glimpse of Dr. John Brown and his incomparable "Rab;" Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe chatting with "Punch" and "Missy;" Mrs. Carlyle with her "Nero" and Bismark between two immense friendly Danish mastiffs. Then are described and pictured the pets and masters and mistresses of the past —Frederick the Great; the children of Charles I with the famous toy-spaniels, and a host of others who have found lightness and joy in the friendship of pets.

The illustrations are in some cases copied from famous originals, including pieces from Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, and the stories are told with vivacity and in simple style. (D. Lothrop Company, Boston).

BLACK BEETLES IN AMBER is the name of a recent volume of verse from the pen of Ambrose Bierce of this city. The "black beetles" are prominent citizens of California—public men, lawyers, judges, journalists, social leaders, and clubmen—whom Mr. Bierce has first impaled on the needle of satire and then embalmed in the amber of his poetic fancy. This he has done as a whole cleverly, sometimes very excellently. He has his own ideas as to the propriety of his work, and frankly says that he makes no apologies either for its production or preservation.

Mr. Bierce has evidently studied the satirical poems of Pope and Byron, and the political lampoons of Swift and his followers with conscientious care. There is more in him of the frank brutality of Swift, however, than of the rare and genial fancy of Byron or the airy antithetical wit of the author of "The Rape of the Lock." "A Commuted Sentence," "Famine's Realm," "A Celebrated Case," and "One of the Redeemed," are among the best, because most thoroughly humorous of Mr. Bierce's efforts. "The Veteran" and "Ignis Fatuus," with their clever punning "tag" at the end of each stanza, deserve special notice, also. Here is a sample, from "The Veteran," of Mr. Bierce at his best:

> He cares not how much ground to-day
> He gives for men to doubt him;
> He's used to giving ground, they say,
> Who lately fought with——out him.

(Western Authors' Publishing Company, San Francisco).

JOHN VANCE CHENEY has performed an act of affection and editorial faithfulness in giving to the public in "Wood Notes Wild" the gathered results of a long and enthusiastic labor performed by his father, Simeon Pease Cheney. Any one who finds in nature a new source of happiness is a public benefactor, and this is precisely what the elder Cheney, the author, has done. He has called attention to the marvelous variety and richness of musical performance in the familiar birds of New England. A musician and a singing master, he has fastened to the music staff, with great accuracy of detail, the exact notes of the best feathered songsters, so that a person acquainted with musical notation can identify the choristers of the orchard and forest by a comparison of the record with the actual bird-song. The bluebird, the thrushes, the starlings and the

song-sparrow, and a long list of perchers have sung themselves into this book. The writer of these lines thought he had accomplished a remarkable feat by noting eleven different songs of a single song-sparrow (*melospiza melodia*). But Mr. Cheney has the little fellow down for twenty distinct melodies. The author goes further than the list of singing-birds, as classed by the ornithologist, and finds in the grouse, the pheasant and the hen a music that common ears have never detected, reminding one of Thoreau's boy, who "extracted music from a quart pot." This book places the author in the honored list of Nature's seers, with Gilbert White, Thoreau and John Burroughs. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

THE SPEECH OF MONKEYS. By R. L. Garner. There has been considerable tittering over Mr. Garner's periodical announcements of his belief in an intelligent vocal communication between individual monkeys and individual apes—a levity which will be apt to settle into sober thought by reading his book. Mr. Garner possesses one qualification of a trustworthy naturalist in being controlled by the enthusiastic passion of a naturalist, and he wins confidence by pursuing a true scientific method. He has first addressed himself to facts, and has been willing to follow where they lead. Like every loyal scientist, he has indulged his imagination and has proposed a "working theory," modifying this theory as the scope of his facts enlarged, or proved necessary modification. From a wide induction and analogy he correctly concludes that all animals above the lowest orders use some means of conveying, one to another, their ideas. He correctly assumes that the vocal distinction, indeed the crowning distinction of the human primate is articulate speech, and the power to utter a proposition. Monkeys, however, as truly employ sounds vernacular to different species to express or receive ideas of want, joy, fear or sorrow. There is an air of triumph about the way in which this discoverer has found one dialect of sounds in Capuchin monkeys and a distinct vocal dialect among Cebus monkeys; and there is a charm in his success in proving by experiments that a Capuchin living with a Cebus, learns to interpret the language of his companion. In this investigation, Mr. Garner has made effective use of the phonograph, charging it with the speech of one monkey and witnessing the effect of its discharge upon another. The book is so full of the story of these bewitching little people, and is written in so simple and popular a style, even where it is most scientific, that it cannot fail to interest the general reader. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.)

FOR a tale that is told with the simplicity of truth, "The Lance of Kanana," by Abd El Ardavan, is deserving of very high commendation. It is the story of a Bedouin boy's experience, and cannot fail to interest the youthful reader by the thrilling adventures of the hero, who proves his bravery through devotion and sacrifice rather than by the use of the warrior's steel. Revealing as it does a deeper meaning and a higher truth, it must strongly appeal to the mature mind. The narrative is as completely Arabian as the Nights' Entertainment, and is so naturally touched with local color and the warmth of the desert, that the reader is made to feel that a native is telling the story. Indeed the author, who received his name from the children of the desert, writes from a thorough experience of the life he describes. The writer cleverly shows the maturing influences of bitterness and sorrow caused by the distrust and heartlessness of the hero's associates. It was the complete isolation from his fellows that developed a latent heroism, so that when the hour came for action, the boy met his fate with a sublime devotion that brought to his feet the homage of all his foes. There is a charming freshness and gentle flow of Oriental style running through the story which cannot fail to interest the reader, while the minutest details of Ishmaelitish life are woven through it all. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

THROUGH ARCTICS AND TROPICS, by Harry W. French, is remarkably entertaining. The narrative is alive with all the fascination of fiction, though it is woven from material gathered by a trip around the world. The boys—for there are two of them—visit the regions of ice and sun and see as only boys can, and the story is a narrative and dramatic account of what they saw. Girls and boys never tire of adventure, particularly when its scenes are laid among strange people and in unfamiliar lands. With this book in hand our youngsters may bring entertainment and instruction to many a long winter evening. The illustrations are strong wood engravings and are well adapted to the text. (D. Lothrop Company, Boston.)

ONE OF OUR BUSINESS COLLEGES.

BY C. I. P.

WE take pleasure in introducing to our readers Prof. J. H. Aydelotte, one of California's progressive educators. He is well known in

Oakland and San Francisco, where he enjoys an enviable reputation as an instructor. He is a college-bred man, having graduated at two institutions in the East, in one of which he was called into the faculty, being assigned to one of the mathematical chairs. In the special department of commercial education he is widely known on the Coast, and is one of the most energetic and successful men in the field. He was several years ago a popular member of the faculty of Heald's Business College of San Francisco, where he proved his efficiency in many branches. He is sole proprietor of Aydelotte's Business College, located in the handsome and substantial Y. M. C. A. Building of Oakland, Cal. This college is a model institution of the kind. Few institutions of the country have such beautiful rooms, so spacious and airy and well lighted. The rooms were designed for the college at the time the building was erected, and thus every requirement of the school was provided for. The rooms are situated on the second and third floors of the building, and will accommodate several hundred pupils. The courses are thorough and practical. The various offices in the practical department give the schoolroom the appearance of a representative business house.

The advantages of Oakland as a city of schools are heralded throughout the length and breadth of the State, and the number of families that take up their residence there for the school advantages is annually increasing. It is a well known fact that young people are in much better surroundings in Oakland than in San Francisco, where the evil enticements are greater.

Mr. Aydelotte is not only an earnest instructor, but a practical man of business, and his knowledge gained by experience is cheerfully imparted

to those who will find in him not only the head and proprietor of a superior business college, but a genial and sympathetic friend whose advice will be an aid to advancement and success.

A CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

BY CLARE CARLYLE.

In its broad white shroud lay the dead old earth,
And the bells chimed loud, chimed low;
They sang, "'Tis the day of the Holy Birth,"
In their swinging to and fro.
As the last sweet note of their silver tongues
Had died into silent prayer,
A clanging of heavy prison gates
Smote harsh on the frosty air.

And through the grim portals there passed to save,
With mission of peace and love,
A band who had knelt on the prison pave
Though the felons frowned above.
There were faces blanched with a white despair,
Betraying all hope had fled;
There were eyes that had looked with a cruel glare
On a victim stricken dead.

Low brows, where the murderer's brand was set,
All marked by the hand of time,
And the trembling, close-cropped, snowy head,
Bowed down by the years of crime,
That spoke of a harvest reaped as sown,
In the long, dark sin-fraught years,
And of those who had watched their garnering
Through a storm of heart-wrung tears.

There were youthful faces with eyes of blue
Who were still to boyhood near,
Who had once a heart both warm and true,
Who were touched by a pleading tear;
And the smile that parted their boyish lips
Brought visions of childhood sweet,
Of the tender clasping of finger tips
In prayer at their mother's feet.

And they listened, trembling, as softly fell
The words of the sister's prayer.
And their voices rose, for they knew full well
Each line of that chanted air.
That tender prayer to the great All-Friend
Was heeded, and from each face
The frown had faded, the brows unbend;
Of the sneer there is left no trace.

For they heard no word of their damning sin,
No hint of their prison dress.
No stern decree, "If Heaven they'd win,
Their guilt they must confess."
No talk of a fiery punishment
Recounting their past misdeeds,
No mention of those who to sinners were sent
With their formal, man-made creeds.

They were told, alone, of the tender child
Who lay in the manger bed,
While the stars of an Eastern heaven smiled,
In beauty, above his head;
Of the soul divine in the mortal frame,
Descending to earth that morn;
Of the gift in their keeping, the hallowed name,
To teach of a heavenly dawn.

Of peace, that should reign over all the earth,
That the only bonds be love—
The love of a Christ-bought brotherhood
Linked firm to the Heart above.
Then for a moment all sin seemed swept
By a hand divine away,
And the hardened sinners sighed or wept,
Some kneeling as if to pray.

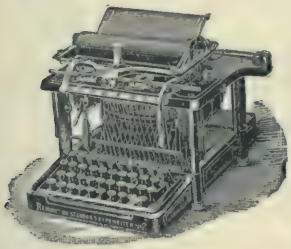
Then down there fell from the frowning height
Of the gloomy prison wall
A shadow, as wings of snowy white
Waved softly over all;
And they gaze with awe on each upturned face
As the prayer and chanting cease,
And they whisper low, "We have seen at last
The blessed spirit, Peace."

RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE

REMINGTON

TYPEWRITER



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A HOUSE OF HE'S.

BY BEEBE CROCKER.

I know a house, a noisy house,
  Where no one is at ease,
Because the place is overrun
  By four rude little he's.

They stop the clock, they ring the bell,
  They do just what they please;
They mark the walls, they howl and yell—
  Those wild, cantankerous he's.

Whene'er I walk about the house
  I wade up to my knees
In toys and litter scattered round
  By those confounded he's.

They throw my slippers at the cat,
  They fill my bed with fleas;
They ride my cane, they hide my hat,
  Those four unbridled he's.

They make my papers into kites
  They lose my specs and keys,
They get into outrageous fights,
  Those disputatious he's.

They break the windows, playing ball,
  With knives they bark the trees,
They kick and wrestle, pull and haul,
  Those four belligerent he's.

They lift up wails and sounds of woe
  No mortal can appease;
Then in my pockets diving go
  Four avaricious he's.

From morning until late at night
  They work like busy bees,
Their words and tones most impolite,
  Those rude, untutored he's.

And worse than all, their shocking deeds
  Their mother never sees;
She sits and sews, or yawns, or reads,
  And never minds those he's.

If I forbid them anything—
  "He only means to tease,"
She'll say, "I'm sure he can't refuse.
  My darling little he's."

I shall be forced to suicide,
  Or else to cross the seas
That I forevermore may hide
  From those tormenting he's.

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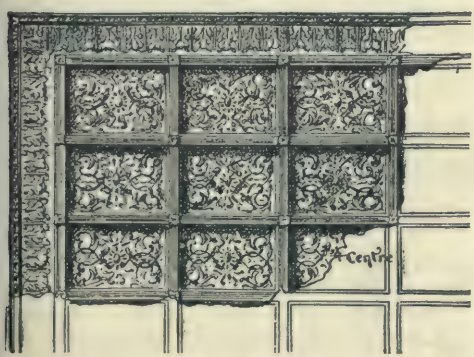

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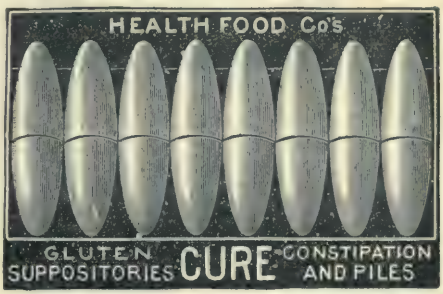

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CURRENT WIT.

"HELP! Help!" as the lady cried, after the hired girl left.—*Truth.*

MRS. GUMSHUN calls her children "stars" because they don't know how to act.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE fair sex is capable of almost anything when driven to it. Example: Nancy Hanks.—*Jamestown News*

LOVE'S labor lost—A second husband going on a time with his wife's first husband's insurance money.—*Cape Cod Item.*

A FOOLISH girl can make a lover a husband, but it takes a bright woman to keep a husband a lover.—*Atchinson Globe.*

"DON'T you admire Carlyle?" said the literary young woman.

"I should say so," was the girl's proud reply. "I am from Kentucky, myself."—*Washington Star.*

SAID Jack: "This sea breeze has one fault. It makes my whiskers taste of salt."

Said pretty Lil, who near him sat,

"Yes,—does n't it? *I* noticed *that!*"

"I SEE be the papers," said Mr. Grogan, "thot the small boys thot was gittin thimselves drownt las' summer is now a-fallin' out o' hickory trees and breakin' their necks, they are."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"MEN is mighty skittish creatures," observed old Mrs. Thirdwed. "Either they are so cross that there 's no a-bearin' 'em around the house, or so good natured that you dassent trust 'em out of your sight."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

WIFE: What 's that white stuff on your shoulder?

HUSBAND: Chalk from a billiard cue, you know.

WIFE (sniffing): Hereafter I wish you to use chalk that does n't smell like toilet powder.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"WHAT do you think of my new hat, John?"

"Oh, I don't know. What did the thing cost?"

"Nothing. I made it myself."

"By Jove! It's simply stunning, Mamie."—*Harper's Bazar.*

WIFE.—My goodness! How did you lose your eye? Was it one of those horrid boys with an air-gun? There is a law against—

HUSBAND.—No; this was all right and legal. It was a woman with an umbrella.

DAUGHTER.—Yes, I know Mr. Staylate comes very often, but it is n't my fault. I do everything I can to drive him away.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Fudge! I have n't heard you sing to him once.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"WHY do you shave yourself?" asked the barber.

"Because," said the tired customer, "it keeps me from loading up on hair wash; it enables me to avoid being talked to death; and I am the only man who ever did shave me who didn't expect a tip when the thing was finished. —*Harper's Bazar.*

AT THE SEASIDE.

HEROIC GIRL.—What has become of that handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued the little boy from drowning?

FRIEND.—He is over there on the veranda, proposing to the girl that screamed and fainted.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

LITTLE BOY.—May n't I be a preacher when I grow up?

MOTHER.—Of course you may, my pet, if you want to.

LITTLE BOY.—Yes, I do. I s'pose I 've got to go to church all my life, anyhow; an' it 's a good deal harder to sit still than to walk around and holler.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

A PERMANENT ADDRESS.

MR. STOKES (*meeting old friend*)—Ah! I'm glad I met you; I wanted to ask you your brother's address.

MR. MALTBY.—Landscape Avenue, near Sycamore.

MR. STOKES.—Up in the annexed district, I suppose.

MR. MALTBY.—No; over in Greenwood.—*Puck.*

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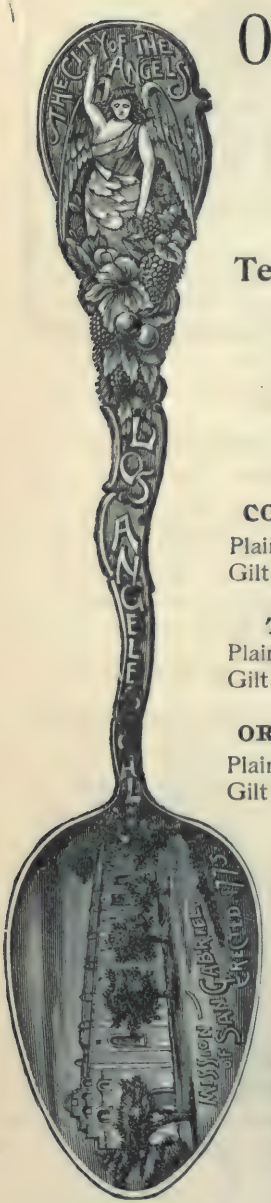

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OF LOS ANGELES, AUG. 20, 1892.

RESOURCES

Loans, Discounts and Warrants		$1,429,096 13
Banking House and other Real Estate		133,939 00
United States Bonds 4% par		50,000 00
Cash on hand	$306,886 04	
Due from Banks and U. S. Treasurer	359,527 65	666,413 69
Total		$2,279,439 82

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$200,000 00
Reserve Fund		50,000 00
Net undivided profits collected		256,412 13
Deposits Individual	$1,624,834 11	
Deposits Bank	104,093 58	1,728,927 69
National Bank Notes, outstanding		44,100 00
Total		$2,279,439 82

DIRECTORS

J. M. ELLIOTT.....President
J. D. BICKNELL.....Vice-President
J. H. BRALY.....Cashier
G. B. SHAFFER.....Asst. Cashier

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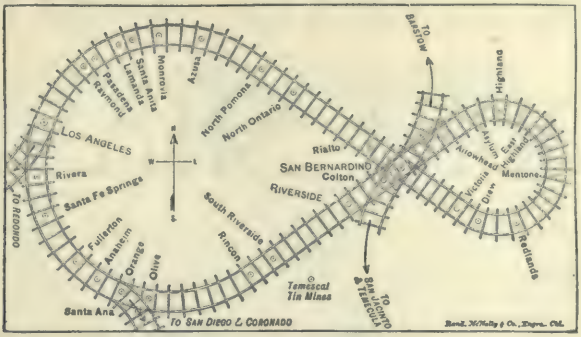

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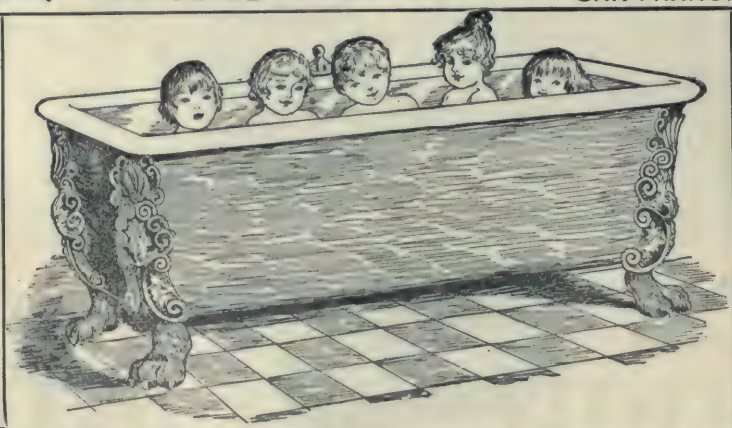

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A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

A Money Making Plan Based Upon Sound Principles

HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet), of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

List of colonists and references to our reliability furnished upon request. Address

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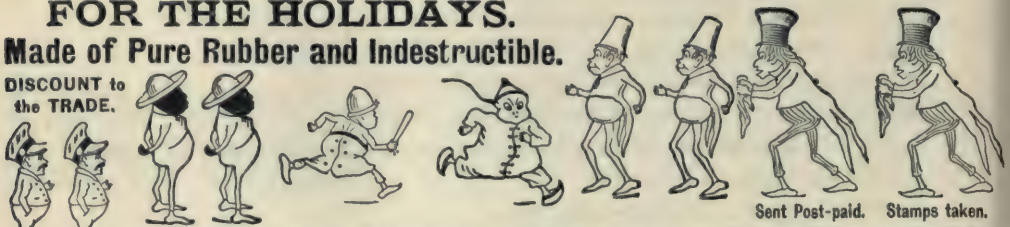

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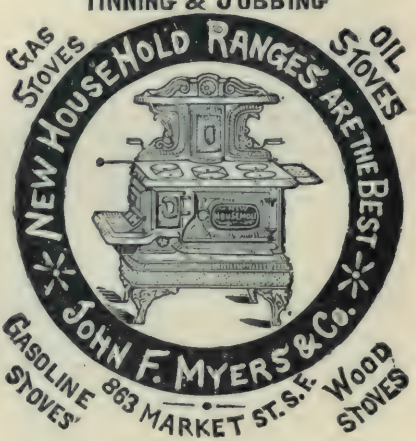

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10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
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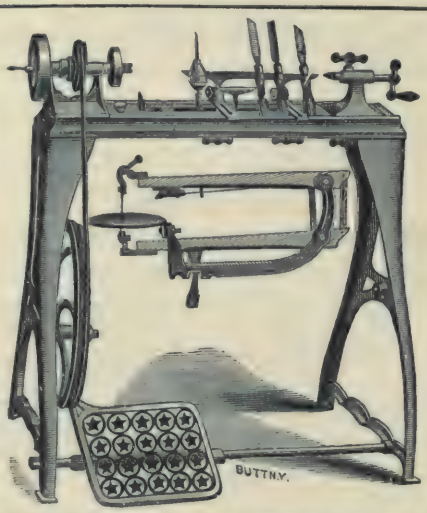

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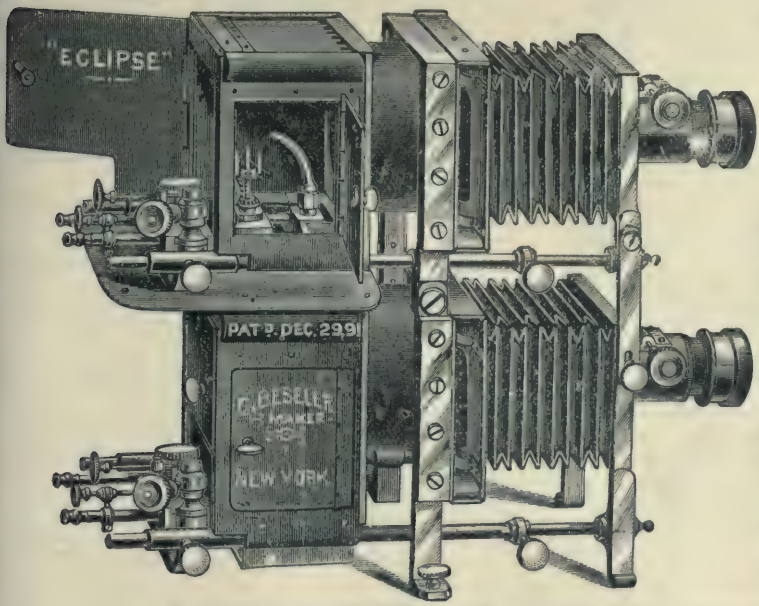

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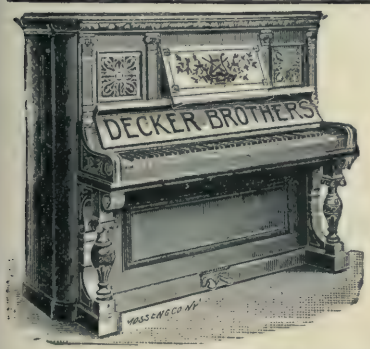

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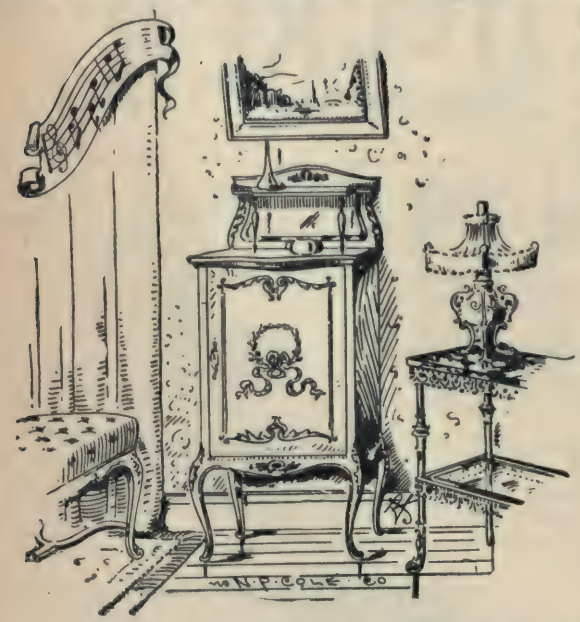

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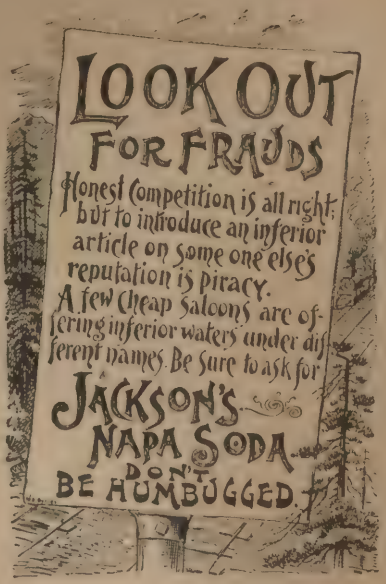
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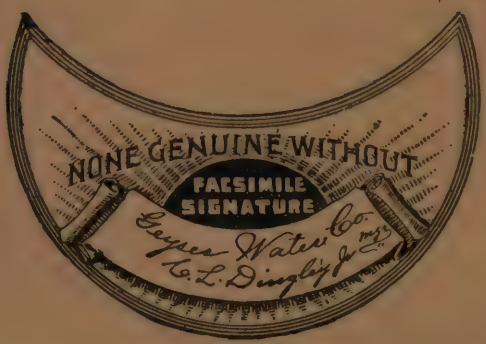

THE CALIFORNIAN

JANUARY, 1893

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QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.
THE REINDEER IN ALASKA.
SCIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.
THE EMANCIPATION OF ART.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A Member of the Third House.
The Nature and Elements of Poetry.
The West from a Car Window.
South Sea Idyls.
Around the World through Arctic and Tropics.
London.
Reflections of a Married Man.
Marse Chan.
Some Strange Corners of Our Country.
Atlina.
Nestlings.

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Issued from the Press of the San Francisco Printing Co.

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The Californian for 1893

The February number of the CALIFORNIAN will be especially rich in a literary and artistic sense.

John Vance Cheney will give some of his best work in a poem on Tennyson, while James Realf, Jr., will describe his personal reminiscences with Holmes, Lowell, John Boyle O'Reilly, Edward Everett Hale—and other well-known American men of letters.

J. J. Peatfield gives an interesting description of the Pre-Columbian Goldsmiths of the United States, the paper being illustrated by engravings made from the actual objects in the National Museum. The labor question is discussed by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., and some new and striking truths presented to thinking people.

The rise, social and political development of Utah will be graphically told by G. L. Browne. Popular Science will be represented by an illustrated article on "The Carniverous Plants," by C. F. Holder. Among other interesting papers will be "The Wonders of Death Valley," fully illustrated, and a discussion of the Annexation of Hawaii. Short stories, poems, etc., will make a number of especial interest. The Review of Books will receive particular attention in the CALIFORNIAN in the future, and will not be confined to simple reviewing, but will also contain the current facts of interest relating to authors, their methods and ways.

The CALIFORNIAN will present in the coming year a feast of good things—literary and artistic—to meet the tastes of the people of the world.

Descriptive.

Its descriptive articles, all richly illustrated, will cover a wide range of subjects in India, Africa, Australia and Europe, with especial attention to the wonderful regions in Western North America.

Political.

The CALIFORNIAN will continue to devote attention to the great political questions of the day, and will publish papers by General Chipman, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Hon. Stephen M. White, Ex.-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon and other distinguished and well-known writers East and West.

Fiction.

The short stories and fiction published during the past year have been widely commented upon, and many new features and authors will be presented during the year, among which are articles by Gertrude Atherton, W. C. Morrow, Ambrose Bierce, Lady Wilde, Julian Hawthorne, Grace Ellery Channing, Adolf Danziger, Walter Blackburne Harte, Hamlin Garland and others.

Frontier Life.

An extremely graphic series on Indian Life has been prepared, showing the experiences of men and women with Indians, illustrating the character and life of the native races.

Art and Science.

In illustrated articles on art the CALIFORNIAN for 1893 will be particularly rich, including papers on the studios of San Francisco, the great masterpieces on the Pacific Coast and others on art in general; while a series of articles on scientific subjects of interest will be continued throughout the year.

Pre-Columbians.

The coming World's Fair gives a special interest to Pre-Columbian subjects, and the articles will be continued, as well as papers on the World's Fair.

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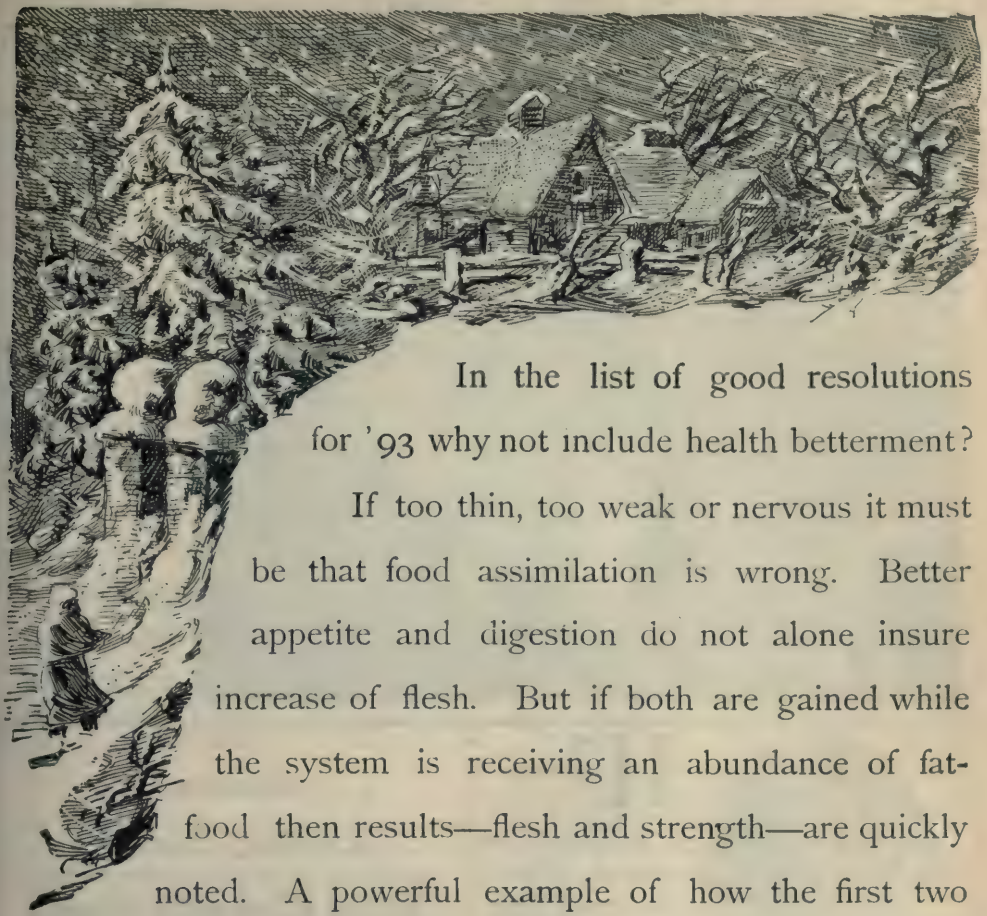

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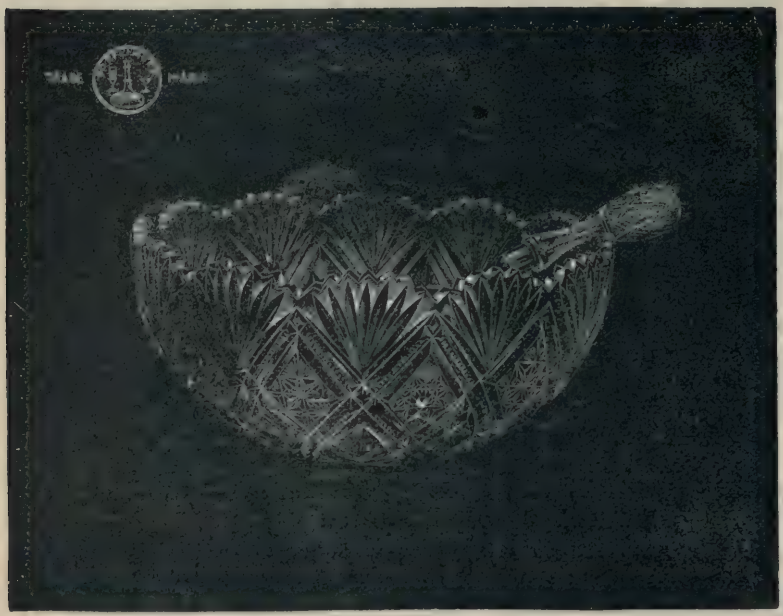

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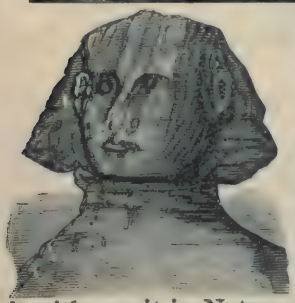

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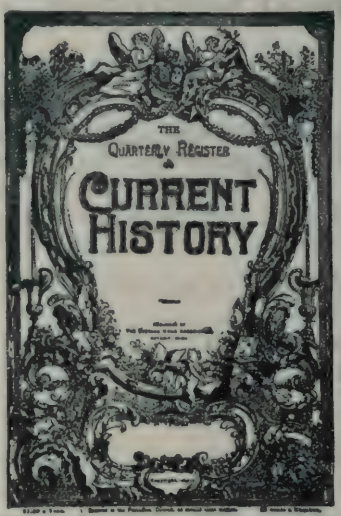

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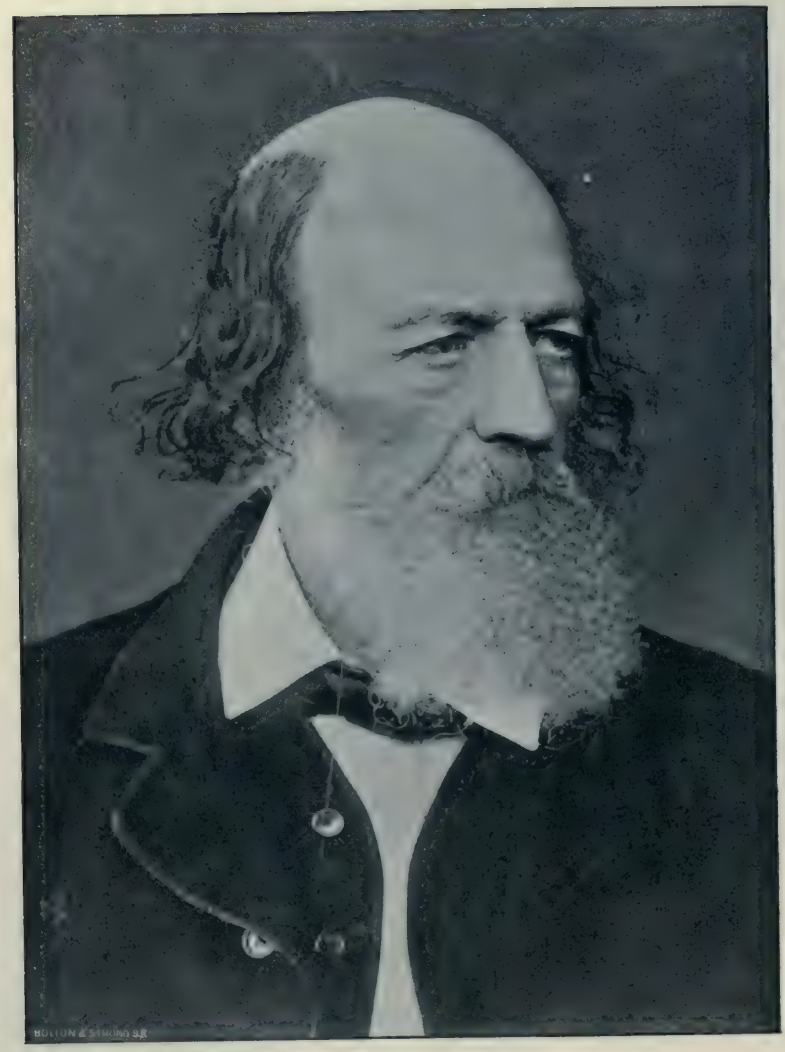


So like a shatter'd column lay the King

Tennyson

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. III. JANUARY, 1893. NO. 2.

Cottage of Barbara Frietchie, Frederick, Md.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.*

BY NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

"IS she not a myth?" Did the incident ever occur?" These two queries have been asked thousands of times concerning a woman patriot of the nineteenth century, who lived and died without knowing that she had become famous, and yet whose name, embalmed in the hearts of her kindred, as well as in the immortal amber of Whittier's verse, will ever be hallowed.

The following extract from a letter written to the author of this article by John G. Whittier will, undoubtedly, set at rest all speculations—so far as the poet is concerned—in regard to the origin of his matchless poem.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS (MASS.)
10 MO., 19, '80

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I had a portrait of the good Lady Barbara, from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, whose life is spent in works of love and duty, and a cane made of wood from Barbara's cottage, sent me by Dr. Steiner of the Maryland Senate.

Whether she did all that my poem ascribed to her or not, she was a brave and true woman.

I followed the account given me in a private letter and in the papers of the time. I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Barbara Hauer was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Dec. 3, 1766, and every drop of ancestral blood in her

*Copyright photographs are used in illustrating this article by permission of Messrs. Markens & Bielfeld, Frederick, Md.

baby body, had been inherited from the founders and preservers of the then youthful Union.

In childhood, she removed to the ante-colonial and beautiful, mountain-girdled town of Frederick, Maryland, where she lived and died. When

Barbara Frietchie.

forty years old, May 6, 1806, she wedded John Caspar Frietchie, and having no children of her own, devoted herself to the training of numerous nieces and nephews; for next to her instinct of love of country in her broad and intensely loyal nature, was that of maternity and love of domestic life. Frederick, situated midway between Baltimore and Washington, D. C., was then and is still, essentially a city of homes. Around it cluster more associations with our colonial life as a nation than about any other town in the old State of Maryland, except Annapolis, its capital.

Here, upon "Old Barrack's Hill," stand, to-day, the stone barracks, which were erected during the reign of the "good Queen Anne" for the reception of French prisoners, and in which, in 1754, George Washington, the youthful aide-de-camp of General Braddock, met in council with his general and Benjamin Franklin, while *en route* for the scene of Braddock's memorable defeat.

Here, Charles Carroll, of Carollton, spent days and weeks during his historic career, the center of a circle of friends, whose minds were as highly cultured and whose manners were as urbane as his own.

Here the venerable General Scott was arraigned, in 1849, to answer charges preferred against him by General Pillow. Here Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, lived during a quarter of a century, and here, in 1779, was born his, in after time, brother-in-law, Francis Scott Key, the author of our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Amid such a class of patriotic citizens, and in such an atmosphere, Barbara Frietchie developed into her womanhood, noteworthy among the most notable dames of that period for her sturdy good sense, incessant industry, and intelligent enjoyment of the limited opportunities then offered women for their intellectual advancement.

She was a gentlewoman, and an aristocrat of the true American type. Her aspect was stern and somewhat cold, but her gray eyes were clear and true, and one could not be with her any length of time without seeing and feeling how an emotion of love or a little fun would soften the lines which, in repose, might seem somewhat harsh.

Her house was a story-and-a-half-high cottage, built of brick and stone, with high gables and dormer windows, and devoid of external decorations. Its location was on a broad thoroughfare known as Patrick street. Not twenty yards from the house the street made a decided curve, which, just at

its bend, was intersected by a deep but narrow creek called Carroll's Creek, over which an ancient looking wooden bridge offered a passageway.

On one side of the bridge was a flight of stone steps which led down to its right bank, and guided by the paved walk of blue flagstones, which ran close to the margin of the creek, led to a large, square spring, through whose ever bubbling water of crystal clearness the pebbled floor shone as though varnished by sunbeams. From time immemorial, two iron dippers, fastened by chains to iron hooks, riveted in one side of the rocky wall, invited the thirsty traveler to partake of its rare quality, and furnished the Freitchie family with all the water they needed for household purposes.

Almost every afternoon, "Lady Barbara" might have been seen, sitting at the front window of her cottage, knitting needles in hand, a silver knitting sheath, shaped like a fish, pinned to her left side, and not a speck of dust or stain, even of a faded flower, visible in her apartment.

She always wore, when dressed for the day, a black satin gown, with a "clear starched" muslin neckerchief crossed over her bosom, and a close white cap tied under her chin, in the style of the traditional New England grandmother.

In 1791, when General Washington spent a night in Frederick at a hostlery known, then, as "Mrs. Kimbal's Tavern," Barbara Frietchie, knowing the condition of the good landlady's delf, brought her own best Liverpool china to grace the occasion, and then reverently put away the coffee-pot, cup and saucer and plates which were used by the distinguished guests, as articles too sacred for other than to adorn a shrine. At the sham funeral of the great President, eight years after, she was one of the pall-bearers. Her married life was not of long duration, and her first serious trouble grew out of her patriotic devotion to the Union. In her husband's time the local politics had seemed unimportant, and in his will, he made one of his nephews his executor.

This nephew turned out later what Dame Barbara called "an arrant rebel." Every time she received her dividends from him they had some sharp words, and as she wished to live in peace, she went to an old friend of her husband, and begged him to take her power of attorney and receive her money from her husband's executor. He did so, and continued to transact her business until his death. Previous to the breaking out of the Civil War, he had a stroke of paralysis which rendered his right arm powerless.

Barbara Frietchie's Relics.

His son, Hon. Lewis Steiner, of the Maryland Senate—referred to in Mr. Whittier's letter—had been for many years abroad at college. At the time of the following incident he had just returned, and knew very little of the elderly town-folk of Frederick. The first time that his father was able to walk out, he said to his son, who was his escort:

Barbara Frietchie's Grave.

"Lewis, I have some money to pay to Frau Frietchie; make out a receipt for her to sign."

Now, the title "Frau Frietchie" suggested to the traveled gentleman one of the old German women whom he had often seen hoeing in their gardens and fields, and whom he knew to be as ignorant of letters almost as the gentle kine under their care.

Asking no questions, he made out the receipt and signed it in such a way as to leave room for the "Frau" to "make her mark."

When his father ushered him into the presence of the black satin gown and smoothly starched neckerchief, he was startled, but his heart did not fail him. He courteously presented the pen. Barbara Frietchie took it, adjusted her spectacles and looked at the signature:

"Bless you, honey, I wrote my name as well as that long before you were born," she exclaimed, bending a humorous glance upon the young gentleman; then, drawing a line through his signature, she wrote her name firmly beneath.

Although one of the most loyal and bravest of women, she did not wave her flag to the Confederate army, nor was the storied threat of the grand hero, Stonewall Jackson:

"Who touches a hair on yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!"

ever made, for the simple reason, that during the rapid march of the Confederate army in leaving the City of Frederick, it did not pass within three squares of her house; but while it remained there, after having taken possession, and every Union flag was ordered by General Lee to be hauled down and replaced by the "Stars and Bars," she persisted in flinging her most precious legacy, her father's old Revolutionary flag, from her dormer window.

"Take it in, Aunt Barbara, take it in. You will assuredly lose it," said her family.

Finally, but most reluctantly, she did so, hiding the creased, torn but sacred symbol between the leaves of her family Bible, remarking as she did so:

"There is the last place a rebel against his country will care to go."

General Lee occupied the city for

three days, during which the thousands of his army swarmed like locusts everywhere. They were a lean, travel-worn, hungry, weary army at that time, as a whole, and excited but little sympathy from the Union-loving Marylanders. As they were so overwhelming in numbers, it was the polity of the good folk of Frederick to treat them with as much deference as possible under the circumstances.

Not so Dame Barbara. With her there was but one way, and that the straightforward route. Finding her porch full of Southern soldiers who were lounging there eating and enjoying their stale crumbs of comfort without regard to its cleanliness, she stepped to her door, raised her gold-headed cane, and flourishing it said, more forcibly than elegantly:

"Begone, you lazy pack!"

To the credit of the innate chivalry of those misguided sons of the South be it said, they instantly scattered without an insulting word.

When, after two days, General McClellan, at the head of *his* army, entered the city, she was overjoyed and stood at the door, waving her dear old flag. From her extreme age and venerable appearance, she attracted much attention. Officers and men left the ranks to ask her name and to take her hand. One General, with his son, was invited into her house (she would have taken the whole Union army there had it been possible). During the pleasant conversation which ensued, she regaled each with some "home-made currant wine," served in the blue delf out of which General Washington had drunk so many years previous, when *he* was the honored guest of the city, and she in her womanhood's prime.

Her religious nature was deep and earnest, permeating every thought and act of her life, and the denomination of the church to which she belonged was that known as "The Dutch Reformed."

Her favorite hymn, and one which she never wearied repeating, began thus:

"Almighty Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing."

She died tranquilly, in Frederick, in 1862, aged ninety-six years and fifteen days, ignorant that the simple annals of her quiet but earnest life would, one day, be sought for with avidity by generations then unborn.

To two photographers of her own town, Messrs. Markens & Bielfeld, the world of Mr. Whittier's admiring friends are indebted for the photographs from which these illustrations are prepared.

Barbara Frietchie's Flag.

The principal relics now preserved by certain of her family in Frederick, and visited by hundreds of travelers

yearly, are her clock more than two hundred years old, her fly-brush of peacock feathers, her riding whip, two toilet boxes, cane, armchair, the "General Washington plates, cup, saucer and coffee-pot, and the old flag which she loved so well."

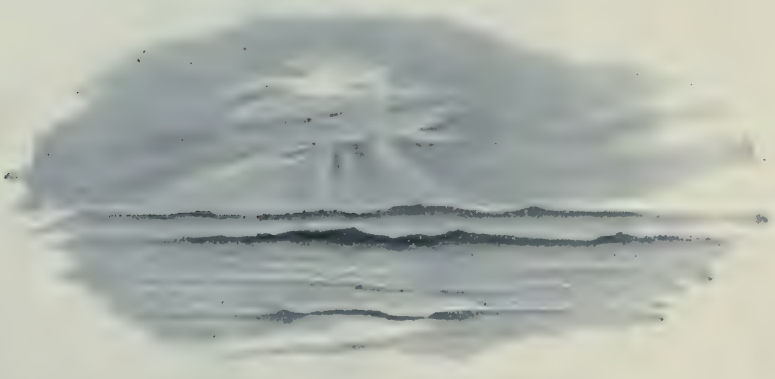
On the left of a hill overlooking the city, and almost opposite the "Old Barracks," is the iron gateway of a beautiful cemetery in which rest, not far apart, among other most noble Marylanders, the ashes of Barbara Frietchie and Francis Scott Key.

Hundreds of the dead bodies of both the Union and Confederate armies there lie, also—

> "Under the sod and the dew
> Waiting the Judgment day;
> Love and tears for the Blue,
> Tears and love for the Gray,—"

While South Mountain, which enfolds that portion of Frederick County like a curved arm, and upon whose battle-field many of them entered into their rest, casts its shadow over the green turf upon their quiet graves,

> "And ever the stars above looked down
> On thy stars below in Frederick town."



MISSION SANTA CRUZ.

BY S. E. ANDERSON.

How swiftly here oblivion set her seal!
What has the vanished century left of each—
The Spanish rooftree and the Spanish speech—
The music and the roses of Castile?
A newer generation comes to kneel
Where crumbling walls and broken tiles of red
Became the dust above forgotten dead—
The unregarded dust beneath the wheel.
The call to vespers hath a different tone;
Even the mission bells were cast anew,
And alien echoes mingle with their own
From crowded streets, where once the wild flowers grew.
New speech, new shrines, new hopes and cares and fears,
To usher in another hundred years.

Mrs. B. Sturtevant, President California W. C. T. U.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

BY DORCAS J. SPENCER.

PERHAPS no organization has ever been at once so well known and so imperfectly comprehended by the general public as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The beautiful story of its origin is hardly less remarkable than the phenomenal growth and development shown by its subsequent history. Its precursor, the temperance crusade, that swept its course like a moral cyclone, in the winter of 1873 and 1874, was but the breaking forth of the long pent-up agony of despairing womanhood, a wild heavenward cry that seemed to rend the very vaults above, and brought to sorrowing souls the joy of Divine response and immediate deliverance. Brief though it was, it wrought wonders. It taught the lesson, once for all, that the religious element cannot be ignored in works of personal reformation or in the uplifting of a people.

Since the time when Lyman Beecher, in trumpet tones, first called the attention of the American people to the growing dangers of intemperance, total abstinence societies of various kinds and many degrees had made successive appeals to slow growing intelligence, but their efforts were spasmodic, often short-lived, and the results, though valuable, were unsatisfactory. The workers too often felt the disheartening sense of groping uncertainly for the unattainable, unconscious what the insuperable defect in their organism might be, and unaware that the finer element that must impart strength and cohesion was lacking. These organizations were of the earth, earthy. The crusade, which has been aptly called a whirlwind of the Lord, infused into the temperance cause the breath of life, and it became a living being. Since then the cause has had both body and soul. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the sober second thought of the crusade movement, its crystallization in organic form.

All over the land, simultaneously and spontaneously, from Atlantic to Pacific, praying bands of women were formed, and there came a desire in some way to preserve the fruits of the

crusade. This found expression at Chatauqua, in the summer of 1874, when a number of participants in the work of that ever memorable winter chanced to meet, and means were dis-

perance Union was duly and formally organized, henceforth a living entity, sentient and potent, in all its multiplying branches. An animated debate is recorded on the name of the new

Frances E. Willard, President of the National and World's W. C. T. U

cussed to make their work permanent. It was resolved to call a National Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, in the coming November. This was done; six States were represented, and the National Woman's Christian Tem-

society. Some argued that it would broaden and benefit the platform to leave out the word Christian, but the conclusion was, "We are not here to seek a large following, but to do what we think right;" and from that day

onward "to do what we think right," has been the supreme purpose of the organization. Its constant and systematic study has been to devise the best methods. It was at once recognized that haphazard efforts would be but wasted energy; so to do good according to a plan has ever been the policy of the Union.

The machinery of organization approaches perfection in the systematic arrangement of local, county, State and national Unions, but the grand culmination is reached in the World's Union—a federation of the national unions of many countries. A trifling annual fee and the endorsement of the following pledge constitute all that is requisite for membership:

"I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use and traffic in the same."

Its motto, "For God and Home and Native Land," becomes in the World's Union, "For God and Home and Every Land." Its badge is a small bow of white ribbon. Just as a magnet attracts fragments of iron, this movement has drawn from all sources the women having the greatest affinity with it; and side by side are found women of the most diverse antecedents, and of every possible shade of Christian culture and experience. One has said, "I accept the Apostles' Creed and the Total Annihilation of the liquor Traffic as all that are necessary to Salvation." The whole body has practically said the same, for while its work is done "In His Name, and for His sake," with ardent devotion and unequaled zeal, the utmost toleration of religious differences prevails. Its work is classified in six general departments: Organization, Preventive, Educational, Evangelistic, Social and Legal; these again are subdivided into some forty-five others, each having a national superintendent. These are duplicated in the State, county and local unions, according to the needs or opportunities of each, no union being obliged to take up any line of work but such as its own conditions make expedient. The Department of Organization speaks for itself in the fact that all the States and Territories, except Alaska and Utah, are organized, hold their State and Territorial Conventions, and send representatives to the Annual National Convention. This department covers a great amount of work for foreigners, having special workers in the Scandinavian, German, Hollandish, Spanish and Chinese languages, sustaining a missionary at Castle Garden, New York, for work among immigrants, and circulates an immense amount of literature in many languages

Juvenile work also comes under this head, and 300,000 children in the Loyal Temperance Legions are now in training for the aggressive and intelligent duties of experts in the next generation; while the Temperance Kindergarten holds out its guiding hands to the children of the poor in great cities.

The Preventive Department embraces the lines of Health: Heredity, and Sanitary and Economic Cooking; but the most brilliant achievements have been made in the Educational division. More and more it is felt that the promulgation of absolute truth is the one essential to the final triumph of right over wrong, and that the thorough dissemination of scientific knowledge is the most powerful agency for accomplishing that result. Every verdict of science has the authority of "Thus saith the Lord." "The stars in their courses fight against Sisera," and all the forces of nature are engaged in this conflict against alcohol. Not a revelation of science has ever told against the most radical theory of temperance, but all investigation tends to sustain the incontrovertible principle of total abstinence. A great belt from the moving machinery of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was thrown on to another magnificent

machine — the American Common School System—and *presto!* twelve and a half millions of children in the public schools are being taught the effects of narcotics and stimulants upon the human system, compulsory laws to that effect having been passed in all but nine States, and a similar congressional law for the Territories. California and North Carolina alone have the honor of passing the temperance education law without a dissenting vote.

Mrs. Caroline B. Buel, Corresponding Secretary National W. C. T. U.

The limits of this article would not permit an attempt to tell of the vast and heroic efforts by which this beneficent legislation has been obtained, but the consequences will be felt as long as this nation survives. This work is not for our country only, but for the world. A point gained for America is gained for all lands. The women of this society in Great Britain are about to ask for similar laws. Several of the British-American provinces, South Australia, and Sweden have secured them already. The text-books on physiology approved by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are used by the schools of most of the English-speaking missions in all countries. Norway, China, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands have their own translations; the Siamese Government has sanctioned them for its schools, and the preliminary correspondence is going on by which it is expected that temperance instruction will be given a place in the schools of Mexico, New Zealand, India, South Africa, Germany, Finland, Denmark, France, the West Indies, Brazil and other countries.

The study of science has brought out a Department of Physical Culture, Temperance Instruction in Sunday schools, Savings Banks in Public schools, and the special study of Narcotics with four lectures on that subject are all a part of the Educational Department. So are Literature, Schools of Methods for workers, Parliamentary Usage and the Press; and all have national superintendents. The department of "The Relation of Temperance to Capital

and Labor" is left to the care of the general officers. The labor question is woman's problem, and underneath it lies the temperance issue; and the belief that this underlies every great question of the day justifies this society in adopting so many varying interests; for each and every one is underlaid and overshadowed by the temperance question.

The Evangelistic is the leading department, the one without which no union ever exists. Under this head distinct lines of work for Miners, Lumbermen, Railroad Employees, Soldiers and Sailors, charitable and reformatory work, Sabbath Observance, Mercy and Purity are carried on.

Under the Social, come Parlor Meetings, Flower Missions and Fairs—Madam Demorest, of New York, being commissioner for the Columbian Exposition. The Legal Department is always active. In the matter of petitions, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is proverbial. Not having a ballot in all its membership, its voice can only reach the powers of Government through supplication. If importunity can secure a hearing, it must surely be granted; for, instant in season and out of season are their petitions. All the powers that be, from local boards of supervisors to the legislatures of States and nations, governors, presidents and sovereigns upon their thrones will continue to be besieged until the liquor traffic is abolished. In 1878, the W. C. T. U. of Illinois, in nine weeks, collected over 200,000 names on a petition, asking the legislation to enact a law permitting women to vote on the temperance question. That importunate document, nearly a quarter of a mile long, pasted on white cloth patriotically bound with red and blue, reposes now in the security of the Chicago Historical Society's rooms, not to reappear until women vote in Illinois. Though its request was not granted, a local option law, under which the saloon was routed from 625 towns the following year, was but a part of its results; the greater part was a lesson on the relative value of petitions and ballots, which will go far to hasten the day when that precious document shall be brought again to light. The petitions for the Temperance Education law in the District of Columbia and the Territories of the United States, which flooded Congress in 1885 and 1886, would have probably far outnumbered this, had they been collated, but the climax of united effort is the "Great Petition" now in circulation, addressed to all Civil Governments, and asking no less than the suppression of the traffic in liquor and opium. It has now more than a million names, and is signed in forty-two languages. It is now, so far as completed, in custody of a bank, in whose vaults it will remain until 1894, by which time it is expected to have doubled its length, since names are continually being added to it; and an expedition will be sent out, headed by the World's President, making the grand tour, and presenting it in turn to the principal Powers addressed. Whatever may be thought of its direct effectiveness, there is something inspiriting in this extensive coöperation of women. The spectacle is suggestive and edifying—no other interest has unified Christian effort like this. It has demonstrated beyond a quibble that this desire of woman's heart is a common object to be accomplished, if needs must by patient toil, persistent struggle and unlimited sacrifice. The subject of Franchise also comes in the Legal Department and had to force its way in, at first, so conservative were the early leaders in regard to it, but it is now conceded the full right of way, and the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union stands committed to universal suffrage with the qualification of intelligence. As our laws now read, any number of foreign vagabonds may leave their native home in the spring, and participate in our elections the same autumn, in at least one State; they require but a few

months longer, in eighteen States. * * * It needs no prophet to predict that by the end of this 19th century, the best statesmanship of this nation will beseech women to accept the ballot and help other Americans to govern America. The

come a development of powers before unknown.

In twenty-four States women now vote on school matters; in Kansas they have school and municipal suffrage; and in Wyoming they enjoy the full franchise.

Pundita Ramabai, Lecturer W. C. T. U. for India.

varied work of this Union is qualifying women for the exercise of all the duties of citizenship, as nothing else can. They are studying law to assist in enforcing it. In their numerous conventions and other public gatherings they have become expert parliamentarians, and in whatever they have undertaken, apart and beyond the success for which they have labored, has

The press is acknowledged as one of the great forces of philanthropy, and everywhere these women are taking hold of it, while, by no means confined to the use of its own publications, the National Union turns out from its own presses 130,000,000 pages a year of temperance literature. This enormous business is under the management of a woman, who, at

eighteen was an expert type-setter and proof-reader. She is now conducting a business of $225,000 a year, employing from 125 to 150 women and men, and paying annual dividends of six to seven per cent to its stockholders, who must all be members of the W. C. T. U. The *Union Signal*, the official organ of the World's and National Unions, with a circulation of nearly 60,000, is but one of a number of periodicals published, besides leaflets without end, and books not a few. A mouthpiece has been found so requisite to the work of every State that no less than twenty-six State unions are now, each for itself, publishing a State organ. Not the least important of these is *The Pacific Ensign*, the California paper. Following the example of the National Union, a joint-stock company of women was incorporated, and so well have their constituency stood by them that the paper has been self-supporting from the beginning. Some of the older papers of the East, established on the same plan as the national organ, are already paying dividends to the stockholders.

Another object-lesson of this society is the National Temperance Hospital, also at Chicago, for there the work centralizes. Believing that alcohol is always destructive and never remedial, it was found necessary to establish a hospital, purely on that basis, to demonstrate the theory. The result has been all that could be desired, and its success, with all the varied practice of a city hospital, has been phenomenal; no alcohol has been used.

The most conspicuous for daring enterprise, of any scheme undertaken by these women, is the Temperance Temple; and there it stands in solid brick and stone, a monument to woman's faith as well as the cause it is to serve. It is said to be the most beautiful building ever erected for business purposes, thirteen stories in height and costing over $1,000,000. It was not until the Union was denied the use of other buildings for its growing work, that the inspiration came to a gifted, great-hearted and far-seeing woman, Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, to "arise and build." Her fertile brain devised plans of raising money, and by the contagion of her persistent and unfailing courage, the elegant structure has been erected. Gifts from individuals and Unions all over the world have paid the first $100,000; bonds were sold to meet the next payment, and as the building is now occupied by business firms, the income derived from rent will help to meet other obligations as they become due. Large contracts for rent have been made, the annual rental being estimated at $200,000. When it is finally clear from debt, the revenue derived from it will go to the National and State Unions, each State receiving in proportion to its contribution to the building fund. A magnificent marble hall, lighted with memorial windows and lined with memorial tablets, will make this beautiful audience-room to the temperance cause what Westminster Abbey is to English history. It will be called Willard Hall; will be easily accessible from the street, and daily Gospel meetings, as well as other meetings will be held in it. The eleventh and twelfth floors will accommodate the offices and work of the Union.

The *Interior*, of Chicago, says: "The Woman's Temperance Temple is the handsomest building in Chicago; nor have we seen anything elsewhere so unique in architectural beauty and stateliness. No such monument of the capacity of woman for business, as well as charity, exists in the world."

The *Inter Ocean* calls it the Columbian metropolis' stateliest structure, and adds, "In a double sense this magnificent structure will itself be a World's Fair building, inasmuch, first, as it was the best design, and almost the last of the great Columbian architect, John W. Root; and secondly, because in its spacious hall of audience the ladies of the organization will hold open court throughout the Fair."

This necessity for headquarters is felt alike in the State and local unions; indeed, a State union without its own habitation is now felt to be but half equipped for usefulness, as expansion of methods and accumulation of forces

Mrs. Sasaki, Corresponding Secretary for W. C. T. U. in Japan.

everywhere come with increased facilities. The *personnel* of the W. C. T. U. presents a bright array of the moral, spiritual and intellectual elements of womanhood highly developed and incessantly active. The highest culture and the rarest gifts of nature are freely brought to this service, while the discipline of educational and literary life has filled its ranks with instructors and writers, and the names of such as Mary A. Livermore, Clara Barton or almost any distinguished in philanthropy, will appear on this roster.

Peerless among women is the president of the world's W. C. T. U., also for thirteen years president of the National W. C. T. U., Frances E. Willard. It is not too much to say that no other woman has impressed her individuality upon the world in an equal degree. Some have been born to greatness and some have had greatness thrust upon them, but she has risen by the irresistible power of her own pure and strong personality to a height whereon never woman stood before. Not even England's gracious and revered sovereign reigns such a veritable queen of hearts as this daughter of the prairies. She brought to this work a mind rarely gifted by nature, trained by the highest intellectual culture, enriched by travel and intercourse with wise and thoughtful men and women, and disciplined by care and experience.

At the organization of the society, in 1874, she was nominated for president, declined in favor of an older candidate, and was elected corresponding secretary. Her jurisprudence is apparent from the first, in the plans adopted and developed later.

*Lady Henry Somerset, president of Great Britain, is an equally remarkable character, though younger in years and identity with this work. She brings to it unusual gifts and graces, an ardent zeal, the highest consecration of purpose, her own charming personality and all the prestige of a historic ancestry, great wealth, and the social position of an earl's daughter and mother of a prospective duke.

When Tremont Temple at Boston was engaged a year in advance for the National Convention of last year, provision was not made for the World's Convention. By this oversight, this memorable meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. Could any scene have

*A portrait of Lady Henry Somerset appeared in the December number of the CALIFORNIAN.

been more dramatic than this fair Englishwoman, standing in that place before the assembled delegates of other nations? A Boston editor writes:

"That historic structure has in its time been the scene of many notable and epoch-making assemblies of earnest men and women. In view of the unprecedented interest manifested in the recent meeting of the W. C. T. U., and the many influential factors now contributing additional strength to the movement against intemperance, we are not out of bounds when we say that that meeting will take its place in history as one of the most important ever held in the Cradle of Liberty. Lady Somerset addressing the assembly — England come back to Boston under such happy auspices — is an 'incident' that adds a decided charm to this latest protest in Faneuil Hall."

In the subsequent three days of the National Convention in Tremont Temple, the street cars were more than once stopped by the blockade of people in the street. Overflow meetings had to be arranged in neighboring churches every day, and on Sunday, when Lady Somerset preached the annual sermon to the convention, twenty-six of Boston's pulpits were filled by as many women of the W. C. T. U.

At the more recent Convention in Denver, to attend which Lady Somerset journeyed from England, delegates from all the states, and many distinguished persons from more or less remote places, made an occasion whose interest, in the week preceding a presidential election, was indicative of a deep and extended sympathy with its objects.

Perhaps enough has been said of the body. Only the cause it represents, being its living animus, justifies such an introduction of its outward form. The temperance cause occupies the plane of the loftiest patriotism. It exists for God and home and our country. It demands the allegiance of all who acknowledge the sovereignty of the Supreme Ruler. It calls for the loving service of all who would protect our homes from a fell destroyer, and sounds its *reveille* for the defense of the most sacred rights of citizenship; for the honor of the nation, and the protection of our beloved land, from the encroachments of an oligarchy daily usurping more of the people's rights, and inflicting untold wrongs. The good of the individual is embodied in the good of the State, and this cause holds within itself the solution of many of the vexed problems of social and political life. For this the W. C. T. U. undertakes so many lines and departments. It is like the pure white light made up of all the prismatic colors; it would be imperfect without any of its component parts, and these embrace all the great interests of the people.

The temperance cause, from this point of view, is something vastly more comprehensive than the narrow outlook scanned by earlier organizations. It is the cause of humanity and right. It cannot be satisfied with a little reform here and there, but holds that the whole body-politic needs regeneration; the masses must be uplifted and the work must begin at the foundations. Society must be built up. Let all, who can, work for reformation; but education is far more to the purpose. The dead may well be left to bury its dead, in the conviction that prevention is preferable to remedy, and time is too precious to be spent in vain efforts to undo the past, or in expiation of its errors. The atonement for these must be the better and more intelligent rendition of the demands of the present; the imperative moral obligation of compliance with them, and the consequent amelioration of the general condition of life and a mitigation of its evils.

The W. C. T. U. knows no religion that does not embody the cause of temperance, and the Golden Rule itself involves the deadliest abhorrence of the entire liquor traffic as the arch enemy of the race.

The preponderance of the maternal element in the composition of this society, whose sweetest name has been "The Organized Motherhood of America," naturally makes the home and fireside its first thought. The hearthstone is the accepted altar of the Republic, and it is but a step from private to public interest; in pursuance of one, the other follows. It has been curious to note the modes of expression of different workers, as evincing their own evolution. At a recent convention in California, several representative men made addresses of welcome; they talked largely of intemperance; a number of women followed, but not a word said they about it; they aimed straight at the liquor traffic as the *cause* of it all, and demanded its utter destruction for the protection of their homes.

Their evolution has been marked by changes from negative to positive forms of speech; for instance, where once they labored to prevent Sabbath desecration and the social evil, they now work to promote Sabbath observance and social purity; and prohibition of the liquor traffic itself, though it be their greatest object, commends itself most in the attitude of home protection. The temperance cause is not now on the defensive; it proclaims itself in positive terms and needs no apology. It leads its followers to assault mountains of prejudice, ignorance and cupidity, and if they find it uphill work, they also find that marching uphill is the finest exercise in all the world, and will be worth most to develop their powers.

Superfluous baggage and useless accoutrements may have to be dropped and better weapons adopted, but all this is to their advantage. The W. C. T. U. has had this experience. Eminently conservative, at first it fought shy of the question of woman suffrage; but by 1881 it was realized that the ballot in woman's hand was the needful implement, and a resolution to that effect was passed by the National Convention at Washington. A dozen grieved and horror-stricken women seceded and organized the Woman's Evangelical Temperance Union; the women of the South were expected to join this, but they had had enough of secession, and the new body died, after having served the cause by securing some good advertising. The newspapers for the first time gave ample space to what they called the disintegration of the W. C. T. U. The cause demands the ballot for woman; now woman wants the ballot. The Woman Suffrage Society had been pleading for years with women, who, like the proverbial horse, that might be led to water, but could not be induced to drink, were altogether indifferent; but the temperance cause has created a thirst for franchise that will not be appeased without it. In like manner the political aspect of prohibition was forced. It was distasteful to the women; though Neal Dow himself, the father of prohibition, was in the field as a Presidential candidate, the sympathy of the Union was unhesitatingly given to the Republican nominee, and not a newspaper criticized the action or questioned its expediency. But four years later, when, with clearer vision, the famous St. Louis resolution was passed, pledging the sympathy and prayers of the W. C. T. U. to *any* political party which should make the prohibition of the liquor traffic an issue in its platform, the public press was not sparing in censure and declared, over and over, that the temperance cause was set back twenty years by that act. However a setback, like the uphill walk is invigorating, and the W. C. T. U. increased its membership by sixty-nine per cent the following year.

While the temperance cause to them means nothing less than the total annihilation of the liquor traffic, it also stands for much more than that. It means the defense of *home* from all the powers that can assail its purity or threaten its security. It acknowledges but one standard of

morality for all, requiring the record of man's life to be as stainless as woman's. It promises that the men and women citizens of this Republic shall answer alike for their responsibilities and be alike equipped for their discharge; it demands that weakness shall not be oppressed or brute forces dignified; that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall include *all* the people; that not only the poor man's child, but that child's mother, shall be protected in all inalienable rights, and their every wrong redressed. It heralds the day when swords shall be beaten to plough-shares; wine-vats turned into kneading troughs, and the still shall have no deadlier use than to please the senses with soft odors distilled from sweetest flowers.

SONG.

BY G. L. BROWNE.

Seest thou not the soft shades of the twilight
Fade into ambient, amorous seas—
Hearest thou evening's breeze's soft sigh plight
Its soul to the sorrowing, whispering trees?

Seest thou not that the shadows are stealing
Slowly o'er mountains and meadow and sea—
Hearest thou not silver vespers are pealing,
Floating afar into sweet melody?

Let us forget all the cares that have bound us
Fast to the fettering sorrows of day,
Yield to the breeze's caressing around us,
Yield to the spirit's empassioning play.

Let us float down the soft stream of thy singing,
Minstrel of melody, singer divine,
Into the region of ecstasy flinging
Silvery flights of the dreaming of thine.

Why should we linger o'er doubt or delaying
When the deep strain of your rapturous song,
Over our quickening pulses is playing,
Gathering shadows of even' among?

Let us float down the soft stream of thy singing,
Minstrel of melody, singer divine,
Till the caress of my soul's silent clinging
Maketh the throb of thine ecstasy mine.

A SACRIFICE TO SCIENCE.

BY GUSTAV ADOLF DANZIGER.

THERE are many people living now who will recall with a shudder the frightful epidemic which raged in the city of San Francisco a score of years ago. This epidemic was a malignant typhoid fever, which made its appearance first in the hospital of the county jail; more than fifty-eight convicts died in one summer of that mysterious disease, which manifested always the same symptoms and always ended with a fatal result. The people in the city knew at first very little of this dreadful calamity; moreover, they were quite unconcerned whether more or fewer convicts lived or died behind the massive walls of the county's penal institute. However, the newspapers soon spread the matter abroad; people became cognizant of the danger that threatened the community. Nor was this all; the medical societies here and abroad took up and discussed the mysterious disease; eminent physicians from all countries came to study the symptoms of a disorder which laid low so many people and of which pathological science had had no demonstration. Thus far, the people of San Francisco had been mercifully spared; but while some spoke in whispers about the epidemic which was raging among the outcasts of society, others spoke with pride of Dr. Clinton, the penitentiary physician, who had discovered the disease and was the first to give a minute description of it. He had not been able to cure any of the convicts, but his fame had reached the remotest corners of the civilized world, and medical books spoke of the "Typhus Clintoni" as an important discovery for which no remedy could be found.

Dr. Clinton lived in a gloomy house at the outer end of Broadway, which stood alone in a block of land. He was not very sociable, but that did not prevent the wealthiest people from calling him to their houses.

He never spoke one word except what was absolutely necessary in a professional way, and the grateful people therefore racked their brains to find out something about the doctor's history.

The doctor was a remarkable personage. Men turned their heads on the streets as they passed him. His female patients were delighted with his reserve and the dark shadow that seemed to hover about him before the epidemic broke out; after that the doctor seemed to be in a brighter mood. He was even gracious to reporters, whom he had been in the habit of treating with silent contempt. The women made observations about the doctor's changed temper; but the men, while not particularly jealous of him, looked upon this modified enthusiasm with some degree of satisfaction. Others, better acquainted with the natures, moods and temper of scholars, gave a plausible reason for this change.

"He is a physician and scientist with heart and soul. He is as interested in the discovery of a new disease as a botanist in a rare plant. We must not be envious of his joy; thank God we have such a great man in our city!"

Dr. Clinton was born in the city of New York, had graduated from the medical college at quite an early age, had gone to Europe, and after years and years of hard study at the great universities, had at last gone with a scientific expedition to study the fever epidemic and other noxious diseases among the natives of the West Indies, and finally settled in San Francisco. Some of the younger physicians were enthusiastic about the new discovery

(the older practitioners were less demonstrative), and adored the fine scholarship of the discoverer. It was a pity, they said, that he was so exclusive, and buried himself in the old house on Broadway when society was eager to lionize him. The doctor paid no attention to gossip either favorable or otherwise. The prison and his gloomy house on Broadway were his world; he was satisfied.

With Dr. Clinton lived his sister, Alvira, who kept house for him, and a dismal looking servant by the name of Mort, who had accompanied the doctor on his travels.

Alvira Clinton was wealthy in her own right; her parents, at their death, had left her and her brother enough means to live in luxury all their lives, but the doctor's love of science had made him careless of ease.

One thing was certain, so the men thought, the ladies differed in this respect, that no wife could have so assisted Dr. Clinton in his labors, could have so cared for his comfort, watched for his slightest wish as did his sister.

Alvira Clinton, without being very beautiful, lacked by no means a certain attractiveness. She had big black eyes which were expressive of intelligence; about her mouth there was that peculiar expression said to be expressive of an indomitable will. But when Alvira talked she was positively handsome. There was a bubbling over of spirit, a sparkling of wit that charmed all men. She talked but seldom now; her devotion to her brother, her tireless help in his scientific labors occupied her time. She did not care for society, its gossip and its parties. She was seen frequently, however, in the houses of the poor, her neighbors and well-wishers. She went to see them because, curiously enough, the miserable Mexicans in the neighborhood were afraid to enter the gloomy house, which was surrounded by a high fence and tall eucalyptus trees.

Dr. Clinton was indifferent to all diseases that did not show the symptoms of typhoid fever. He would have neglected the most prominent citizens were it not that his office was an appointive office, and that he desired to be in the good graces of those who held positions of influence. And he would sooner have given up his fortune than his position at the county jail.

At a short distance from the house was a large stable which contained the animals on which the doctor experimented, and which the servant called the "Clinic."

Alvira shuddered when she heard her brother give the details for the dog clinic; the whinings of the tortured animals filled her with unspeakable horror. She could not rid herself of this feeling. This annoyed her brother, and he made her enter the gruesome hospital. He desired her to satisfy herself that the animals were not being tortured, and that the noise came from the dogs playing in the garden. Alvira was compelled to acknowledge that the mice, rabbits and dogs were quite as lively as those in the garden; there was no sign of cruelty nor even of harshness visible; everything was kept scrupulously clean, making quite a pleasing impression. Of course, there were several of the sick animals stretched out in their cages; the light had gone from their eyes and they seemed to wait for the end which was sure to come. But this had to be; it was in perfect harmony with a hospital. Alvira was calm; her brother had told her the truth.

"Are you satisfied now?" Dr. Clinton asked his sister.

"Yes," said Alvira, "still I think I had better keep away from your clinic."

"Suit yourself," said he, calmly. It was just as well if she stayed away; he had no need of her there, and she might be in Mort's way. The latter attended to all the business in that domain.

Mort had formerly been a servant at the anatomical department of a

German university, and had somehow come into unpleasant relations with the local police. Dr. Clinton had picked him up at Berlin and had taken him along on his expedition.

Mort was Clinton's right-hand man. He was absolutely indispensable. He contrived to keep the "clinic" supplied with the animals necessary for anatomical purposes and to dispose of them after that. Alvira hated him because he seemed too familiar with her brother. She shuddered when he came near her; he was so repulsive looking. From the back of his head to his forehead there was not a hair. His head looked like a huge ball of polished ivory. He had neither brows, nor eyelashes, and his nose was flattened down to a wide mouth with colorless lips and immense teeth. His body was lank and his clothes too wide. The skin of his face and hands looked like yellow parchment drawn taut; and one invariably imagined that under his clothes there was the horrible skeleton. And this individual, at the sight of whom dogs drew in their tails and ran away, had the fullest confidence of her brother.

"No one outside of the doctor and myself shall see what we are about in our hospital," he once said to a presumptuous reporter. And thus they lived secluded from the world, with nothing to disturb them. The many famous physicians and the lesser lights who came to study the peculiar disease, and who had expected to be treated hospitably by Dr. Clinton, were somewhat disappointed. Not that he did not treat them with the necessary civility, but while he took them to the prison hospital, he coldly refused to admit them to his private study or to Mort's "clinic." They should neither see his notes nor the means he employed to check the disease.

His persistent refusal to show his private "work shop" caused the learned doctors to shake their heads. Clinton saw their suspicion and when they had gone his rage was uncontrollable. "The idiots!" he cried, and ran into the garden, racing up and down. Mort, who knew the cause of the doctor's rage, roundly abused the "Eastern quacks." This invariably had the desired effect upon Clinton. He smiled and a defiant look came into his face. Let them shake their heads. Mort and himself and not a living, human soul besides should enter his sanctorum until the work is done. Any person who ventured into the garden or into the house was treated most ungraciously by Mort. "What do you want? We don't receive visitors," was the stereotyped remark with which he sent away men and women.

However, one man, George Dalton, was an exception. He alone dared to enter the lonely house without being sent away. George Dalton was a lawyer who had known the Clinton family in New York, and had transacted their business there. He had asked Mr. Alfred Clinton, Sr., for permission to pay his respects to the only daughter, but was met with such harshness by the old gentleman that he did not make a second attempt. Of course, George Dalton was an impecunious young lawyer, but he was young, well educated, of a jovial disposition and quite hopeful. When the old Mr. Clinton told Dalton that he could aspire to transact the legal business of the family and to nothing else, George said nothing. But he had no sooner left the Clinton mansion than he proceeded to the nearest barber, had his blonde locks and beard cut and shaved, went home, packed his portmanteau and went West. In less than five years George Dalton had made a reputation and a fortune, but his early timidity never left him. He recalled the words of Clinton Sr., and he stayed in the city of San Francisco.

Ten years more had gone by and one day George saw Alvira on the street. The hot wave that suffused his face when he saw her clearly told that years and space had no effect upon his affections. Alvira, too, was

happy to see him. She told him of the death of her parents, of her brother's great learning and fame, and their intention to locate in the city. They were indeed a handsome pair as they walked up Broadway. Dr. Clinton was favorable to Dalton as far as he was capable of showing his regard. He spoke a word or two with the friend of his sister and then left them alone. Dr. Clinton had no interest in anything or anybody that did not betray the symptoms of typhoid fever. But when George Dalton succeeded in getting him the position in the prison hospital, he condescended to express his appreciation, not to Dalton but to Alvira. She was happy that he thought well of George, for, be it understood, she loved the lawyer and would have followed him, were it not that she loved and pitied her brother, who would have been helpless without her. Nor could she think of leaving him alone with his "evil genius," as she called Mort.

Dr. Clinton was sure of his sister. He knew that she would not leave him for any man, and he did not object to Dalton's visits, which, however, were not so frequent as to cause him any uneasiness. Every Sunday evening the gloomy house, or to be more precise, the family sitting-room was enlivened by George Dalton's pleasant conversation; and because Alvira seemed to enjoy the lively chit-chat, her brother rather encouraged the visitor. Without it, the doctor thought she might tire of the loneliness and gloom, and who knows, might leave him alone—the very thought caused him to shudder—with his factotum, Mort. The latter knew that this thought upset the doctor and he never failed to allude to it. These allusions enraged Clinton, and he would have chastised his servant or dismissed him —if he could. But as he could not do either, he raved in impotent rage and then consoled himself with the thought that Alvira was too sensible to entertain any such ideas. How could she!

One bright sunny morning, it was on a Sunday, a scene was enacted in Dr. Clinton's garden that caused Alvira to weep, the doctor to rave, and Mort to grin, and when Mort grinned the birds in the trees ceased their chirping and flew away; everything seemed to wither when Mort's eyes glistened and Mort's mouth grinned. The scene was as follows: In an altana in the garden sat George Dalton, Alvira and the doctor. Dalton seemed depressed; strange for a man of his temper, the doctor was smoking and Alvira was speaking rather hastily and incoherently. At some distance, but near enough for him to hear, was Mort with his dogs. Clinton had just thrown away the stump of a cigar, and Alvira, glad at the pretext, went into the house to fetch some fresh cigars.

Dalton took advantage of Alvira's absence and said: "I might as well say it now as at any other time. Dr. Clinton, I love Alvira; have loved her for years, and have reason to believe that she is not indifferent to me. In a word: I desire to marry your sister. She shall never have any cause to regret it. Give us your consent, doctor."

Dr. Clinton seemed to think of a proper expression to couch his refusal. Dalton's speech had evidently displeased him, but it did not come unexpected. He had grown tired of the lawyer's visits. He wanted absolute seclusion. If the lawyer suffered a second rebuff, he was sure to stay away for good. He stroked his beard, and a smile of satisfaction flitted across his pale face.

"You are speaking of an impossibility, Dalton," he said. "My sister has concluded once for all to devote her life to such an unworthy old bachelor as I am."

"But you cannot, you dare not accept such a sacrifice, Dr. Clinton," said Dalton. "Alvira is not the girl to spend her life in the society of that fellow Mort and his dogs. You ought to be more reasonable, doctor."

Dr. Clinton rose from his seat. He was a shade paler than usual. His dark eyes shot flashes of malignant hatred and contempt. Dalton involuntarily stepped back as the doctor hissed the answer into his face: "Whether I have the right to accept this sacrifice of my sister—it to resign the drudgery of a commonplace marriage can be called a sacrifice—this I judge is no business of a stranger."

"But I am—"

"A stranger for us," said the doctor. "You could have spared yourself this explanation if your feelings had been less youthful than your age would lead one to believe."

George Dalton was astounded, but he gradually gained his balance. "We two are done, Dr. Clinton," he said. "Miss Alvira is of age and mistress of her own action. I will ask her to decide."

"There she is," said Clinton. "I will leave you two alone, so that you do not accuse me of influencing her decision."

When Alvira returned she was astonished to find her brother and Dalton facing each other in evident excitement. Clinton cut the matter short by saying: "Alvira, Mr. Dalton desires to speak to you. I will in the meantime look after Mort's boarders."

Alvira took a seat and motioned Dalton to do likewise. But when Dalton was about to speak she said: "Do not speak." Her voice was soft and sad. "Whatever changes you desire to bring about, do not count upon my consent. Years ago, yes; but now it is different. I feel it is my sacred duty to care for Alfred, who would be lost without me. Besides, I do not feel at all lonely," she added with all the feminine tenderness she was capable of, "since you come to the house. Leave matters as they are. We have peace; do not disturb the mutual harmony."

"My dear Alvira, what you have said," replied Dalton, "demonstrates to me one fact, namely, that you appreciate my visits, and because of that I tell you, if you do love me a little, you will not refuse me. You will not cast aside the true devotion of a man tried and found loyal. I say again, Alvira, be my wife."

The girl looked at Dalton with eyes that mirrored the gratitude of her soul. She knew that she loved him, and had he taken her to his breast in youthful passion, she would have followed him. She would have forsaken her brother if Dalton had kissed the confession from her lips. But as he appeared in a matter-of-fact manner, speaking friendly and sensibly, it was her duty to be sensible, too, and this demanded that she tell him where her duty lay, namely, with her brother. The reason why she would not leave him was that he was sacrificing his health and his life to science. She said it with a sigh that clearly told of her sufferings.

"Then you stay with him out of sheer pity?" Dalton asked.

Alvira took hold of Dalton's hand, and with every evidence of anxiety she said: "Forgive me, George, but I cannot act otherwise. My brother believes in my faithful love and devotion and he shall not be disappointed. On the day that he needs my life it shall be fettered by no other bonds. I must be at his side."

Alvira sank back into her seat and covered her face with her hands. Dalton saw the tears trickle through her fingers. His heart ached to see the woman he loved suffer so much.

"Your brother is ill. He ought to give up his work. Let him travel—anything that will keep him away from his labors," said he.

"You are right," said Alvira. "His work will be his death; but he cannot live without it. You ought to have seen him when he discovered the first case at the prison hospital. He had evidently been baffled by something in his investigations, and the epidemic at the hospital had come at the most opportune moment. He suffered, nevertheless, because he be-

lieved himself responsible for every person that died—as if he and not God had brought on the epidemic. The first evening when the dread disease made its appearance was the most horrible. I shall never forget it. He came into the house without saying a word, and ran out into the garden again, running up and down, as if possessed, trampling upon flowers and the shrubbery and laughing loudly. It terrified me, but I did not dare to speak to him. He is quiet now, and with nothing to excite him, we live quite happily. And now I see the dark clouds again. This time, dear friend, you are the disturber. For my sake, George, be friends with Alfred, and when you come again do not broach that other subject."

"My dear Miss Alvira, I am grieved to tell you that after the hard words that have passed between your brother and me it would be quite impossible for me to call at his house again; but granted I did come it would be equally impossible for me to subdue my feelings, now more than ever, since I know how unhappy you are."

He rose and stretched out his hand, which she grasped saying: "I know that you will forever remain my dearest, my best friend, and because of that I ask you to promise me when I call you that you will come to me. Promise me, George!" He knew what she suffered, and without a word, he pressed her hand in token of a promise and left. Dr. Clinton saw Dalton, the only friend of the family, leave the house, but he seemed to be engrossed in some subject which Mort had shown him and did not turn.

Added to gossip that Dalton's withdrawal occasioned was the fact that the doctor's star was on the wane. The people became disappointed in Dr. Clinton. It is true, he had made a great discovery, and the medical journals all over the world were still discussing the subject; but suffering and death are old evils, and the discovery of one more disease was interesting, but not quite agreeable to contemplate, considering that one might become a victim to the new discovery. Dr. Clinton had not found a remedy against the epidemic, and, therefore, had achieved nothing. But this was not all. He had managed to make more enemies than any man in his profession. When he had become the fashion in the city, and everyone consulted the eminent "fever" doctor, he was found deficient in that one quality—a *sine qua non* to the success of a physician—to flatter the rich, to humor their ills, especially the female patients, and be interested in the babies of fond mothers. He had often expressed his abhorrence of marriage, and he but rarely wrote a prescription. The agonies of a patient left him absolutely cold; but he was often interested in the contagion or in the heredity of the diseases he treated. To make matters worse it so happened that he had some differences with one of the prison directors who told him that he (Dr. Clinton) was merely an official at the hospital, but not the master. And last, but not least, for Dr. Clinton, was the fact that the epidemic had disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

People began to lose their dread of the disease and their respect for the discoverer. Added to this was the opinion of a prominent college professor of New York, who had spent months in the city to investigate the "Typhus Clintoni." "This disease is not a new discovery," the professor said, "and it is due to the boundless conceit of Dr. Clinton that it was given so much prominence. If Dr. Clinton had discovered a mode by which the organic disease germs can be developed and scientifically explained—if he have found the bacillus and learned to conquer its poisonous and deadly effect, let him proclaim it, and the world would hail him a Messiah. If he had not done this he had not merited any recognition, outside of the fact that he had opened one more of the many problems which science is working hard to solve. But the

problem was not put by Dr. Clinton, but by his suffering patients. Dr. Clinton, "the professor concluded, "has done nothing; he has not even attempted to save the lives of those who fell victims to the fever."

The opinion of this eminent man being published, had the effect that not one person could be found in the city of San Francisco who would consent to be treated by Dr. Clinton. Even the poorest people were afraid to consult him, and only those who could not get the services of any other physician free of charge called him to their bedsides.

But that peculiarly malignant smile never left Dr. Clinton's lips. In the fever ward of the prison hospital he was still master; there no one interfered with him.

But one day the whole matter came to a sudden end. Dr. Clinton came home and told Alvira that he had been dismissed. Alvira desired to know what cause the directors had for such an action.

"They at first made all sorts of charges," said Clinton. "I was too independent. I told them I would consult them in the future on all matters. Then they trumped up a charge of infidelity. One of the directors, who is a deacon in a church, objected to an atheistic physician, and that cur pretends to be an American. I laughed in their faces at first, but ultimately promised that for the sake of peace I would go to church and partake of communion; or that I would embrace any faith they pleased."

"You would not have done that," said Alvira. "I don't believe it! You would never have sacrificed your honor; because to dissemble is dishonorable."

Clinton looked at his sister with a contemptuous smile upon his lips.

"I have laid so many sacrifices upon the altar of science and investigation," said he, grimly, "that a lie more or less could not possibly make much difference. But they would not consider my proposition. The next charge was that I was too extravagant, at the cost of the institution, by giving chickens and wine to the prisoners. Poor devils, I should have deprived them of the necessary nutriment, while I am experimenting on their carcasses. To hamper my work on account of such trifles! I mastered myself, and promised to let the sick starve as much as possible. But it came out at last. They told me that I do not prescribe any medicine for the sick. Not prescribe enough medicine. Ha! Ha! Ha!

"After this I was of course forced to leave. The professional honor demanded that I should leave! The professional honor! Ha! ha! ha! Do these fools think I am like those quacks who believe and make their patients believe that they can and will cure them? We are not here for the sake of hospitals, but hospitals are here for our sakes, for the sake of science. But there was no use fighting; they had made up their minds to get rid of me and I went."

His restless eyes gazed upon the instruments in the cabinet, then upon the big volumes in his library. There upon long shelves, stood a fine selection of all the classical and standard medical works from Aristotle down to Pasteur and Koch. Alvira understood his looks. Among these princes of science, among the greatest of the great, should be Dr. Clinton's work on the origin and cause of typhoid fever and the conquest thereof. Otherwise he had nothing to live for. Alvira with the instinct of a tender woman, found the right words to encourage her brother. "You are on the road to fame already; in fact you are near the goal, and in spite of the petty jealousy of small men, you will yet be glorious, brother. You have made all the observations at the hospital that you needed, and as the epidemic is on the wane, it would be the proper time to bring your work to a close."

Clinton seemed absent-minded. But at Alvira's last words, he shook his

head, and said as if speaking to himself: "But three months more and I would have been done. I could have offered to the world the very greatest work of science—a collection of deadly and of protecting bacilli."

But Alvira stayed by her argument. "Of course, I am not competent to judge," she said, "but from the information which I gleaned from your remarks made at odd moments, I am inclined to think that new cases of the dread disease could hardly make much difference, and should the epidemic break out again at the hospital, I am sure they will have to call you. Who else could fill your place?"

"The epidemic is gone. I was mistaken. It does not make its appearance where bunglers are at work," Clinton said with a hoarse laugh. And while the finger of his right hand mechanically played with his golden injector, he took up with his left a book and began to read.

Dr. Clinton was soon engrossed in his reading; his sister took it as a good omen, and with a smile upon her lips she left him. "He may yet succeed," she said, going to her own room, 'and be counted among the foremost men of all times."

But Alvira's hopes were not fulfilled. He grew darker and moodier every day. He lost all interest in his dog clinic, and when Mort approached to make some report regarding one of the animals he drove him away.

"Go to the devil with your dog stories," Alvira heard her brother scream at the top of his voice. "I do not need dogs. I need human beings, and these were taken from me—stolen. Not even a condemned murderer would they give me."

Alvira could not hear Mort's answer, but she heard his tuneless laughter and a cry of rage from her brother who threatened to knock him down.

Not like a young physician anxious for practice, but like a panting deer crying for water did Dr. Clinton look for a patient. A patient! Only one sick person whom he could study, but he looked in vain. Not a soul came to the house. Alvira went from room to room and sighed. She never left the house, and Mort who attended to all affairs on the outside, came and went like a shadow. No one in the vicinity or in any part of the city thought of calling Dr. Clinton.

Unable to bear it any longer, the doctor left the house, incognito, to find a patient, if possible. He entered the huts of the poorest people and bribed them with wine and food. He gave the parents money and the children candy, until he had gained the confidence of those miserable people. Then he told them that he was a physician, and when anyone complained he volunteered his services. His life received a fresh impetus; he was happy. His science had found new material for investigation and Dr. Clinton was himself once more.

The best reason for his good humor was not so much the new and varied practice which he had found as the fact that the "Typhus Clintoni" had made its appearance among the Mexicans in lower Broadway. It was as yet in its mildest form, but it was there evidently and unmistakably. That no cases were reported from the prison hospital was probably due to the ignorance of the physicians, Dr. Clinton said. Those bunglers would not know the disease if they were laid low with it themselves. There was but one Dr. Clinton!

As the months passed, it was noticed that the epidemic had reached a very dangerous degree. None had died as yet; the doctor's art had conquered death thus far, but the epidemic raged with frightful violence.

It was in the spring of the year that the poor people whom Dr. Clinton had assisted with food, medicine and money, grew to suspect a compact between Dr. Clinton and the devil. This suspicion was fostered by the relentless hatred of an old Mexican fisherman whom the doctor had the misfortune to displease. As the old

Mexican was the oracle among his kind, his words carried weight. "He is in league with the devil," he was heard to say. "Look out for yourselves; he brings you the sickness." But there were some who laughed at the padre and told him to consult the doctor for the affection of the eyes. After much persuasion the old Mexican so far mastered his antagonism as to send for Dr. Clinton. The doctor performed an operation with so much skill and success that the populace danced with joy, and told the old padre that he was mistaken about the good doctor. Nothing could now have shaken their faith in Dr. Clinton, were it not that the old Mexican caught the fever. In his delirium he uttered frightful imprecations against the doctor and these were repeated by the people. When Clinton made his visit the next morning, he was met by a mob who warned him to keep away from their houses, else he would get hurt. He tried to reason with them. He begged; he pleaded; all in vain. "You are the devil," they said. "You gave us food and money and you bought us body and soul; but you shall not come here again. Wherever you go there is death." And he was forced to retreat.

"The dogs! the curs!" he cried, running up and down in his study. "They are afraid of their miserable lives, as if their lives were worth anything, if they did not serve to enrich science. They want to live. Well, let them live and starve."

As it was, these wretches had added their mite toward assisting his studies. The raging fever had revealed to him many new points of interest. If he could have brought one of those cases under the microscope, and if he could also have succeeded in curing a most violent case, his ambition would have been satisfied, his work done, and he would have laughed at their ingratitude. He was so excited that he discussed the subjects of his research with his sister and Mort. The latter taunted the doctor with cowardice to retreat before a mob of dirty Mexicans. Alvira suffered unspeakably. Why was her learned brother so haughty to everybody and so submissive to the taunts and insults of his servant? Did Mort know the modus operandi of the new method, and did her brother fear that his servant might reveal it to one of the many jealous physicians, who would benefit by the labors of her brother? Probably.

A few days later Alvira and her brother were walking in the garden, arm in arm. Mort was busy tending to some plants, but his sharp ears never lost one word of the conversation between brother and sister.

"Ah! if I could only get to work again, to work among people and not among rabbits and dogs in that clinic over there," said Clinton.

"Are you sure, Alfred," said Alvira, "that mankind will be benefited by your discovery?"

A contemptuous smile played about Mort's lips. Alvira caught that smile and shivered.

"Mankind is but a drop in the ocean of nature," said Dr. Clinton, "and nature refuses to be helped. She laughs and jeers at us when we are presumptuous enough to attempt to conquer her. Nature is without consideration. She is the most powerful murderess in existence, and science, in order to know nature, must be in sympathy with her."

"But where is the benefit to mankind?" said Alvira, sick at heart.

"Our science, my dear Alvira," said Clinton with a smile, "knows of cases where enthusiastic pupils took poison to assist their perplexed masters in demonstrating its effects. You have heard of the painter's daughter who permitted herself to be crucified so that her father might catch the proper expression for a picture of the Savior? Natural science knows of such models who have sacrificed their lives mundane, to live eternally in the sacred history of science. We live for science, not for mankind. Mort," the doctor cried, "what do you say to

the idea of advertising for such volunteers for scientific research?"

Clinton's eyes sparkled with a brilliancy and wildness that frightened his poor sister. Mort, however, seemed to have considered the doctor's proposition. "We might try it," he said. "But I don't believe it would be a success. You cannot rely upon volunteers. One must take his subjects wherever he can find them."

Alvira was horrified to hear Mort speak so to her brother. In the mouth of the latter those words seemed but the exaggeration of an exuberant fancy, but in the mouth of Mort they sounded like the words of a scoundrel. She was so overcome that she could hardly stand. She ran into the house that her brother might not notice her weakness.

For days after this conversation, Alvira shivered at the recollection, and remained in her room so as to avoid meeting her brother's evil genius.

Dr. Clinton's endeavors to visit the poor were met with determined opposition. He could not show himself but a shower of stones and other missiles met his advance; once he was even shot at. Had he incurred the displeasure of the Americans in the same degree as that of the superstitious Mexicans, he would have been tarred and feathered, if not shot. But when the Americans heard one of those absurd stories about the luckless Dr. Clinton, they merely laughed at the horror that was expressed in the faces of the "Greasers" at the mention of his name. They had wisely or providentially been spared an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Clinton's philanthropy.

But the repeated rebuffs that he suffered from the Mexicans doubled his energy and his desire for investigation. He experimented on the animals, and very soon all the dogs and rabbits in Mort's clinic lay either sick or dead. Mort pleaded in vain against the total extermination of his animals, and refused to bring new specimens in spite of his master's commands and threats. A gruesome stillness had now fallen upon the lonely house and in the garden. Bruno, the big St. Bernard dog, was the sole animal left; he was Alvira's pet, and sacred. He greeted his master with mighty jumps, and gave a joyous howl whenever his mistress showed herself in the garden.

One bright morning in the middle of May, as Mort entered the library he found the dog lying on the floor, with red eyes, and its swollen tongue protruding from its mouth—the dog had caught the fever. Mort uttered a hoarse laugh as he dragged the splendid animal into his "clinic." Alvira was very sad when she heard of Bruno's illness, but she did not give up the hope of his recovery. The dog had been her brother's pet, and he would surely cure him.

As often as Dr. Clinton came from the "clinic," she asked him after the dog's health. On the third day after Bruno's illness, Alvira concluded to see the poor animal herself, and, mastering her dislike for Mort and his establishment, the girl crossed the garden toward the clinic. But she halted at the door because of the angry words which her brother spoke to Mort. The two were evidently engaged in a violent quarrel. The door was partly open, and Alvira could look into the experimental room without being seen. Dr. Clinton walked up and down gesticulating wildly and uttering curses at his factotum, while the latter busied himself with cleansing the microscope, but kept a vigilant eye on his master.

"Your spite and obstinacy be damned," cried the doctor. "You miserable wretch, you would prevent me from completing my work by refusing to bring me the necessary subjects, eh? I have asked you again and again to bring some, but you have not brought me a mouse even. I would like to experiment day and night, but am hampered by your obstinacy."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mort; this laugh caused Alvira's heart to stop. How dared the wretch be so insolent to her brother. She listened again.

"You are experimenting. Ha! ha! ha! Well I don't propose to go to the penitentiary for stealing dogs. If I am to hang I want to be as great as you are, doctor. I shall then have done my share of work by the million."

"Shut up!" cried Dr. Clinton, his voice hoarse with passion. "You miserable cur, you know very well why I desire to complete my work just now. It is the last moment. I am maddened by the thought that while I am longing for subjects to finish my work someone else might publish a book on the subject and spoil the work of a lifetime."

"No one in America or Europe can do that," replied Mort, with a grin. "To do what we have done one must have a steady hand like you, and be without prejudice. I can rely upon you! No one else could possibly accomplish your work. After Bruno's death there is nothing left but to experiment on yourself; who else would—"

"Shut up, or —" Alvira was unable to listen any longer; the knowledge that her brother had sacrificed his pet dog was too much for her. She understood that science could not have benefited by Bruno's death, that her brother must certainly have acted under mental stress. In that case, however, he was not bad; he was only unfortunate; his work and anxiety were too much; they had undermined his health. But what could she do? Her brother, she knew, would sooner die than give up his work. She was miserable beyond expression. There was no one to help her; she was alone in the world, without a friend or relative. But no, she was not without a friend. There was her friend Dalton, of whom she had so often thought with love and longing; she would call him. Alvira was about to return to the house when the noise of falling furniture and a wild cry from her brother attracted her to the spot. Suddenly she saw Mort come from the clinic, a long knife in his hand, and walking backwards, followed by Dr. Clinton, whom he sought to keep at a distance. Alvira being concealed behind the door, held on to it to support herself. The sight had made her faint.

"Keep away from me, Dr. Clinton, or I'll run this knife into you. Not one step, I say. Don't commit any foolishness. You could not kill me quick enough to prevent me from giving you away. I tell you, have a care!"

Alvira could stand it no longer. Satisfied that her brother did not follow his servant, she slipped behind a bush and ran into the house. Quickly she wrote a few lines to George Dalton, asking him to come to her house either that very evening or the following morning. She was so excited and nervous that she frequently paused in writing. The note being written and sealed, she hastened into the street, and luckily finding a boy, gave him half a dollar to carry the note to George Dalton's office.

But all this had completely exhausted her strength. She barely managed to reach the library when she fell upon the lounge, shaken by cold and fever. She had not been in there more than half an hour when the door was opened and Dr. Clinton came in. It was already dark and he did not see his sister. He ran up and down, gesticulating and fighting imaginary foes, and as he was striking at one of those phantoms, he suddenly heard a sigh. He was so scared that he stood as if rooted to the spot.

"Is it you, Alvira?" he asked, quite unnerved. But being answered by another sigh, he lighted a candle and stepped up to the lounge.

"For God's sake, you have the fever," he cried in terrible excitement. But he soon mastered himself. Covering her with a heavy blanket, he hastened into the kitchen and made her a hot drink. When Alvira's fever

had quieted down, he sat by her side, her hand in his. Once in awhile his eyes became restless and his hand moved toward the vest pocket where his "injector" was. Alvira, who felt much better, smiled at her brother gratefully.

"You have the fever," said her brother.

"Whose fever — yours?" Alvira asked frightened.

Dr. Clinton made no answer, but he gazed at her absently.

"This would be a fine affair for you and science if you were to find the very case you were after in your own house. You could be proud of your sister, Alfred."

Clinton stared at her with eyes wide open. "Is it possible, Alvira, that your thoughts could take such sublime flights? You, of all people, could comprehend me and my work? Alvira, I am your brother! Do you suppose I would sacrifice my own sister?"

"Keep quiet, dear," said Alvira, I shall be all right to-morrow morning. Keep quiet, that you don't get sick yourself. I have not your fever, have I?"

Dr. Clinton had the thumb and first finger of his right hand in his vest pocket, where he toyed with his instrument, as was his habit.

"This would have been one of those tragic conflicts," said Dr. Clinton, still toying with his hypodermic needle, "if a loving brother could reach the highest aim of his life by the death of his own sister. Don't be frightened, Alvira, it is but one of those crazy questions which doctors are apt to ask. But why should it not be reality? Why should a girl not be permitted to sacrifice her life in the same manner as we? We sacrifice our lives to science, and with our lives our pleasures, our youth and all our desires. Every drop of blood, every fiber of our brain labors for science, and thus our whole life is one chain of denials, abnegations and sacrifices. Why should not a girl take that one brave step for the sake of science, which alone would place her on a level with the greatest of men?"

"You look quite tired, dear," said Alvira. "Follow my advice and take a dose of morphine and go to bed. I feel sick. I would like to sleep a little, if possible."

"You are right," said Clinton, gathering his energy. "A morphine injection will do me good, and, come to think of it, you, too, would sleep better if you had one. You would, in fact, not be able to sleep at all without it," and drawing himself up to his full height, he continued resolutely: "I will fetch the necessary articles from my room."

He left the room with a heavy tread.

"Did you hear the latest?" said a physician to George Dalton as the two were walking towards the latter's office.

"No," said Dalton, "what is it?"

The physician handed Dalton a medical journal, which contained a full description of the peculiar disease —the so-called "Typhus Clintoni." The writer stated that he had succeeded in discovering the germ as entirely independent of the person ill with the fever. He had brought this independent fever germ to its highest strength in virulence, and then weakened it so that it became absolutely harmless. All this he had tested by experiment on animals and demonstrated publicly, and while Dr. Clinton had certainly given an impetus to investigation, he had achieved nothing new.

"This will bring Dr. Clinton down a peg or two," said the disciple of Esculapius, not without malice.

Dalton's heart was heavy as he stepped into his private office, and he experienced something of a shock when his office boy handed him Alvira's note. He lost no time, but hastened to the call of the woman he had loved these many years.

"I am so glad you have come,"

said Alvira, after telling him of all that had transpired within the last few hours.

And where is your brother now?" Dalton inquired.

"He has just gone down to get me a morphine injection. I think he is right. I shall not be able to sleep without it."

Dalton, who appeared resolute awhile ago, was almost unnerved when he heard Alvira's answer. He turned ghastly pale and the cold beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"And did he give you nothing else against the fever? Did he give you any medicine?" asked Dalton.

"No; he don't believe much in medicines," said Alvira. "I will be all right soon. Are you going to leave me now?" she asked, seeing Dalton rise.

"I am going to see your brother," the latter replied resolutely.

"That is right," said Alvira. "But be patient with him, for my sake, and above all things, try and excuse your presence in the house."

Dalton left the room. He stepped down hastily and as he turned to the doctor's room he noticed the light coming through the open door. Dalton halted and looked into the room. At the table sat Dr. Clinton staring into the light. Before him lay an open book in which he had evidently been writing, as his right hand held a pen, and his left toyed with the golden injector. Dalton entered, and as Dr. Clinton recognized his visitor, he jumped from his chair and said: "My sister has a slight attack of fever. I was afraid she might grow worse and concluded to give her an injection of morphine which I had just now chemically tested. Remedies like those require the greatest care."

He had evidently forgotten how he had dismissed his sister's suitor. Clinton's words, at first full of embarrassment, grew rather mocking in tone at the end. Dalton lost all control of himself. His eyes involuntarily fell upon the book and there, in the doctor's large, bold handwriting stood the date of the day, the month, and the year, and beneath it in red ink, the words *8:30 P. M. last trial.* Clinton turned toward the door and was about to leave but Dalton barred his way.

"Can you give me your word of honor, Dr. Clinton, that this injection will do your sister no harm?"

Dalton said this in a hoarse voice. Clinton was stunned at Dalton's words but he soon regained his composure and his mocking tone: "This remedy is reliable, I assure you."

But suddenly changing his tone, he said: "May I ask the reason of your visit at such a late hour, Mr. Dalton? I had an idea that we had done with each other for life."

Dalton kept an eye on Clinton. Taking the medical journal containing the article against the "Typhus Clintoni" from his pocket, Dalton spoke in measured tones. "In this journal Dr. Clinton, you will find an article which is of the greatest importance to you, as it effects your life-long labors. Read it!"

Under the pressure of Dalton's gaze Clinton looked at the journal. He had hardly read the heading of the article when he turned deathly pale. The hand that held the hypodermic syringe, trembled, and, totally unnerved, he sank into a chair. Clinton read the article and after he had finished, he heaved a deep sigh, like one who has received a deathblow. He looked at Dalton as if he desired to read the latter's thoughts. Dalton could barely stand this look, for he felt as if he had spoken Dr. Clinton's death sentence. Suddenly Clinton rose from his seat, stepped to the other side of the big table, so that the table was between him and Dalton. His eyes shone with radiance that beautified his face.

"You have asked me awhile ago whether I would pledge my honor upon the reliability of this remedy. I will pledge my life." Dr. Clinton had taken hold of the loose skin on his

neck and before Dalton could move, injected the contents of the syringe. At first Dalton was paralyzed, but he soon ran up to Dr. Clinton and tore the injector from the latter's hand. It was too late. Clinton tried to make light of the matter, saying that he only meant to scare Dalton; but when he saw the latter's despair, his bravado gave way to a like feeling. With a cry of horror he threw himself on Dalton's breast and said: "For God's sake, George, save Alvira. I am lost, but you will spare me for her sake."

"I will," said Dalton, "and now lie down and rest. I think you will need to. I will look after Alvira."

Slowly Dalton went upstairs again, so as to collect himself and not to frighten Alvira by his looks. He told the girl not to despair about her brother, that he was all right, and except the interruption caused by some physical disarrangement, will continue his work. However, he thought it advisable that Alvira should look after her brother once in a while, and for that purpose she must try to get well soon. He also told her that he had made up with her brother, and that he would now call more frequently, after which he left her in a blissful deception, but himself heartsore and troubled.

Two days passed. Dalton came twice a day, and Alvira's reports were quite encouraging. "Her brother felt tired," she said. "He writes everything in his book of scientific notes—his pulse, his temperature. To me he is quite tender, and he is full of praise about your manliness and worth;" and the girl smiled as a woman only can smile when proud of the man she loves.

On the third day a frightful fever attacked Dr. Clinton. His sister watched by his side during the day, and at night Dalton changed with Mort. Upon a little table near the bed was the day journal in which Clinton wrote notes as often as he was clear-headed. During the day, while his sister was by his side, he seldom uttered a word; his power of will seemed strong enough even in the heat of fever. He would not shock the poor girl. But it was different before the men. Now he seemed to be among the Mexicans whom he gave snakes. "They are good; they don't bite; eat them, eat them!" he cried. Then again he seemed to be in the West Indies, where he was hunting his last patient. "I have buried nine hundred and ninety-nine convicts. I am looking for the last one to complete the thousand," he screamed. But he could not find the last one he was looking for, and if he could not find him within a specified time, he would be hanged. The library seemed full of laughing and grinning doctors, howling dogs and gnawing rats. He was looking for his great book upon the "Typhus Clintoni," which he could not find. Some one of the grinning doctors had stolen it, trying to rob him of his fame.

When Dalton heard these ravings, he shuddered and disliked to stay. But when Mort came into the room and Dalton saw that moving skeleton grin and leer at the poor doctor, he was loath to leave him alone with that abominable wretch.

Five days had gone by. Clinton was still raving about the last subject which he was vainly hunting. Dalton sat by his side contemplating the sad end of a brilliant career, when Clinton suddenly sat up in his bed. "George, promise me," he said, and his words came hard and slow. "It will be too late to-morrow. Send this book to the fellow who wrote that article. Let him use it."

"If this book is so valuable, why not publish it for Alvira's benefit?" asked Dalton.

"No, no!" cried Clinton. "I have worked for science only. Everything for science; for humanity, nothing. If you don't send it, destroy it. Another thing, George: In Mort's clinic over there—in the glass tubes-

all the diseases in the world are in those tubes. There is the *Typhus Clintoni*. I want rest in the grave. They will come from those tubes and destroy mankind to the last. Swear, Dalton, that you will destroy them—"

"How are the poisons to be destroyed?" Dalton faltered.

"By fire; by fire; by fire!" screamed Clinton. "Otherwise that fellow Mort is sure to come and carry the diseases and death among the people. He was always so hard against my dog Bruno—I have no time now. I am looking for my last subject. I want to make my last injection. Ha, ha, ha! I am the creator of the *Typhus Clintoni!* The fools did not know it—one more," and Clinton became again delirious.

About 2 o'clock in the morning Mort entered and desired to take Dalton's place, but the latter remained until daybreak. When he left he heard Clinton cry: "Burn them, Dalton, and Mort, too."

Dalton was gone about two hours, and was about to lie down to rest for a little while when the fire alarm was sounded. Looking out of the window, he saw the flames rising from the direction of Dr. Clinton's house. He dressed hastily and went thither. Dalton found Alvira wringing her hands in front of Mort's "clinic," which was being consumed in spite of all efforts of the firemen. The house being quite a distance from the "clinic" was not in danger.

"Where is your brother?" cried Dalton.

"I don't know," answered the weeping girl. "I went to his room sometime ago and found him and Mort gone."

In the afternoon the firemen found the charred remains of two bodies lying upon the stone floor of the clinic.

Dalton examined them and identified his poor friend Dr. Clinton, as well as his evil genius, Mort. In the breast of the latter was found a long Persian dagger.

MESSAGE.

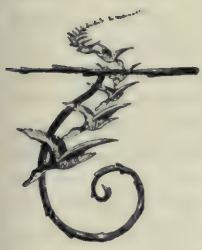
BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

So, friend, we twain have parted, but with peace
Between us twain forever. All my soul
Calls thwart the swift life-waves that rise and roll
Betwixt our paths—so fixing our release—
My soul calls, God be with you! give increase
Of insight, draw your heart as to its goal
The steadfast star, the sweet star of the Pole,
Draws the weak needle, for its strife's surcease.
I love to think how sometime we shall meet
Splendid with spirit strength, grown pure to face
The unimagined radiance of Heaven,
And to my cry, "You've conquered!" will be given
In your brave answering glance assurance fleet,
While your glad voice shall follow, "By God's grace!"

Rochester, N. Y.

THEIR WINTER.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



THE winter life of many of the animals of the Pacific Coast presents a singular and interesting contrast to those of the same latitude in the East. In the latter region winter comes as a suggestion that cannot be disregarded. Before the leaves begin to take on their autumnal tints the question of moving on is being considered by myriads of forms. The birds, even before the slightest touch of winter, become uneasy. Instinctively they feel that it is time to go south; and their peculiar actions are noticed by all their human friends who are familiar with their ways. The swallows gather in groups and appear to discuss the situation. Some apple-tree, or perhaps a telegraph wire, is the center of interest; and finally, after a number of meetings the flock rises and flies away, and by the first frost nearly all the feathered forms that have made joyous the summer days have disappeared. Where have they gone? In olden times the farmer would tell you that the swallows had dived down into the mud, where they proposed spending the winter; but, far from this, they have gone south in obedience to a wondrous instinct of self-preservation. This movement among birds is almost universal. Untold thousands follow the coast-line; others the great mountain ridges, stopping during the day to feed, flying by night, so reaching the land of the South where food and warm days await them.

In Europe the lines of bird-migration are well known. The island of Heligoland lies in the tract of a favorite route; and hundreds of the voyagers rest here or dash against the light and are killed. Every lighthouse on the United States Coast is a death-trap to the migrating birds. Attracted and lured on by the gleaming light, they dash into it as if fascinated, and drop dead and bleeding at the base. Some idea of the magnitude of this night-flight can be obtained by referring to the records kept by the various lighthouse keepers for the members of the Ornithological Union. Sombrero light on the Florida coast is 140 feet above the sea, and during a storm it is often literally bombarded by birds. A list kept by the keeper shows that between April 29th and September 25th, 1884, about seven hundred birds struck the light, this being in reality a small fraction of the actual casualities, as many were blown away. Mr. William Dutcher received the following reports from Long Island lights. One reads: "I send you thirteen birds that struck the light last night. October 1st, I sent you seventy-five birds that struck the light last night." And so on these reports go telling of many tragedies.

Many of the birds are blown off shore, reaching Bermuda. After a gale I have noticed hundreds of song-birds on the small island of Tortugas, at the extreme end of the Florida reef, the little creatures having been caught by the gale while flying across the Gulf of Mexico. After resting, they would disappear to the south, probably soon reaching the shores of South America, where they proposed to winter. At the approach of spring these little creatures turn again to the north, some among them—the robins—finding their way almost to the shores of the Arctic Sea. The reason for this remarkable bird-movement twice a year is caused by the lack of

food and by approaching winter. The cold weather kills insect life, and the food supply becomes at once limited. This is to a certain extent, true of all animal life; and the problem presented to our four-footed friends is, how are we to live through the winter? Nature has answered the question. The cats, from the panther to the smaller forms, continue their depredations, as their food—the deer—still roams the forest; but the black bear, who subsists, in a great measure, upon berries, is presented with a serious problem. Berries there are none; while, even if bruin was disposed to dine upon a fat buck or fawn, he is too bulky and heavy to successfully attack so fleet an animal. So, like a philosopher, he faces the inevitable. In the autumn months he lives high, literally on the fat of the land; and as the cold weather comes on, his ribs are lined with a layer of fat, which, to all intents and purposes, constitutes his winter food. If we could follow the movements of bruin about this time, we should find him nosing about in every old tree-trunk or some cavern beneath a projecting rock; and finally one is selected, and our well-conditioned friend crawls in, betakes himself to a couch of branches and leaves which he has scraped in, and here he goes to sleep. The first snow covers him up; and there, in a state of what is termed hibernation,* the bear passes the winter days, coming out in the spring a lean and hungry plantigrade Cassius, ugly and with an appetite that brooks no delay. During this time the bear has been in what is termed a state of coma. The breathing is barely perceptible, the flow of blood through the veins slow, the beating of the heart faint. All the functions of life are, to all intents and purposes, at a standstill, and to the hand the flesh feels cold; a thermometer applied to the bear's tongue would show a remarkably low temperature. In brief, nearly all the functions of the bear are at a standstill; she is sleeping away the winter days, nature thus enabling her to bridge over the time until the food period comes again. Many of the squirrels go through a partial hibernation, while many others are seen frisking about upon the snow. The snakes and other reptiles all hibernate during the Eastern winter, entering a long sleep, only awakening with the coming spring.

If we cross the continent to the same latitude on the Pacific Coast we find many similar animals, and it will probably be of interest to note how their habits are affected by the difference in climate. The entire Pacific Coast is influenced by the warm Japan current that sweeps around the coast, tempering the climate, which would otherwise be colder. An Eastern winter on the lowlands of California is unknown. True, the mountain peaks of the Coast Range and the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre are tipped with snow, and you may stand on the lowlands, crushing wild-flowers beneath your feet, with the air filled with the melody of birds, yet see the snow blow into the air from these upland peaks. Winter is there with all its terrors, but it does not encroach upon the lowlands. The winter, then, in California, so far as the latter is concerned, is one heralded by the flowers, where occasional rainstorms take the place of the snow. To the stranger, our winters are like cool summers, but they are more. There is a certain chill that comes on at night or begins at four or five o'clock, that gives this winter night a significance of its own; the winter days are warm and balmy, the nights cool and crisp; not cold enough to kill tender vegetation and the flowers, yet cold enough to have a certain effect upon animal life—the feature upon which I wish to dwell in this paper. As summer, the long, warm, dry period merges into fall, the birds begin to show signs of unrest. The *honk, honk*, of the wild goose comes to us

*The hibernation of the male black bear is only partial, that of the female being almost complete.

from the upper air ; and the wild cries of the sandhill crane, a bable of sounds, tells the story of coming winter. The geese and the sandhill cranes are going south ; they winter all along shore, some on the marshes and bays of the coast, but probably the larger number go down to the Gulf of California and Old Mexico. The cranes which I have observed evidently follow the Coast Range down to where the Sierra Madre Mountains branch off, then skirt them. By counting one flock and watching others, I have estimated that twenty-five thousand passed overhead in a day, which was but one point of observation ; a wonderful sight it was. The sound of voices came on the air when they were two miles away. Then a small, black, irregular spot became visible, rapidly changing into an irregular sinuous line. On they come, a phalanx of birds, each in its position as if on dress parade. Suddenly they halt, and amid vociferous cries appear to be broken up and confused ; but it is only for a moment. They rapidly sweep into form again, and then begins a magnificent spectacle—the spiral flight—the climb of the birds into the upper vaults of the heavens.

They are in twos, sixes, eights, and wheel around with the greatest regularity, now black against the blue sky, then a flash of glory as their white surfaces are against the sun ; and for a single second it seems as though, from space, gleaming silver dollars were being sprinkled by some lavish hand. Another second, and the silver is black. Upward they move alternately flashing until they rise above the snow peaks of the Sierras. Then the leader appears to give the signal, and with heads to the south they bear away with many a joyous trumpet for, mayhaps, the land of the Incas. They are not always moving their wings ; the latter are for long distances held rigid, the birds literally sliding down the aerial hill ; and so alternately soaring, flying, they dash on for, perhaps, five miles, when they again reach a dangerous proximity to the ground, when the spiral flight is again resorted to and repeated indefinitely until the long aerial voyage is ended.

The smaller birds from the far North winter all along shore. The Southern California winter groves are made melodious by their song ; and many live here the year around, not feeling the necessity of a tour farther south. Up in the Sierras, from the foothill region to the snow-line, we find our old Eastern friend, the black bear. If he has ever heard of the long nap taken by his Eastern cousin he probably esteems it an Eastern story, as, while he may take a desultory nap or a series of naps, a long winter sleep is a rarity and not necessary, as our Pacific Coast bear is by no means a vegetarian, as many of the pioneers will remember, whose stock was often missing in the morning, with only a long footprint to tell the story.

In California, the snakes hibernate, entering the ground when the cool nights come on, but venturing out often during the day from their subterranean retreats, if the sun is especially warm, possibly thinking that summer has come again, but finding their mistake as the day wanes. The lizards that in the East disappear in the fall and sleep out the long winter, in California enter a state of coma every twenty-four hours. When the morning sun rises over the mountains and chases the shadows out of glen and cañon, many of the lizards awake, and every pile of stones has its gay cavalier. Especially common is a black-visaged fellow, often black all over with a blaze of metallic hue on his breast. As he sees you he has a way of quickly lifting his head and body as if to make the bronze breastplate flash in the sunlight and dazzle you. Withal he is a companionable fellow, and I confess to have spent many an hour in his company.

This lizard enters what might be termed a state of hibernation every night, being warmed into life as the sun rises again. In midwinter, if the

day is cloudy and cold, or clear and cool, the lizards do not awaken ; and I have found them, in turning over the pile of stones which constituted their castle, lying numb and to all intents and purposes lifeless. Soon the heat from my hands brought them out of the sleep ; and the little bead-like eyes would slyingly peep at me, and then with a spring this "sleeper awakened" would dash away. One very beautiful lizard with a light blue tail sleeps away nearly the entire cold season, though the warm days tempt it out into the sunshine. In the winter the horned toad, properly a lizard, lies very low. You are likely to find him several inches below the surface, or deep in some deserted burrow, from which he comes very stupid, and very cold and clammy. He is occasionally seen running around, but prefers to sleep away the chilly days and nights, holding in fondest remembrance the hot and burning days of summer, when numerous infantile horned toads break their shells and appear upon the scene. The lizards have no excuse for this semi-hibernation except the chill; as the food supply, the insects, are on hand, though not in such great numbers.

The winter poppy field in February —that resembles a field of the cloth of gold—is the vantage ground of unnumbered insect forms. The yellow butterfly *colias* is a familiar form, a brilliant fellow, a living neutral tint to the poppy. The bees are out in force; and gaily marked beetles and others make merry in the sunshine. When I first waded through this winter wealth of flowers, I wondered how the insects bridged over the cold nights, and finally discovered the ruse of some, at least. The golden poppies are what the children call sleeping flowers ; and as night comes on they close up, winding their petals around about one another in a warm embrace. At midday this expanse of golden yellow can be seen for a long distance ; but at four o'clock, to the observer from several miles, it seems mysteriously to disappear, owing to the closing of the flowers. In mere curiosity I unwound the petals of a poppy to see if it would close again or withstand the treatment, when, to my amusement, I found snugly ensconced in the flower a bee fast asleep,—its legs tucked up, and its shiny body well powdered with pollen. Here, then, was the bedroom of at least one insect, that thus slept away the cold nights. Search in other poppies demonstrated the fact that almost every one was used in this way. The majority of the tenants were bees, sometimes a delicate moth, a wasp, or a coterie of brilliant beetles, that were in this way protected from the rigors of the night wind. What more æsthetic surroundings could be imagined? The glories of such a bedroom can hardly be realized until the delicate petal of the poppy is submitted to the glass, when the gloss and velvet-like surface comes out in all its splendor. Even if the bee was not lulled to sleep by the chill, we may imagine that the perfume of the flower is a sleeping draught that soothes the senses of the sleeper and leads it into the insect dreamland of endless floral and honeyed delights. So the winter passes, to many forms a relapse into the state of partial hibernation, a reawakening at the summons of the sun, oft repeated.

The bats, that in the East are housed for the winter in the eaves, clefts of chimneys and trees, are in California night rovers, and can be seen whirling about, sweeping around the electric lights that lure to their death so many insect forms. About the base of an electric-light mast we may study many night forms whose cousins in the East are at this time hibernators in all the term implies—fast asleep for a term of months. This light is the center of an insect swarm. Big-bodied and armored beetles are bombarding the glass, plunging down into it and falling helpless to the ground. Big moths as broad as one's hand dash and flutter about half bewildered, while all about

are myriads of smaller forms dancing in the air about this winter-night Maypole. Beyond them in line are the bats whirling and dashing like hawks at the smaller fry, while here and there, if the night is yet young, is the soft-winged caprimulgus, or night hawk, joining in the onslaught. The shadows of the bats, hawks and big moths are magnified to gigantic proportions in a fantastic shadow-dance in the light, and attract our attention to the ground, where lumbering along are various toads that, if in the East, would be hibernators, but here are alert, showing their sagacity by gathering at the foot of the light to revel among the insects that, dazed and injured, have fallen at its base. The lowland squirrels of California do not waste their time in any season in laying up winter stores. No hibernating for them. So with the mole, that in the East is coiled up in its winter home, frozen in, perhaps. Here it has an open season, coming out at times and uplifting the sod in field and garden, in defiance of the fact that it is February, when its cousins of the East are fast asleep.

ON THE WILD HILLS.

BY ANNA M. REED

The gray mists trail, wind-tossed and torn,
The rain beats on, while torrents sweep,
And roar, through cañons dark and deep.
The herds fly trembling and forlorn,
Looking with wild, beseeching eyes,
From the drear earth to colder skies.
O Power! that tempers the merciless storm,
Unto the lamb which is helpless and shorn,
Heed, and their agony pitying see,
While these dumb faces turn blindly to thee.
On the wild hills of adverse fate,
Beats the fierce storm of life for me,
But He can safely guard and keep,
Who says: "Be still!" to the mighty deep.

The Birthplace, Somersby.

"The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door."

TENNYSON.

BY ARTHUR K. WOODBURY.

I—THE SONGS OF PROMISE.

THE year 1809 is forever memorable as having given to the Victorian era its three greatest minds, in science, in politics and in literature, respectively. In that year the grandson of Erasmus Darwin first saw light at Shrewsbury; the advent of a younger son was chronicled in the family of Sir John Gladstone, the rich old Tory merchant of Liverpool, and Alfred Tennyson was born in the quiet little parsonage at Somersby, Lincolnshire.

Some day, it is to be hoped, a gifted lover of Tennyson will give us the same minute and sympathetic account of early formative influences in the poet's character that Ruskin has given us of the childhood of Scott. Meantime our information is very meager. The father is described by Howitt as "a man of various talents — something of a painter, an architect and a musician, also a considerable linguist and mathematician." Music, a great sweetener of home life, was a gift and an enthusiasm with the entire family.

Somersby is described by a Lincolnshire writer as "a quiet, wooded village at the foot of the South Wold; the country about it soft and pastoral with small villages lying close together. To the north rises the long back of the wold, with its deep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south the land slopes gently to a deep-channeled brook, which rises not far from Somersby, and flows just below the parsonage garden."

In the "Ode to Memory," Tennyson calls the goddess thus:

"Come from the woods that belt the gray hillside—
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves."

This brook, the subject of one of the most finished and popular of the

poet's lyrics, flows "to join the brimming river" across the eastern part of Lincolnshire, until it finally reaches the long stretch of sandhills, "with the flat shore on one side and the fertile marsh on the other," where Tennyson got his first sight of the sea. Hither the shy, dreamy lad used to come during his holidays. Here he used to watch

"Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray."

Or, walking along the beach, he dabbled in many a

"Still salt pool lock'd in with bars of sand."

Or saw, perhaps, the first mental image of

"Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy flats
And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

The strong impression made upon the youthful Tennyson by the Lincolnshire coast, as well as his finely accurate habits of observation and scientifically reliable memory, are illustrated in the local color of many of the poet's immortal seascapes. The Lincolnshire writer above referred to, alluding to Sir Henry Holland's statement that "no writer in prose or verse has noticed the phenomenon of sun and moon at full above the horizon at the same time," calls Sir Henry's attention to these lines from "The Lotus-Eaters:"

"The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red west. * * *
They sat them down upon the yellow sand
Between the sun and moon upon the shore."

"Where Tennyson saw it," he adds, "admits hardly of a doubt—on the low dunes of the Lincolnshire coast, where at one time the red sun may be seen setting over the wide marsh and the full moon rising out of the eastern sea."

And of the line from "Elaine,"

"And white sails flying on the yellow sea,"

Swinburne tells us that "one of the greatest painters now living pointed it out to me with a brief word of rapturous admiration for its wonderful breadth of beauty and perfect force of truth," and himself adds: "Though cradled and reared beside the sea, I had never seen anything like that, but on the first bright day I ever spent upon the eastern coast of England, I saw the truth of this touch at once. * * * There, on the dull, yellow, foamless floor of dense, discolored sea, so thick with clotted sand that the water looked massive and solid as the shore, the white sails flashed whiter against it and along it as they fled, and I knew once more the truth of what I had never doubted—that the eye and hand of Tennyson may always be trusted at once and alike to see and to express the truth."

In 1828, Alfred went up to Cambridge and entered Trinity—brave old Trinity, the mother of poets, Milton's college and Byron's. Here he walked under the lime trees with Hallam, where Milton had walked with King.

"How oft with him we paced that walk of limes—
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times."

Here Tennyson and Hallam were members of a famous *coterie* of undergraduates, among them Richard Monckton Milnes, whose son is now lord lieutenant of Ireland, and Brookefield, of whom Tennyson afterward sang:

"Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes.
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest."

There, too, were Henry Alford, genial and abundant, and Richard Chenevix Trench, keen and supple as Damascus steel, and John Mitchell Kemble, whom Alfred prophesied in an early sonnet as

"A latter Luther and a soldier priest
To scare church harpies from the master's feast."

Tennyson was probably the least responsive member of the group, as

we find Hallam writing to Trench excusing Alfred's "nervous temperament and habits of solitude," which "give an appearance of affectation that is no true interpreter of the man." Yet the poet seems to have cherished with peculiar tenderness the memory of his university. Whewell was his tutor, and I cannot but think that it is to the patient and thorough training of that incomparable master that we largely owe the delicately accurate delineations of ancient life in "Œnone," "Ulysses," and "Lucretius," as well as the genuine Homericism (where they seek to be Homeric) of the Arthurian "Idyls."

The broadening influence of university associations is seen in Tennyson's verse. The year before he went up to Cambridge he and his brother Charles published "Poems by Two Brothers," in which it is painfully difficult to detect a line of Alfred's here and there denoting originality or promise. During the first year, however, he won the chancellor's medal by his very creditable "Timbuctoo" of 250 lines, and in the following year (1830) published his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," sixty-two pages of which (though largely altered) Tennyson thought worthy of incorporation in his later volumes. As yet, however, he had done less than most great poets have done at his age to indicate the achievements of later years.

II—THE LAUREL CROWN.

For convenience Tennyson's literary life may be divided into three periods: First, from 1832 to 1859, the lyric period; second, from 1859 to 1875, the epic period—that of the Arthurian legends; third, from 1875 to the poet's death, the dramatic period. These divisions are not absolute, for Tennyson was essentially a lyric poet, and many of his noblest and loveliest songs were sung in old age. Our chronology, however, marks broadly three distinct periods of continued effort, each in one of the three great divisions of poetic form.

The volume of 1832–33 gave the first distinct indications of genius of the highest order. In "The Palace of Art" the young poet laid down, once for all, his doctrine of the province and true service of art and its relation to the conduct of life—a doctrine which he received from the masters, and gloriously taught through sixty years of continuous literary effort. In "Œnone" he gave us a poem of which so eminent an authority as Gladstone has said: "What may be

"Old Court," Trinity College, Cambridge.

"I pass'd beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown."

termed at large the classical idea (though it is not that of Troas nor of the Homeric period) has, perhaps, never been grasped with greater force and justice, nor exhibited in a form of more consummate polish." In "Mariana" and "The Lady of Shalott" he gave us the first examples of Pre-Raphaelite work, "written," as Bayard Taylor observes, "more than a dozen years before Pre-Raphaelitism was heard of in art." In "The Miller's Daughter," we have Tennyson's first domestic idyl, and in "A Dream of Fair Women," and "The Lotus-Eaters," two splendid products of his far-reaching imagination.

None of these, it should be understood, were published in 1832 in their present form. Tennyson was always a great reviser of his own work. "The Lady of Shalott," for instance, has been largely re-written except Part III, the introduction to "Œnone"

re-written, and "The Palace of Art" verbally altered in many places.

Some of this merciless editing was not altogether wise; for instance, the following exquisite lines cut out of "The Miller's Daughter" as we have it now:

"I heard you whisper from above,
A lute-toned whisper, 'I am here;'
I murmur'd, 'Speak again, my love—
The stream is loud, I cannot hear.'"

Or this one verse, found only in the first edition of "Amphion," unsurpassed even by Tennyson himself, for artistic fidelity and perfection of outline:

"The birch tree swang her fragrant hair."

Of course their majesties, the critics, received this volume with derision and abuse. The poet, no doubt, felt this keenly. Then came the death of Hallam, at Vienna, in 1833, and for nine long years Tennyson remained silent. Mr. Conway speaks of these years of solitude "when as an unknown poet he roamed Epping Forest" or "tramped the streets of London in his great country shoes, and was remarked only as a brown, rustic individual, who had evidently not been long in town." During this period "In Memoriam" was composed, though not perfected.

In 1842, Tennyson published a volume of revised selections from his previous books, and a number of new poems, among them "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses," "Love and Duty," "Dora," "The Gardener's Daughter," "The Two Voices" and "The Vision of Sin." The reception of the volume was all the poet could desire. Already Landor had written of the unpublished manuscript of "Morte d'Arthur:" "It is more Homeric than any poem of our time, and rivals some of the noblest parts of the Odyssa." From across the water Edgar Allan Poe sent the first words of loving, loyal greeting to the new king of song; Emerson and Carlyle gave their voices, and finally, most important of all possible testimony, came the word of the grand old lion, Wordsworth, that "Tennyson is decidedly the first of our living poets."

One poem only we shall consider here. As in "The Palace of Art," Tennyson sets forth the fate of a soul that loves beauty for its own sake and denies the rule of duty, so in "The Vision of Sin" he sets forth the fate of a soul that lives only in the senses. Nowhere outside of the pages of Dante, I think, has the inevitableness of moral law been laid bare so fearlessly and truthfully:

"At last heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?'
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

The next sixteen years were very fruitful. "In Memoriam" (1850) at once took rank as the greatest elegiac poem in the language. "Its measure," says Stoddard, "is at once noble and graceful beyond any other quatrain in the language, and capable of infinite inflections, winding out from and returning in upon itself like a strain of exquisite music." The message of "In Memoriam" will always, perhaps, be variously interpreted, but to most of Tennyson's lovers its subtle changes of grief, despair, faith and consolation simply tell the story of the poet's bereft and lonely heart.

Before the publication of "In Memoriam," Tennyson had become a famous man. These were the days of his visits to the little back garden at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he and Carlyle "smoked infinite tobacco" together. This also the period of his friendships with Landor, Lushington, Macready, Thackeray and Stirling, and of his quarrel with Bulwer, whom he apostrophized in "Punch" as "Thou Bandbox." In 1850, the poet married and received the laurel the same year (it having been first offered to Rogers!); in 1853, he went

to live at Farringford, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight.

"The Princess" (1847) was the first fruit of Tennyson's contact with the social world. It is of slighter value, perhaps, than any other of his long poems, but it is clever enough, and its chain of lyrics most exquisite. The splendid and sonorous Wellington ode (1852) won the nation's heart. "Maud" (1855) was not so successful, the purpose of the poem having been generally misconstrued. To identify the author with the hero is wholly unfair. The poem deals with a not uncommon phase of modern feeling, justly and picturesquely, and its true value, I think, is yet to be recognized.

But it was his shorter narrative poems, and particularly his glorious songs, that had made Tennyson the poet laureate, not only of England, but of the entire Anglo-Saxon race. For brief and familiar instance, take the names of six of his lyrics—the brook song, the garden song in "Maud," "Tears, Idle Tears," "Break, Break, Break," "The Third of February," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Scope of feeling, wealth of sentiment, delicacy and nobility of treatment almost unparalleled. Had Tennyson died at the close of the year 1858, he would still have left the greatest name in literature, it seems to me, of the Victorian era.

On the Beach, Freshwater Bay.

"Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea."

III—THE ARTHURIAN EPIC.

The next sixteen years were chiefly occupied with a new form of poetic expression. Without entering upon the dispute as to whether "The Idyls of the King" constitute "a true epic" or "the matter of an epic without the form," it is sufficient to regard them as the cantos of an epic poem, not originally conceived as such, but having steadily grown under the master's patient and loving hand into unity of design.

Since the thorough investigation of the Arthurian legends and the masterly analysis of Tennyson's moral design in Mr. Richard H. Hutton's refutation of Swinburne's grotesque criticism, there is little left to say of the "Idyls." They are a work of the purest modern idealism infused through a most ingeniously constructed and fascinating reproduction of mediæval romance. "The conquests and the yearnings, and the sad resolves of a spirit far too kingly to rule men who only half recognize the kingly voice," says Mr. Hutton, "have never before been delineated by a poet who can use all the wealth of color at once of the visible and the invisible life with the reticent hand and sure eye of Tennyson's rich and patient and spiritual genius."

Seventeen years before the earliest of the "Idyls" had been published, "Morte d' Arthur" exhibited the first specimen of a style of blank verse that may now be fairly called Tennysonian, as distinguished from the long, sonorous periods of Milton, and the swift, broken measures in which Shakespeare carries the movement of dramatic dialogue. Gladstone pronounces Tennyson's blank verse "more idiomatic than Milton's," and Mr. Stedman adds: "Milton's Latinism is so pronounced as to be un-English; on the other hand, there is such affinity between the simple strength of Homeric Greek and that of the English in which Saxon words prevail, that the former can be rendered into the latter with great effect." Can be and is so rendered by Tennyson, that I, for one, must forever regret that, instead of his dramas, he did not give us during his last years a translation of Homer—such a translation as would have stood for all time, as who shall give us now?

The chief Homeric characteristics of Tennyson's blank verse are its simplicity and directness, its close joining of short sentences, and in longer sentences its frequent use of connectives and disjunctives, stringing together distinct images or actions. Take two examples quite at random. This from "The Coming of Arthur:"

"And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call and came: and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass."

This from "Guinevere":

"He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again."

Another Homeric note is the occasional repetition of a phrase expressing a dominant idea or image. Thus Sir Bedivere's response to the King in "The Passing of Arthur:"

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

Or this verse from "Godiva:"

"Then she rode back clothed on with chastity."

Or, in lighter vein, the gentle raillery of Eustice in "The Gardener's Daughter:"

"The Master, Love,
A more ideal artist he than all."

Of course no one will confuse the Homeric structure of Tennyson's blank verse with anything like Homericism of *expression*, which would be unsuited to his romantic, pastoral and domestic narratives. Yet he can give us the blind bard's manner straight enough, as in some parts of the "Idyls," and in "Tithonus" and "Ulysses."

What truer touch than this from the last named?

"Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows."

During the epic period, Tennyson stood at the height of his popularity and influence. "The very names of the people who have stood upon the lawn at Farringford," writes Miss Thackeray, "would be an interesting study for some future biographer: Longfellow, Maurice, Kingsley, the Duke of Argyll, Locker, Dean Stanley, the Prince Consort, Garibaldi. Here came Clough, in the last year of his life, Darwin, Sir Henry Taylor, Watts, Aubrey de Vere, Lecky, Jowett, and a score of others." Here the poet used to sit and work "at the great oriel window, looking across the fields of hyacinth and self-sowed daffodils toward the sea where the waves wash against the rock." And Conway gives us the picture of him on a pedestrian excursion to Devonshire "stopping at the wayside inns, and was now and then the life of the common tap-room, talking with the farmers about their crops," etc. So this many-sided poet touched all sides of practical life, and might truthfully say of himself, as does his own Ulysses:

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Nor was his influence confined to the world of letters. "To Tennyson more than to any other man of to-day," says Mr. John Vance Cheney, "we owe the atmosphere in which song and music and painting and sculpture may live; an air congenial enough to the best interests of man to preserve among its treasures the steadily imperiled and always assaulted sense of beauty." Other English poets have given fresher inspiration in special directions, but none has maintained during his own time such a steady level of uplifting influence.

IV—THE DRAMAS—LAST LYRICS.

The third period of Tennyson's work began with the publication of "Queen Mary" in 1875, and ended with "The Foresters" in 1892. Considering the possibilities of these last years, the dramatic period, seems to have been one of mistaken effort. Not that these poems do not contain many passages of singular strength and surpassing beauty, but they are set in a literary form not suited to Tennyson's genius. The pathetic romance of "Enoch Arden," written away back in 1864 when he was working hard on the "Idyls," will be read when the elaborate efforts of his later years are dipped into as we now dip into "Paradise Regained."

Aldworth.

"'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls."

"Tennyson," says Mr. Stedman, writing of the "Idyls," "forces his characters to adapt themselves to preconceived statuesque ideals of his own." That method is suitable to such characters as Arthur and Lancelot, but it is not suitable to such as are meant to be real, and especially not to such as are real and stand

upon clear historic evidence. I know what may be said of Shakespeare and "Richard III," but Shakespeare's historic material was very defective. Tennyson's, on the other hand, was abundant and adequate, and his use of it faithful and correct in local color and the painting of manners; it would not be Tennyson's if it were not that. But in "Harold" (1877) he transforms the simple, loyal, valiant and pious patriot king of the Saxons into an enlightened modern hero of skeptical tendencies, who derides the superstitions of his time, refuses to credit even the holy Confessor's inspired prophecy, and utters such eminently nineteenth century reflections as the following:

"They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient."

And in "Becket" (1884) Tennyson's desire for a heroic protagonist leads him to idealize the primate's character out of all recognition. Nor is there any trace of the great Plantagenet of history—the far-sighted and sagacious statesman who founded trial by jury and the entire judicial system under which the common law has been developed, who transformed the old feudal war service into the modern system of taxation, who first laid down those principles of church and state which kept England free of priestly control and made the reformation possible—in the brutal, swaggering imbecile created by Tennyson's fancy. Nor is there even the faintest historic probability in the relation between Becket and Rosamond which the poet makes the cause of the Canterbury tragedy.

The "Ballads and Other Poems" of 1880, declared by Theodore Watts "the most richly varied volume of English verse that has appeared in our own century," contains the flower of Tennyson's age. "The Revenge" is, I think, the very noblest song of a sea fight in the language. "The Defense of Lucknow" is fully equal to the great Balaklava ballad. "The First Quarrel" is among the tenderest of his domestic studies. And "Rizpah," of which Swinburne has said that "thousands of readers for centuries to come will be moved by it to trembling and to tears," is, perhaps, all in all, the greatest of Tennyson's shorter poems. The two succeeding volumes of verse (1885 and 1889), illustrate the poet's "singular and splendid persistence of genius and prolongation of working power" in a marked degree.

In 1869 Tennyson purchased Aldworth, near Haslemere, Surrey, and thereafter gradually withdrew from all social activities, living his last years as quietly as those of his modest and hard-working youth half a century ago. In 1884 he was gazetted for the peerage, Mr. Gladstone evincing marked respect for the upper house in conferring upon it so unusual an honor.

* * * * * *

The first note of Tennyson's greatness is his breadth of sympathy and knowledge. His verse mirrors the social and political order of his day, its faith, aspirations, love and heroism, as Milton's did that of Puritan England. Nothing is left out. He has not the dramatic quality of self-effacement and impersonal art, the power to interpret the life of past ages, that belongs to Shakespeare and Scott, but within its limits his genius covers everything, is absolutely secure of results.

Secondly, his moral standard is sound and high—not of the "goody-goody" or "sensational religious" sort—but clean, manly, wholesome, robust, English. Some critics may declare this quite by the way, but the time has not yet come (nor ever will, I trust, where Shakespeare's tongue is spoken) for profane and unclean art to rank with the reverent and pure.

In the third place, Tennyson's artistic faculty is certainly of the highest order. "He was an artist before he was a poet," says Mr. Hut-

ton; "in other words, the eye for beauty, grace and harmony of effect was even more emphatically one of his original gifts than the voice for poetic utterance itself." This we have seen to be true in Tennyson's early years, when poetic expression was so eagerly striven for and so long coming, and in the patient, severe, almost finical revision of his own work throughout his life. For instance, he

Lastly, Tennyson has produced his best work in larger quantity than any English poet since Milton. Wordsworth wrote much, but we have the authority of Matthew Arnold (himself an ardent and avowed Wordsworthian) that "between 1798 and 1808 almost all his really first-class work was produced." Certainly all of Tennyson's first-class work could not be compressed into anything like the space

"Tennyson's Pool," near Haslemere.

"When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat grass and the sword grass and the bulrush of the pool."

was troubled by this couplet from "Mariana" as not true in local color:

"The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall."

So he changed it in later editions to read:

"That held the *pear* to the *gable* wall."

The "botanical accuracy" which Ruskin has so justly noted of Scott belongs pre-eminently to Tennyson in dealing with nature. He has the freshness and delicacy of Herrick and the perfect finish of Keats. As Emerson has said: "When Nature wants an artist she makes a Tennyson."

of Mr. Arnold's editions of Wordsworth and Byron.

Considering these four points—his breadth of knowledge and sympathy, his moral elevation, his artistic fidelity and the quantity of his work—it would seem that Tennyson will rank third in the order of the English poets. In these things we are apt to be led astray by some special personal enthusiasm, such as Swinburne has for Shelley, or Matthew Arnold for Wordsworth, or many excellent people for Browning. The poets of our love are not always those who live to wear the laurel, and for me the name of John Keats stirs the heart as Tennyson's can never stir it. But the laws of art are fixed apart from personal feeling, and the artist must be judged,

not by greatness of soul or glory of promise, but by the body of his work as it stands before the world.

"We know nothing of this gentleman," wrote Her Majesty's prime minister to Mr. Samuel Rogers in 1850; "are his writings such as befit a laureate to the Queen?" Father Time is an ironical genius. Who cares for Lord Palmerston now? A hundred years hence who will easily remember his name, even? Yet Tennyson's memory is forever young, and from Great Britain, across the American continent to Australia and India, the voices of a hundred million Englishmen repeat with loving praise the words of the unknown poet.

Aldworth in Landscape.

"Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers."

WITH WINTER DESOLATION DREAR.

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

A chilling waste of barren sand;
A spectral cactus, far away;
A chain of hills which seem to stand
Between the desert and the day.
A soulless arch of steely blue;
A noisless rush of sweeping blast;
A lonely hare; a bush or two;
A vulture driving swiftly past.
A gleaming skull beside a rock;
A bruised and battered tin canteen;
A weather-beaten alpenstock;
Some scattered bones strewn in between.
A tattered, rotten, buckskin sack;
A fleshless hand; a gleam of gold;
A shrivelled shoe; a miner's pack;
Enough! 'Tis all the heart can hold!

Central Church, the First Building Erected on Mission Street.

METHODISM IN CALIFORNIA.

No. II.

BY REV. A. C. HIRST, D. D., LL. D.

HOWARD STREET CHURCH.

THE present Howard street church, with its increasing prosperity and commanding influence, is the fruitage of those days of struggle and self-sacrifice. Its auditorium and parlors that have recently been made so beautiful and attractive, at a cost of $10,000, through the influence and under the personal supervision of J. W. Whiting, are in strong contrast with the school-house where the faithful few once worshipped and planned for the future church. The electric lights that now illuminate that auditorium and the parlors are far more cheerful and healthful and conducive to devout worsnip than the whale-oil lamps that Mr. Whiting used to prepare for the infant church when, in his undying zeal for the prosperity of Zion, he was willing to perform such service.

A new era of usefulness opens for this church under the enthusiastic leadership of Rev. W. W. Case, D. D. This historic church is so situated in reference to the present population of San Francisco that it will be one of the most potent factors to solve the problem of reaching the masses with the Gospel and purifying the streams of social and municipal life. The vigorous hammer-strokes of the present pastor during the recent white-heated contest for municipal reform have proved his eminent fitness for the great work now before him.

At a jubilee service held there August 12th, 1883, the Rev. D. A. Dryden, who was appointed pastor of the Folsom street church in 1855, gave a vividly pathetic picture of those days of crucial trial and severe testing of faith and loyalty.

"The inner heart-history of this church during that time will never be written. It was anything but a time of jubilee. It was a struggle for life rather than a time of triumph. There was more of Gethsemane than of the Mount of Transfiguration. Like individuals, churches have their birth, childhood and maturer growth. Like individuals, some are born healthy and strong, with all the potencies of a rapid, vigorous growth and sturdy maturity, and favored with all the conditions for such growth. Such, Folsom street church was not. It was born feeble—some thought prema-

turely—had a sickly childhood, environed by adverse conditions which often threatened to cut short its career.

"During the year 1855 was perhaps the severest struggle for life. Congregations were very small, membership few, rather poor. Income from every available source sadly below even the most economical expenses; crushed under a burden of heavy debt with constantly accumulating interest, the heart-struggles of pastor and a few noble souls are known only to the Good Master. Surely there were no visible signs then of the powerful manhood into which the feeble child has grown.

"And who knoweth to what extent,

Central Church, Present Building.

under the brooding Providence of God, the baptism of those days of trial may have contributed to this growth? Not always in prosperity does life strike its deepest roots either in the church or the individual."

These words sound like the leaping bugle notes of some brave leader at the head of the column that rushes fearlessly into battle.

CENTRAL CHURCH.

Everywhere difficulty, opposition, friction are the essential condition of strength, vigorous growth and life. Only the soul that is taxed yields revenue. No enemy, no glory. The stronger the foe the grander the victory. The typical Christian is the man around whose soul have been kindled the fires of the furnace.

Thus virtue is evoked and fortified; character is rounded into symmetry and proportion, and asserts itself with majestic force. The history of exalting ideas is developed through antagonistic powers.

The grand movement of civilization describes the spiral of the calculus—progressive, but revolutionary. This antithesis of things is as wide as the domain of existence. Against the season of blooming, fragrant flowers is the withering blight of frost. Against the radiant glories of the future are the darkest hues of care and the cold shadows of a disenchanting experience. Against the Tabor of promise are the ashes of Golgotha. No great truths can be born or live in a dead calm of thought.

The embarrassments that challenged the expectations of the trustees of Howard street church served only as an inspiration for aggressive work. Upon the south side of Mission street, between Sixth and Seventh, they built a small chapel. Here a Sunday school was organized, which soon assumed a progressive life and enriching influence. Around this a strong organization crystallized. At the session of the California Conference, in 1864, it took its place as the Central Methodist church. Before the expiration of the lease, the trustees, wisely planning for the future, purchased a most desirable lot on the corner of Sixth and Mission streets, and transferred the little chapel to

that place. Financial inability to meet the payments compelled the sale of that lot and the purchase of the one on which the present edifice stands. The little chapel was rapidly making history as an itinerant. Lifted again on wheels, it was taken to that resting place. Precious memories clustered at its altars, and hallowed associations were there formed, which will last through the eternal ages. Who can measure the mighty sweep of all that was crystallized into action and deed there?

Human potentialities thus trained and equipped give to the world that pure civilization whose very atmosphere is conquering power.

Thus, every true man adds his ray to the on-marching glory that shall at last robe this old world in milennial splendor.

It was most auspicious that the first pastor of this new organization was the Rev. J. D. Blain, D. D. He was transferred to California from the New Jersey Conference, in 1852, and was first stationed at Grass Valley. Afterwards he was presiding elder of Sacramento District, and from 1854 to 1857 he was on the San Francisco District.

In 1861 he became pastor of the Folsom street church. His pastorate was crowned with a phenomenal success. A most worthy tribute to his memory is paid by R. McElroy, who, in writing of his pastorate at that church, says: "His appointment was an exceedingly fortunate one for the society, for he came to us determined to give us the full benefit of his great ability. This ability did not consist of wonderful pyrotechnic displays of pulpit eloquence, and yet he was eloquent; nor did it consist in massive demonstrations of logic, and yet he was logical; but it did consist in the wonderful symmetry of his character, wherein all the forces of his nature were so adjusted as to be worked to the highest degree of usefulness. He had untiring industry; time was too precious for him to squander a single moment. He had intense devotion to his work—all his thoughts centered on this. He had common practical sense to the highest degree; there was nothing visionary or unfeasible about his plans, but they were laid in the highest wisdom, and when brought to their practical working, developed into the most vital efficiency. He had the most perfect knowledge of human nature, and knew just how to touch the secret springs of every person with whom he came in contact. He was, therefore, a born leader of men. His will was indomitable, his energy unflagging. He knew no discouragement, and could brook no failure. When once his plans were settled, his impetuous nature took them up and worked them out with the resistless energy of a Niagara."

Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D., is serving Central church for the second time as pastor. His first pastorate was from 1881–4. He came by transfer to California, in 1873, from the Northwest Indiana Conference, and was stationed at Bush street, San Francisco, and has served with marked ability the leading charges of the California Conference.

His past successful career as a preacher, lecturer and leader, warrant the strong prophecy for a larger future as he wields the present possibilities for aggressive work.

Full details of the onward movement of Methodism through the years are impossible. These articles are not formulated as a year-book or a census record. Of necessity many items of interest must be omitted. Special mention of all the pastors who have served the churches since the beginning of Methodism here, and of the heroic men and women whose achievements signalize the present, is impossible.

Only a glimpse can be given of that past history, enshrining the perplexing problems of a new country, controlling the purposes of the adventurous pioneer, evangelizing the thou-

Grace Church

sands rushing to these shores in search of gold, pre-empting the State for God, and laying the foundation stones of a Christian civilization, which is the only pledge for State or nation to secure permanence or prosperity.

Rev. Eli McClish, D. D., Pastor Grace Church.

GRACE CHURCH.

In 1852, Rev. H. B. Sheldon, aided by I. Lockwood and William Thomas, held religious services regularly in a schoolhouse on Dolores street.

As a result of that, in due time Rev. R. B. Stratton secured a lot, on what is now Julian avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, and built a plain chapel thereon. But it was the same sad experience of other church enterprises. Financial difficulties challenged the worker, and loss of the property was the result. But the demand for a church in that part of the city grew more and more imperative. Two Sabbath-schools were organized in 1863. The one by Charles Lelong on the corner of Howard and Twenty-third streets; the other by H. Thomas, E. J. Hargrave and N. B. Cook on Howard between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. These schools were the nucleus of a church which Dr. Blain organized in 1864. It was named the Mission Street M. E. Church, with Henry Thomas, J. Mysell, N. B. Cook, T. H. Downing, Joseph Garratt and E. J. Hargrave, as Trustees. A lot on the east side of Mission street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, was generously donated by John Center. Here was built a lecture-room 50 by 52 feet, at a cost of about $2,500. In May, 1865, it was dedicated for regular preaching and Sunday school services. The name was changed from "Mission street" to "Grace" in 1876. With some valuable improvements this building served the purposes and needs of this society until increasing prosperity made it necessary to plan for a more suitable church home.

In September, 1883, Rev. H. B. Heacock, D.D., was appointed pastor of this church for the second time. With his characteristic zeal and wisdom he planned and worked with surprising results. In July, 1886, the trustees purchased the tract of land having Mission, Capp and Twenty-first streets as boundary lines. For this they paid $30,000 cash. They were successful in selling several lots, reserving at a cost of $7,000 the present lot on the corner of Capp and

Twenty-first streets. For the church and lot on Mission street $8,000 were realized. The organization of a building committee was the index of the certain success of this new enterprise. That committee was constituted as follows: Rev. H. B. Heacock, D.D., President; J. W. Butler, Secretary; C. S. Holmes, Robert Husband, I. G. Truman, G. W. Lemont, J. L. Culin, W. H. Coddington, C. L. Todd, G. W. Wittman.

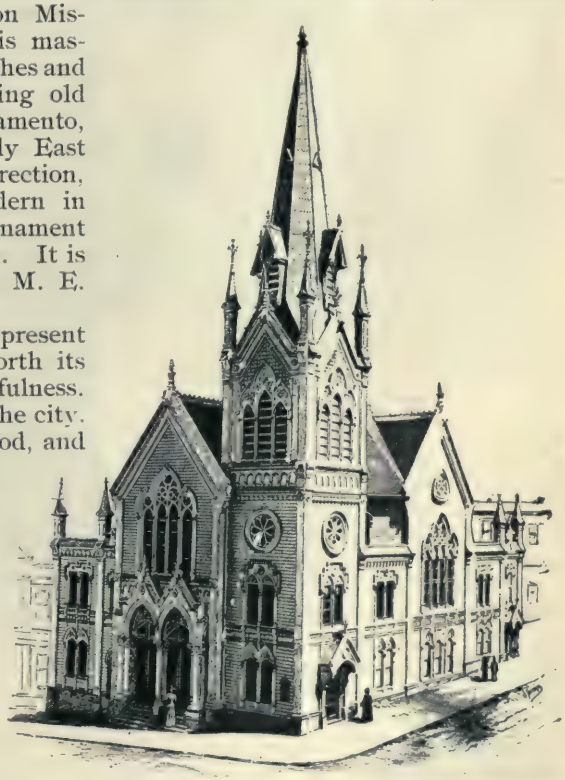
A special subscription of $10,000 gave an irresistible stimulus to these workers, and their efforts and plans were crowned with a splendid success. The present spacious, beautiful and well-arranged church was dedicated Nov. 5, 1886. It is a monument to the indefatigable efforts and unyielding courage of Dr. Heacock. He came from the Des Moines Conference, Iowa, in 1868, and was first stationed at this church, situated then on Mission street. He has proved his master skill in building new churches and in re-modeling and beautifying old ones, in his pastorates at Sacramento, Stockton, Alameda and notably East Oakland, where, under his direction, a most attractive church, modern in all its appointments and an ornament to the city, has been erected. It is known as the Eighth avenue M. E. church.

Rev. Eli McClish, D.D., as present pastor of Grace, is leading forth its membership to increasing usefulness. Its surge of power is felt in the city. His special training in boyhood, and as a soldier, student, pastor, teacher, has equipped him for the peculiar conditions that environ Christian work on this coast. His qualifications are masterful and his distinctive force is capable of winning reward in whatever field he labors.

SIMPSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

"The vision of a perfect church has always allured, rebuked and fascinated men. It is an ideal which has stirred men into energy and ambition in shaping the real."

A distinguishing characteristic of a church eager to actualize such an ideal is its aggressive activities. It is not the quiescent but the militant church that fulfills its mission in society. Each Methodist society organized in San Francisco seemed to cherish this spirit, made emphatic and actual in establishing Sunday-schools in other parts of the city, and thus laying the foundations of a new church. The Hayes Valley Methodist Episcopal Sunday school was organized in the old Wigwam on the corner of Van Ness avenue and Grove street, May 7, 1876, by the Rev. George Newton, city missionary. The following July, the school, numbering twenty-five scholars and teachers, was removed to Centennial Hall on Hayes street.



Simpson Memorial Church.

Under the direction of the official board of Central church, the young people's society of that church took charge of the school, October 10, 1877,

Rev. E. R. Willis, A. M., Pastor Trinity Church.

with Job Stevenson, superintendent; W. S. Craw, assistant; Rolla V. Watt, secretary; Sarah Hillman, treasurer. This church in embryo sustained its life under the pressure of difficulty and discouragement. The challenge of peculiar vicissitudes evoked a persistent spirit that was rewarded with success. At the request of James H. Humphreys, the Rev. B. F. Crary, D.D., editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, preached the first sermon to the school, November 3, 1880. His wise and helpful ministrations centralized in the organization of the Hayes Valley M. E. church, February 10, 1881. At the annual session of the California Conference, in 1884, the name was changed to Simpson Memorial, in honor of Bishop Matthew Simpson, D.D., and the Rev. F. F. Jewell, D.D. was appointed pastor. He had been pastor at Howard street of the charter members of this new organization, and his energy and well-balanced zeal were an inspiration to their plans for the future. The trustees, elected on the threshold of his administration, that achieved so grandly were: Charles Goodall, Robert McElroy, Samuel Hancock, James H. Humphreys, W. E. Fifield, Samuel Mosgrove, A. W. Bogart and Charles E. Edwards.

The discomforts of worshipping in Mowry Hall, on Laguna street, were a potent incentive to secure a permanent home. The present valuable property, and the stately edifice with its auditorium of artistic beauty, with its large and well arranged lecture room and parlors, is the crowning result of their labors. It was dedicated in November, 1885. No debt challenges the increasing prosperity of the church. Its systematic organizations, of the Epworth League, the Junior League, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Lyceum, the large and flourishing Sunday school under the enthusiastic leadership of C. B. Per-

Frederic J. Masters, D. D., Supt. Methodist Chinese Missions.

kins, the Chautauqua Circle, the Woman's Missionary Society, the well-disciplined Boys' Brigade, emphasize its strong vitality, and its

force as an ennobling and evangelizing agency in San Francisco. It was providential that Dr. Jewell was appointed pastor when this great enterprise began. He was transferred from the Central New York Conference, in September, 1872, and stationed at Howard street church. Uninterrupted success has distinguished all of his pastorates. His patient and unyielding labors at Simpson Memorial were not equaled elsewhere. They are a part of imperishable history.

With his characteristic and undiminished energy, he is bravely meeting the heavy duties of Presiding Elder of Oakland District. His worthy successor was Rev. G.W. Izer, D. D.; and stimulated by his energetic efforts the whole church aroused to new activities.

CALIFORNIA ST. AND VAN NESS AVE. CHURCHES.

The Bush street church was organized in 1869, as the outgrowth of the Seamen's Bethel where in the early days William Taylor had labored so heroically. During recent years the environments of the church aroused the purpose to secure property and build elsewhere. It was a bold project for a small though loyal membership. Through the wisely directed assistance of the City Church Extension Society, a large and valuable lot was secured on the corner of California and Broderick streets, by an outlay of $14,000. The church, when finished and furnished, will cost, including the lot, about $70,000, and will be the most complete and beautiful edifice of the denomination in the city. Rev. Thos. Filben, A. M., the pastor, has been the master spirit to achieve such astonishing results.

By his indomitable energy, brave perseverance, wisdom that masters details, and enthusiasm that leaps from the challenging environments, he emphasizes the transition from the meeting-house and chapel, rude and cheap, to the magnificent churches wherein assemble for worship Christians as devout and eager for loyal service as any of the forefathers who bore the honored name of Methodist.

Samuel Hancock, a layman, an active member of Howard street church, with a commendable ambition for Methodism, conceived the idea of building a magnificent and representative church in that section of the city where it would wield a commanding influence. Van Ness avenue was selected as the center desired. He has consecrated much of his wealth to realize his ideal. A temporary chapel has been erected for church and Sunday school services. Some peculiar and unexpected hindrances have retarded the progress of this enterprise,

Capt. Chas. Goodall.

but the slumbering forces again aroused will transform this seeming defeat into positive victory.

Methodism has placed no undue emphasis on the work of the laity. Very much of her apostolic history is the resultant of her persistent theory to make every member a worker. This has aroused quiescent faculties, awakened dormant energies, and mobilized all powers for service.

CAPT. CHAS. GOODALL.

Preachers were not the only toilers who laid broad and deep the foundations of Methodism in California. There were consecrated, self-sacrificing laymen who wrought to give quality and quantity to the moral currents of the future of the State. The sheet anchor that held them amid the wild, rushing waves of secularity, was faith in God. To their thought, permanent prosperity was only possible through a quickened individual conscience, elevated morals, and sending the tides of pure life through all the social, commercial and political avenues of the people. Men thus equipped and ennobled must exert a purifying influence on the world-incrusted hearts of their fellows, and as artists chisel into unfading beauty the moral features of mankind.

Brilliant genius and superior intellectual endowments do not alone win the highest prizes possible in the arena of life; but highest purpose, firm will, true manhood, unwavering courage, all presided over by common sense and intelligence, although that intelligence may have no such potential sweep as that of an Aristotle or a Bacon. These were the elements ensphered in the character of Capt. Chas. Goodall, a man self-trained, self-taught. He reached the State in 1850, and became identified at once with Methodism by membership with Powell street church in those days of poverty and struggle. Since then every enterprise denominational or educational has felt the impulse of his wise and loving counsel, and secured vigor for successful aggressiveness through his large contributions. Greatly prospered in

Robert McElroy.

business, he has made large investments in churches, schools and philanthropic enterprises.

This is notably true in reference to Howard street church, Simpson Memorial church, Van Ness avenue and California street churches and the University of the Pacific. As an honored and useful member of the Simpson Memorial Church the elements of his positive and symmetrical character are a crown to his mature manhood, purity of motive, sincerity of conviction, elevation of sentiment, brave loyalty to his friends, a chivalrous sense of honor in business, and an all-controlling desire for the triumph of Christianity. His noble wife has been harmoniously identified with him in all his philanthropic and Christian work. Beautifully their lives have blended in holy ministries.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each, without the other."

R. McELROY.

Not every one who in the early days sought California was actuated by the greed for gold. Some came in search of health, a far richer blessing than wealth. The State was already famed for its delicious, health-restoring climate, as well as its latent industrial and commercial activities. A young man twenty-six years of age arrived in San Francisco, June 1st 1853, from New York. That young man was Robert McElroy. His journey by way of the Isthmus was an eventful and romantic one, as the elect lady whom he married three years afterwards was in that company of travelers. His zeal, fervor, and irrepressible enthusiasm as a preacher and pastor in the East, had overtaxed his physical powers. His unwilling but permanent retirement from the ministry was a necessity. California was the chosen sanitarium. He has been through the years a worthy colleague of Capt. Goodall. He has likewise been successful in his business enterprises, by honesty, integrity and a keen insight into practical affairs. The large demands made upon his generosity by the various denominational and charitable enterprises have not been disregarded.

He wields a trenchant pen, and has written much for the public, and thus has aided in an eminent degree to shape and elevate individual thought and life. His poetical nature gives ofttimes a beauty, pathos and rhythm to the vigorous sentences that flow from his pen. Simpson Memorial enjoys his wise counsel and faithful work.

JAMES W. WHITING.

The aggregate force of Methodism as a religious and influential power is not complete unless it combines the concentrated spiritual life and consecrated energies of the laity. These perilous times demand that Christian men of business should carry the glow of a spiritual life to the marts of trade and put a sacred claim on their gains for the advance of Christianity. Such men wield the sinews of war. Such men recognize that culture, wealth, highest social elevation, personal ambition should all be in subordination to the higher purpose of building up a stalwart, symmetrical character, and realizing the possibilities of a true manhood emancipated from sordid motives and selfish secularities.

James W. Whiting is a layman of manly qualities, commendable generosity, warm human sympathies and unfailing loyalty and fidelity to the church. He is the only surviving male member of the faithful twenty-three that organized the Second

James W. Whiting.

Church of San Francisco. As a Christian citizen he has the courage of his convictions, makes no compromise with wrong, and zealously plans and works for the church. Scores of laymen in the present city churches strike as nobly for the right and truth as

these pioneers. Such are the human potentialities that give pledge for a pure civilization.

Bishop C. H. Fowler, who resided in San Francisco for eight years, and under whose wise and aggressive administration the church made such splendid advances, thoroughly understood the conditions in this State. The inspiring and penetrating sentences he delivered at the Second Ecumenical Conference in Washington October, 1891, have an emphatic significance as applied here.

"Her highest want is the maintenance of a firm hold upon the supernatural. Unless Methodism is supernatural, she is nothing. She was called into being to bear testimony to the great fact of a supernatural world. Like Christianity in every age, she has gained all her victories by her league with supernatural forces. Our greatest want is to maintain a firm hold upon a supernatural religion that accepts science as a re-want, and laughs her out of camp as a commander, contented to go up or down with Almighty God. Our next need is ideas. We must reach out in all directions with the appliances necessary for varied successes. We ought to capture and utilize every secret that brings success to any other church. Romanism, with no pretense to converting grace, does a large business by the power of her organization and of her architecture. The Protestant-Episcopal church achieves commendable success by her social forces. Congregationalism makes itself useful by her emphasis upon education. Presbyterianism holds a front line by her family following and family training. The great Baptist church pushes forward by her immense energy and definite ceremony, and by counting as good fish everything that comes into her deep-sea net. The Salvation Army is rolling up a host of good workers by abandoning her pride and respectability to start with, and by providing no ambulances and making no provision for drones. It is work or die. Methodism needs the courage to seize and utilize all these ideas from the Cathedral to the Rescue Mission, from the University to the family, from the organ to the tambourine, from the great preacher to the weeping tramp. There must be no power too great for us to master and no instrument too humble for us to utilize. In the past we have legislated from the standpoint of the circuit. For the future we must legislate from the standpoint of the cities. The cities are the forts. Whoever holds them holds the future. The problem given us by Providence, which we must solve or perish, is how to save the cities. At all costs we must reach all classes and unite them in a common faith and in a common brotherhood."

The splendid results already achieved in this State by Methodism as an evangelizing and educating agency, is but the harbinger of a resplendent day.

(*To be Continued.*)

A HOME IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BY EMILY S. LOUD

MORE than twenty years ago, my husband and I were living at Tahiti, Society Islands. My husband's business rendered it necessary for him to make frequent trips among the islands of the South Pacific and upon one of his voyages to the Pomotu * Islands adverse winds drove his vessel far to the northwest of his course. Sighting a small group of islands in this unfrequented part of the ocean, he landed there and found that although covered with vegetation the islands appeared to be uninhabited. Upon his return to Tahiti he made inquiries about them, but as they were out of the track of vessels visiting the larger groups of islands, no one seemed to know anything of them. It occurred to him, however, that could he get a lease of the largest island which seemed to be well covered with cocoanut trees and manufacture copra [dried cocoanut] for the European and American markets, and also raise pigs and poultry for the Tahiti market, the result would be a pecuniary success with but little risk, as the expense of living there would be very small. The first step was to get a lease of the island from Queen Pomare to whose realm it undoubtedly belonged; and very proud we felt when the important document, giving exclusive control of the Isle of Moemotu, [isle of rest], as we afterwards named it, with all its products of ten years came into our possession. My husband then bought fifty pigs and a hundred chickens and commenced loading his vessel with stores, tools and building material, while I tried to think of and collect everything that might be needful in a place where there was no store or neighbor, as we did not intend leaving the island, until the time came to take our products to market. At last we were ready to sail and took our departure for our promised land accompanied by two young native boys who had been in my husband's employ for some time. For four days our little vessel danced over the blue waters, and then early in the morning of the fifth day my husband called me for we were nearing our destined port. The sun had just risen, and in the distance the mirrored surface of the water was broken by sheets of spray, outlining the reef that encircled our island, while as we came nearer, fitful glimpses of green foliage and stately cocoanut palms grew visible, and vast flocks of noisy sea birds came hovering around our vessel as if to welcome us to our new home.

We sailed around the island until we found a good landing place, and then while the captain and the natives were occupied with the ship, I scrambled up the reef, as it was low tide, and walked over to the shore. The jagged edges of the coral that composed the reef made walking rather a difficult matter, and the innumerable hollows in the reef, which the receding tide had left filled with water demanded constant watchfulness, as a misstep would have involved wet feet, if nothing more serious.

But those natural aquariums were wonderfully pretty. Looking into their clear depths I saw seaweeds of fantastic shapes and brilliant hues,

* For the sake of geographical accuracy it should be stated that the correct name of this island is Caroline Island, and by that name it is known on the maps. It is one of the Manihiki Group and lies to the west of and between the Pomotu and Marquesas Islands.

Caroline Island was brought prominently before the scientific world a few years ago as being about the only place on the earth from which the total eclipse of the sun was visible on May 6th, 1883, and was visited at that time by noted European and American astronomers and scientific investigators.

star-fish, sea urchins of varied tints, bright-colored fish, and, as if perfectly at home, gorgeously-striped water snakes wriggling among the branching coral.

When I finally reached the shore, the loveliness and fertility of the scene filled me with wonder and admiration accustomed though I was to the beauties of tropical landscape. Perhaps the sense of personal possession heightened the charm, but the air certainly was remarkably pure and exhilarating and the bright sunshine instead of oppressing me seemed to stimulate every faculty to unwonted energy.

Even the native boys seemed to throw off their natural indolence, and came forward with alacrity to help remove the cargo, and assist the captain in constructing a temporary shelter until he should find time to put together the frame building which we had brought with us in sections from Tahiti. We agreed upon a site for our future residence, and then, wishing to explore our new domain, I left the others and strolled away to a gentle rise of ground covered with *pandanus* trees. The undergrowth was so luxuriant and there were so many beautiful ferns and vines to admire, that I did not look up until I had passed quite over the elevation and walked some distance beyond. A slight noise attracted my attention and glancing ahead of me, I discovered several natives, who having seen us land were on their way to interview us. Although like the Tahitians, they had straight black hair, large dark eyes, well-shaped features and erect forms, their complexions were considerably darker and the expression of their faces more stern and savage. They were naked, with the exception of waist cloths of *tappa* (native cloth of pounded bark) and the oldest ones were elaborately tattooed. They all carried huge spears

Papeeti Tahiti

and their sudden appearance caused me great alarm, for instances of cannibalism were known to have taken place on these distant islands within recent times.

With the knowledge of this fact flashing through my mind, mingled with the realizing sense of our remoteness from aid, I hastened back to tell my husband that, contrary to our suppositions, we had leased an inhabited island, and that the consequences of our invasion might be most disastrous. The savages, who had followed on closely after me, were now within speaking distance. My husband's intercourse with natives of different islands had made him familiar with their language, and our native boys supplied any deficiency he had in making himself understood. In spite of their warlike appearance, however, they proved to be most friendly, and said that their home was on a neighboring island. They had come to Moemotu several days before, with the intention of gathering cocoanuts for copra. But when the Captain showed them his lease of the island, they conferred together aside for a few moments, and then returning, proposed that they should remain and work for him. There were seven of them, and three had brought their wives, and one a daughter also, the women being then at their houses on the other side of the island. The Captain believing that he could make their services useful, acceded to their proposition; and thus, instead of being alone, we found ourselves at the head of a colony from the start.

Tahiti Belles

That afternoon, he had the men tie cocoanut leaves around the trunks of some of the trees nearest the ocean, about six feet from the ground, to show that they were tabooed; that is, set apart as private property, the nuts to

be gathered only by the owners, so that any other islanders coming in their canoes would know that the fruit was claimed, and as natives very rarely violate the *taboo*, we were not likely to be disturbed further in taking possession of our kingdom.

Although my expedition about the island was thus cut short by the unlooked-for appearance of the natives, subsequent explorations showed us that Moemotu was a low coral island, about seven and a half miles long and one and a half miles wide, lying north and south. The land was about twelve feet above the sea level, and well wooded, many of the trees being from eighty to one hundred feet high. Beside the large plantation of cocoanut trees, the *tamana*, *toa*, *burau*, and *pandanus* trees grew abundantly, the latter perfuming the air for miles, when in blossom. The fragrance of these pale yellow *pandanus* flowers is so sweet and strong that sailors, when many miles away, know, even on the darkest night, that they are approaching the Pomotu Islands by the odor-laden breeze. There is also another species of *pandanus*, called the mat tree, the leaves of which are used by the natives for making mats, and which differs from the other by having neither flowers nor fruit. It is propagated by means of shoots from the root or stem. The natives use the leaves of the flowering *pandanus*, ten and twelve feet long, for thatching their houses. They cut away the prickly edges and midriff, soak the leaves in water until they are pliable, and then doubling them over a long reed, sew them with the stiff midriff of the cocoanut leaf, or pin them with little sticks. Carefully made, the thatch will last for ten or twelve years. The *pandanus* is the first tree to make its appearance on these

A Native House and Family

low islands. Pushing itself up among the rocks and sands, it covers them with verdure and grows and multiplies very rapidly, although it is impossible to see whence it derives its nourishment. But from the time it has covered the island with its thick foliage and fruit, which falling, enriches the ground mixed with the broken coral, other vegetation follows. The interior lands near the lagoon are generally most fertile.

At the landing place, the reef came close up to the shore, but on the western side of the island, it ran out into the sea half a mile from the shore, and extended for a distance of two or three miles. On this side, the rich green banks of the island sloped down to a beach of dazzling whiteness, whose surface was strewn with shells of most delicate hues. Only a gentle ripple from the sea fell on these snowy sands, for the reef formed a natural breakwater against the violence of the waves.

The island was in reality an *atoll*, composed of forty small islets encircling a lagoon. At high tide, the smallest and lowest islets were surrounded by water and looked like patches of verdure resting on the bosom of the ocean; but at low tide, we could easily walk from one islet to another all around the island, on the reef that served as the setting for these emerald gems.

Immense flocks of sea birds, terns, gannets, frigate birds, boobies and tropic birds, that fed on the fish with which the waters of the lagoon and ocean were teeming, were continually flying around the island, and at the incubating season covered the ground in unfrequented places. Their social habits were very curious. The gannets and boobies crowded together in one place, the frigate birds, terns and tropic birds kept by themselves on their separate portions of ground, and all dwelt together in peace and harmony during the periods of the year in which they were breeding. When this season was over, their numbers diminished, although they never deserted the island. There were but few land birds, and of these the plover was the most valuable, on account of its eggs, which, besides being useful for food, were beautiful to look at with their mottled brown and white, delicate blue, gray and green shells. Turtles were numerous, especially at breeding season, liking to deposit their eggs in the dry hot sands, unshadowed by any high mountain.

A Native Type Tahiti

Then the hosts of robber crabs (deriving their name from their depredations on cocoanut trees) were something marvellous. When I saw the large numbers of them sleeping in the branches and hollow stumps of the trees, on the day we landed, I feared for the success of the poultry part of our venture; for the pluckiest hen would stand no chance with one of these crabs, which frequently measure nearly three feet in length, and have claws four or five inches

wide that are powerful enough to break a man's arm. The robber crab always sleeps through the day, and at night starts out for its food. It prefers cocoanuts, and climbs the highest tree with great swiftness. Throwing down the ripe nuts, it descends, and inserting one claw into the single eye of the cocoanut, it breaks off pieces of the hard shell until it gets at the kernel. Sometimes after getting the claw inside the nut, the crab pounds it on a stone and breaks the shell. These crabs make excellent eating and are easily caught at night when feeding, for at that time they pay but little attention to anything but their food. The tail is particularly nice, being one mass of pale-green fat, which tastes like the most delicious marrow.

From the first of July until the end of October, the robber crab hibernates in holes which it bores in the ground, only a single crab occupying a hole, which is lined with cocoanut husks, so as to make it comfortable, the holes of the largest crabs being of the size of the top of a flour barrel. It closes the slanting passageway leading to the hole very carefully, after it has entered, and while hibernating, sheds its old shell for a new and larger one. Fortunately for us, there were so many cocoanuts on the island that our chickens were unmolested by these fierce creatures.

With so many hands to help us, we were soon settled. The natives had already built their houses on the shores of the lagoon; the thatched roofs of *pandanus* resting on rows of *burau* stakes set in the ground about two inches apart, and arranged in oval form, with an opening for the door. At night a mat was hung before this opening. The ground floor of the houses was leveled off smooth, and some dry grass scattered over one end where they placed their sleeping mats.

One of the men, *Orometua*, a preacher, desiring privacy and a more extensive outlook, had brought bamboos to the island and erected his house in the branches of a tree, where it looked like a huge bird cage that had been set to ensnare any angel visitant that might pass over the island.

The only furniture they had were articles of necessity and use. One or two stools cut out of a solid piece of *tamana* wood, fishing nets, mats, pillows, bowls for sauces, drinking purposes, handwashing and for lamps, were about all. For plates they used *burau* leaves, which were gathered fresh for every meal, and as I saw them collect and throw out the wilted leaves after the meal was over, I wished I could solve my dishwashing problem as easily. But the drinking bowls were well taken care of, and some of them were very handsome, being made from shells of cocoanuts not fully ripe, scraped with a piece of coral in running water, until transparent. The most valued ones were made from shells of old nuts and were very dark and beautifully carved.

Two of the three native wives were gay, light-hearted women, and were always ready to assist me in the house and garden, or to accompany me in my rambles around the island. The other woman, the wife of one of the tattooed men, was quite old, and the mother of the young girl. The smouldering fire in her large, dark eyes, joined to the long fits of abstraction of mind in which she indulged, often made me feel most uncomfortable. Although nominally a Christian, I soon discovered that her mind was filled with the old superstitions and omens, and that she feared the Christian's God only because the white man had proved himself superior to the native in power, and therefore his God must be more powerful.

The women wore fringed mats for skirts, and a *tiputa*, the latter being a long piece of native cloth with a hole cut in the center through which to pass the head, the garment falling over the back and chest and reaching to the knees. Their long, wavy hair hung below their waists, and the younger women wore scarlet or white flowers in

their ears, the stems being thrust through the holes pierced in them.

As soon as we were settled, the Captain and the men attended to the collection of the sources of revenue, while I, assisted by the women, looked after the affairs of the household and planted a vegetable and flower garden. The results in the garden line were most wonderful. Everything seemed to grow as if by magic, and the old fairy tale of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" often came to my mind as I witnessed the rapid development of everything we planted. Sweet potatoes, Indian corn, *taro*, and melons were ready for our table in an incredibly short time. But I was disappointed at the deterioration of these products of the ground, when we replanted with seeds raised on the island. The vegetables were coarse and without flavor, and I found that it would be necessary to procure fresh seed from abroad at every sowing time.

We obtained fresh water by digging holes in the sand, but it was rather brackish, and although the Captain set up the water casks from the vessel to catch rain water, we used the water thus procured mostly for cooking, bathing and washing purposes; and for a beverage, drank the water of young cocoanuts, a most delicious substitute.

When the cocoanut is young, the hollow kernel is of the consistence of a soft custard, and filled with a cool refreshing liquid that tastes like mild lemonade. When a little older, the water is absorbed in part by the kernel which thickens and forms an excellent article of food, very different, however, from the hard meat of the ripe cocoanut which alone is known to strangers to the home of this delicious fruit. Every animal seems fond of the unripe nuts. Fowls eat them with avidity, and I have seen dogs, cats and even horses, eat the tempting, snowy substance with an air of keen relish.

Cocoanuts at Pomlo

Every night we would have a number of green cocoanuts gathered for use the next day, and it was wonderful to observe the celerity with which one of the young natives would climb the tallest trees; sometimes with a strip of bark tied around his ankles, upon which he would rest alternately with his knees, and oftener without any aid just clinging with his big toe spread out on the roughnesses made by the rings of growth on the tree. Tapping a nut, he could tell its stage of growth by the sound it gave, and with a dexterous whirl would throw it to the ground without breaking it.

I began to notice after a while that the nut gathering for me was all done by Otoo, a fine-looking young native who always seemed to be near at hand when the help of a man was needed in house or garden. The attraction I soon found to be Ina, the young daughter of old Mahiti, who was always with me. Even aside from propinquity, which is responsible for the successful termination of so many love affairs, I did not blame Otoo for preferring to help us women instead of doing my husband's work, when it gave him the opportunity of gazing into Ina's laughing eyes, and admiring the coquettish arrangement of the tappa mantle, which, fastened on one shoulder, dropped gracefully down to her knees, and the bright garland of flowers that always adorned her proud little head.

But she appeared to give him but little encouragement, and although woman-like I should like to have seen the romance brought to a happy conclusion, it seemed to me that Otoo's devotion and good looks were entirely thrown away on his brunette lady love. In vain did he present her with lovely shells, climb the scarlet *hibiscus* tree for its gorgeous flowers, and spend his evenings making snares to catch the wild tropic bird for its two long tail feathers of blood red; which considered sacred in the olden times as offerings to the gods, and worn as ornaments by chiefs only, are still highly prized for their rarity and loveliness, although their sanctity is gone.

Vainly also did he attire himself in a most gorgeous, large-figured *pareu* (a piece of foreign calico two yards long and about a yard wide which was wound around the waist and hung a little below the knees,) thinking that were he apparelled in European goods he would appear more attractive in her sight. Ina accepted his presents, ridiculed his dress, and treated his most serious advances with laughing banter, until a most ludicrous adventure, as it turned out, brought the little coquette to terms.

Otoo had been using a heavy hammer one day at some distance from the house, and while returning with it was carelessly swinging it around in the air when it flew from his hand and dropped down into the hollow stump of an old tree. It happened that an immense robber crab was sleeping in the stump, and at this rude awakening all its ferocity was aroused. Otoo thinking only of the hammer, put his hand down into the hole to get it, when the crab seized him with one of its claws, and then, struggling half out of the hollow, reached around the stump and seized Otoo with the other claw, thus holding him fast. The more Otoo struggled the closer the crab held him, and fearing that it would bite his hand severely, as they often do when excited, he screamed with all his force for assistance.

As Ina heard his piercing cries, she turned a ghastly yellow, and giving a most heart-rending shriek, flew to the relief of her imprisoned hero. My husband and two of the men also rushed to the spot, and as the crab's abdomen was exposed, half out of the hollow, he pierced it with his knife, when the crab quickly relaxed its hold and Otoo fortunately escaped without being bitten.

Poor Otoo! When the danger was over, I could not help laughing to myself as I thought of the comical

tableau presented to our view when we first reached the scene. The picturesque old stump over-run with trailing vines, Otoo's nearly naked brown body pressed closely against it, his eyes starting out of their sockets when he felt the center of his being attacked that I could never look back upon the event without the old disposition to laugh.

Ina, however, had unmistakably revealed the true state of her heart

Native Tahiti Boys

with fright as he struggled in the awkward embrace of the cold-blooded robber crab, formed such an incongruous spectacle, added to the ridiculous means taken to end his peril, and the sudden collapse of the crab towards Otoo, and like a wise man he followed up his advantage so promptly that the captain promised them a wedding as soon as the copra they were then collecting should be packed ready for shipping.

The blossom of the young palm is most striking. In a strong, pointed sheath three feet long, is enclosed a tall spike, covered with small white blossoms, male and female flowers. When the sheath bursts open, its contents present the appearance of an immense sheaf of large ripe grain, and, seen for the first time, strikes one with wonder and admiration.

After the Captain's promise in regard to the wedding, Otoo developed into a most diligent worker, and Ina herself was not idle. Thinking to please her, I gave her a pretty wedding gown of white muslin. We had reckoned, however, without Mahiti, who would not consent to Ina's being married in anything but a garment of native cloth. So resolute was the old woman, that, taking Ina with her, much to Otoo's discomfort, she embarked in a canoe, went to the island from whence they came, and returned in triumph with a boatload of slender branches of the paper-mulberry tree.

Soaking them in water for a couple of days, the bark and inner fiber were easily peeled from the branches, and after another day's soaking, the outside bark was carefully scraped off with a shell, leaving the inner fiber. This was rolled up lengthwise and soaked for another day, causing the fiber to swell and toughen. It was then put on a thick board, and beaten out with small wooden mallets. Fibers were constantly added, and if the cloth became thin in places, it was doubled over and spread equally until it was not liable to break. When finished, it was pliable, and looked like heavy tissue paper. Mahiti went over it very carefully at the last, with a coating of Bread Fruit tree gum, and bleached it until it was of a snowy whiteness.

Mahiti had also brought back with her from her old home some fine mats, new pillows stuffed with tree cotton, and covered with soft-finished, large-figured calico, and two quilts made of the same gorgeous calico used for *pareus*, lined and bound with white calico; these, with calabashes and cooking utensils, completed the house-furnishing of the young couple. Otoo, with the assistance of his friends, had built a new *fare* (native house) at odd moments, and everything was ready for our first wedding on the island. Preparations had been made for a grand feast, and then we were all to go in boats to another island in our group, twenty miles distant, for a picnic.

But another difficulty arose. Although the feast was the chief part of the wedding ceremony to all the natives, Ina refused to have our native preacher perform the ritual part of the service, and desired my husband to act in that capacity. This was repugnant to my ideas of the sanctity of the marriage rite, and I would not consent to it. Happily, a compromise was effected, by the Captain suggesting that we start early in the morning on our picnic, and then while we were at sea, he could legally perform the ceremony, and upon our return from the island in the afternoon, we could enjoy the wedding banquet.

Everything happened as it was planned, and Ina's father and another man returned to Moemotu to prepare the dinner. Meanwhile, the rest of us, in high spirits, continued our trip to the stranger island. I was the first to land, and had proceeded but a few steps before I stopped to pluck a spray of flowers from a shrub which was unlike any species I had seen before. Instantly, Mahiti, who was following me, exclaimed in a serious tone:

"Now the big wave will come, and the sea will roar over the reef!" I remembered then to have heard of a belief of the old natives, that when visiting an island which is not their home, if a branch is broken off or anything eaten before the whole party lands, the ocean will rise suddenly and sweep over the reef. Both my husband and I laughed at Mahiti for

her superstition, but, strange to say, soon after we got ashore an immense wave rushed over the reef and washed far up on the land, dashing our boats against the sharp coral and in its ebb nearly carried them out to sea. The Captain said it was some natural disturbance of the water, but I could see that Mahiti's lingering belief in her old gods was strengthened by the coincidence, and it made her garrulous to the extent of her relating several legends of the old times to me, as we two sat under the shade of a *banyan* tree, resting after a long stroll about the island and waiting for the others to join us in a luncheon before starting for home

When a young girl, she had lived in the family of a chieftainess of one of the districts of the Island of Tahiti. There were two daughters in the family the younger of whom enjoyed the protection of a dead godfather. The mother purchased material for new gowns for the girls, and by mistake in cutting them out, the sleeves of the older girl's gown were cut with the figure running upside down. Thinking it would not be found out, the mother took the sleeves for the younger daughter's gown, and put the sleeves cut for her gown into the older daughter's. The deception was discovered, however, and great was the wrath of the younger sister at the partiality shown by her mother.

Queen Pomare, Tahiti

It chanced that a meeting of the heads of the different districts of Tahiti had been called at Papeete for the following day, at which it was necessary for the mother to be present. As the journey was shorter, and more easily made by water than by land, she ordered her canoe to be got ready, and among the attendants who were to accompany her was Mahiti. The canoe started late in the afternoon, and the girls sitting on the shore watched its progress around the point that would shortly conceal it from their view. As it passed from their sight, the younger sister said:

"You may think that mother's boat will skim lightly over the calm waters of the bay, until she ties it to the shore again at Papeete. But not in vain have my tears fallen to-day, and Teabua (the great white shark worshipped by her dead godfather) will avenge me and see that she has her journey for naught."

"You forget," replied the elder sister, carelessly, "that the old gods have been struck with eternal deafness

and that a weeping maiden can no longer awaken their power."

"You will see," confidently answered the younger.

A few hours went by and darkness had covered the face of the island, when the party returned, having found it impossible to complete their journey. For two or three miles their course had been smooth, then as the darkness began to settle around them, a commotion arose in the water, and at a short distance from the boat, lights appeared in a half-moon circuit, barring their onward progress. The chieftainess exclaimed:

"Why, has the reef moved, and are those lights the torches of the fishers?"

But no forms appeared with long spears poised ready to strike at the gliding fish, and no surf breaking over the reef betokened their approach to coral barriers. There were only the lights and a slight movement in the waters.

As they came nearer the boatmen perceived that it was an immense shark stretched across their path, with bright gleams of light along the head, tail, and middle of its body. They dared not row farther forward and turned back. The lights disappeared and the chieftainess ordered the boatmen to turn around and go forward again. Immediately the same appearance was again visible, with an increased commotion in the water and a greater brilliancy of the lights. Thoroughly frightened, the boatmen refused to make another attempt to reach Papeete, but returned home, and the chieftainess was obliged to make her trip by land, starting before daylight the next morning.

"But, Mahiti," I said, "you don't really believe in these Christian days, that such a thing could actually occur?" Nothing could exceed the dignity with which she replied:

"Vahine Papau, as I told you, I was there and saw it myself."

Very pretty, I thought, too, was the legend of *Taravarao*. The Island of Tahiti is shaped not unlike a turtle, the small peninsula representing the head, being connected with the larger part of the nearly circular island by the Isthmus of *Taravarao*. Formerly, however, Mahiti said, there was but the larger island. The smaller one was the home of a genius, who was half god and half man, and who roamed around the ocean at will, taking his island with him. It chanced that one beautiful moonlight night, as he skirted along the shores of the district of *Papeari*, he surprised the lovely Eieia bathing in the shallow water near her home. To see her was to love her, and what Earth born maid could say nay to the wooing of a god?

There were drawbacks to his happiness, however, for he could visit her only at night, and was obliged to leave her before dawn. Nightly he came, fastened his island to the steep rocks that overhung the shore, and then at the first gleam of light in the east, untied his little kingdom and sailed away. Although the natives, as a rule, shun darkness and retire early into their homes, it happened that an old couple, neighbors of the beautiful Eieia, were out one night, just as the genius was mooring his island to the larger one, and concealing themselves, saw him enter Eieia's house. The next night they watched again and saw him repeat his visit. Coveting the island for their chief, they went to the girl the next day and told her that it was her duty to keep her lover until broad daylight, when the charm being broken, he would be obliged to depart without his island. But in vain were Eieia's efforts to induce him to remain. In spite of coaxing words and sunny smiles, no sooner did the first clear notes of the cocks rise on the morning air, than he left her and genius and island vanished from her sight.

The old couple then went to their chief and presented to him in glowing colors, the beauty of the small island that nightly rested near his domain. Secretly the chief sent

around his district, had all the cocks caught, brought to his own house, and killed. The following night the lover appeared as usual and found Eieia more charming than ever. With gay songs and lively gossip she kept him awake until the night was far spent. Morning came, but no warning note from the chanticleer of the dawn came to arouse him from his slumbers, and he slept on through the hours of early day until the broad beams of the sun, penetrating the interior of the dwelling, lay in golden bands on a pile of mats upon which he was sleeping, and one ray creeping upward to his face awakened him with a flash of brightness. Eieia had prudently withdrawn from the house, and the genius rushing out found himself unable to loose his island. In angry haste he mysteriously disappeared never to return and the island containing four districts has remained there, the property of the shrewd chief and his descendants to this day.

The island which we were visiting possessed the same general characteristics as Moemotu, but was much smaller. The land, however, was higher and there were some different species of trees; the *banyan*, one or two candle-nut, and *mape* or chestnut trees, evidently planted by some former visitant to the island. The captain thought there might be some pearl oysters in the lagoon, and sent one of the men to dive for them. These natives have a curious manner of diving. Instead of entering the water head foremost as do the people of other countries, they generally jump into the water striking it with their feet first and then turning over in the water, strike downward or swim. He was not very successful in finding oysters but did not make many attempts as we wished to return home in good season.

We arrived home some time before dark and found the men just ready to open the oven in which the dinner had been cooked. In a large shallow hole, dug in the ground, a hot wood fire had been built and covered with loose stones. When the stones were at a red heat, the partly-burned sticks had been drawn out with a green stick that would not catch fire easily and most of the stones beaten down among the hot coals. Over these a quantity of leaves had been thrown and then a layer of sticks upon which to rest the food. A young pig, fattened for the occasion on green cocoanuts, washed beautifully white and clean and stuffed with some of the hot stones, was placed in a kneeling position on the bottom of the oven. Around it were fowls, bread-fruit, peeled and quartered, *fayees* (mountain bananas), *taro* greens wrapped up in a large leaf, and fish also in leaves. When they were nicely packed in the pile was covered thickly with leaves, and lastly earth was shovelled upon the leaves, until no steam could be seen to issue forth. It takes about two hours for the dinner to cook, and as we were to dine in true native style the men had spread the table on the ground under the trees. Upon some long-leaved ferns were placed several layers of *burau* leaves overlapping each other. Other *burau* leaves were arranged for platters and plates for the guests. Before each person was a bowl of water, a bowl for sauce and a green cocoanut ready for drinking. Avatea and Hautia knelt at one side of the table, each with a pile of leaves before her, and served the dishes, the rest of us being on the opposite side of the table. Everything was passed in a leaf and it took hundreds of leaves for our meal and setting the table. It is not etiquette to touch any food intended for others with the bare hand. The pig, deliciously brown, sweet and tender, occupied the center of the table, while the fowls, fish and vegetables occupied leafy plates around. The sauce was made of the juice of grated cocoanut, sea water and lime juice and was a most piquant relish to the meat. The pig and fowls were cut into pieces with a

knife, passed to the guests in leaves and eaten without knife or fork, as was the entire meal. Both before and after meals the fingers were bathed in the bowl of water provided for that purpose. Taking a bit of meat, it is dipped in the sauce and conveyed to the mouth. The other food is eaten with the fingers or from the leaves.

The succeeding week was spent in turtle hunting, fishing and other recreations, and then the sprouted cocoanuts for our young plantation were set out. Other occupations and improvements followed, and day by day passed in an uneventful tenor, until a year had elapsed from the day of our landing on the fertile Island of Moemotu. The poultry and pigs had so increased in number, and the amount of gathered *copra* was so large, that my husband began to talk of a trip to Tahiti to dispose of our accumulations.

He had commenced preparations by having the schooner cleaned and some of the casks taken aboard, when he was taken suddenly ill, and for several days I watched by him and nursed him, uncertain as to whether life or death was before him. The natives did all they could for us in attending to outside duties, and Mahiti wished to share with me the duties of nurse. But I must confess I had a superstitious fear about her remaining or even coming into my husband's sick room.

I feared she would break out into one of those indescribable wails that might affect him most fatally, the weakened action of his heart being a pronounced form of his illness.

Gradually, however, he began to recover, and after a few weeks, the subject of his trip to Tahiti was again considered, and renewed preparations for his departure went on. But events were shaping themselves for an entire change in our lives, and the days of our sojourn beneath tropical skies were already numbered.

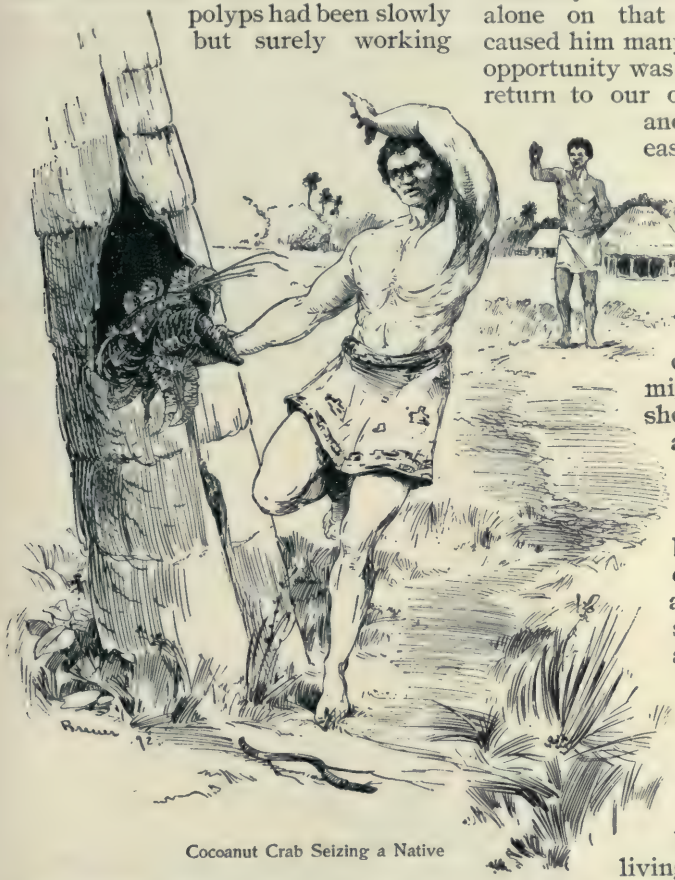
"*Pahi! Pahi! Ahio na ite pahi!*" (A ship! A ship! See the ship!) cried the natives one morning, scanning the horizon with the deepest interest. At first I could see merely a faint speck, but the speck changed to an oblong, and after awhile we could plainly see the masts of a small schooner that was evidently bearing straight for Moemotu. During the fifteen months that we had lived on the island, we had seen no vessel but our own. Occasionally a black dot had shown itself against the horizon, but it had soon disappeared, and why we should now receive a visit from the outside world was a matter of conjecture. There was a fresh wind blowing towards the shore, and the little vessel came briskly on, dipping her prow every now and then, as if bowing "Good morning;" and as she came nearer, we saw that she was manned by three native boatmen and two Europeans. The gentlemen landed, and my husband went forward to meet them. They proved to be agents of a large English guano firm, and were visiting different islands in the South Pacific, in search of guano deposits.

As soon as I learned their mission, I returned to the house to prepare a nice dinner for our visitors, with a feeling of superior wisdom at the idea of these men visiting lovely Moemotu in search of such an ill-smelling thing as guano. The gentlemen assembled in our sitting-room, and one of them, opening a box which he was carrying, took out an alcohol lamp, a crucible and some small bottles of chemicals. Lighting the lamp and placing it under the crucible, some of the earth was put in and different liquids. It was but a few moments before turning to the others who were watching him with great interest, he said:

"Yes, as I suspected, this island contains a good quality of guano."

Here, then, was the secret of the verdant vegetation and the marvellous rapidity of growth of flowers and vegetables! While my husband and

our guests were walking around the island, I could but think how mysterious it seemed, that while civilized countries had been sowing and reaping their harvests year after year, and exhausting the fertility of their soil, here amid these lonely isles of the South Pacific, unknown to the world but little more than a century ago, wild birds, fish and the tiny coral polyps had been slowly but surely working together for ages to form a life-giving compound which should stimulate and revivify their worn-out lands. Thus the isles of the sea are invaded by civilized man, not only for their fruits but even for the very soil that nourishes their life-sustaining trees.



Cocoanut Crab Seizing a Native

When the gentlemen returned, my husband told me that so well satisfied were our visitors with the result of their investigations, that they wished to purchase our lease, giving us a good royalty for the possession of the island. At first it was hard for me to think of giving up our peaceful home to which I had become so fondly attached. But my husband's recent illness had caused him to look upon our future in a different light; and the apprehension that he might at any time be suddenly taken away, leaving me alone on that remote island, had caused him many anxious hours. An opportunity was now presented us to return to our old home in England and live in comparative ease, and he urged me to agree with him in accepting it. Reason conquered sentiment, and I consented to the proposition of the agents, requesting only that our removal might be postponed for a short time, to which they agreed.

The company wished to commence operations at once, but there was room enough for all of us, and the following week saw them return with a larger vessel containing all needful apparatus, more native laborers and two horses. They erected a house for themselves, containing besides the necessary living rooms, a laboratory in which was an array of crucibles, retorts, bottles of acids and chemicals, a brick furnace, and bags of earth from other islands, which they had collected to test for guano.

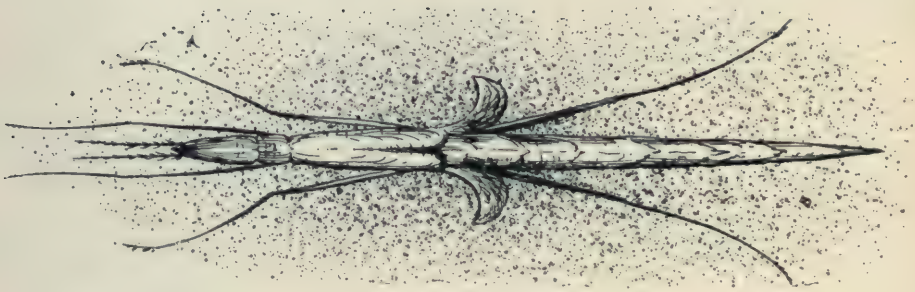
Together with our own native men there were twenty-five laborers engaged in collecting and separating the guano. Raking up the earth in large heaps, they screened it in the same manner as fine coal is separated

from the coarse. The screens were about eight feet by three feet and covered with a fine iron netting. This allowed the fine portion of the earth, which was the guano, to pass through, while the coral was left in the screens. The guano was then sacked, ready for shipping to Hamburg whence it would be reshipped to different parts of Europe.

When the time of our departure drew near, Ina and Otoo seemed almost heartbroken, and the expressions of grief from all our native friends proved how strongly attached they had become to us. We had treated them justly, sympathized with them in their different plans and enjoyments, and the Captain had always been to them a friend as well as an employer. We had won in return an unselfish, disinterested affection, which prompted them to even offer to go with us to our new home.

Years have passed since the cocoanut palms and feathery spray that fringed our island home faded from our view on the morning that we heard the last *Iaorana* (the universal salutation for every good wish) from our native friends.

Once since then, when visiting a picture gallery in London, I saw a group of people surrounding a celebrated picture of tropical island scenery. Critics commented in glowing terms upon its charms, and as I oined the throng that viewed it with admiring eyes, time and distance fled. The lovely tints, the sleeping waters, the motionless birds, the feathery foliage, the art that attracts and delights were thine, oh, hanging picture; but for me, the flowers exhaled their fragrance, the birds became tuneful, the leaves trembled in the light breeze which softly agitated the transparent water; and from beneath the shadows of the trees, Ina's laughing face peeped into mine, for the sense of life and movement belonged to my regretful memories of thee, oh, lovely Isle of Moemotu.



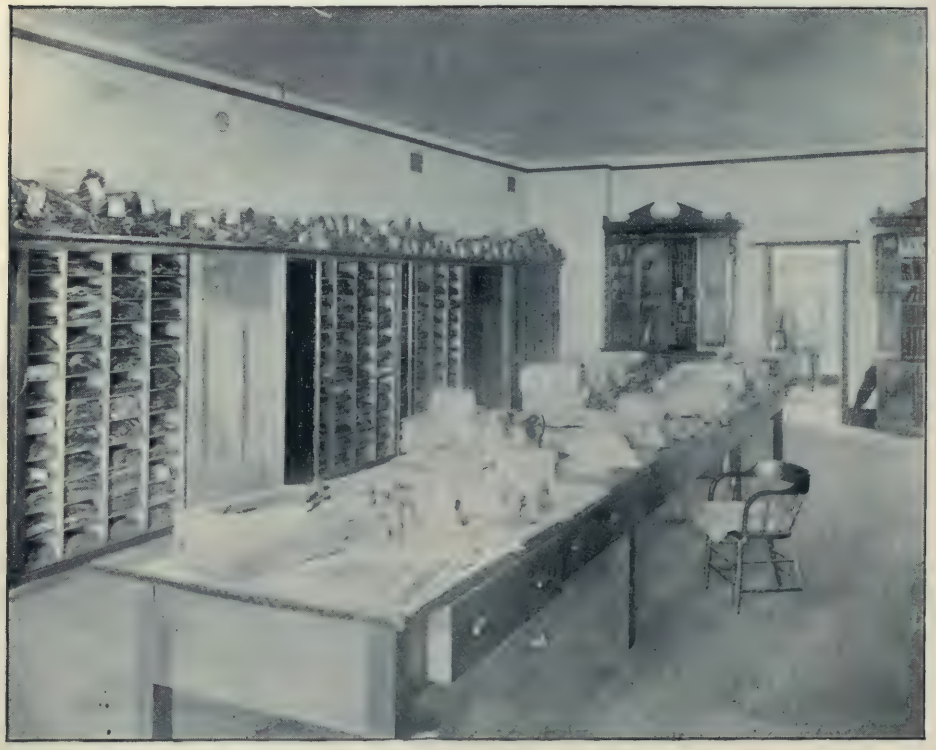
Dr. Harkness, Director of the California Academy of Sciences.

THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

ON the fourth of April, 1853, seven gentlemen met in the office of Lewis W. Sloat of the city of San Francisco to form an association "for the development of the natural sciences." Their names were Dr. Andrew Randall, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Dr. Albert Kellogg, T. J. Nevins, Prof. J. B. Trask, Charles Farris and Lewis W. Sloat. After some discussion the name "California Academy of Science" was proposed for the society, and one of the founders made a vigorous appeal for higher education and the development of science, not only in America and the world at large, but in California—his remarks concluding as follows: "It is due to science, it is due to California, to her sister States and to the scientific world that early measures be adopted for a thoroughly systematic survey of every portion of the State, and the collection of specimens of her rare and rich productions." In this way the present Academy of Sciences began. Meetings were at first held in various places and the young society grew slowly. A glance over the first proceedings, now among the treasures of the modern society, show many interesting features, calling to mind the scientific leaders of other days. We find that the first election of the society resulted as follows: President, Dr. Randall; Vice-President, Dr. Henry Gibbons; Second Vice-President, T. J. Nevins; Treasurer, Dr. A. B. Sloat; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Gibbons; Recording Secretary, Lewis W. Sloat; Librarian, T. J. Nevins; Curators, Dr. Albert Kellogg, E. R. Campbell and Dr. Henry Gibbons. In the first year we find an

entry showing that Dr. Gibbons proposed the name of Alexander Dallas Bache as an honorary member, and at the meeting of February 6, 1854, Dr. W. P. Gibbons, a founder, now living in Alameda, proposed for honorary membership the name of Louis Agassiz. In this way the membership



The Herbarium.

resident, honorary and corresponding, gradually increased from year to year until the society began to be well known, not only throughout the length and breadth of the land, but the world. It became the central point of interest to the many scientific men who found their way west, and we find on its list of membership the names of Ayres, Whitney, Le Conte, Kellogg, Torrey, Dall, Bloomer, Brewer, Hanks, Edwards, Davidson and others, whose names have become well known wherever true science is known. The

Academy collections, which were simply individual donations in the beginning, rapidly increased, and the necessity of a building soon became apparent. For many years the society met in an old building on Clay street, then the church on California street was used, and became a landmark. Like all similar movements the Academy had important epochs in its career. A most important one in its effect upon the future of the institution was the gift of James Lick. This was in land, and in the wording of the giver: "Mr. Lick makes this gift to the Academy of Sciences in commendation of the desire he has to promote the diffusion of science and the prosperity and perpetuity of the Academy." In brief, the grand idea of James Smithson had also taken possession of the Californian, and

Adolph Sutro.
W. C. Burnett.
John Taylor.
Col. C. F. Crocker.
E. J. Molera.
Ex-Gov. Geo. C. Perkins.
Daniel E. Hayes.

Trustees California Academy of Sciences.

what Smithson did for America, Lick hoped to accomplish for California. The present paper is not intended as a historical sketch, but to present the Academy of to-day, the result of years of struggle, and to suggest to Californians that they stand by this great monument to science, and give it the substantial aid it deserves in bequests and donations.

The ultimate result of the gift of Mr. Lick was to give the Academy of Sciences the magnificent building on Market street—a home that gives ample accommodation to the various specimens, and at the same time produces a large and ever increasing revenue for the maintenance of the collections. The building is a massive six-story structure of rich stone, presenting an imposing front. The portion visible from the street is devoted to offices, while the museum is in the rear, reached by a fine entrance and hall in the center of the building, and by a richly designed staircase of California marble, a work of art in itself.

The rooms upon the ground floor are devoted to a well-equipped lecture-room, where the meetings of the Academy are held, and where science is popularized for the benefit of the people by means of lectures illustrated by the stereopticon and delivered by distinguished scientists. On this floor is a room devoted to the woods of California and the Pacific Coast, which will be a revelation to the visitor, showing the economic value of our forests. On reaching the second floor the wise plan of construction is apparent, the building having an open court which allows light from above as well as from the sides. The eye of the

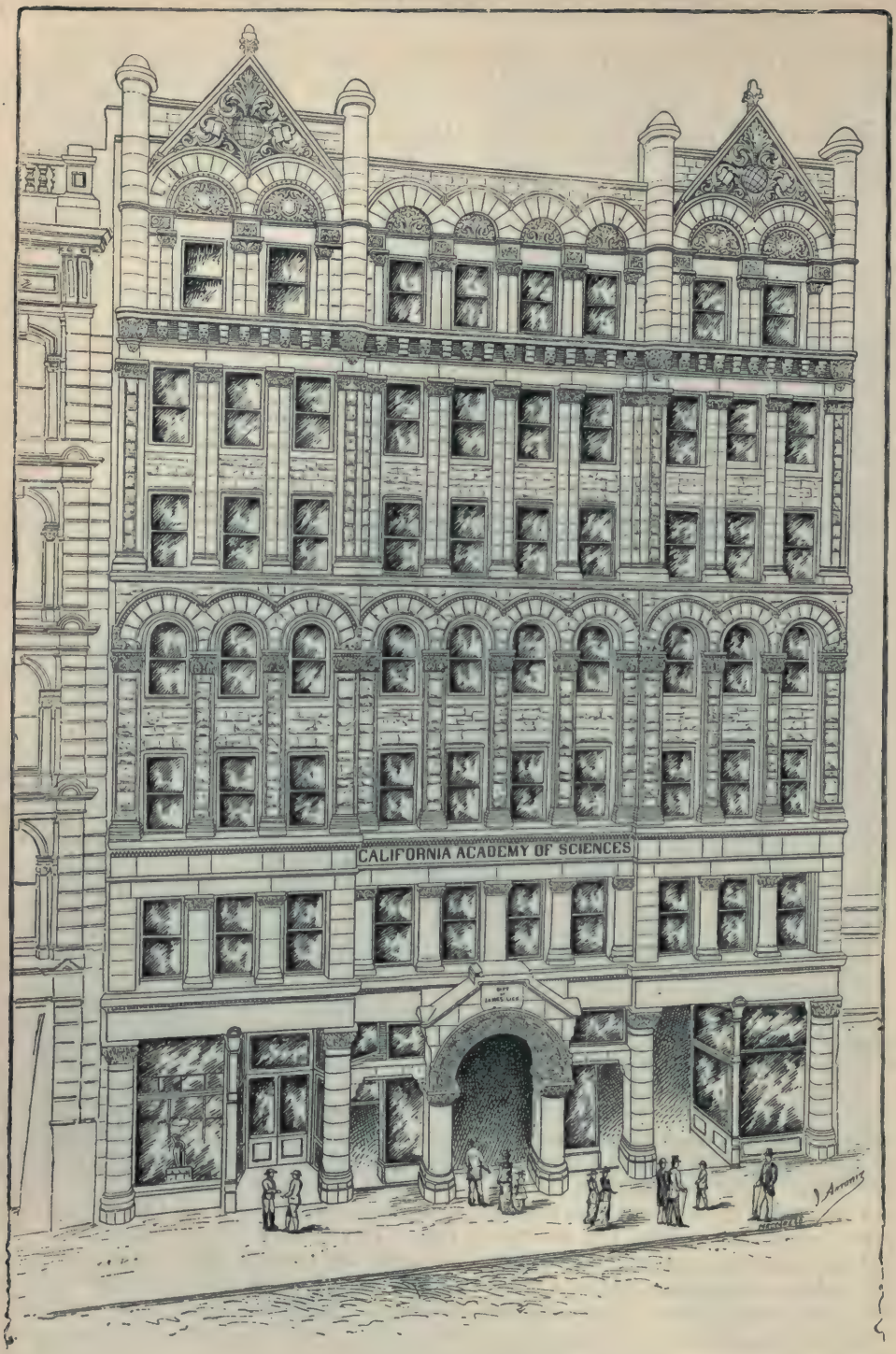
Botanical Class in the Academy of Sciences.

visitor is at once caught by the magnificent restoration of the mammoth by Ward, its size being still more pronounced by the contrast of the skeleton of a modern elephant by its side. The mammoth is a perfect moth representing the skeleton of a gigantic sloth that towered high in air and tore down the verdure from the tops of trees in the ancient days. To illustrate the degradation of the type, so far as size is concerned,

Upper Floor, devoted to Library, Curator's Rooms, etc., showing Court.

restoration from the hair and skeleton found some years ago in the ice beds of Northern Russia, and makes a most imposing show. About it are the tusks, skull and bones of other extinct elephants, as the mastodon of several species, some of which had three and four tusks; the dinotherium, which had two tusks in the lower jaw, turned down, all suggestive of the wonders of the proboscidea, of which the Asiatic and African elephants are the only living representatives. The Academy is rich in fine casts and paleontological specimens; a fine cast of the megatherium stands behind the mam- beneath the giant is placed a modern sloth not over a foot in length. Here is the shell of the greatest turtle that ever lived. When it was discovered in India some years ago, it is said that several men could crawl into it and use it as a hut. The animal was in all about twenty feet long.

Equally remarkable is the glyptodon, a fine cast of which stands near at hand, an animal once common in South America, encased in a remarkable armor like that of the armadillo of to-day. In a case handsomely exhibited are numbers of striking animals of a past age. Representing the

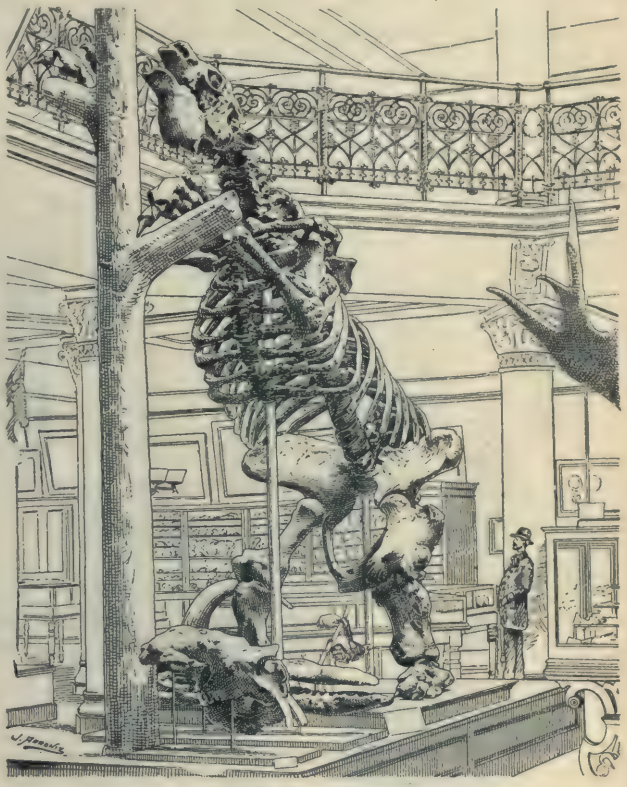


The California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.

cephalopods or cuttle-fishes is a long, columnar object, the orthoceros Titan, which once formed a part of a gigantic squid-like creature that might have been thirty or fifty feet long, and whose weight must have been many tons. Gigantic shells as large as cartwheels, monster sea lizards, whale-like creatures with long necks and tails, others that were veritable sea-serpents, are represented here. Among the fossil birds is the cast of a huge creature, the moa, some of which were twelve or more feet in height, and lived within a few hundred years in New Zealand, and were hunted by the natives of the islands. The academy also has casts of the bones of the "Dodo," the giant pigeon that became extinct within the memory of man, and of the egg of a giant bird from Madagascar, and many more too numerous to mention.

The academy has a comprehensive paleontological collection, embracing charts, casts, fossils, pictures and relief maps, the specimens numbering over fifteen thousand, and containing a number of rare and valuable type specimens, all included in the Crocker-Stanford collection, a gift to the society. On this floor is the collection of mammals, a gift of Mrs. E. B. Crocker of Sacramento, which attracts attention and contains prepared specimens of a number of rare animals, including Ward's famous orang-outang. The various parts of the whale are all here, from the whale bone to the fœtus. The mammalial fauna of the world is well represented, from the curious duck-bill that lays eggs like a reptile, yet suckles its young, to the elephant and other forms.

The mammals are in charge of Mr. Walter E. Bryant, who has held the curatorship since 1887, when the department was founded. Some idea of the growth of the various departments may be obtained from the fact that in 1887 this one embraced one hundred mammals mounted for exhibition purposes and six for study, while to-day specimens run up into the thousands, the study series being particularly valuable, and arranged so that they can be used by the student for comparison. The aim of the curator has been to establish an extensive working series of Pacific Coast mammals, particularly those of California, and as rapidly as possible add those of North America at large and foreign lands. The study collections are kept

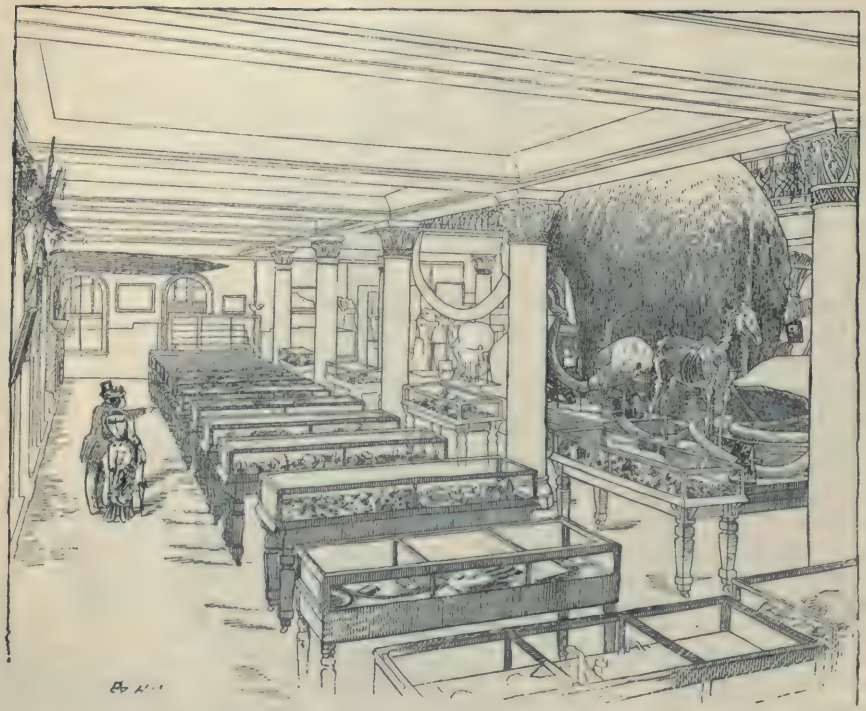


The Megatherium.

in trays, in dust, and insect proof zinc-lined cabinets, and are carefully labeled and catalogued. The collection of skeletons is of rare interest, represented by about sixty-five specimens, from the gray whale of California to the humming bird. The skeleton that attracts most attention is that of the great sea-cow, or Rhytina, that was discovered by Steller on our northwest coast. There are but two or three good skeletons known, this being one of the best. A fine skeleton of the California gray whale fills one end of the first corridor, while the jaws of another form a lofty arch, through which the visitor may pass.

An interesting study of the heads of all races is found on this floor, where the finely developed head of the American is contrasted with that of the Australian bushman, and more interesting yet, the peculiar methods of compressing the skull are shown.

The collection of fishes, numbering about 1,200, alcoholic and otherwise, is of extreme interest, having a wide geographical range. Here are the wonderful forms of the equatorial Pacific, the strange blind-fish from caves, the pipe fish, sea-horse and rare forms from every sea, forming a striking and instructive lesson in this branch of science. This department is under the curatorship of David Starr Jordan and Dr. Gilbert of Stanford University, both distinguished scientists. In vertebrates the academy is especially rich. Here is a case of the fine models in glass, representing richly tinted sea anemones and delicate medusæ with long tentacles; the fairy ship, Physalia, that sails in the Southern Ocean, the worm-like synapta, so noted for its method of throwing off portions of itself when deprived of food, and nnmbers of delicate star-fishes from the deep sea, famous for



Lower Floor, South Side, Showing Collection of Fossils.

their light-giving properties. The visitor can follow up the life histories of these forms by examining the echinoderms in the neighboring case, and the strange star-fishes; while upon the wall hangs a slab showing a mass of crinoids-stalked star-fish on a delicate stem nearly eight feet in length, representatives of a former age, though there are living forms of other species now in the deep sea. In its collection of shells, of which there are about 3,500 specimens, the academy is especially rich, the forms ranging from the Tridacna gigas, specimens of which have been known to weigh 500 pounds, to minute shells almost invisible. Here is the beautiful Janthina or purple sea-snail that floats on the surface, the strange pholas that emits a faint light and bores its way into the hardest rock, and many more. The collection of corals, which finds place on the first floor, includes about 500 specimens, a gift of Thomas Crawford Johnstone of San Francisco, represents many species from the delicate forms to the large heads of Meandrina and Astraea. The Gorgonias are particularly beautiful, their reticulated surfaces of yellow and lavender presenting rich contrasts to the white coral.

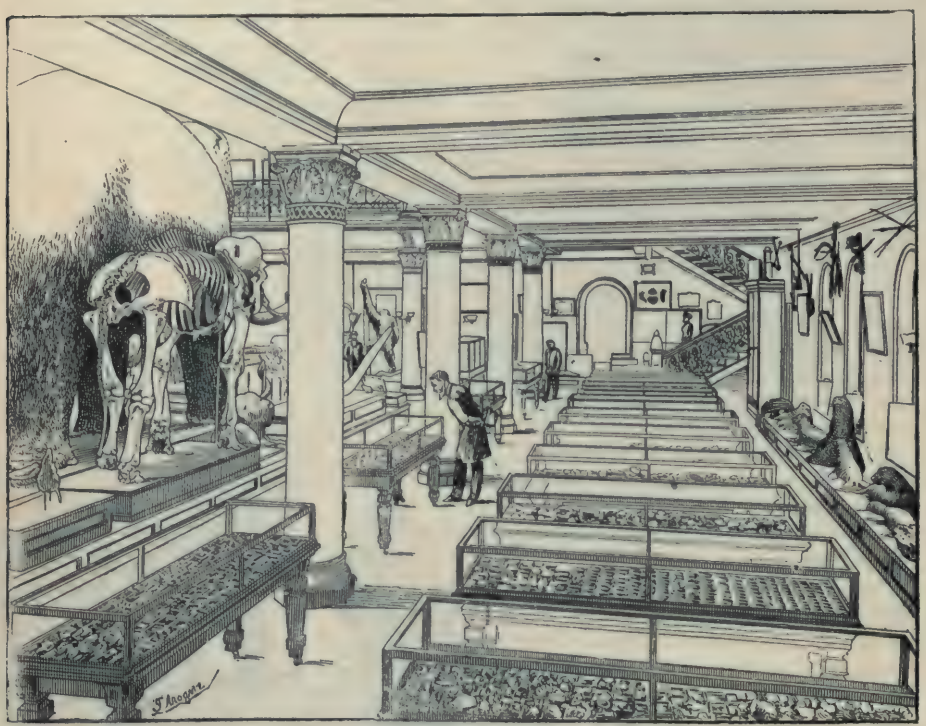
A case is devoted to Crustaceans, of which there are about 400 specimens, while some fine examples are found in various parts of the hall; especially noticeable is the palm-crab, or Burgus latro, a gigantic ally of the hermit-crab, but without the shell. This singular creature lives on the cocoanut, climbing the tree, picking the nut and stripping down the husk, then breaking the shell by beating it upon a rock. An interesting crab is the grapus that one of the *Challenger* officers saw catching young birds on the St. Paul Rocks. A fine series of edible crabs is exhibited as well as the lobsters and different varieties of cray-fish, forming a valuable economic series.

The second floor of the academy contains a magnificent loan collection of humming birds, so arranged as to show the male, female and young of each species, and in many instances, the nest. The collection of birds, the gift of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, stands on the north side of the hall, and embraces many rare specimens, while a good collection of eggs is exhibited that is being added to from time to time by friends of the institution. The curators of ornithology are Walter E. Bryant and Lyman Belding, who have collected and arranged a fine students' collection of skins of great value to scientists, while the exhibit collection is extremely attractive in the strange and beautiful forms which comprise it. The department of Coleoptera, in charg of Mr. Charles Fuchs, comprises about 3,600 species. Dr. H. H. Behr in charge of the Lepidoptera makes a

Orang-outangs.

fine showing with a collection of 22,000 specimens, representing 5,560 species, comprising some of the rarest forms of this group of insects. A study of the California insects is most interesting; their habits are totally different from those of the East. At Christmas time the warm sun of California brings out swarms of insects, and many pass every night into a state of coma, or partial hibernation to come to life again the following day.

On the upper or second floor a case of living snakes and lizards suggest that Mr. J. J. Rivers, the curator of the department of Herpetology, proposes to lend an additional interest to his especial branch of science. The case contains several fine examples of the famous poisonous lizard, Heloderma suspectum from Arizona, about which there has been so much controversy. The reptiles are slow of movement, sluggish and of hideous appearance; an examination of the teeth has shown the presence of a poison-sac similar to that of the snakes. It has often been stated that the bite of the Heloderma is fatal. This is not so in every instance; a scientist bitten at the Smithsonian was affected so suddenly that he barely reached assistance in time. Cases in Arizona have been fatal where individual aid was not obtainable. The specimens in this department, alcoholic and otherwise, number 1,100, and cover a wide geographical range, the department being especially interesting from the fact that many fossil forms of great interest are at hand, so that the visitor can, as it were, walk down the ages from the ancient age of reptiles to the reptiles and batrachians of to-day. On slabs one may see the footprints of gigantic



Lower Floor, South Side, Showing Minerals.

The Marble Staircase.

reptiles that wandered over the muddy flats of ancient days. From here the curator will turn to an adjacent case and point out the skeleton or skin of the modern representative, and in this object-lesson show how the mighty have fallen—how the age of giants has been succeeded by that of pigmies. The lizards, while not especially fascinating, and often uncanny, are often of the greatest interest. One feature, that of their protective resemblance, may be referred to. The horned toad, properly a lizard and so common in this State, is an interesting example. When in white or light sandy soil it resembles it almost exactly in tint; if placed on a darker base it soon assumes it, so rendering itself inconspicuous. This is more or less true of all lizards, especially so of the anolis and some African forms in which the changes from green to brown and other tints are instantaneous. A volume could be written on the features of this department of the academy alone, and it is sufficient to say that the specimens are of the greatest scientific value and would do credit to any institution in the country.

The academy is especially rich in minerals, having a large and comprehensive collection of about 2,000 specimens on exhibition in the hall, with almost as many in the curator's room. Some magnificent individual specimens have been donated from time to time, and make an especially fine display, both from the scientific and display standpoint. The department is under the charge of Mr. Melville Atwood, one of the most competent mineralogists on the coast, and whose fitness for the duties are well shown in the arrangement of the collection.

A department of comparative anatomy, under the curatorship of Charles H. Keeler, is of especial interest to medical men, and that of malacology, under Dr. James Cooper, is of especial interests to students in that science. To any one interested in the study of mankind, the academy collection presents many attractions. There are

skeletons, casts of heads, collections arranged to represent man's work in the various branches, implements of war, armor, ancient Japanese and 10,000 species which he has presented to the academy, cost over $10,000 and in all probability could not be reproduced for twice that sum. Mrs.

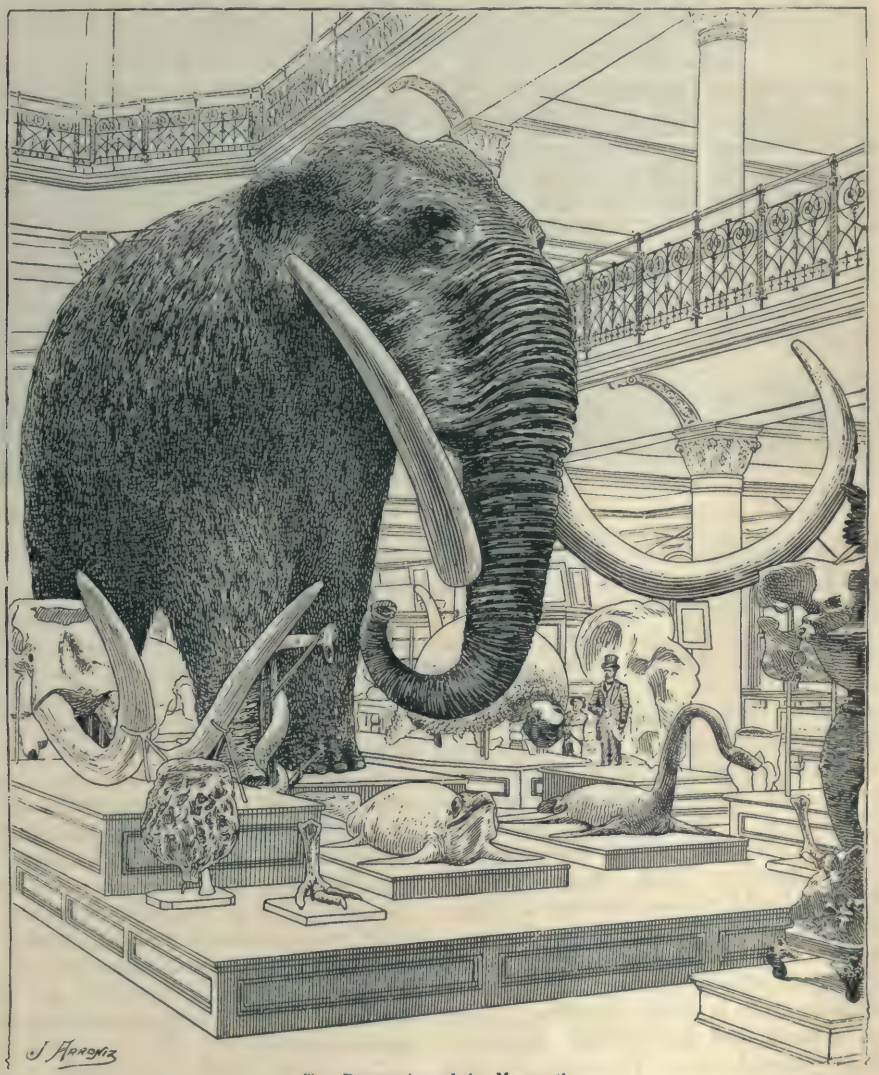
Library.

modern polynesian. The casts throw a flood of light upon the antiquity of man. One is the famous Neanderthal skull found by Dr. Fuhlrett in 1857, near Dósseldorf, Germany; the other a heavy-ridged cranium known as the Engis skull, which was found in a cave with the bones of various animals of the Pleistocene period, demonstrating the fact to the satisfaction of geologists that man's history can be traced back vast ages.

One of the most interesting collections in the academy is that of the Fungi or lower cryptograms of the Pacific Coast collected by Dr. H. W. Harkness, the distinguished head of the academy. Dr. Harkness has made this branch of science his specialty, and the collection numbering over Katharine Brandegee, the curator of botany has collected and arranged a most valuable collection. The Herbarium consists of 100,000 sheets carefully arranged, and is especially rich in Californian forms, though it contains species from all over the world. The best collection of Lower Californian flora extant is found here. The Herbarium is on the upper floor, and here are found the finely lighted curator's rooms where much scientific work is done, and where the Z ö ogical, Botanical and other clubs meet. Here is the finely equipped library unequaled in many directions in America. On the shelves are 8200 bound volumes and as many more pamphlets under the charge of Mr. Frank H. Vaslit, assistant Secretary, to

whose courtesy, attention and knowledge the visitor is sure to be indebted. It is impossible to go into every detail of the academy, and it is sufficient to say that the institution is a credit not only to San Francisco but to the world at large; it is a monument to the growth and development of scientific thought on this coast, and deserves the patronage and support of every thinking man and woman. The academy should receive all the collections that now find place in private houses, and every Californian should remember it in his or her will, the institution being a great educator, far reaching in its effects on the general public.

While the academy is carried on directly by its curators its work is rendered possible and telling by the work of an intelligent corps of scientists, and a board of trustees selected



The Restoration of the Mammoth.

Collection of Skeletons.

from among the most cultivated and intelligent men of this city. The officers for the year are as follows: President, W. H. Harkness, M. D.; Vice-President, H. H. Behr, M. D.; J. G. Cooper, M. D., Corresponding Secretary; Frederick Gutzkow, Recording Secretary; J. R. Scupham, Treasurer; General L. W. Foote, Librarian; Carlos Troyer, Director of the Museum; J. Z. Davis. The Board of Trustees are—Col. Chas. F. Crocker, W. C. Burnett, D. E. Hayes, E. J. Molera, Ex-Governor George C. Perkins, Adolph Sutro and John Taylor. Dr. Harkness, President of the academy, has a world-wide reputation as a scientist, and is fully identified with the growth and intellectual development of California. He came to the State in 1849, being a native of Pelham, Mass. Sacramento was his home for many years, and here he retired from the practice of medicine in 1869. Dr. Harkness has seen many interesting events in the development of the State. In 1869 he assisted in laying the connecting rail of the first continental railroad, presenting the gold spikes used on that occasion. In the same year while in Europe, he was the guest of the viceroy of Egypt at the opening of the Suez Canal. Dr. Harkness has been associated with the academy since 1875, nearly twenty years of earnest and continuous labor in the cause of science. His associates are all distinguished men or scientists. General L. H. Foote. so well known as a diplomat, author and literateur, is the Treasurer, while the names of Behr, Cooper and others are all identified with the development of true science in America.

Col. Charles F. Crocker is President of the Board of Trustees and has for years given the Institution the benefit of his good judgment and influence. In touch with the best development of coast interests, appre-

ciating the wide benefits to be derived from the academy in refining, cultivating and educating the masses, a firm believer in, and a patron of science, he has been possibly without knowing it, an important factor in the advancement of science on this coast.

Ex-Governor George C. Perkins has exercised a strong influence for the best development of science in California in his work as a member of the Board. Governor Perkins, after four years at sea life, came to California and went into mining, and it is suggestive of his ability that when twenty years of age he was in receipt of an income of half a million dollars. He has been interested in the development of the State, has filled various offices of public trust, and in 1879 was elected governor of the State. Another prominent and active worker of the Board is Adolph Sutro of Sutro tunnel fame, and whose public works have made his name well known over the entire country. Mr. Sutro came to California in the early days and almost immediately became interested in the development of the country. His experience in mechanics suggested many devices to aid the miner and mine owner, and after many struggles and nearly fourteen years, the Sutro tunnel, four miles long, was completed. Mr. Sutro early left the mining field and came to San Francisco, where he has been a prominent figure. Mainly through his efforts the western portion of the city has been made habitable. An attractive private park at the Cliff House has been thrown open to the public, and public improvements on a large scale have been begun on the shore. The Sutro Library is another of Mr. Sutro's public works which will serve as a monument to his services as a public man. W. C. Burnett is a member of the Board who has always taken a special interest in the advancement of the academy; he came to California in 1854, served as state senator and city attorney of San Francisco and in many important positions, being fully identified with the growth and development of the city and state. It is an interesting fact that business men take an interest in affairs of science, and that this Board is made up of business men. Col. Crocker is the Vice-president of the S. P. R. R.; Mr. Perkins is in the firm of Goodall, Perkins & Co., the well-known steamship line. Daniel E. Hayes, another director, is a member of the great house of Hinckley, Spiers and Hayes, shipbuilders and iron founders. Mr. Hayes is a public man in every sense, taking an active interest in the commonwealth, and filling various positions of public importance.

Among the trustees of the academy, Mr. E. J. Molera, vice-president, is particularly distinguished for his active interest. Mr. Molera was born in Spain, a graduate of the University of Barcelona. In 1863 he was admitted to the Academy of Royal Engineers of Madrid, obtaining the first place in competition over 300 candidates. In 1867 he was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Engineers and in the following year knight of the military merit of the first class. In 1889 Mr. Molera visited America and finally settled in California, where he soon achieved prominence in his profession. He made the survey of Blossom rock, was assistant engineer, and did much to elevate the service. It is to Mr. Molera's influence that the academy has its present quarters on Market street, he making the suggestion and serving on the Building and Prudential committees. Mr. Molera is a life member of the academy, and, like the other members of the board, devotes much time to its advancement. Equally identified with the growth of the academy is John Taylor of the board. Mr. Taylor, like many others, came to California in 1849, when the attention of the entire world was centered on the Pacific Coast. As in the case of Mr. Sutro and others, he went to the mining fields, finally settling in Sacramento, where he soon became a prominent figure. Mr. Taylor has

been identified with many of the great events which have made California what it is, and has been a factor in its growth. His work in the Academy of Sciences has been invaluable, and his association dates from the very inception of the movement. It would be an interesting study, if space permitted, to go still further into the lives of these makers of science—these men who, by their liberality and high intelligence, have so added to the educational facilities of the State; but the object of this paper is simply to call the attention of the public to this grand institution and to point out what its officers and trustees have been doing, and to suggest a new interest. As fine as the academy is, it is but the nucleus of what it should be. San Francisco should have as fine and well equipped an institution of science as could be found in America.

REGULATION OF RAILWAY CHARGES.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THE clamor for lower charges for transportations by rail is quite universal west of the Mississippi River, and in fact they are demanded in the south and east, only with less vehemence and persistency. It is not a question of politics, but of business; and the charges should be regulated on business principles, and not by political demagogism. The Democrats of this State, at their convention in Fresno last May, sought to coddle the anti-railroad sentiment and gain support through a proposition which they thought would catch the clamorous for a change. The whole people want lower rates and expect to secure them, but all reasonable men desire to accomplish the end by the adoption of common sense and just methods. That convention adopted the following resolution as one of the planks of its platform:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of this convention that the next Legislature of this State submit to the people for adoption, a constitutional amendment providing for a maximum tariff and classification, and abolishing the board of railroad commissioners, and the Democratic party demands that all candidates for the assembly and Senate at the coming election be pledged to such action."

As the Democratic party is the strenuous advocate of strict adherence to platform, which, to its members, is as sacred as the edict of an œcumenical council or an encyclical letter, it is to be presumed that the Democratic members of the Legislature will do what they can to carry out the views expressed in that resolution. The proposition, if carried into effect, will have an important bearing upon the interests of every class of our people. The question of freights and fares, as has been said, is exciting public attention, and the best thought of the country is being given to its solution. A change touching so grave a matter should not be made without the most careful and the fullest consideration. The proposition that the Government in some way should regulate transportation rates is not combatted in any quarter. The question is, what is the best way? California has a mode provided and defined in the Constitution, and that it may clearly appear what the Democratic resolution contemplates supplanting, it is necessary to

quote the provisions of the Constitution bearing on the subject. They are as follows:

"SEC. 21. No discrimination in charges for transportation shall be made by any railroad or other transportation company between places or persons or in the facilities for the transportation of the same classes of freight or passengers within this State, or coming from or going to any other State. Persons and property transported over any railroad or by any other transportation company or individual, shall be delivered at any station, landing or port, at charges not exceeding the charges for the transportation of persons and property of the same class, in the same direction, to any more distant station, port or landing. Excursion and commutation tickets may be issued at reduced rates.

"SEC. 22. The State shall be divided into three districts as nearly equal in population as practicable, in each of which one railroad commissioner shall be elected by the qualified electors thereof at the regular gubernatorial elections, whose salary shall be fixed by law, and whose term of office shall be four years, commencing on the first Monday after the first day of January next succeeding their election. Said commissioners shall be qualified electors of this State and of the district from which they are elected, and shall not be interested in any railroad corporation, or other transportation company, as stockholder, creditor, agent, attorney, or employee, and the act of a majority of said commissioners shall be deemed the act of said commission. Said commissioners shall have the power, and it shall be their duty to establish rates of charges for the transportation of passengers and freight by railroad or other transportation companies, and publish the same from time to time with such changes as they may make, to examine the books, records and papers of all railroad and other transportation companies, and for this purpose they shall have power to issue subpœnas and all other necessary process; to hear and determine complaints against railroad and other transportation companies, to send for persons and to administer oaths, take testimony, and punish for contempt of their orders and processes, in the same manner and to the same extent as courts of record, and enforce their decisions and correct abuses through the medium of the courts. Said commissioners shall prescribe a uniform system of accounts to be kept by all such corporations and companies. Any railroad corporation or transportation company which shall fail or refuse to conform to such rates as shall be established by said commissioners, or shall charge rates in excess thereof, or shall fail to keep their accounts in accordance with the system prescribed by the commission, shall be fined not exceeding twenty thousand dollars for each offense, and every officer, agent or employee of any such corporation or company who shall demand or receive rates in excess thereof, or who shall in any manner violate the provisions of this section, shall be fined not exceeding five thousand dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding one year. In all controversies, civil or criminal, the rates of fares and freights established by said commissioners shall be deemed conclusively just and reasonable, and in any action against such corporation or company for damages sustained by charging excessive rates, the plaintiff, in addition to the actual damage, may, in the discretion of the judge or jury, recover exemplary damages. Said commissioners shall report to the Governor annually their proceedings and such other facts as may be deemed important. Nothing in this section shall prevent individuals from maintaining actions against any of such companies. The Legislature may, in addition to any penalties herein prescribed, enforce this article by forfeiture of charter or otherwise, and may confer such further powers on the commissioners as shall be nec-

essary to enable them to perform the duties enjoined on them in this and the foregoing sections. The Legislature shall have power by a two-thirds vote of all the members elected to each house to remove any one or more of said commissioners from office for dereliction of duty, or corruption or incompetency, and whenever, from any cause, a vacancy in office shall occur in such commission the Governor shall fill the vacancy by appointment of a competent person thereto, who shall hold office for the residue of the unexpired term, and until his successor shall have been elected and qualified."

It is the theory in all civilized countries that the common carrier, to a certain extent, is a servant of the public, and that the manner of conducting his business and the compensation he shall receive shall be regulated by law. The common law declares that the compensation shall be reasonable and just, and that a controversy over the amount shall be decided by the court and jury. Railways are constructed as a rule by corporations, in whose behalf governments exercise the right of eminent domain. These corporations are granted exclusive franchise to control and run over their own tracks. It is necessary that it should be so, for regularity and exactness are essential to the safety of life and property, and to dispatch and economy in conducting the business. In some ways the Government assumes larger control over corporative transportation than over those of private parties. The right, if not expressed, is impliedly reserved to change and modify charters, and to forfeit franchises, and especially to regulate freights and fares. At the beginning it was supposed that the compensation for transportation by rail, could be regulated by the courts the same as if it were performed by wagon, boat, or other simple modes in vogue before railways were invented.

Experience, however, soon demonstrated the impracticability of attempting to settle the question by suits in the courts. The reasonableness of the compensation to the railway carrier should be determined upon three considerations—the necessary cost of constructing and equipping the roads, the necessary expense of operating, and the volume and character of the traffic. From the latter its earnings are derived. It should not be overlooked that suits of this character would be with reference to the compensation for a single shipment, be it a large or a small one. To do exact justice, the jury should inquire into the cost of right of way, grading, bridging, track laying, station houses, offices, shops, section houses, telegraph lines and apparatus of cars, engines, and a thousand and one implements. The items to be considered in determining the necessary operating expenses, are still more voluminous, and include salaries of officers, principal and subordinate, attorneys, conductors, engineers, station agents, telegraph operators, brakemen, firemen, switchmen, trackmen and many others. Also, the damages, through inevitable wear and tear, and by accident, and the cost of material and labor in repairing. And further the freight and passengers carried, and the revenue received from all sources. All these matters must be gone into for the purpose of seeing whether the business is honestly and economically conducted, and whether the net earnings under existing rates afford more than a reasonable remuneration to the capital necessarily invested. If a jury were thoroughly competent to inquire into and properly adjudge all these facts, the investigation would be prolonged beyond the ordinary terms of courts. These suits, as has been said, necessarily involve the share that a particular shipment should contribute towards operating expenses and fair reward to capital. The ablest and most experienced traffic officer never attempts to determine that question; it is impossible to determine the amount even approximately. Rates

are based upon the general results of the business, and are designed to be made so, that after deducting operating expenses from earnings, there will be a balance sufficient to properly remunerate capital. The net balances fluctuate because business is not always the same, and the losses from accidents and providential causes vary from year to year. Efforts to settle the question of compensation by suit have wholly ceased, at least, such cases are among the rarest in the calendars of courts.

The proposition in the resolution which has been quoted, is for the Legislature to pass upon this complicated question, and to enact a general law prescribing a rate which the railways in no case shall exceed. It goes further and proposes that the Legislature shall classify freights by statute. Our legislators are not all men who are well informed upon these subjects; many of them are no more competent to pass upon them than the ordinary juror. The session lasts but sixty days and is crowded with a vast amount of other business, and then one branch and one-half of the other become practically defunct unless the Governor should call an extraordinary session. The Legislature would not have time to properly consider the grave question of rates. Classification is based upon bulk weight, value and quantity carried of each class. There would be a field for extended investigation which would exhaust no small part of the session. If the Legislature should do a wrong, it would be grievous, for it would continue for two years, or until the Governor should convene it in extra session. If the majority were controlled by an unjust public sentiment, the rates would be fixed so low as to destroy capital, and if under railroad influence, they would be made so high as to be oppressive to the people. A general law cannot be made so as to do justice to all roads or communities. California is a State of various physical characteristics; there are mountains and plains, ugly cañons to cross, or to follow, in constructing and operating railroads. No two roads cost the same to build or operate. In some localities, population is dense, in others, sparse, and all are interested in having the means of transportation. Some sections are highly productive and supply a large volume of traffic, and others less productive furnish but little business, while it costs as much or more to build and operate roads through them as in the best sections. It is important to the whole commonwealth that all parts of the State should be accommodated.

The plan of enacting maximum rates was among the first, if not the very first, adopted after the impracticability of determining the reasonableness of railway compensation by the court and jury, became apparent. In many of the States it has fallen into disuse because its universality renders it inelastic, and its operation in many cases results in injustice. If it is right that capital invested in such enterprises is entitled to the same reward in all cases, some roads in the same State should be permitted to charge higher rates than others, from the fact that they cost more to construct and are more expensive to operate. The larger number of the States have created commissions to deal with the question of railroad transportation with different powers. In some States they are advisory and in others regulative. The powers of the commission in California are more extensive than in any of the States except Texas. The efforts of our commission need not be inadequate to guard the interests of the people for want of authority. The theory of a commission is that there may be officials whose term of office is sufficiently long to enable them to make a study and come to a complete understanding of the railroad question. They have time to investigate all the facts and features to the fullest extent, that they may regulate the business in such manner and prescribe rates as

will do substantial justice to all concerned. They act in the capacity of traffic officers for the public, and from their position should be governed by a purpose to protect the people without doing injustice to the railroads. Having plenary power and considerable official permanency, they can make changes, from time to time, intelligently and as exigencies demand. In theory, at least, a commission is the best agency of government thus far devised for managing railway transportation. It has not been abolished in any State where it has been adopted, except in Massachusetts, where the powers were merely advisory. Reports of the executives of all the States show that it has worked well everywhere, causing great savings to the people without embarrassing the legitimate operation of the railroads. The tendency is to enlarge rather than to further restrict the powers of commissions. Congress has adopted the idea as to inter-state traffic. It may be apprehended that the time will come when there will be uniformity among the States as to the powers conferred upon railway commissions. To change the commission for a general statute prescribing rates and classification would be damaging if not calamitous to the interests of California. It is not and should not be made a party question. To interfere with business for party purposes is always hurtful.

So far as philosophy and experience show, there can be no objection to the plan of a commission. It is urged that it may be corrupted, and is, therefore, objectionable. It has been alleged that the California Commission, since its creation, has been under the influence and control of the railroads. Such charges are easily made, and will be made whenever the complaint of any one is not granted. It has got to be a habit of mind of some people to think they see corruption whenever a ruling is in favor of a railroad. It requires more courage to decide for a railroad in a case where it is plainly right, than adversely. There is official corruption, but not to the extent as seen by the pessimist. If a commissioner is incompetent, derelict or dishonest, he can be removed by a two-third vote of the members elected to each branch of the Legislature. If one is chosen who is incompetent or corrupt, it is the fault of the people.

If a commission cannot be trusted, how can a Legislature? The California commission is no worse in reputation than the ordinary run of California Legislatures. Nor are the people able to select better men for the one position than for the other. It may cost more to bribe a Legislature than a commission, because membership is more numerous, but the work of the Legislature is more valuable for it will endure longer. The greatest woes of this country do not proceed from the doings of courts, commissions, and executives, but from legislation.

If the people cannot correct abuses in one case they cannot in the other. Though courts are sometimes incompetent and dishonest, their abolition is not advocated by anybody. The wisdom of the plans proposed are to be passed upon as the main issue, and defects in their execution must be corrected by the people as experience discloses the necessity. All are interested in reducing the cost of transportation to the lowest possible figure, consistent with efficient service and the just rights of capital. To render it unremunerative is to destroy capital, and its destruction brings calamity to all. A better way to regulate rates may be discovered than by a commission, but it is the best that has yet been devised. If new commissioners from any cause fail in the discharge of their duties, the time is not distant when those can be chosen who will not fail. The railroad problem is difficult to solve, but evolution is taking place, and the wisest plan will, ere long, be discovered if that now in force in California is not that plan.

Susanville.

IN THE HONEY LAKE VALLEY.

BY CON H. PETERSON.

THE gold seeker, plodding westward with the Argonauts across the wide sage-brush wastes of Utah and Nevada, hailed the Honey Lake Valley as his first glimpse of the El Dorado, and the beginning of the end of his journey; and as he wound over the summit of the range on the north, whence the old Idaho trail led to the mines of California, the prospect opened to him was in gladdening contrast to the hardship of the previous part of his pilgrimage. Behind he had left, scorched and athirst and unutterably dreary, the plains of the great desert, while before him was a panorama of nature in her brightest colors. The broad, shimmering lake, shaded on the west by the overhanging Sierras clothed in their olive-green forests, and bordered by extensive grass lands, gave him a cool and comfortable welcome to the Golden State, and a memory picture among the brightest his fancy had held as a synonym of plenty.

It is now the home seeker who takes hope and inspiration from this outlook, but instead of a way-place it is the end of his journey. He comes in from the south, in modern fashion on the railroad, and finds kindly neighbors where the pioneers encountered hostile savages, and conquers with peaceful but no less sturdy courage a home from Uncle Sam's domain.

While the larger immigration which is now rapidly settling the valley is of recent commencement, there have been many substantial settlements since earliest days, and there are numerous fine farms along the border of Honey Lake on the west side that have descended to the sons of the venturesome few who first came with Lassen, or the Pathfinder. The small streams which come out of the hills here, furnished water for irrigation and made these places possible. Honey Lake Valley early invited the stockman, and is yet the feeding grounds of vast herds. Surrounded as it is by mountain areas that in winter are covered deep with snow, but having itself, because of its shelter a mild winter climate, it attracts stock from long distances which here winter on the bunch grass, wild rye and white sage everywhere abounding. Even in

the earliest spring a lean animal on the range cannot be found.

Susanville, the largest town of Lassen County, lies in the extreme northwest corner of the valley, and is the location of the earliest settlement. Its situation is picturesque—lying on Susan River, well up under the sheltering mountains. It is a thriving place of a thousand inhabitants, sustained by neighboring mines, and by some thousands of acres of irrigated farms, which furnish an instructive and indisputable object-lesson of the future possibilities of the whole valley when under irrigation. The seat of the county Government is here, as also are the principal business houses, and a considerable trade is carried on with the more northern districts. Settlements, with every few miles a small town, line the entire western edge of the valley.

The geographical position of Honey Lake Valley is one that must give it great advantage in the future railroad development of California and the western country. It lies on the extreme western edge of the great inter-mountain plateau, at the door of California proper, and the two principal gates through the Sierra Nevada range, the Beckwith and Deer Creek passes, are approached through it. Through the Beckwith pass, railroad surveys are already being made for the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railway, recently incorporated by some of California's millionaires and leading business men, and which gives more substantial promise of a competing transcontinental road than any previous project of its kind. Several surveying parties are in the field now doing permanent work—the preliminary data from which the route was decided upon having been obtained some time ago.

The Beckwith route leads naturally through the center of the valley, finding its eastern outlet through Astor pass into the Pyramid Lake country, and striking the present line of the Central Pacific Railroad in the vicinity of Wadsworth. By this route, the line from the headwaters of the Feather, through Sierra, Long, Honey Lake and Pyramid valleys will be easy of construction, and practically throughout a level country, the greater portion of which is now rapidly developing into farming lands, with some thousands of acres already under cultivation.

The Deer Creek Pass lies just beyond Susanville, and any railroad seeking it as an inlet into California must cross this corner of Honey Lake Valley, if it should not traverse its entire breadth.

The climate is superb, and as it is aptly termed in the advertisements of

A Glimpse of the Lake.

the irrigation company, a "happy medium." The altitude at the lake level is a few feet less than four thousand, and the air is dry and tonic. The healthfulness of the people is noticeably good, and a number who were attracted here in hope of relief from asthmatic and consumptive troubles gave glad testimony of recovered health. The mortality percentage is claimed to be the lowest in the State, and exceptionally low as to children.

While colder weather is experienced in winter than in western California, a careful record covering several years shows the lowest point marked by the thermometer to have been four degrees above zero—and this was colder by about ten degrees than at any other time during the same winter. There was no day recorded when the mercury was not at some time above the freezing point. The ground seldom freezes enough to prevent plowing, and work progressed at the construction camp of the irrigation company practically without interruption during the last winter, there having been some six or seven days only of lost time. Snow falls deep on the surrounding mountains, and on some of the high peaks lies almost perpetually, but on the level it never more than whitens the ground for a day or two at a time. The weather record referred to shows the maximum snowfall in the valley during the winter of '89-'90 to have been six inches, and during the last winter seven inches.

The record of the summer weather presents fewer extremes than that of winter. One hundred degrees marked the hottest day, which in the dry air of this altitude is not uncomfortable working weather. Eighty-five to ninety-five Fahrenheit is the usual summer weather, and the variations between day and night temperatures

"Uncle George."

during the warm months are noticeably less than in the interior valleys of the State.

Some of the sunsets seen are inspirational. The coloring is not rich and full, but rather a soft and delicate tinting, exquisitely and indescribably beautiful. There are many bits of landscape, too, to attract the artist to the valley; the lake, the pine-clad hills, the fields of green and gold, with here and there an orchard-embowered home or a bunch of cattle, forming combinations well worthy a water color.

The widespread interest in the Honey Lake Valley which is now fast peopling it with hardy home makers follows from the coming here of the two factors which will always be chief and first in the development of our western country. The railroad is already built, and the water ditch is rapidly building.

The Nevada-California-Oregon Railway runs north from Reno, Nevada, almost through the valley, finding its terminus at the northern edge. Its connection with the Southern Pacific system at Reno affords an outlet for the farmers' products, which can go thence to either Eastern or Western markets. Rates for out freights are as favorable as from other parts of California similarly distant from the seaboard—grain and staple products being hauled to tide-water for five dollars a ton. As the railroad has been built into the valley for a short time only, and has yet developed but a limited tonnage, this rate is considered favorable by the residents. The largely increased traffic that will result next year from the general irrigation of the valley is expected to bring about lower rates, and the completion of the Great Salt Lake road within a few years will place the valley people in possession of much better railroad facilities than will be enjoyed by most of California.

The great irrigation project which has directly attracted the settlements now making in the Honey Lake Valley is a striking example of American

A Corner of the Valley.

and of young American enterprise. A short time ago the broad valley was regarded, except for the few farms along the base of the Sierras and bordering Susanville, as a sage-brush waste, yet in less than three years from the first observation and preliminary work, one hundred thousand acres will have been transformed into irrigated farms, and from a desert will have sprung a peopled principality. Every step has been carefully, systematically, scientifically, but always boldly taken. From its inception it has been an enterprise wherein there has been no time for hesitation or doubt; and with the volatile progressiveness of business-bred young men, its projectors have pushed it ceaselessly and determinedly, ignoring the cautions of friends, despising the doubts and calumnies of meddlesome neighbors, and confident always in themselves and the intrinsic merit and feasibility of their project. Their victory has been a brave and complete one, for not only have they had to overcome physical and engineering obstacles, but to instil with their own faith all of the thousand new settlers who have come to make homes on Government lands under the irrigation ditches. The older settlers, who first regarded the newcomers with passing commiseration, then with awakening interest which deepened to open hostility in many cases, have been won over by the unobtrusive persistence with which predicted obstacles have been overcome, and predicted failures successfully transposed. The possessive way in which they now talk to the traveler of "our water works" may be taken as the evidence of their complete surrender.

The Wheel-Scraper.

The plan of development followed by the promoters of this enterprise is entirely original, and combines the principles of co-operation with personal and sound business management. They found here a valley of a quarter million acres of land naturally dry, but of great fertility under irrigation. They found a stream which drains four hundred square miles of mountain area, but whose torrent of water is intermittent and available for use by storage only. They determined by careful investigations and surveys, the site for the great dam and its feasibility the probable cost of the

proposed irrigation system, and the extent and location of the lands susceptible of irrigation. Then they invited the home seeker everywhere to come to the valley and take land from the Government by virtue of his citizen's rights, and to contribute with money or labor to the building of the water system.

Their success demonstrates the value of the opportunity afforded the newcomer, and the efficacy of clever but truthful advertising. One year ago the first land entry was made. To-day, fifty thousand acres have been claimed from the Government and water rights for their irrigation contracted with the company, while every day brings more new seekers to increase the colony. Nearly all the entries are for small tracts, generally eighty acres, by farming people, insuring the earliest possible development of the country.

The land seeker, stopping at Taylor's Camp Station on the railroad, is met by the company's conveyance and taken to the construction headquarters a half mile distant. Here he is first housed and fed, and then provided with a team and guide to view the valley and land available for entry. Maps and explanatory printed matter are furnished, and an engineer is always at hand to explain the plans and work progressing. Then, if he be minded to join the community of land takers, his papers are made out and sworn before a United States Court Commissioner, to be forwarded through the local land office to Washington. For a perpetual water right to his farm he pays six and a quarter dollars an acre—one-fifth down and the remainder upon completion of the water system, and delivery of water therefrom to his land. He pays in labor, or cash, or both, as he wishes. He is allowed a dollar and a half a day, with board, for his labor, and a dollar a day, with feed, for the labor of his team. He is housed by the company, or, if he has a family, he builds a cabin among many others in the camp, and lives at home, receiving an allowance of provisions in lieu of his board.

All of the hundred and fifty men and hundred teams who were engaged on the construction work during my visit are land locators, who are working out their water contracts. All of them, therefore, have a direct community interest in the scheme, to this extent securing to it the benefits of the best principles of coöperation, while its business management, always fairly but firmly maintained, remains in the projectors of the enterprise. All of these people appeared contented and confident, and many were enthusiastic.

The land law under which the locator takes from the Government is

known as the Desert Act. Its provisions in effect are that the government will sell the land to its citizens, or intended citizens, for a dollar and a quarter an acre in consideration of their redeeming it by irrigation from its native sterility. Not less than forty nor more than three hundred and twenty acres may be located by one person—although women, married or single, enjoy the same rights as men. No residence on the land is required as under the homestead law. Twenty-five cents of the government price is paid with the application to enter, and the remaining one dollar when irrigation shall have been accomplished and proven. Three years are allowed in which to get the water on the land, and four years in which to make proofs. The water contracts of the company assure the irrigation of the lands in complete compliance with the law, and provide also for the necessary evidence thereof.

The land and water right costs the locator, therefore, a total of seven and a half dollars an acre. It does not need a land expert to see that their value will greatly exceed this, when titled and irrigated, although a number of experts in reports to the company have graded the irrigated lands at from forty to one hundred dollars an acre. Among the lands already watered in the valley I could find none, having an adequate water right, that were for sale for less than one hundred dollars.

The company keeps open house at its camp, and every newcomer, whether he be a land seeker or a mere pleasure seeker, is cordially welcomed. Entertainment for man and beast is free to everyone, and care is taken to make everyone feel comfortable and at home. It is quite frankly admitted that this is done as a method of advertising which has already brought successful results, as disinterested people who have come, and seen, and been conquered, are a most effective medium of spreading the terms and attractions of the proposition. It was quite to be expected that I should find among the small army of workmen at the camp, the blacksmith and the accountant, the engineer and the foreman, and all the others who are necessary factors in a busy community of its kind; but to find an "entertainer"—one whose only duty is to see that the visitor is hospitably entertained and put at his ease, and all without a penny of pay, was certainly a novel experience. And I doubt if in the whole world another could be found more at home in the position than "Cap." Tactful, tireless, versatile and of most genial presence, it needs but an introduction to "Cap." to feel at home and unrestrained, and I shall never forget how much of the freedom and pleasure of my week's visit at the

Building the Big Dam.

busy scene of operations of this great enterprise, was due to his thoughtful and cheerful attentions. To "Cap." I refer with confidence any of my readers who may pay the great new Honey Lake Valley a visit.

Lake Greeno is the post-office name of the construction headquarters, although the earlier one of Taylor's Camp still clings to it. Lake Greeno is named after one of the sturdy old pioneers of the neighborhood, Uncle George Greeno, and is in part recognition of his steadfast endorsement of the enterprise through all the time when his neighbors were doubting. Uncle George is a character in his way, and takes a lively and fatherly interest in the "young folks." He is never quite so happy as when he can bring some of the quondam doubters over to the camp and say to them, "I told you so."

Coming in to Dinner.

The *morale* of the camp is surprisingly high. No strictly Presbyterian New England village could be more quiet or orderly, although here is a gathering of people from all places and climes, settled in a new country under border conditions which usually lead to license in behavior by even people of the best training. But those who are here came with a sober purpose, and having no time for idleness have no time for mischief. There is nothing in the proposition to attract the rowdy or the drone. No intoxicants are permitted in the camp, and, while they might be covertly obtained from some of the neighboring towns, I satisfied myself by close inquiry that liquor was very rarely to be found there, and then only when brought in by some visitor. Only once in the history of the camp has one of its members been intoxicated, and the next day he deserted in shame—remaining away for a week or more. And after his return he was so unmercifully guyed by his fellow-workers that the manager had to interfere in his behalf. There never

A Pioneer's Home.

has been a fight or a scandal since the establishment of the camp a year and a half ago. Over three hundred people constituted the camp at the time of my visit, including thirty or more families and a school with forty children. Many others were living in primitive cabins on their land claims throughout the valley. A dancing and social club of the younger members had built an amusement hall, serving for dances and other entertainments, and for a church, whenever a minister or elder to preach, can be found among the visitors.

The figures explanatory of the great scheme are instructive, but can hardly bring a full conception of its importance to the lay mind. One hundred and fifty thousand acres of level valley, in a compact body, will be watered and become productive of crops—an area greater than many of the important farming districts of the country. If the dam and reservoir were in San Francisco, the former would be higher than the Palace Hotel, and nearly as high as the Chronicle or Crocker building, while the waters of the reservoir would cover all the business part of the city from Washington street on the north to Channel street on the south, and from the City Hall to the ferry—leaving only the church steeples and tallest buildings to be seen above the flood. The irrigating canals will exceed in length the streets of the city.

It is the later advancements in

"Cap."

engineering and construction science that make this immense work possible. Were such work done with shovels and wheelbarrows it would cost a king's ransom, but with the wheeled scraper and improved ditching machines, using horses, and the greatest economy in the expenditure of force, it is much less of an undertaking. It is yet a great enterprise.

The precision and rapidity with which the work on the great dam proceeds testifies to the superior workmanship of interested workers, and to thorough organization and management. Every man has his work to do and knows it, and each one seems to feel that the building of his own home is the object of his employment. Undeniably this feeling of proprietorship by these workers is an incentive which gets from them a greater day's labor than they would give for any wages. I stood, one day during my visit, with a wealthy contractor who had amassed a fortune in similar work, watching the endless circle of scrapers which were wheeling in the material for the dam. This contractor had come to propose a contract for the work, thinking he could do it for less than the present management, but after a close study of the work in progress he declined to bid, and said that he would willingly pay a half more than ruling prices for such workers if he could get them. The construction work is largely done, and the end is in sight.

I think California will have occasion to recognize with gratitude the example of this irrigation development of the Honey Lake Valley. Millions have been spent elsewhere in the State in irrigation projects, which have had the backing of unlimited capital and the management of experienced promoters, and in nearly all cases with inadequate results. The new citizens and tax-payers who have become Californians, and the lands which have been made either newly or more largely productive, have not been numerous or extensive in proportion to the expenditures involved. But here have two young men, boasting neither the experience nor backing of these exemplars and taking for the scene of their operations a little known and desert corner of the State, found home seekers and established homemakers on thousands of acres transformed by their work from sterility to high fertility. The dual accomplishment of both the irrigation and the settlement of the lands of the Honey Lake Valley is its striking aspect, and to have accomplished this by the very force of business genius, with the nucleus of a clever idea only, certainly deserves for them both great admiration and commendation. The sincerest praise will doubtless be the following of their plans in other places.

U. S. Revenue Cutter "Bear" Communicating with Siberian Deermen.

[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call.]

ALASKA AND THE REINDEER.

BY LIEUT. J. C. CANTWELL.

THE landing from the United States revenue cutter *Bear*, at Port Clarence, Alaska, during the month of July, 1892, of a herd of 180 domesticated reindeer purchased in Siberia, together with four native Siberian herders, marks the establishment of the first herd of the kind on the Western continent. This is an event of more than ordinary importance. If it is successful it will create throughout Northern and Central Alaska a new food supply in place of the walrus, whale, fish and fur-bearing land animals that are yearly becoming scarcer and more difficult to obtain.

Furnished a better and surer food supply, the native Eskimo population now decreasing in numbers may reasonably be expected to increase; and changing them from mere hunters to herdsmen will be the first upward step toward their civilization. With the increase and civilization of the natives and the general introduction of domesticated reindeer herds throughout Alaska, the vast unknown interior of our northern province can be thoroughly explored. Lines of communication between distant settlements can be kept open during the long winter months and the frigid, bleak and now comparatively useless plains of that little known region will become a source of wealth and prosperity to the land.

The ultimate necessity of the U. S. Government, either to feed the Eskimos or provide some means by which they can feed themselves, has yearly been growing more apparent. In the past there was a large population of coast Eskimos, whose food supply was derived from the pursuit of the whale, walrus and hair seal. At Point Barrow, in 1828, Captain Beechey found Nuwuk a village of 1,000 people; in 1863, there were 309, while now there are not

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, U. S. General Agent of Education for Alaska.

more than 100. In 1826, Captain Beechey found a large population at Cape Franklyn; to-day it is without an inhabitant. The same authority states that at Schismareff Inlet there was a village having a population, in 1826, of from 1,500 to 2,000. It has now but three houses, and the total population does not exceed twenty-five. At the beginning of the century, the population of Point Hope was nearly 2,000; now it is less than 350. Mr. John W. Kelly, who has written a monograph on Alaska, says:

"The Kavea country is almost depopulated, owing to the scarcity of game, which has been killed or driven away. * * * The coast tribes between Point Hope and Point Barrow have been cut down in population so as to be almost obliterated. The Kook-pov-a-ros of Point Lay have only three huts left, the Oo-too-kas of Icy Cape one hut, the Koogamutes have only three settlements of from one to four families, and Sezera, whose people were 'once as countless as the grains of sand,' cannot muster a hundred inhabitants." Finally, in all Alaska, there are probably to-day not more than 25,000 Eskimos.

The extermination of these people has been largely effected by the advent of whalers into the Arctic Ocean. Fifty years ago, the great whaling fleets, then numbering more than five hundred sail, having nearly exhausted the supply in the Atlantic and South Pacific Oceans, found their way further and further north, destroying the whales by hundreds and thousands annually, until they were driven for refuge out of the Pacific into the Arctic Ocean, and thither the whalers followed. In this relentless hunt the remnants of the once innumerable schools of whales have been driven still further into the inaccessible region around the North Pole, and are no longer within the reach of the natives.

As it was with the whale, so it has become with the walrus, which furnished not only food, but material for the construction of boats and houses for the natives. The work of killing

Native Pipe.

the animals for their tusks alone has been prosecuted with such vigor, during the last quarter century by the whaling fleet, that the walrus, as a food supply, is already practically extinct.

In the past the natives of the interior living along the banks of the many

rivers flowing into Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean, caught and cured for use during the long winter months, quantities of fish. But American canneries have already been located on many of the streams, and both carry food out of the country, and by their wasteful methods destroy the future supply. Five million cans of salmon annually are packed and exported from Alaska, and the business still in its infancy, means starvation for the natives who depend on this source of food.

The condition of the natives on the Siberian side of Bering Straits, subject to the same climatic conditions and with almost identical environment, is so much better than that of the Alaskan Eskimos that it is apparent to the most casual observer. When the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education in Alaska, visited the country in 1890 for the purpose of locating suitable sites for native schools, he did not fail to observe and comment on this difference. "What was the reason?" he asked; and having ascertained the cause of distress among the Eskimos he set about with characteristic energy to devise a remedy.

In the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of Lapland and Siberia the domesticated reindeer is food, clothing, house, furniture and transportation to the people. Its milk and flesh furnish food, its marrow and tongue are considered choice delicacies, and its blood mixed with the contents of the stomach is made into a favorite dish called in Siberia, *manyalla*. Its intestines are cleaned, filled with tallow and eaten as a sausage. Its skin is made into clothes, bedding, tent covers, harness, ropes, cords and fish lines, and the hard skin of the fore-legs makes an excellent covering for snow-shoes. Its sinews are dried and pounded into strong and lasting thread. Its bones are soaked in seal oil and used as fuel, and its horns are made into various kinds of household implement. and weapons, and used in the manufacture of sleds. In Central and Northern Alaska are vast rolling

Herd of Domesticated Reindeer, and Temporary Village of Siberian Deermen.

Temporary Village of Siberian Deermen, Northwest Coast of Siberia.

plains of moss- and grass-covered land that are especially adapted by nature for the grazing of reindeer, and are practically useless for any other purpose. In the corresponding regions of Lapland, Arctic Norway, Sweden and Russia are 27,000 people (about the same in number as the Alaskan Eskimos) supporting themselves and procuring their food and clothing

Prof. Charles H. Townsend, Naturalist, U. S. Fish Commission.

largely from their 400,000 domesticated reindeer, besides paying to their respective Governments the annual sum of $400,000, or $1 per head, as a tax on their herds.* Also in the corresponding region of Siberia, with similar climate and soil and only forty miles distant at the straits, there are thousands of Tchukchees, Koraks and other tribes of deermen fed and clothed and housed by their herds of tens of thousands of domesticated reindeer.

With a knowledge of these facts, Dr. Jackson asked Captain Healy, the commander of the *Bear*, who has been for a number of years on the Arctic Station of the Revenue Cutter Service, if it would not be a practical solution of the Eskimo food problem to purchase herds of reindeer from the Siberians, transport them across the straits, and, under certain restrictions, introduce the system of herding them in Alaska for the benefit of the natives. Captain Healy's answer to this query was that he not only considered the project perfectly feasible, but that he knew of no better one for the amelioration of the condition of the Eskimos and the ultimate development of the country. He had recommended the measure in several of his reports to the Treasury Department at Washington, and in fact, Prof. Charles H. Townsend, the well-known naturalist of the United States Fish Commission, had accompanied an expedition sent out from the revenue cutter *Corwin* in the year 1885 for the exploration of a part of

*Paul Du Chaillu. Land of the Midnight Sun. Vol. 2, pp. 167-168.

Northern Alaska, under the command of Lieutenant J. C. Cantwell. He had examined the subject very carefully, and was the first person ever to suggest the scheme. Prof. Townsend's plan* met with the full approval and endorsement of Captain Healy, at that time in command of the *Corwin*, and was submitted to the authorities in Washington. But Alaska is a long distance from headquarters and governments move slowly. The duties of the revenue cutters in the Arctic were already so multifarious and exacting that the Chief of that service could not see his way clear to a successful handling of so comprehensive a scheme, and the matter was left to grow musty with age in the safe seclusion of a governmental pigeon-hole.

When Dr. Jackson finished his duties in the Arctic and returned to Washington, one of his first acts was to place the matter of introducing reindeer into Alaska before Congress, in the form of a bill for aid from the National Government. In the course of the investigation of the subject which followed, the project seemed almost doomed to defeat and failure on account of the objections and adverse criticisms with which it was greeted from a score of sources. Some of the people who did all they could to influence public opinion against the measure, had only to express their views in print in order to show their entire ignorance of the subject. But when George Kennan, the famous Siberian traveler, asserted that the natives on one side of the straits would never be induced to sell live reindeer to foreigners on account of their deep-rooted superstitions, and when Ivan Petroff, the Alaskan census-taker, declared with equal force that the Eskimo would never give up his roving hunter's life to become a mere herdsman, and further that the reindeer if introduced would be speedily worried to death and the herds destroyed by native dogs, the Committee of Congressmen having the bill in charge were disheartened, and, although it passed the Senate without opposition, it died without action in the Lower House. Meanwhile the friends and believers in the scheme did not despair. Finding that Congress was not disposed to act promptly in the matter, an appeal for aid was made to the philanthropic public through the medium of the press of the Eastern and Middle States. Among the papers which took the matter up, the New York Mail and Express, Boston Transcript, Philadelphia Ledger, Chicago Inter-Ocean and Washington Star

Ran-en-ka.
[From a photo. by Dr. S. J. Call.]

*Report of the Cruise of the Revenue Cutter *Corwin* in the Arctic Ocean, p. 88 United States Government Printing Office, Washington, 1885.

were prominent, and by their efforts the sum of two thousand dollars was raised in the course of a few weeks from private subscriptions for the purpose of starting the work. From the heads of departments in Washington came substantial aid and encouragement. The Secretary of State obtained official leave from the Russian Minister for Dr. Jackson to visit any part of N. W. Siberia for the purpose of purchasing reindeer from the natives, and the Secretary of the Treasury furnished transportation to the far-away land on the revenue cutter *Bear*, and issued instructions to Captain Healy to render all possible aid to Dr. Jackson which would not interfere with the regular duties of the vessel. Early in the spring of 1891 the *Bear* left San Francisco, having on board a supply of trade goods, consisting of axes, hatchets, knives, steel traps, cotton cloth, beads, tobacco, flour, molasses, powder, lead and caps, and a few breech-loading fire-arms for the purpose of barter with the Tchuckchee deermen. It is not difficult to imagine the mingled feelings of hope and fear with which the friends of this new form of charity waved a last good-bye to the *Bear* as she passed out through the Golden Gate and once more turned her prow northward toward the Frozen Ocean. It was not until nearly three months later that the *Bear*, after weeks of battling with the ice, succeeded in approaching close enough to the Siberian shore to communicate with the natives. A party of deermen were found encamped during the month of August on the shores of Chaun Bay with a herd of a thousand reindeer quietly grazing near a temporary village.

Capt. M. A. Healy, U. S. R. M., Commanding U. S. Revenue Cutter "Bear."

The time for negotiations had arrived.

With the perfect knowledge of the peculiar dispositions of these people, which Captain Healy has acquired by long years of study and close observation, it is not strange that he should now take the utmost precautions to prevent the natives from breaking their promise made to him a year before, to sell Dr. Jackson a few live reindeer to be taken to Alaska should he again visit the country. The natives were invited on board the ship, and allowed to trade their furs as is customary with visiting ships, and then a party of the officers visited the shore to partake of the native hospitality. It having been decided to kill a reindeer to furnish a feast for the visitors, one was selected from the herd and caught by throwing a lasso over its horns. It was then

quietly led off to some distance from the rest of the animals and preparations for slaughtering it were made as follows: The family of the owner of the animal seated themselves in a circle around the deer, and while one young man held it securely by the horns another stood near by armed with a large knife ready to give the fatal blow when the proper time had arrived. The head of the family, a patriarchal-looking old man, now advanced, and bowing profoundly toward the East, began a sort of incantation or prayer. This was repeated three times, and at the final ending the native executioner plunged his knife into the heart of the reindeer, and it sank down on the ground almost without a struggle. The old man now advanced and plucking out some of the hair of the dying deer, he moistened it with its blood and blew it toward the four points of the compass. The ceremony was brought to an end by a repetition of the prayer uttered, with the face turned toward the East. All the first day of the *Bear's* visit was spent in feasting. Captain Healy provided unlimited quantities of the ship's "hard bread" of which the natives are very fond, and by a judicious distribution of small presents put everybody in good humor. Of course the natives knew perfectly well that the special object of the *Bear's* visit to this particular point was to obtain reindeer alive for transportation to Alaska, and sooner or later the subject would be discussed. But as undue haste would undoubtedly have rendered the natives suspicious and intractable, Captain Healy made no mention of his desires until the next day. The principal men of the village were then called together by Captain Healy, who told them that the *Bear* would sail away the next day, but before going Dr. Jackson wished to buy a few live reindeer to take with him to Alaska. He argued to the natives that they had more deer than they could possibly use, while each year the herds grew larger and had to be driven further for pasture; that there was plenty of good pasture in Alaska, and the deer would be well cared for, and furthermore, that as much would be given for one live reindeer as could be obtained for twenty of their skins. Why not sell Dr. Jackson a few while he was here, and ready to give such good prices for them? To these words of Captain Healy, which were translated to the Siberians, Ran-en-ka, a gray-haired and shrewd old deerman, after a long debate with his comrades, replied that he had listened to Captain Healy and his words were true. What he said was good, and the natives all believed him and trusted him because he had always done as he had promised to do with them. Had he not brought presents of guns and flour to the Siberians who found the lost sailor from the whale ship and kept him for two years? And did he not also bring plenty of presents of guns, knives, hatchets, flour and tobacco to the Tchukchees at St. Lawrence Bay who fed the sailors when their ship was burned?* Furthermore, had not Captain Healy's doctor caused the pain in Ran-en-ka's shoulder to go when the Shaman (native doctor) had tried and failed? Last year, he, Ran-en-ka had promised Captain Healy to let him take away some reindeer alive, and now he would not run away. There among the herd on shore he owned a hundred. Let Captain Healy and Dr. Jackson choose which ones they wanted, and Ran-en-ka's young men would bring them down and put them into the boat.

Native Boots.

Ran-en-ka had hardly ceased speaking when Katie-cha, another influential native, arose and said he had fifty reindeer. Let Captain Healy take his choice. Others would have followed the

* U. S. Steamer *Rodgers* burned at St. Lawrence Bay in 1882. Officers and crew cared for by natives until rescued.

example of these two had it been desirable to purchase any more reindeer at this place, but both Dr. Jackson and Captain Healy thought it more advisable to visit other parts of the coast and purchase a small number of the animals at different settlements with a view of creating among the deermen a general desire to engage in the traffic. After the first lot of deer had been safely taken on board the *Bear*, not the slightest difficulty was experienced in purchasing the animals at any of the settlements visited. It was not the intention of Dr. Jackson, however, to transport a large number of reindeer to Alaska the first year, as there were still many points to be considered, and the manner of handling the matter was still in its experimental stage. Among the reasons advanced by some of the would-be experts in reindeer propagation as to why the animals could never be successfully transplanted into Alaska, were the statements often repeated that the reindeer would not eat food that was not fresh, or had been handled, and that they could not, for this reason and for others too numerous to mention, endure a sea voyage, and finally that the character of the mossy plains of Siberia was entirely different from that in Alaska, in consequence of which the transported animals would starve. In order to test the correctness of these surmises and opinions it was decided to bring only a very few reindeer over the first year, and to subject these to the hardest conditions for existence that they would probably ever have to endure in Alaska. In accordance with this idea a band of sixteen reindeer were purchased and transported in the revenue cutter *Bear*, from Siberia to the Aleutian Islands, necessitating a journey by sea of fully a thousand miles. They were safely landed on Unalaska Island, and turned loose to shift for themselves near a native village where there were a half hundred idle dogs, left entirely to their own devices and presumably with no scruples about worrying or killing deer. When the deer were landed from the ship they were in excellent condition, and although left absolutely unattended and unprovided for over a year, everyone of the little band wintered successfully, and when seen by the writer in the month of August, 1892, they were in superb condition. While hunting on a small island in Captain's Bay, a harbor of Unalaska Island, the writer, accompanied by Captain A. M. Brown, U. S. A., saw nine of the reindeer quietly feeding in a little glade not a quarter of a mile from the native village of Illiliuk. They were very tame, and allowed us to approach them, and even stroke their sleek sides without the slightest evidence of uneasiness.

When the *Bear* reached Unalaska early in June last, on her way North, Dr. Jackson, who was again a passenger on board, was rejoiced to find the reindeer at this place in such good condition, and it was with greatly increased feelings of confidence and encouragement that the second season's work among the Tchukchees and Eskimos of the far North was taken up. The space allotted for this article will not permit of a detailed description of this year's work in purchasing the reindeer required to start an experimental station on American soil. Let it suffice to say that the northwest coast of Siberia was again visited by the *Bear*, and everywhere the vessel touched she was warmly welcomed. Reindeer were offered for sale without reserve by the Tchukchees, now eager to engage in the trade. The news of the sale of the small band of deer the previous season had spread with astonishing quickness over the country, and seeing that no harm befell their fellow-herdsmen who first sold deer, the natives were all anxious to sell. The price of reindeer fell under the influence of competition from $10.00 to as low as $4.25, each in a single season, and had it been desirable to purchase all that were offered thousands could have been obtained at an average cost of

$4. As it was, the time which the *Bear* might devote to this special work was limited, and Dr. Jackson was compelled to be satisfied with the purchase of 185 choice animals. Of this number, 180 were safely landed at Port Clarence, just south of Bering Strait, and three were placed on St. Paul Island, one of the Pribylof group, to ascertain the possibility of the animals living and breeding there. The two remaining animals were killed to furnish a supply of fresh meat, which at the present time cannot be obtained by ships anywhere in this part of Alaska.

The history of this great philanthropic and economic measure would not be complete without some allusion to the manner in which it is proposed to put the reindeer into the possession of the Eskimos.

To one who is acquainted with the roving, improvident nature of these people, it would seem at first glance impossible that they could be brought to a realizing sense of the important bearing the introduction of reindeer in their midst would have upon their lives, and the necessity of guarding the valuable herds from destruction. It is more than likely that unless some system of protection was introduced along with the deer, they would soon fall victims either to the rapacity of roving hunting parties, or become scattered and destroyed by dogs or wild animals. Dr. Jackson's long experience as a missionary among the Indians stood him in good stead at this juncture. He saw the necessity of making individual natives more or less responsible for the deer left in their vicinity, and with that end in view a scheme was evolved which, so far as human judgment can foresee, promises to be successful in all its features.

A Siberian Deerman.

[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call]

On the north shore of Port Clarence, a spacious harbor about seventy-five miles south of Bering Straits, a comfortable house was erected last summer and furnished with all necessary supplies to maintain its occupants for one year. At this station Mr. Minor W. Bruce, a gentleman who has had considerable experience among our western Indians, accompanied by another white man, has been left in charge. With Mr. Bruce are four Siberian deermen, who, at the solicitation of Captain Healy, were induced to leave their homes on the western side of the straits and give their services to the station for one year. The herd of reindeer will be under the care of the Siberians and native Eskimos who will be selected from among the brightest and most reliable natives living near the station. The herders are divided into first and second classes. The herders of the first-class are the four Siberians whose business it will be to teach the Eskimos the proper manner of herding and caring for the animals, and they will receive in payment for their services fifty dollars per annum each, with board, shelter and a sufficient quantity of native clothing free. The second-class herders, twelve in number, will be under the instruction of the Siberians while on duty with the herd, and will receive in payment their board, food and clothing as long as they remain in the employ of the Service. Each of the first-class Siberian herders will have under his immediate charge and instruction, at all times, three of the native Eskimos, the second-class herders. The watches are so arranged that the herd will never be left unattended by less than four men. In case of sickness of either of the Siberians, his place will be temporarily filled by a rearrangement of the hours of watch, each of the other Siberians taking his proportionate share of the work until their comrade returns to duty. Mr. Bruce is empowered to employ additional native help if it is necessary, and to discharge any one found lacking in interest, insubordinate or otherwise unfitted for the work, but he is especially charged to act in all cases of needed discipline with the utmost leniency consistent with a firm administration of justice. Dr. Jackson concludes his instructions to the superintendent of the station in these words:

Alaskan Sled.

Native Deer-skin Clothing.

"The Siberians being away from their homes and friends among a strange, and at times, jealous and suspicious people, need your especial care and protection. Take pains to make them feel that you have a fatherly interest in their welfare. I hope their treatment will be such that they will choose to remain permanently in our service."

The course of instruction of native Eskimos is at present designed to continue two years. If at the end of that time they have proved diligent and capable, each of them will be given a herd of ten reindeer as a start in life. The natives in the vicinity of the station have been warned, and have promised to keep their dogs away from the deer herds; and while no difficulty is expected in this quarter, it is perfectly understood, on both sides, that any strange dogs found molesting the deer will be shot down, and the owner will be suitably remunerated for his loss. Contrary to the generally expressed opinion, the Eskimos hail with delight the introduction of the reindeer, and

without exception are only awaiting the time when reindeer will be plentiful enough in Alaska, to kill their dogs and substitute the deer as a means of transportation. Many of the natives have begged to be supplied with small bands of imported reindeer which they will herd themselves. But as one or two failures of such private enterprises would doubtless cause the Eskimos to lose faith in the work of the station, it has been decided to delay any more general introduction of the animals until the knowledge of the proper manner of caring for them has become widely disseminated in the regular manner.

If the work of the Port Clarence station prospers, other stations will be built next year at points along the coast to be hereafter determined. Government schools are already established and in operation at Cape Prince of Wales, Point Hope and Point Barrow in Arctic Alaska; and it is more than likely that in order to avoid unnecessary expense for new buildings the next herds will be located at these points. A small herd will also be brought over and sent up the Yukon River next season for use of the employees of the Northwest Trading and Transportation Company, whose headquarters are located in the center of the mining district of central Alaska.

We have now seen how and why the domesticated reindeer were purchased, where they have been landed in Alaska and where the next station will most likely be established. Now let us briefly glance at the country into which it is proposed to introduce this new factor of existence, which is destined to have an influence in its development, utterly beyond the comprehension of the public of the United States, whose knowledge of Alaska is confined to that comparatively small area covered by tourist routes, and chiefly remarkable for its scenic wonders.

Siberian Deermen Brought to Alaska with the First Herd.

[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call.]

Alaska, as generally known to the reading public, is comprised in a narrow strip of territory lying north of Vancouver Island and west of British Columbia; a region of glacier-girt shores and timbered forests, of inaccessible snow-clad peaks and rich stores of mineral wealth—a land of perpetual interest—but by comparison with that Greater Alaska of which we write it bears about the same relation in point of size and importance as Florida does to the whole United States. The natives of southeast Alaska are not Eskimos, but belong

Ko-har-ra, the Richest Native in N. E. Siberia.
[From a photograph by Dr. S. J. Call.]

to a distinct race descended in all probability from the Southern aborigines. Their condition in life is not especially hard, nor will they ever suffer for the simple necessities of life. The sea adjacent to their homes, tempered by the warm Japan current, is free from ice all the year and furnishes them an abundance of fish. The forests supply them with material for the construction of houses and boats and for fuel, and it abounds with game. Surrounded by a rapidly increasing white population, many of the natives find ready employment at remunerative wages, and the summer tourists, gazing for the first time on these "untutored children of nature," peddling their stock of San Francisco-made curios, fall ready victims to their wiles. Back of this narrow strip of country, separating it from Greater Alaska on the north, rugged ranges of ice-covered mountains set their cold shoulders against the sky, and oppose an almost impassable barrier to the explorer. What is beyond?

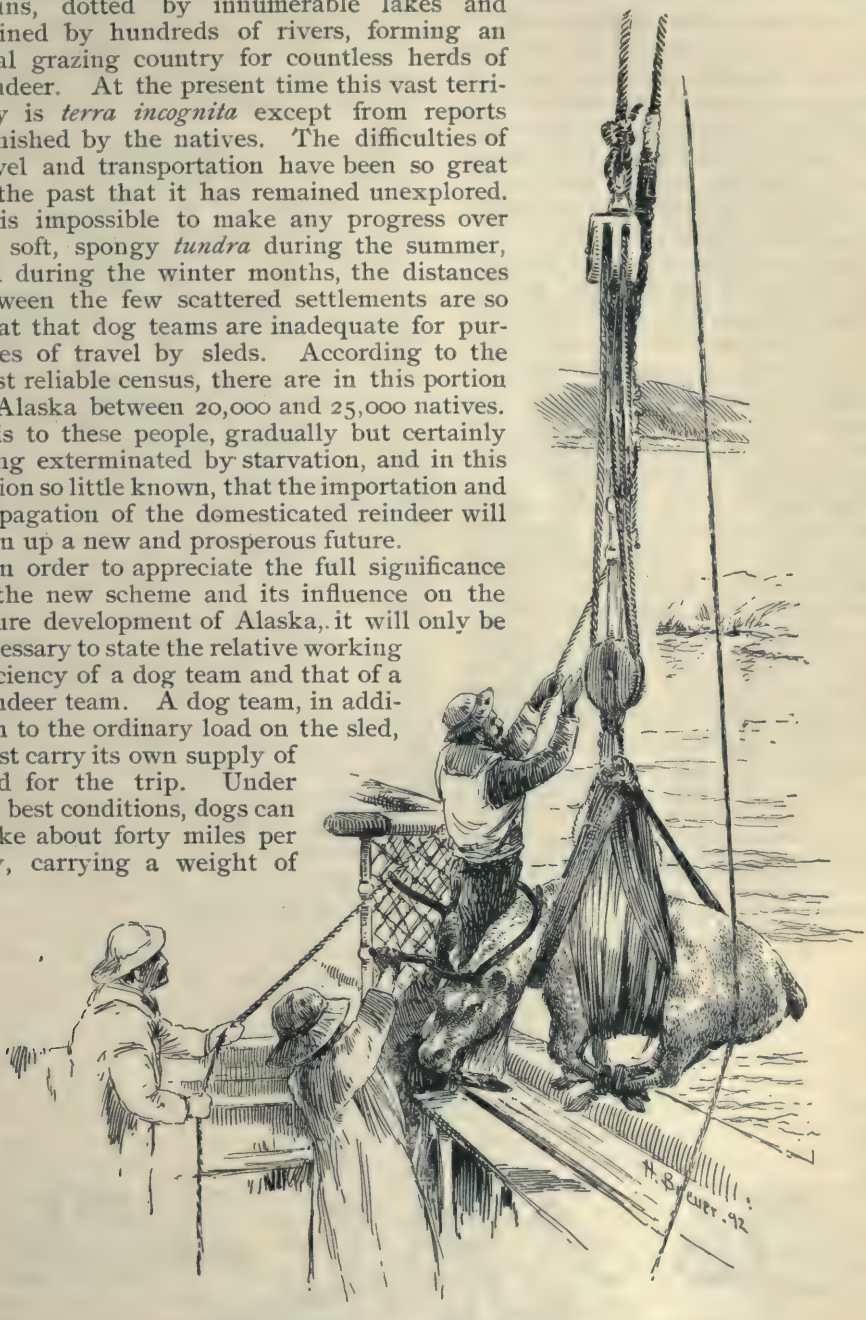
Following the lead of salt water through narrow channels and into deep fiords as far north as a ship may go, a few hardy explorers and prospecting miners have reached the head of Lynn Channel, and from thence found their way over the mountains through the Chilcat, or Chilcoot passes and so reached the headwaters of the mighty Yukon. But the effort to reach this point has been so great that further endeavors to explore the unknown interior with no other means of transportation than those available in the past, have invariably met with defeat and sometimes resulted in death.

If we draw a line from east to west through the mountain range which separates the headwaters of the Yukon from salt water on the south, that portion of the great territory of Alaska lying north of this line, with its western shores washed by the waters of Bering Sea and stretching away northward to the Arctic Ocean, occupies an area equal to the combined areas of all the New England and Middle States, together with Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Here is a country of undulating, moss-covered plains, diversified here and there by forests of spruce and pine, white birch and cedar trees, with warm valleys clothed in verdure and sheltered from the cold winds by low ranges of mountains, none more than 3,000 feet high. Westward from the junction of the Tan-nen-nah and the Yukon rivers to Bering Sea, and northward to the Arctic Ocean, the country is, so far

Earrings.

as known, of the same general character. There are in this region between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles of comparatively level moss- and grass-covered plains, dotted by innumerable lakes and drained by hundreds of rivers, forming an ideal grazing country for countless herds of reindeer. At the present time this vast territory is *terra incognita* except from reports furnished by the natives. The difficulties of travel and transportation have been so great in the past that it has remained unexplored. It is impossible to make any progress over the soft, spongy *tundra* during the summer, and during the winter months, the distances between the few scattered settlements are so great that dog teams are inadequate for purposes of travel by sleds. According to the most reliable census, there are in this portion of Alaska between 20,000 and 25,000 natives. It is to these people, gradually but certainly being exterminated by starvation, and in this region so little known, that the importation and propagation of the domesticated reindeer will open up a new and prosperous future.

In order to appreciate the full significance of the new scheme and its influence on the future development of Alaska, it will only be necessary to state the relative working efficiency of a dog team and that of a reindeer team. A dog team, in addition to the ordinary load on the sled, must carry its own supply of food for the trip. Under the best conditions, dogs can make about forty miles per day, carrying a weight of



Hoisting in a Reindeer on Board the "Bear."

[From a photograph by Assistant Engineer, A. L. Broadbent, U. S. R. M.]

about fifty pounds for each dog employed.

Under like conditions each reindeer will carry a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds, and the team will easily cover one hundred and fifty miles a day. Besides, the reindeer's only food is the moss and lichens which grow everywhere and can be obtained by the animals at all seasons of the year without difficulty.

Dogs, and especially the breed of dogs at present used by the Alaskan natives, are quarrelsome, become fretful and unmanageable when tired, and frequently are dangerous to their owners on account of attacks of hydrophobia. The reindeer, on the other hand, are the most tractable and docile beasts of burden known to man.

The initial steps in this humane measure have already been taken, and success for its larger development demonstrated by private aid. It now rests with the Government to carry on the good work and extend the system to its legitimate limits.* If it is a sound public policy to bore artesian wells and build water-storage reservoirs by which thousands of arid acres can be reclaimed from barrenness and made fruitful, it is equally a sound public policy to stock the plains of Alaska with herds of domesticated reindeer, and cause those vast, dreary, desolate and now useless regions to minister to the wealth, happiness, comfort and well-being of man.

With the establishment of reindeer stations at Point Barrow, Point Hope, Port Clarence and on the Yukon River next year, it will be possible to send a letter from St. Michaels, at the mouth of the Yukon, to the Refuge station at Point Barrow in mid-winter, and receive an answer in less than three weeks; and with the extension of the system by the establishment of relay stations at three points on the coast south of St. Michaels, a Christmas greeting can be sent from San Francisco by way of Kodiak Island and across the Alaskan peninsula to the most northern point on the Western Continent—Point Barrow—in less than thirty days. When one stops to consider that the same point is at present closed to communication by ice during ten months of the year, and that there are seasons, even during the two months that it is free from ice, when neither news nor relief may reach the weary watchers and toilers in this remote field, any project which has for its end the lifting of their burdens, will be hailed with joy by every true lover of mankind.

* A bill is now pending before the House of Representatives, having passed the Senate last year, appropriating the sum of $15,000 for the establishment of experimental stations in Alaska for the propagation of reindeer.

THE WINDS OF FATE.

BY BEEBE CROCKER.

THE musicians were playing Jack's favorite waltz. A fine violinist rendered the air grandly on an equally fine violin, the other instruments bringing in the accompaniment in a sad undertone. Round and round the dancers whirled upon the waxed floor, the gay gowns of the ladies flitting in and out the scene like the ribbons of a Maypole dance.

"I must have one more," thought Jack, as, glancing among the dowagers in their costumes of emerald, lavender and maroon, he caught a glimpse of a slim, brown-eyed girl in white. In another moment one of her hands was within his, the other resting lightly upon his shoulder, and his arm around the slight waist.

"Your step is so like mine, Grace," he said, with a smile of content. This is the highest praise one waltzer bestows upon another, for whose step can be better than one's own? Grace smiled in answer; she danced well and had often been told this; still, Jack's praise was not like that of other men.

It was his last New York ball, for not only was the season over, but he was going away. An offer he could not afford to reject had come to him from a San Francisco house, and he must hasten thither. Should he ask Grace to go too? He was more than half in love with her; to-night under the influence of the music, her perfect movement, her close presence in the daisy-trimmed gown, he was in love altogether. He weighed his chances, as he looked down over her fluffy, dark hair, the white brow and the refined, womanly face. His heart was ready to speak, but his lips less apt at framing words than usual.

If she cared for him she made no sign. Her manner was gentle, but tinged with delicacy and reserve; it won his admiration but did not lure him on. One corner of the room had been turned into a quiet nook by the aid of heavy curtains, a seat wide enough for two, a lantern that gave a soft, dim light, and a tall palm; to this Jack conducted Grace when the dance was done.

"I wonder if you will miss me," he said, by way of prelude, but alas! he was defrauded of her answer. One of her elderly admirers sighted this scene from afar, and made what haste he could to break in upon it. He came forward, speaking as he neared them, and although he advanced with a halting step, there was nothing lame in the words he uttered. Jack, vexed at first, began, against his will to laugh at the older man's wit, and soon forgot the interruption. Then everybody found out how late it was and how tired they were; the excitement dropped from fever heat to far below zero; the worn-out dancers and on-lookers went home, some carrying remembrances of fancied or real conquests, and some wondering, since it had been so very stupid, why they had gone to the ball at all.

Jack thought of the little figure in white set in its niche under the palm with something very like regret. He called upon Grace at her home, but she chanced to be out. She had no mother but was trebly fathered, having, besides her remaining parent, an uncle and a grand-uncle, one a bachelor and the other a widower; one, two, or three of them were constantly taking her out. Again Jack called, upon the eve of his going, but found her pouring tea and the drawing-room filled with many ladies and a few gentlemen, for it was her afternoon

at home. She said good-by before them all, and spoke it sorrowfully.

The winds of fate were blowing westward, and Jack did not regret the winds. He determined to write to Grace; it would be better than speaking with so many uncles and fathers around; but one cannot write one's best upon the cars. Arriving in San Francisco, he was speedily introduced to his very senior partner's home, also to his daughter, who was a "Native Daughter," too. Her hair had the glint of true gold, and her complexion was marvelously fair. Jack lost his heart to her unaccountably and altogether. He did not write to Grace. Instead, he imitated Poe and wrote verse to Lenore, though in a different vein. And Lenore entertained him with amiable willingness. Though blinded by love, even Jack discovered it was the willingness of indifference. Her accomplishments were many, but she took pride in none of them. She was not sad, silent or gloomy; on the contrary, she was witty and bright, ever doing some entertaining thing in an utterly distracting way, yet with a careless grace as if nothing came from her heart. One day he had been called upon to admire a room that had been decorated and furnished after Lenore's design, in blue and silver and white; it was beautiful and he said so, though he felt a chill creep through his very bones as he regarded it; it seemed colder even than the fog without.

"A fire or the sunshine would make it perfect," he said; "but you care nothing for it, you would be quite as happy in a cottage with a sanded floor."

"Probably," she laughed, "for then I should go about tacking up a cornstalk dado and a frieze of fir branches or ferns."

"You care for nothing," he continued. "Though accustomed to purple and fine linen, you would wear an unbleached cotton gown with as much satisfaction as if it were the softest silk or lace."

"You are right, Jack; you are very right. I wish, oh how I wish I were as young as you!"

"As young as I?" he queried in astonishment.

"It would be delightful to set my heart upon things as do most girls of my age; to thoroughly enjoy them when I obtain them, and to cry about them when I do not."

"I wish you could be persuaded to set your heart upon me," he said. "Because—because I love you!"

"I do not believe you care for me at all," she answered, in her indifferent voice. "And yet," more thoughtfully, "it may be you do, for you are the only man who has discovered that I have no heart."

"I do, indeed," he persisted, "while you give me scarcely a thought."

She regarded him for a moment with her cool, speculative gaze. He was blushing hotly.

"Jack," she announced, "I like you. I find you most companionable. But love you—no, I do not."

"Could you not marry me, Lenore? Is there any other man whom you could marry?"

"There is no other man on earth with whom I wish to wed; and I do not think I could accept even you."

"I was afraid there might be some one else," he said more hopefully.

"Have you ever observed upon my part a tendency to hang about the neck of any of my acquaintances?"

"No," he answered. "But, though it might be a bore to have a wife who expected a constant rain of pet names and kisses whatever might be the weather, I would give the world to be sure you love me as fervently as I love you." His voice broke a little, and Lenore watched him in deep surprise. "I may seem a conceited fool to say it, but I cannot help feeling I could compel your love. Lenore, if I take the risk, will you marry me?"

"If you will take the risk, Jack, I'll marry you."

His face was radiant. He had the

supreme confidence of youth. Their engagement was announced; Jack trod on air. Two weeks before the wedding he unexpectedly heard from Grace. Her father touched him upon the shoulder as he was crossing Market street, greeting him with expressions of joy.

"Grace is with me," he said, "and Jim and Uncle Tom. Grace drooped during the summer, and as soon as we suggested spending the winter in California she brightened wonderfully. Come and see her this evening."

Jack promised, feeling guilty. What if he had almost asked her to be his wife, had he not stopped honorably short of it? What could her father mean about her drooping and all that? It was so like a woman to find out she cared for a man after he had forgotten her. He must face the thing at once, and make known his engagement before he received further hints. But why had she drooped? Was it really for love of him? If so, and it were Lenore instead of this slim, dark girl —and yet—pshaw! Was he a fool who did not know his own mind?

He went early in the evening. The uncles were absent, and the father excused himself for a smoke in an adjoining room, with the most conscious manner possible. Grace seemed more slender than ever, but her sweet face was touched with feeling as she said: "It is good to see you once more, Jack."

He replied, affecting great cheerfulness, "It is more than good to see you again. We must nurse you up and make you strong once more. I am about to be married to a dear girl; you will be like sisters. I'll bring her to call upon—Grace, don't faint, child!"

Grace did not faint, though her lips grew white and the expression went out of her face.

"If you had only made some sign that night at the ball!" he exclaimed, trying, manlike, to free himself from blame. "I never guessed—"

"I wish I had died before I made this sign to-night," she said, denying nothing.

"Don't say that!" He made a movement to put his arms around her, but she drew away.

"Did she show her love for you—this girl of your heart?" she asked.

"Ah, no!" he began, sadly.

"She had no need," interrupted Grace. "Wait! from first to last you have been right; you never loved me. This is the truth, and it is not your fault that like most other truths it is brutal. You cannot forget to-night, but I know I shall have your silence. For me, do not fear. I ask no sympathy, and I make no moan."

Jack stood gulping down a lump in his throat. He was most strangely stirred. To be cared for was a luxury for which he hungered.

"Only a little less than love you gave me, Jack. Come again to see me and bring her—but say—good-night—now."

And Jack said good-night, bidding God to bless her, asking forgiveness, and saying other drearily trite things, instead of being either eloquent or silent. Why was his soul disquieted? Here were two women of whom any man might be proud; he loved one and one loved him; he was going to marry his choice. Could any man in reason ask for more?

He did not meet Grace again, then. She sent him a note saying they were leaving for the South; she wished him all good, and she was his friend faithfully. He kept the note but did not speak of her to his betrothed.

Lenore prepared for the wedding in her same old indifferent way, and the affair was the success of the season. Jack took his vows with much nervousness, yet in spite of intangible regrets and might-have-beens, he was her devoted slave. But as months passed and he failed to win any enthusiastic expression of affection from his wife, he was most unhappy. At last, he heard again from Grace, through one of her uncles, who looked haggard and wild.

"You are just in time," he said. "We are taking her home again; come."

Accepting the incoherent invitation, Jack followed him and saw Grace once more in white, with daisies scattered over her gown; but the daisies were not whiter than her face, and beneath her dress the form that had swayed so gracefully in the dance that night, was motionless and cold

He saw them off for the East; he bought the tickets for the three desolate men and the peaceful woman who was taking her last journey home. He knew the very spot in Greenwood where she would lie when it was done. He had said over her a fragmentary prayer, asking that she would transmit her love for him to Lenore, and he went to his own home hugging the hope that this prayer might he answered, but Lenore was at the piano in a musical mood.

"I dined," she said, "because you were so late. Are you hungry?"

"For food?" he asked. "No!"

"Jack," she exclaimed, with more temper than she had before displayed, "you look like a spectre., I cannot bear your morbid moods or tragic airs."

"It is not inspiriting," he said, "to find my wife incapable of affection."

"You wrong me!" she retorted, still in anger. "I did love once, but I shall never be so insane again."

"You deceived me, then?"

"By silence only. I did not wish to marry any other man. All I said was true."

"Tell me the whole truth now," he commanded, and she obeyed.

"I was little more than a child when a man, by constant attention, expressions of endearment and affectionate ways, won a feeling of worship from me. Whether he gave utterance to his honest feelings or flirted with me I do not know; but he 'passed away in silence,' and married an Eastern woman who was very rich in her own right. When he vanished from my life he killed all the love in my nature. I thought it might be sleeping, but if so, it would surely have waked at your call. I said I would marry you if you would take the risk of winning my love. You took the risk and—lost!"

Jack made no answer; he seemed turned to stone, with an expression upon his face which brought to hers a look of fear. She drew nearer, laying her hand upon his arm. He did not resent the touch or even seem to feel it.

"I wish it might be otherwise," in a tone that was almost tinged with emotion, "and that my heart did not seem dead in me. But remember—things will not always look so black to you as they do to-night. We grow accustomed to our fate. For it is fate, Jack; sit down and let me sing you the song I was beginning when you came."

He did not stir, but she sang the song.

"Two boats rocked on the river
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor,
And one was in love with the sea.

"Now the one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
And left the other longing
Forever against the shore."

Jack moved away, and was about to leave the house, but he returned, the last words of the song beating through his brain:

"The winds of fate blow ever
But ever blow amiss."

"Lenore," he said, "I too, have a story to tell. Until yesterday there was a woman who loved me. I knew her long ago, and only that I could never find her alone I should have asked her to be my wife, before I left New York. She came here with her uncles and her father a few months ago, because she drooped, they thought. She was not very ill; she needed only change and something to interest her in life. I called upon them and told her of my approaching marriage with you. The news not only opened death's door to her, but thrust her through it. Until

then I did not know she loved me. I could say nothing, but I felt as if some mob ought to take me out and hang me. She went South, and yesterday she died. An hour ago I saw her for the last time, a sleeping angel wrapped in a bit of cloud, and daisies —marguerites you call them—scattered in its folds. Colder than ice to the touch, but with a heart far warmer than yours, even now."

The look of fear deepened in Lenore's face.

"Jack!" she called, softly, "Jack!"

"I was a coward a year ago, fearing she might humble me by a refusal; and a fool, because I did not know the meaning of that tender look upon her face—a look no other woman has worn for me. Now she haunts me! In the grief of my remorse and the sorrow of my regret I see her always, a slim, brown-eyed girl sitting under a palm in that niche of long ago, and my spirit bows before the vision as before a shrine! Thank God, I have her ghost! Intangible as happiness though it may be, it is far more comforting than the presence of my wife."

He rushed away, leaving Lenore breathless with surprise.

"No harm will come to him," she said, "he has gone to his room. Poor Jack! I need not have been so brutally frank, but I'm glad I know. With a ghost for a rival I shall fear nothing in the flesh; most women are less fortunate. Only that I might drive him from the house, I'd play the dead march in Saul."

EUREKA.

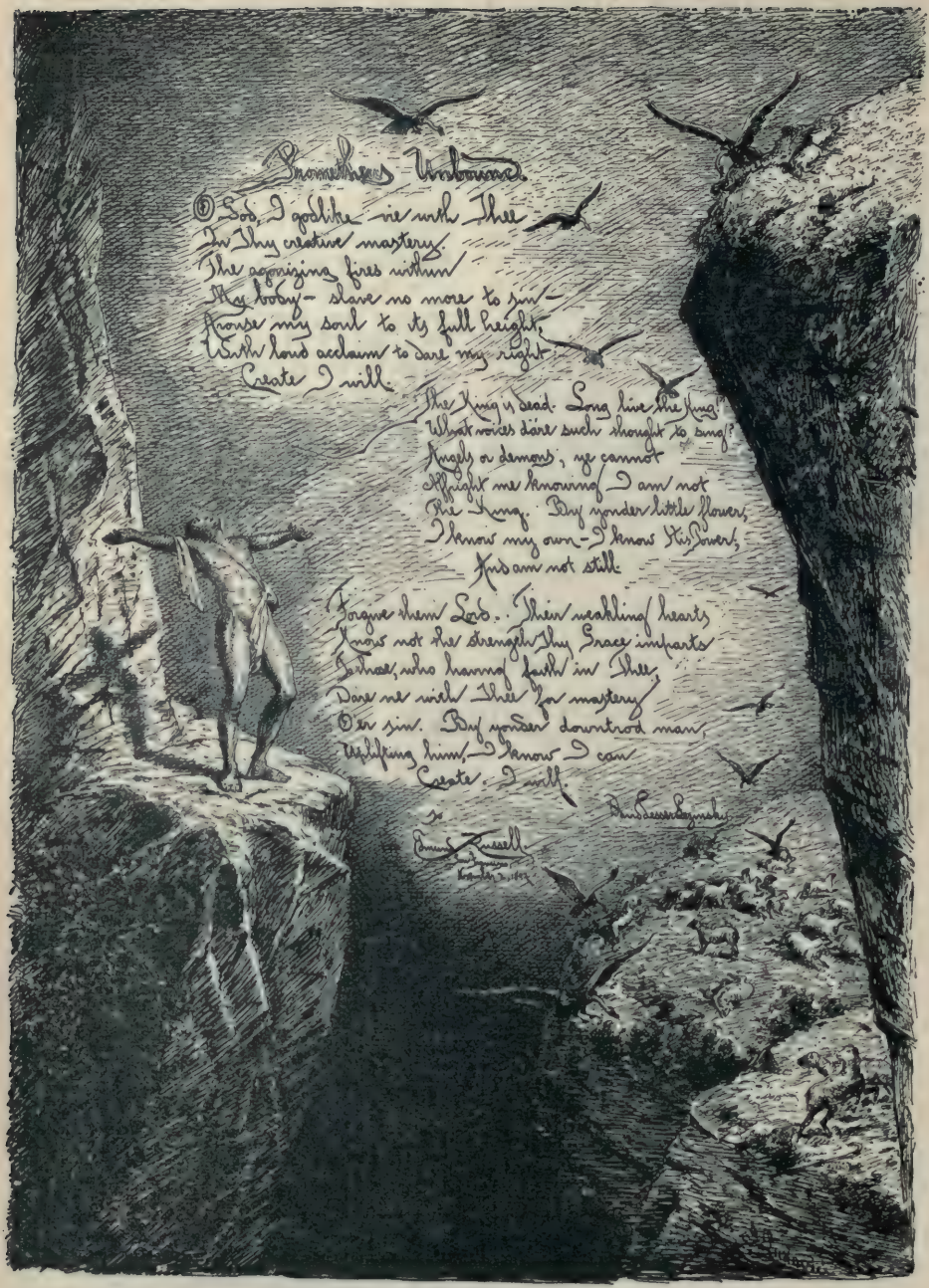
BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Land of the setting sun, thy vernal fields,
  Forever smiling 'neath an azure sky,
Are blessed with all that bounteous nature yields
  To joyous calls of busy husbandry.

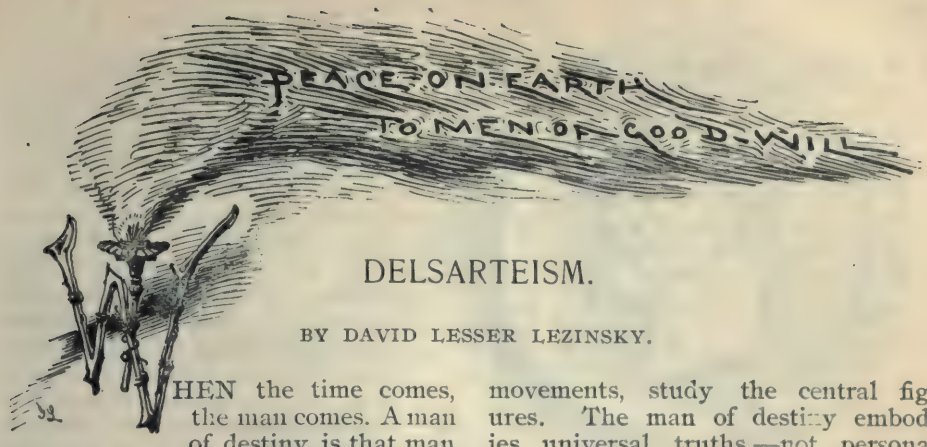
Land of the setting sun, where winter seems
  To smile in emerald ripples o'er thy vales,
Where spring brings bounding life, and flora yields
  Sweet loads of incense to thine evening gales.

Where summer suns mature the growing grains,
  Where giant pines the mountain-top uplifts
To ærial heights, where fertilizing rains
  Dispense with lavish hands their bounteous gifts.

Eureka! May thy youthful glories bless,
  In age, perennial—mantle time's decay
With fields of yellow grain, with verdant dress,
  Till time shall fail or man shall pass away.


Prometheus Unbound.
O God, I godlike rise with Thee
In Thy creative mastery.
The agonizing fires within
My body-slave no more to sin-
Arouse my soul to its full height,
With loud acclaim to dare my right
Create I will.
The King is dead. Long live the King!
What voices dare such thought to sing?
Angels or demons, ye cannot
Affright me knowing I am not
The King. Thy wonder little flower,
I know my own-I know His Power,
And am not still.
Forgive them Lord. Their weakling hearts
Know not the strength Thy Grace imparts
Fathers, who blaming fault in Thee,
Dare vie with Thee for mastery
O'er sin. Thy yonder downtrod man,
Uplifting him,-I know I can
Create. I will.
To
Emma Russell

PROMETHEUS.



DELSARTEISM.

BY DAVID LESSER LEZINSKY.

WHEN the time comes, the man comes. A man of destiny is that man who so fuses himself with his times and his times into himself, that his epoch and himself become almost identical. And it matters not—this quibbling as to "which came first, the egg or the chicken?" Who cares whether Lincoln made the war, or the war made Lincoln; whether France unmade Napoleon, or Napoleon unmade France? Lincoln is not Lincoln, except as his name symbolizes his times. Washington is not realized, because his times are not sufficiently understood, so that he suggests but cherry trees and ice-clogged rivers instead of being, in himself, the epic of American self-development, struggle, success. Glory to that self-made man, who, notwithstanding pedagogues and books, is made into an immortal identity through his sympathy, his ambition, his unselfishness, —his sympathy blending together the individual and the universal,—his ambition buckling on the armor of that necessary selfishness which Emerson would have great natures realize: "Those who live for the future must often appear selfish to those who live for the present,"—his unselfishness, which yearningly enjoys its success, because of the power for further good. To such a nature, there is only George Eliot's crown: "The reward of labor is the power to labor more."

To understand man, one must study the various great movements of his civilization, and to understand those movements, study the central figures. The man of destiny embodies universal truths,—not personal truths, but race truths. When a Cromwell, upon the crest of an age, becomes the standard bearer of its people, his qualities are the heart's core of his people. In the æsthetic art, study Phidias, Angelo, Raphael, Shakespeare, Blake; in the art of life, study Plato, Christ, Delsarte. Plato represents so much of all that is true and eternal of that highest civilization of the body, which realized its culmination in the Greeks; Christ contains so much of all that is true and eternal of that highest civilization of the soul, which realized its culmination in the Hebrews, that a culminating civilization, the blending of those two, must come, and if it is to be called Delsarteism, Delsarteism will be the name of the culminating civilization of man.

Man must first know the truth, if he would be good; and only when good, can he enjoy the beautiful. But Truth, Goodness, and Beauty are three inseparable sisters, so hand in hand, that he who draws to himself but one is already surrounded by the three. The Hebrew wedded Truth, and in his home were also enshrined Goodness and Beauty. The Greek wedded Beauty, and in his home were also enshrined Goodness and Truth. Those two nations, like parallel lines meeting in infinity, met in Christ, and lo! Truth and Goodness and Beauty, all as one, become the Bride. Our civilization is the offspring of that union. We cannot properly call

the Christianity of the last 1,800 years that offspring. The Greek Parthenon was nearer Christ than the inquisitory dungeon. We must rather think of those years as the period of gestation. The child has been born. Our civilization, beginning with the close of this nineteenth century, is the unnamed offspring. It cannot be called Christianity. The early Christians chose as the symbol of that name what was least in harmony with its character. Christ taught love and forgiveness. Christianity took as the symbol of that love and forgiveness, "The Christ crucified," the token of man's lowest ignorance and brutality.

Delsarte's definition of art is not made only for music, or painting, or poetry, but is made for that highest of all the arts, the art of life. "Know thyself." Plato said, and man studied himself to know the ideal. "Behold thyself." Christ said, and man studies him to know the ideal. "Be thyself." says Delsarte, and his studies over, man begins to live by his own spontaneity. Every age has its prophets. Delsarteism has Emerson, Browning, Whitman. Emerson says: "He who could place himself indomitably upon his own intuitions would bring the whole world to his feet." Surely so, but only a god can absolutely differentiate between instinct and intuition, can separate the body from the soul, can unclothe eternity. Browning says: "The body is as necessary to the soul, as the soul is to the body." Whitman says: "The body and soul are one." Delsarte believed with Plato: he also would have us know ourselves, but he would have us first understand our bodies, not neglect them in the pursuit of the soul. Robert Tolmie, a young musician, when asked why he continued to practice so incessantly, responded: "I am a slave to the crudities of the body. Only by constant practice can one be master of the technique, and only when one is master of the technique, can the spirit be free." There is a technique of the eyes, the hands, the hips, the feet, the torso, the neck, the head, which man must understand. The Froebel system and Delsarteism are interblended. The Froebel system is not only in the foundation, but, even to its zenith summit, Delsarte imbeds stone upon stone within the mortar of Froebel. That structure is our world, our complex world. This Delsarte would have us make a work of art; for "art" says this modern teacher, "is complexity. But complexity, so related in all its parts, as to become a harmonious simplicity."

Size is only relative. Angelo made his pictures within the dome of the Vatican; we must make ours upon the curve of the earth, no longer satisfied with those, which "painted out of naught, we feel, even while we admire, to be mere cloth and surface paint." And further, with Browning's Norbert:

"All is best, believe,
And we best as no other than we are.
We live, and they experiment on life—
Those poets, painters, all who stand aloof
To overlook the farther. Let us be
The thing they look at!
* * * *
I come to you; I leave you not to write
Or paint. You are, I am: Let Rubens there
Paint us!"

To make this world into one harmonious simplicity, Delsarte so radiated his life and his teachings into his times that we must hear him saying with Gautama: "Believe not that when I shall have disappeared from existence and be no longer with you, Buddha has left you and ceased to dwell among you. The law contained in these sacred instructions, which I have given, shall be your teacher. By means of the doctrines which I have delivered to you, I will continue to remain amongst you." To understand Delsarte, we can turn to no books; we must turn to his disciples, and from them hear expounded he truth of Delsarte:

"Art should interest by the true.
Art should move by the beautiful.
Art should persuade by the good.
Art should
Interest by the true to illumine the intelligence;
Move by the beautiful to regenerate the life;
Persuade by the good to perfect the heart."

A Pastel.

"You're an egg with two yolks."
Joaquin Miller.

I AM sure I don't know exactly what a pastel is; but I have an impression that the soul of literature—poetry—blending with the body of literature — prose — become so identical that the one cannot be separated from the other.

Edmund Russell is to be my pastel. The canvas is to be the past which projects him—the frame, the environments which enclose him,—and putting my brush into the rainbow tints of his intensity, I am striving to bring before you the promise of the future.

Kindly take the right point of view from which to look at this picture. It is the work of an impressionist. Do not stand beneath your zenith, nor above your own nadir; but projecting yourself out of yourself, let us pray a good fortune will place you where you may get the impression.

Sir Henry Drummond, in his testamental pastel, "The Greatest Thing in the World," has been able to select from among the virtues and to say: "The greatest of them all is love." He might be right, and I might not have been able to stand in his point of view. So, also, you may not be able to find my position when I say: "Of all the arts, the greatest of them all is life." The art of poetry, the art of charity, the art of music, the art of painting, the art of love are but parts of the all-encloser—the art of life.

No longer, thou glorious painter, Browning, is the heaven to hold its perfect round above an earth strewn with "broken arcs!" They never were broken,—bent and twisted, yes, but broken, never. And are they to be bent and twisted ever? Not if human courage, and divine purpose can straighten them. Out of the very heavens, Walt Whitman sang: "The body and the soul are one."

But creature of instinct and intuition, beware. Thou art "a clothed

eternity." Thy finite body envelopes the eternal soul. Make not the body the soul. Make not thyself God. A lamp has been placed amid the darkness. Take care. Let thy reason guide you. Intuition is from within. Grow, thou, from the intuition, and thus will thy instinct be blended, and thy body and soul becoming one, thou willst know thyself.

O Plato, to "Know thyself." is "an art in some degree peculiar and special to each individual, with the modifications due to his peculiar constitution and the circumstances of his growth." Then only, willst thou realize that the instinct is but "*to make something else beautiful. It must not assert, but sacrifice itself.*" Then truly, will the body be a decoration to the soul. Then only, will man in all his complexity reach that soul simplicity, which, harmonious with God, will be harmonious with man.

Delsarteism would Christianize society into one beautiful harmony. Paracelsusism knows no society. Thou who wert called "an egg with two yolks", thou art the disciple of Delsarte; thou art the Paracelsus of the Beautiful. As the one, thou art the beloved John, as the other, be not thine own crucifier.

Edmund Russell.

THE balance is very delicately equipoised in which Time weighs his identities —on one side, the past, on the other, the present. The past belongs to the infinite, and only the Infinite can tell us of it; but the present, inasmuch as it lies within our own experiences, that belongs to us,—it is finite. An identity is such a big thing, it must be spoken of not through days and months, but as Joaquin Miller said for his poet-brethren: "Let us speak in epochs!"

Edmund Russell is an artist. Our faith must feel the art-tracery woven within his past; our knowledge can see it in his experiences. He is an artist, but what are his materials?

In his childhood, he groped about for them, mingling with the artists about his home near Boston, so that his mother would say: "I do wish he would not see such people, they make him so dissatisfied." Yes, and until he found the materials for his art, he was dissatisfied, but with that dissatisfaction which travails that something better may be begotten. His nature needed art, and he sought it from the artists round about. One worked with sounds, and so he tried music; another worked with words, and he wrote poetry; but none of these sufficed his nature. But an artist he must be; he felt it working within him, and he let nature have her way. But oh, the ignorance of it all! What slaves we are to words! Because artist meant to him either a musician, or a poet, or a painter, after discarding two of the arts, there seemed to remain but one other—the third—and he yielded himself completely to its power, choosing as the materials of his art, palette, paints, and brushes.

As one of the members of the "Stu-

dents' Art League of New York," he was very unhappy. He felt himself being developed only through the spectacles of his teachers—the outer eye being made a little better as an optical instrument through plaster casts and posed models, but to the inner eye no light was made to penetrate, and he felt that having eyes, yet he saw not. Finding a young artist friend about to go to Europe, he bent every circumstance to the same end, and never did any effort receive more immediate reward. Clotho spun a happy year—that first year in the Old World. Paris and London had no fascination for him then, only Italy—Italy with art in every twist and turn, all being to him one delicious maze of beauty. In this atmosphere he needed no master peering over his shoulder to correct this line or suggest that color. The beggar in the street taught him the lines of beauty; the peasant girl singing along the green slopes of Italy's sun-basked hills taught him color. Glowing with his art enthusiasm, Russell opened a studio in New York, becoming a society artist. That word, society, is as much misunderstood and debased as its parent word, socialism. Society and aristocracy should be synonymous. It is in some countries, but not so in America. In New York, as well as the other American centers, if we can accept its character

Edmund Russell.

from self-dubbed society papers, society is but a coöperative mass of self-lovers, willing to delude and be deluded, as long as the bonds of mutual admiration are not severed.

Yes, Edmund Russell became a society artist, but he molded his art not for those who bend the knee and cringe, but for those true personalities to whom all society must give homage. Some men grow from books, the mere echoes of greatness, and the universities of the world make the chasms of ignorance reverberate with such echoes. Others, like Walt Whitman, walk up and down Broadway, and out of the very rumbling of the hurrying wheels and the incessant murmur of the busy masses hear their universal lessons. Each has his own school; but one remains a university man; while the other becomes a universal man. What the crowded street was to Whitman the crowded drawing-room was to Russell. It was his university. And the great masters are not wanting to those who look for them. America is America, and in New York society are many of God's highest creations—American men and American women. What university can show such a faculty as that which society first gave him—Karl Formes, Madame Janauschek, Joaquin Miller, and Society herself? Karl Formes taught him greatness—the mere looking at him made him understand that word as no course of lectures could have done; Janauschek showed him that loyalty of nature which makes of a woman a queen; in Joaquin Miller he met his first poet, and poetry became to him more than an art—it became prophecy; while Society taught him to read law—not the law by which the counting-room might tighten its fist the firmer about what it had already grasped, but the law of human nature as written by the alphabet of men and women. But such teachers only made the man dissatisfied with his paints and brushes. Though, through them he might make portraits speak, of what avail, when so few would hear! Though he might make flowers be identities, of what avail, when so few would see! Though he might make houses decorative, of what avail, when so few would be able to make of them homes! In his inmost soul was ever the prayer of Emerson:

> "Give me truths;
> For I am weary of the surfaces,
> And die of inanition."

God answers the prayers of those who are prepared for the answer. Edmund Russell was prepared for Delsarteism; and, like a spark kindling a prairie fire, when he heard of Delsarte, music, poetry and painting were all consumed by its onward might; only the wide plains were left reaching almost from ocean to ocean, upon which another rain was to bring forth a new growth. His sincere fidelity to nature, guided by education and talent, made him a ready disciple. At last! he had found his art. At last! he had found his materials. The studio, with its easel and canvas and paints, was left for the crowded drawing-room; but no longer that he might paint them, or for them, but out of them was he to find his materials. Delsarte works with men and women—

> "Let us be the thing they paint,"—

and Russell, as his disciple, works with human bodies, human souls,—making the rejuvenating blood to rejuvenate, the strengthening bones to strengthen, the expressive muscles to express. Grace is only one of the effects of such teaching, caused by the observance of Delsarte's primary law: —*the tuning of the body so that it will become a living instrument of natural expression.* In this work he found happiness. He had found his place. All unhappiness is but the thing in its wrong place. Our discontent is but the proof of a something higher which the soul sees and the body would attain.

When he felt himself justified to preach the word, he came forth as a

disciple of Delsarte. After lecturing in New York in schools and homes, the need of continuing his college course was realized, and he sought his teachers from those who had power to heal themselves. He spent a season in Washington, where he again met his old teacher, Joaquin Miller. From him he learnt his greatest lesson in interior decorations. Delsarte does not confound us with wisdom worse confounded—abstract philosophy—but adapted his laws to man as civilization ordained him to be, and, as such, he would not separate him from his surroundings; in his philosophy, man is the product of three environments—the body is the first envelopment, the dress the second, the home the third envelopment of the soul. But that all these might be in natural harmony, man must accord them to himself, not adapt them to the discords which a conventionalized society would continue in him.

Hoping, yet hardly daring to hope, Russell went to London. Sir Phillip Cunliffe Owen, the head of the South Kensington Museum, to whom he first presented his letters from the United States Bureau of Education, after looking Russell up and down, said to him very kindly, "Young man, do you not think it would be better for you to attend lectures in London than give them?" But the next week he was lecturing in the studio of Felix Moscheles to an audience composed of many of the artistic and social leaders of London, among others being Robert Browning, Henry M. Stanley and James A. Whistler. This began the three years of his "London success."

But he was not only giving lectures, he was also attending them in his old university — the crowded drawing-room. Enough to mention those whom he selected as his faculty—William Morris, Gladstone, Frederick Shields, the Shelleys, Lord Lytton, Holman Hunt, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Frederick Leighton, Walter Crane; and the university extension lectures which he attended in Italy were given by Salvini, Ristori, Lamperti, Rossi. When it came to his post-graduate course for a final degree, he applied himself more especially to three departments: the poetry of art, and chose as his teacher Frederick Shields; the coloring in art, and the Indian Princes in London taught him from their great beauty; the art behind the art, and Madame Blavatsky found in him a faithful pupil. But everywhere he felt the guidance of a great spirit, and he sought its influence everywhere. It was that of the founder and guide of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Through the noble friendship of Frederick Shields, he was able to permeate himself with that influence, and in yielding himself to it, he became by that initiation one with the Pre-Raphaelite spirit.

Edmund Russell is in America again. We, who have been so wrapped up in the art of money making that we have been unable to appreciate the more refining and more eternal art—the art of life, most of all, need such teachers, who with Russell have power "to turn our thoughts on ordinary things to not ordinary thoughts."

THE LOVER AND THE JASMINE.

BY S. C. EDGARTON.

The Jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep, dark-green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
The bright profusion of her natural stars.—COWPER.

"Thou Jasmine! O, thou favored vine,
That round yon casement lov'st to twine,
Oh, tell me what my lady bright
Is doing in the morning light?"

"Beside her snowy couch she stands
With lifted eye and folded hands;
Now blushing, sinks upon her knee,
Bends low her head and prays for thee."

"Once more, O, Jasmine, I pray,
Tell what my lady does to-day;
'Tis noon,—perhaps she faints with heat,
Oh, fan her with thine odors sweet!"

"Thy lady sits within my shade,
My flowers upon her cheek are laid;
Her lily fingers, light and free,
For others work,—her heart for thee."

"'Tis twilight; does she watch the stars?
Looks she on Venus, now, or Mars?
Oh, favored flower, once more reveal
The scene thy woven leaves conceal!"

"Thy lady in the moonlight stands;
A faded rose is in her hands;—
Tears in her hazel eyes I see,
She weeps,—aye, doubtless, weeps for thee!"

"Silent and solemn midnight reigns;
The moon o'er yonder turret wanes;
Oh, sleepy vine, awake and tell
If she thou guardest slumbers well!"

"I see her with her white robe pressed
Across her soft and guileless breast;
And list! she dreams, I hear her speak
A name that crimsons brow and cheek!

"It is thy name; then doubt no more
The tale I've told so oft before.
Whate'er her seeming scorn may be,
In her deep heart she loves but thee."

Questions Of the Day

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

THE paper in the present issue by Mrs. Eyster, a kinswoman of the heroine of Whittier's poem, recalls the almost endless controversy that has been waged in the literary press of the country regarding Barbara Frietchie. The opinion has been held almost universally that this grand figure of patriotism that has stirred the hearts of every American was a simple figure of fiction created out of the poet's inner consciousness, but such was not the case. Many years ago the writer of these lines received a letter from Dorothea Dix in which the latter warmly defended the woman of Frederick, stating that she knew her and had received the story from her own lips, and that with few exceptions the story as told by Whittier was absolutely true. The article by Mrs. Eyster is especially timely coming when the events of the life of Whittier are being renewed in every household in the land, and is freighted with illustrations showing all the relics of this notable figure in our history. Barbara Frietchie was not only a living realistic figure, but one which will excite the patriotic sentiments of Americans for centuries to come.

THE REINDEER IN ALASKA.

The story told by Lieutenant Cantwell on the reindeer in Alaska has a deep humanitarian significance. The Alaskan natives are in danger of extermination, and the reindeer has been introduced to save them, and will undoubtedly accomplish the purpose for the present. The incident is suggestive of the great changes in life which have taken place in the far north and are still taking place. When Steller the Russian explorer visited Bering Sea he discovered the Rhytina, a gigantic manatee, which attained a length of over thirty feet. To-day this magnificent creature is but a memory represented in a few museums by imperfect skeletons alone. The war of extermination is being waged in every direction, and animals that fifty years ago were plentiful are now so rare that they might as well be extinct. The American whaler and sealer is the Nemesis of the Alaskan natives. The whale has been driven from sea to sea and is now only found profitably in the Arctic Ocean, and its extinction is apparently a simple matter of time. This is true of the walrus and various kinds of seals that for ages have swarmed these waters. The present century will see the last of many of these forms, and if civilized man does not continue to devise means for the perpetuation of the natives by following up the action taken by Mr. Jackson, the inhabitants of many portions of the far north are doomed.

SCIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

The California Academy of Sciences, with its excellent museum, is a most important adjunct to the public school system of the city of San Francisco, and should be better known by the public at large. No institution of science west of Chicago can compare with it in its fine collections and library, yet San Francisco and California has not done its duty to science. This building should be filled with fine collections donated by the wealthy men of the State. California and the Pacific Coast have been pillaged of their treasures of science for years, and Californians have stood by without uttering a

protest. We refer particularly to Archæological science. This coast is rich in lore of this kind. Hardly a mile of the coast from one end of the State to the other but has been the site of ancient villages and towns of a people long since passed away. They had a habit of burying their treasures of stone, bone and wood in their graves, and when these are excavated we have the almost complete story of their lives. These graves have been opened by the agents of almost every scientific institution in this country, not to speak of Europe, and one party from the Smithsonian estimated that it uncovered the remains of over 10,000 natives, while the specimens of stone vases and mortars obtained weighed in the aggregate many tons. All these were carried East, and the Californian of the future will be obliged to go to Washington or Boston to study the archæology of his own State. It is not too late yet. There are many undiscovered town sites along the shore, and it would be a most gracious act if some of the wealthy men of the State would equip and send out parties to collect and accumulate scientific material which will find a place in the great museum of the city of San Francisco. Such work would be directly in the line of education.

THE EMANCIPATION OF ART.

There is hardly any question so important in its bearing upon the refinement and culture of the people of to-day and the future as art, and upon the few masters devolves the great responsibility of establishing a standard. It is singular to note the different views of men upon the same subject—men, as the world goes well equipped to pose as art judges. The writer once stood before Turner's great work, the "Slave Ship," with two well-known lovers of art. One was strangely affected by the work, its suggestiveness appealed to his imagination, he fairly drank in the very spirit of the master hand; the other could see absolutely nothing in it, in fact, the canvas that effected one almost beyond his control made the other laugh. This is the fate or rather the experience of every modern painter who has the temerity to depart from the conventional. An instance in hand may be seen in the studio of Keith, whose productions have given delight and pleasure to so many. Mr. Keith has made his reputation, like other artists, by his faithful reproductions of nature; the conventional scenes, and his high standing is suggestive of conscientious work and successes. So far, he has paid his debt of obligation to the public; he has given them what they want, but if Mr. Keith were asked if he considered these productions which have justly earned him fame and reputation his ideals he would say no. He would say that the conventional landscape (of which he has many beautiful examples in his studio) does not represent the highest ideal of art, and then Mr. Keith, if he were so disposed, could illustrate his point by some striking examples. It seems to the writer highly encouraging in this day, when the chase after the dollar is so hot and eager, and nearly all the arts are prostituted for what can be made out of them that some artists can emancipate themselves from conventionality. Mr. Keith has in his studio a number of studies remarkable not only in themselves, but for their inspirational characteristics and suggestions; things that a man could not produce except under the influence of a divine feeling for art and its possibilities. They have no title, are not "pictures" in the ordinary sense, but are studies of effects and conditions, crude in detail, but so suggestive of changing moods, so stimulating to the imagination that the canvas becomes not merely a momentary gratification to the senses but a study that grows, develops, presenting a wealth of pleasures to all the senses. The truest art, is that which is suggestive which not merely copies nature, but reproduces the impressions and feeling it has conveyed to the mind of the artist.

THE CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS.

In an article on the Santa Barbara Carnival of Flowers by Belle M. Austin, in the December number of THE CALIFORNIAN, the author in ending the paper quoted four or five lines from a poem by Mrs. E. A. Otis, of Los Angeles, but the quotation marks were inadvertently omitted, Mrs Otis not receiving the credit due her.

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE,

Located on Powell St., near Market, opp. Baldwin Hotel. San Francisco, Cal.

The following detailed description will furnish an excellent idea of the general contour of this magnificent Theatre.

THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

The grand entrance to the Theatre is in the center of the facade, and the approach is a massive stone arch sixteen feet wide and thirty feet in depth. Passing through to the right, and near to the entrance of the foyer are located the ticket offices.

The foyer is separated from the auditorium proper by a succession of arches, hung with handsome portieres.

ACOUSTICS AND DECORATIONS.

One of the peculiar features of the construction and arrangement of the auditorium are a succession of curves in the ceiling and sounding board. These were adopted in various theatres in America, and have proven such a decided success in the improvement of the acoustics that the architect has produced the same effects here. The architecture, decorations and furnishings of the interior of the Theatre are of purely Ivory and Gold. The architect has made a thorough study of these decorations, and has embodied in this house some of the choicest features of this style of architecture obtainable.

L. R. STOCKWELL,
Lessee and Prop'r.

ALF. ELLINGHOUSE,
Business Manager.

There are twelve Proscenium Boxes, and seven loges in the center of the auditorium, separating the Orchestra and Dress Circle seats. The arrangement of these boxes and the sittings of the auditorium are such that an artist cannot get out of view of any sitting in the house.

LIGHT, VENTILATION AND HEAT.

The house is lighted entirely by the incandescent electric light. The auditorium is heated by the under-floor system, which guarantees a uniform distribution of heat, and a system of ventilation has been adopted which guarantees a change of temperature accordingly.

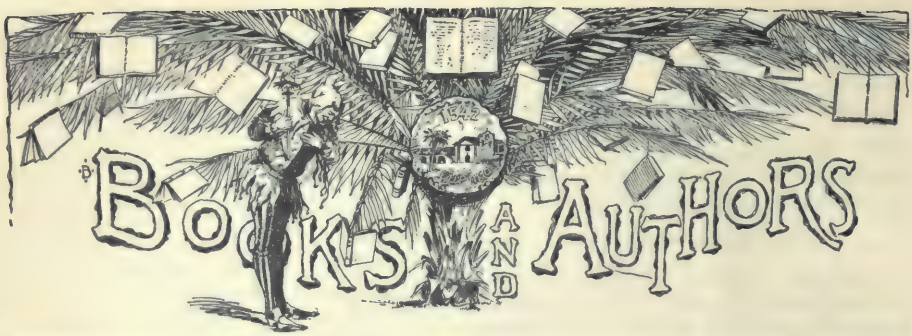
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

The Theatre is built independent of the apartment building. This, like the front building, is made as near absolutely fireproof as it is possible to make a theatre; all stairways, corridors, dressing-rooms, etc., being built entirely of incombustible material. The auditorium is separated from the stage by a solid brick wall, with a brick arch above the proscenium, and with a fireproof curtain run in steel grooves and hung with steel wire ropes. All drops, borders and lifting scenes will be operated by the "lowering system." The stage is built with every modern improvement in stage machinery, and supplied with as complete an outfit of scenery as any theatre possesses in this country.

The house has a seating capacity of 1,600, divided about 500 to each floor. It has been the aim both of the architect and proprietor to give the community of San Francisco a theatre not only attractive in appearance, but comfortable in every respect, giving room between the seats and aisles of ample width. The Theatre is being operated as a strictly first-class one, and no attractions will be seen upon its stage except those that are recognized as such.

Many special features have been introduced in the foyer and retiring-rooms which add to its attractiveness, and which can hardly be detailed in an article of this kind; but it is plain that San Francisco has in "Stockwell's" a theatre second to none on the American Continent.

**



LITERATURE, to-day, seems to be in a state of progression. The general standard has reached a greater height, and the competition is much greater than it has ever been before. There may be no more leading lights or wonderful geniuses than there has been for years past, not as many, some think, forgetting that genius is seldom appreciated until its light begins to wane, and that the genius of to-day will not be recognized and appreciated until the following generation.

Hamlin Garland in a late article in the *Arena* speaks of the growth of Literature in the West, saying of the young and promising talent which he has observed:

"If I were starting a magazine in the West I should aim to develop the art resources of my locality. I should fill it with local color—not by means of dry chronicles of native industries, or histories of local celebrities or various townships, but by calling forth the artexpression of the young writers of the section. It cannot be but that there are undeveloped young writers in every leading city of the West—men and women full of fresh native energy, needing only encouragement and direction to become powerful writers of short stories. I am in receipt of scores of letters from such young people."

What a desirable and admirable editor he would be! He would surely never send the unhappy contributor whose manuscript has been rejected, but whose work is promising, one of those type-written or printed papers of declination, which are so discouraging, often destructive to budding talent, but would allow them to feel his sympathetic personality through his own handwriting and kind advice.

His lately published book, "A Member of the Third House," * teems with warmth and a true conception of human nature, and his delineation of the character of a rascally, merry young fellow, who bribes, corrupts and ruins men without a pang of conscience, yet is apparently a gentlemen and a good fellow, and succeeds in making his way into good society, is so familiar that one cannot fail to recognize the truth with which it is represented.

How happy should the writer be, gifted with that ability to draw his characters and events from life, and yet give them such interesting coloring, that, while violating none of the laws of naturalness and truth, they gratify the most exacting imagination. Walter Besant has displayed this ability in his new book called "London." * It is a series of descriptions of the city as it was, successively after the Roman occupation, the supremacy of the Saxons and Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, and in the time of Charles II. and that of George II. Mr. Besant has made good use of a large amount of material which had not previously been utilized, and has produced a happy combination of fiction and history which renders the book interesting to almost any class of readers. It is admirably illustrated, and would be a happy addition to any library.

Well known and appreciated among lovers of the classics is Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose wonderfully methodical and comprehensive ideas and conceptions of the poetic are well displayed in "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America." He has lately presented another book to the public, "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." † Mr. Stedman understands the art and principles of versification as thoroughly as anyone in America, and this book will be a rare treasure for the student and poet.

There are so many admirable books written in a serious vein that, while we may thoroughly enjoy them, we are glad at times to turn to something light and overflowing with humor and merriment. We have a volume possessing these qualifications in Robert

* Shulte & Co., Chicago.

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
† Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

Grant's "Reflections of a Married Man."* Its humor is alternated with good ideas and rare common sense, the latter giving it an element of stability.

"The West from a Car Window,"† by Richard Harding Davis, is one of the capital American sketch-books to which the Harpers seem to be giving special attention. Everything is presented in an entirely novel and charming way, and the text is illustrated by about fifty pictures, all by good artists. It is valuable for its fund of information, and treats of portions of the West still unfamiliar to the tourist. The West seems to be an inexhaustible source of interest, furnishing a great fund of material for literary structures, and also many of their builders.

In Thomas Nelson Page we have one of the best dialect writers in the country, his "Marse Chan,"‡ of which a new illustrated edition has been lately published, attracting great attention and interest. A contributor of the CALIFORNIAN, Mrs. Julia H. S. Bugeia, handles dialects very cleverly, especially Canadian French, her "M'sieu Lafontaine of Californie," in a late issue of the CALIFORNIAN, being a delightful bit of character study.

Charles Warren Stoddard, an old Californian, has lately brought out a new edition of his "South Sea Idyls,"§ a collection of delightful stories, overflowing with exuberance of spirits and sympathetic feeling. He writes of the people of the South Sea Islands, not as an outside observer, but with comprehensive familiarity of their inner lives. The book is interesting, and should find a wide circle of readers.

Among the best Californian writers is Chas. F. Lummis, whose "City of the Sky," in the CALIFORNIAN, will be remembered, and who has lately published a book called "Some Strange Corners of our Country,"‖ which, while apparently written for boys, will prove a source of fascination and astonishment to almost any one who may open it. It treats of Western scenes and people in a novel and pleasing way. Mr. Lummis is a charming writer; his style is fresh and clear. He is now in Peru accumulating material for the Century Magazine for a series of articles on the archæology of that wonderful country.

A recently published volume,¶ "Around the World through Arctic and Tropics," by Harry W. French, is an interesting and instructive account of travel and adventure, interwoven with a narrative that leads up to definite purpose in the end. It might be said that the good luck and indomitable courage of his young heroes are somewhat overdrawn, but this, perhaps, is a good fault in a book of this nature, as it has a tendency to healthfully stimulate youthful imagination and ambition.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, one of the contributors of the CALIFORNIAN, has lately issued a most artistic little book, containing a single poem, "Atlina,"* which, while narrative, could scarcely be called an epic, but it might be considered, both on ac ount of the manner in which it is written and made up, a literary symphony. It is delicately and artistically bound, and beautifully illustrated, and it is hoped that the little volume will meet with every success, especially as the proceeds are to aid a most deserving object—the cause of art education.

"Nestlings,"† a collection of poems by Ella Fraser Weller, will be a very attractive and interesting Christmas gift for the little ones. It is illustrated by K. A. Fraser from photographs of children in the author's immediate circle of friends. There is a very sweet little face at the bottom of the frontispiece, that will appeal to hearts of all lovers of children. It is issued by the San Francisco Printing Co., and is a good example of what can be done on the Pacific Coast in the way of artistic publication.

We are too apt to discourage creation and execution in those who have not as yet accomplished very much in the literary world. This should not be done. It is easy for literature, which is not the product of true talent or genius, but which circumstances have forced into the field of competition, to be relegated to oblivion, but it is not so easy to mould the true talent and genius into a living entity. The germ is too often crushed and killed before it has sprung into life, by force of circumstances and environment. We are constantly in need of new thought —new light. We cannot exist on the ideas, however true or prophetic, that were given us ages ago. The world is progressing. We must have new advancers of truth, new prophets continuously, and each germ and plant should be carefully examined until it is ascertained whether they possess the true elements of strength, truth, prophesy and artistry.

G. L. B.

* Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
† Harper & Bros., New York.
‡ Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
§ Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
‖ Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.
¶ D. Lathrop Co., Boston.

* J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.
† San Francisco Printing Co.

FOUND ON HIS BODY.

BY BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

THERE seems to be some subtle sense of dream about you when I am near; some unreal veil that hides your inmost self from me; that self, a gleam of which I used to see when, pale with passion, we gazed into each other's eyes. I remember, by all the hopes I have of thee, I do remember that then (as when in some depth of sea one looks and sees an instant's mystery) I saw beneath the swelling of your eyes your soul, and knew its history since time began, and that soul was part and parcel of my own. You cannot call it up again, you said. And yet I live—and hope. I leave this dead paper whereon the words look so dull and senseless, and I go out into the night just to pass where you are, and to breathe the same air you breathe; not to disturb you, dear; not to cause those eyes to flutter an instant, but just to pass near where you are.

I have been gone three hours. It is now 9 o'clock. I stood on the hill behind your house, but I made no noise, nothing heard me. I only staid there and wrung my hands and cried, I never cried before I knew you. Oh, my God, do you know what it is that a man should cry and wring his hands and choke in throat and yet have to keep quiet and silent?

* * * * * *

I went to those trees I love so much to-night, where once you sat with me, and there came upon me a savage hunger for you beside which starvation for food is nothing. It seems somehow as if you were slipping away from me. Oh, for dear Christ's sake, don't, don't! What can I write to make you feel what I feel—words are dead indeed. Dear love, don't you remember, you told me you loved me once, you told me you were mine, that I had but to order and you would obey, that when I was away you felt lost, and that only when I was near did you feel content? You used to say to me that little phrase of yours with that quaint delicious air; you used to laugh like sunshine set to melody. Do you not remember, sweet love? It is impossible that you can forget. You cannot. You cannot. Alas, I cannot put my grief into words!

As an exhausted swimmer facing death, yet despairingly struggles and struggles, stretches out his hand grasping a bough which slips, slips through his fingers; only a hoarse sob welling up in his throat, just one instant before the death rattle, so I too, try to cry, hold hard my breath and clench fast on these memories, fingers so desperate, so strong, that it seems to me now for an instant that my spirit stops sinking, that it lingers again softly safe where thy love made it float. Is it true? Is this death? Or have I won the battle? To die so young and yet so old.

I have come back once more from your window. The house was alight and I looked in through the pane. You did not know it, but I saw you there with him. One look, I marked, and that was all. Your eyes wandered, as he sat there idly tuning his instrument, wandered slowly and lingeringly from his head to his feet; a kiss so tender and so sweet in every touch of the light of those happy eyes that it tore hope forever from me. And so farewell.

I did not disturb you then, did I? I tried not to. I only went in the old way and took something out; that picture of my mother that I had given you. You did not need it any more, dear, did you? And I wanted to see her grey and wrinkled face once more, just her old face once more.

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THE LEARNED SIWASH.

(*A tragedy.*)

BY DE W. C. L.

'Twas a rare summer day and the beautiful bay
Of Tacoma was calm as a mirrored glass,
When out from the shore, a kanim, which bore
A siwash and klootchman, was seen to pass.

The klootchman paddled—her lord looked addled—
For lines of perplexity wrinkled his brow;
Not an object in sight to the left or the right
Caught the glance of this wise one who sat in the bow.

"I'm aware," he began—how glib the terms ran—
"That the book-name of white-fish is *oxyrhynchus;*
That a cod is a *gadus;* likewise it will aid us
To know that a salmon is called *oncorhynchus.*

"But what bothers me more than the wolf at my door,
The grippe, or the fate of our own Reservation,
Is an Indian word, of which ne'er have I heard
What the white men regard as its pluralization.

"'Tis *klootchman,*" he muttered, and immediately uttered
The name so alluring again and again;
Then he cried in despair, as he shook his thick hair,
"Does the word double-up as klootchmans or klootchmen?

"If you know how it goes, fair daughter of Lo's,
In the name of Tacoma and old Chief Seattle
Relieve my suspense—the torture's immense—
Out with it, fond matron; I conjure thee—prattle."

She spake not a word, and the only sound heard
Was that of the oar as she paddled away;
Then fear filled her soul, while her eyes 'gan to roll,
And quick as a flash she sprang into the bay!

* * * * * * *

For days the lone man would steadily scan
The water in hopes she would come back to him;
But she's still sinking slowly, and this wise man and lowly
All henceforth must paddle his own kanim.

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Grave and Gay.

The imperial diamond owned by the Prince of Wales weighs 182 carats and is valued at 17,000,000 francs.

The Pope speaks Italian, French and Latin perfectly, but does not understand or speak English.

Pope Leo XIII owns a pearl, left to him by his predecessor on the throne of St Peter, which is worth $100,000.

Daniel Webster was accustomed to say: "I congratulate myself that my first speech on entering public life was in behalf of the common schools."

Wade Illsley, an eccentric character, died recently in Newburyport, Mass He was supposed to be very poor, but in his cork leg was found nearly $500.

The most curious among famous pearls is that which three centuries ago the French traveler, Tavernier, sold to the Shah of Persia for $675,000. It is still in the possession of the sovereign of Persia.

King Malietoa, of Samoa, is not paid his salary ($25 a week) with regularity enough to keep him in easy financial condition, so he has been having his wives do washing for the well-to-do white residents of Apia.

Most of Björnstjerne Björnson's novels are written at his farm in Norway. He prefers doing literary work there rather than in his handsome home in Paris. His study is an enormous room, simply furnished, and he works so rapidly that he will block out the plot of an entire novel in two or three days.

In spite of Dr. Holmes eighty-three years, his health is excellent, except for the asthma, from which he usually suffers at this time of the year. His life is almost monotonous in its regularity while he is at his summer home at Beverly Farms. He is enthusiastic about the drives in the neighborhood, and keenly enjoys Salem and its old associations.

"Who is that coarse looking, fat man crossing the street?"

"That 's Hobson, the author of 'Songs of the Heart and other verses.'"

"And is the high-browed, pale-faced man behind him another poet?"

"Oh, no; that 's Lardoyle, the packing-house prince."—*Chicago News Record.*

The world should honor Tennyson because he was absolutely true to his artistic and his moral conscience. He used his powers well, faithfully and purely. He endured long neglect and indifference, and also endured the trials and cares of prosperity and envy with an even mind, with a dignity and a genuine loveliness of heart and soul that did not fail.

Amos Ginks, 107 years old, lives at Wellingsborough, Northamptonshire, England. His age is verified by the registry of births. The old man is thin, bent and cannot see well. Apart from that he enjoys good health. He suffers no physical infirmity and bids fair to live several years more. The hardy centenarian has been married three times. Several years ago he buried his daughter, who was almost 80 years old.

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JAMES H. CREELY
Attorney-at-Law, 211 Sutter Street, above Kearny Street, Telephone 5252, San Francisco, Cal.

J. H. HENDERSON
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law Rooms 16 and 17, 230 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

F. R. KING
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7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	10 05 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

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10 30 a. m.	11 35 a. m.
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11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
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5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

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6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
5 15 p. m.	6 10 p. m.

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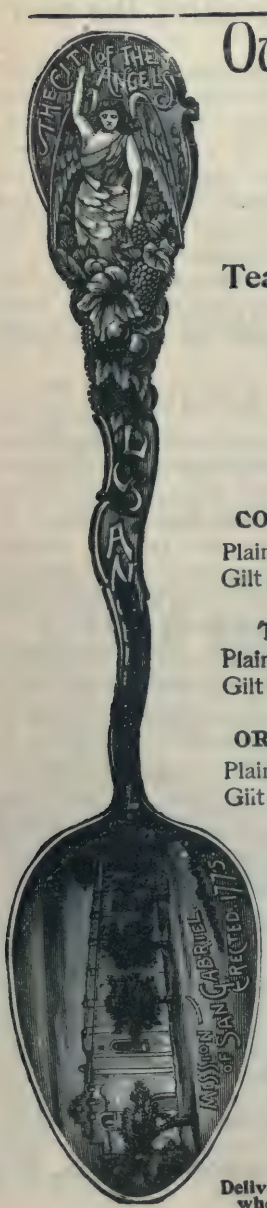

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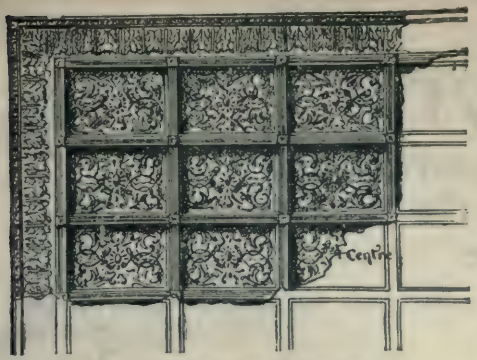

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A Money Making Plan Based Upon Sound Principles

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Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
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6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
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16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

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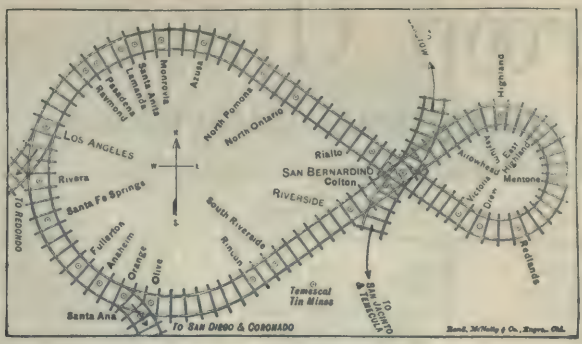

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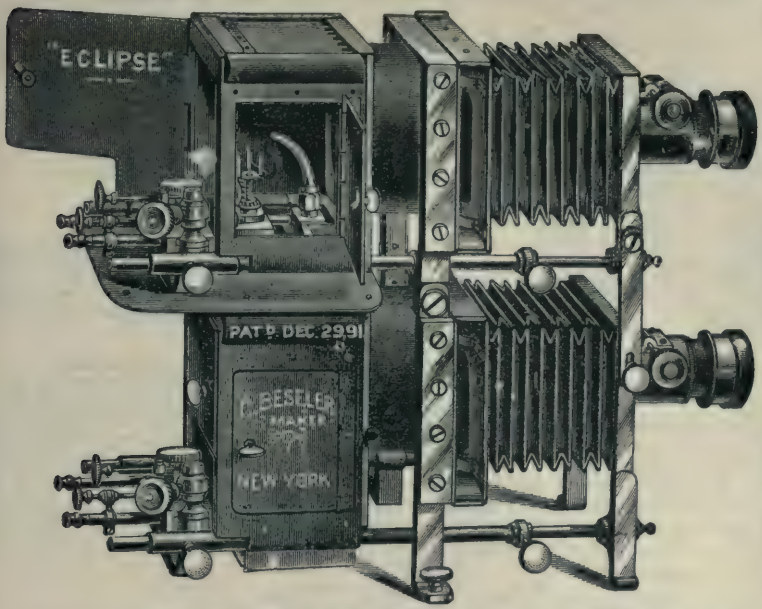

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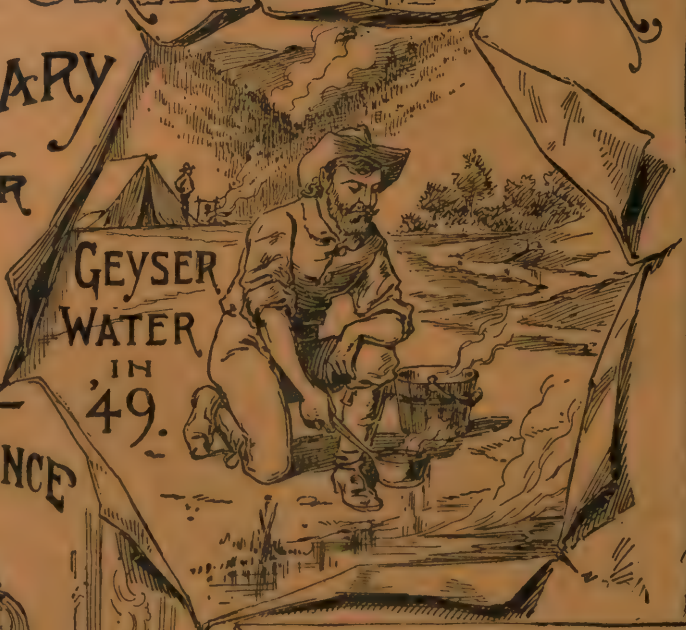

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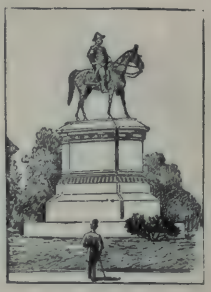

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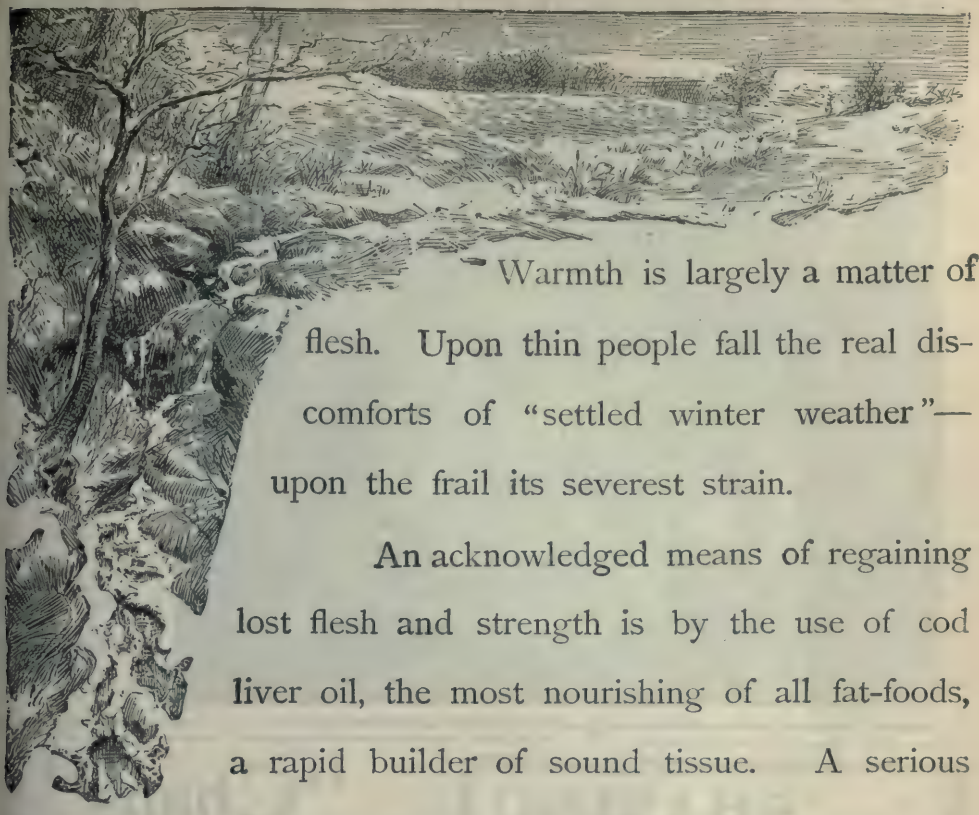

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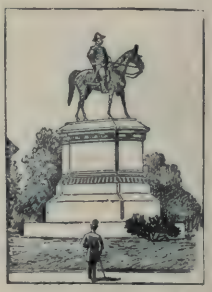

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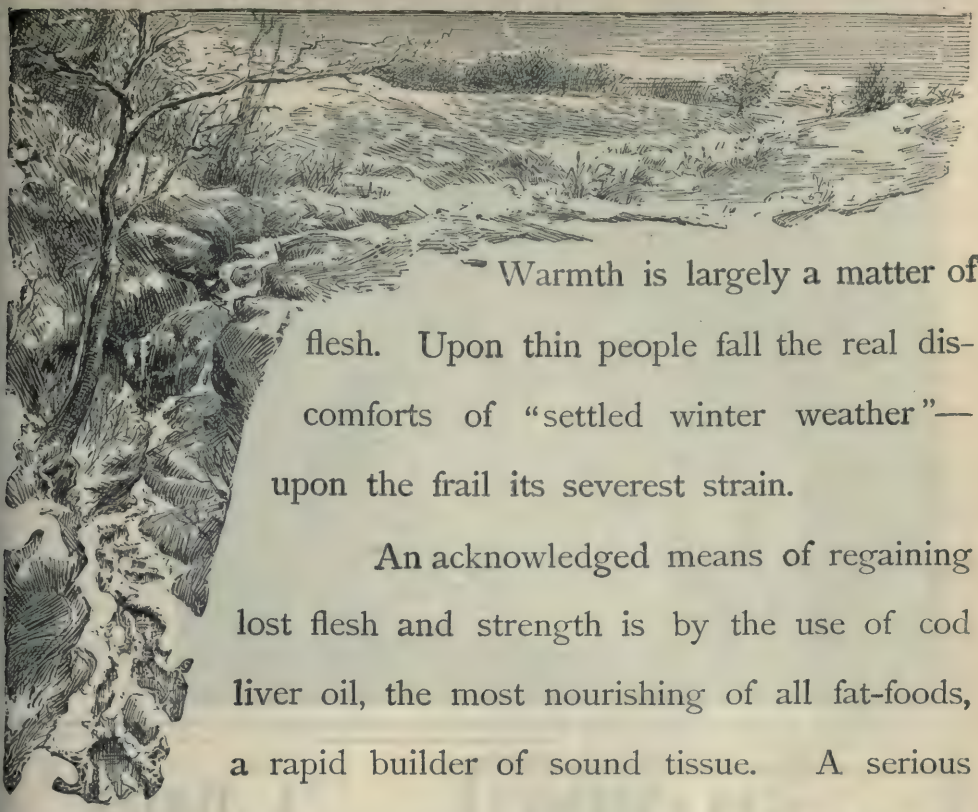

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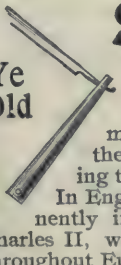

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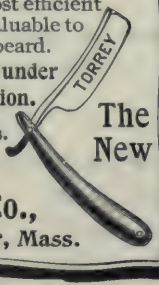

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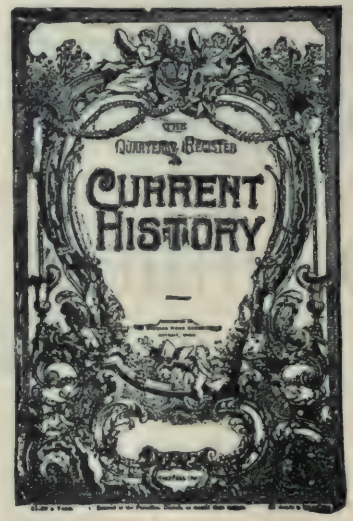

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1893. NO. 3.

TENNYSON.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

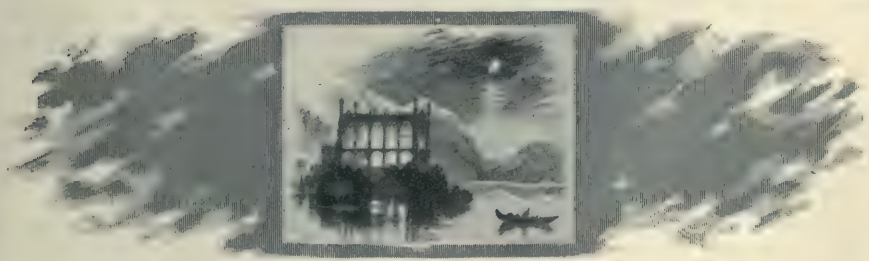
The many pass; a few abide,
  Abide while there is any tone
  By Nature's players harped or blown,
While there is sound upon the summertide.

The Mother loves them; for they hear
  Her little winds, her brooks that wake
  The faintest murmur love may make,
Hear all the sandalled passage of the year.

Yea, Nature holds these to her heart;
  They know her voice, they heed her call.
  Art, also, folds them close; they fall
Low at her feet,—supreme, eternal Art.—

Blest powers, if you do hold these so
  They cannot pass, have we not love
  Your tender loving far above?
And who, so held, shall into shadow go?

So held, so loved and held, is he
  That late soft in the moonlight lay,
  And, weary, thought to sink away;
Death smiled, and said, "Not thou, it cannot be."



ON THE COLUMBIA.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

THE Dalles, that narrow passage in the Cascade mountains, through which the mighty Columbia River forces its way to the sea, is eighty miles up the river from Portland, and can be reached, as the tourist may elect, by rail or steamer.

The country through which rolls the Oregon does not depend for interest entirely upon the beauty of the natural scenery. Within the past two decades, this mighty river, with its yawning chasm, and roaring torrents of foam-flecked water, has heard various sounds besides that of "its own dashing."

The early settlers had many a romantic and tragic encounter with "Lo! the poor Indian," who objected to having his fish caught, his game shot and his land taken away from him. The dangers braved and the privations endured by pioneers in this or any other new country are terrible to hear about, even after the lapse of years. What, then, must they have been to the active participants?

It was in the gray light of early dawn when we found ourselves driving through a pelting rain, disagreeable enough to deter any but the most determined tourists from sight-seeing. We were assured by the weather-wise that, no matter how the rain came down in Portland, it was sure to be fine weather at The Dalles, for the sun is always shining east of the mountains.

Through the fog and mist we could see the outlines of the mountains across the river enveloped in gray, nebulous masses which continually shifted, changing the panorama at every turn. As the train sped on through gorges and around the base of the mountains, it now and then gave us a vast outlook of the river and foothills beyond, then an interior view of wooded hills, bare rocks and castellated heights.

All along the Oregon side of the river are numerous waterfalls that leap from the brow of the high basaltic cliffs which form the Columbia gorge, and dash themselves in showers of spray into rocky pools at the base of the bluffs. There are five of these within a few miles — Multnomah, Bridal Veil, Latourelle, Horsetail and Oneonta. The best known of these is Multnomah; the fall is 800 feet high, and is one of remarkable beauty. It is divided into two sections; the first about 700 feet high, is extremely beautiful. The train slows up as we pass this and Bridal Veil Falls, but we see "as through a glass, darkly," for the sparkle and glint of the sunshine is lacking.

From this point the mountains close in upon the river, and steep, tall forests gather round us. Through the trees as we speed along, we catch glimpses of snowy crests rising heavenward, and again the river stretches out before us, smooth as a sea of glass.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope, and the sun breaks out, gilding the snow-capped hills and dome of Mt. Hood with a refulgent light. A bow of promise "sheds its brilliant coloring across the rushing, roaring waters and far up the mountain height. The river narrows its confines and the scenery grows grander every moment."

As we near the Cascades, Pyramid Mountain comes into view on the north side of the river. The whole

side of a rather sharp peak has fallen away, leaving a perfectly smooth surface, which from a distance looks not unlike one of those great piles built by Pharaoh ; hence the name Pyramid Mountain. How high the abrupt side of the peak is cannot be stated, but it would seem to be not less than 1,000 feet, and may be twice that, since miles must be traveled from shore to shore.

The town of The Dalles is picturesquely situated on a bend of the river above the Upper Cascades. A greater portion of it was burned not long since, so that there was little to be seen from the car window save a blackened picture of desolation.

CATCHING SALMON.

altitudes are dwarfed wonderfully by a little distance. Doubtless the shaving off, or sliding away of the side of this mountain was an accompaniment, or a direct result of the cataclysm that burst the gorge of the Columbia through the Cascade Mountains. This was done, as scientists believe and Indian tradition states, during a sudden outburst of volcanic activity by Mts. Hood and Adams.

Through a narrow gorge measuring but a hundred and fifty feet, rush the mad waters of the Columbia—waters which less than fifty miles away widen into a river measuring two miles and a half across, while at its mouth, five

A few Indians stalked stolidly about while the train waited ; they were sullen looking and dirty; clothed in the ill-made, cheap rags of civilization, and were anything but the typical Indians that we had pictured to ourselves.

At Celilo twelve miles beyond The Dalles, we leave the train and find ourselves among the brown foothills, in full view of one of the finest gorges in the river ; the waters pour in from four directions, to rush madly down a narrow defile to the Cascades below. Here we had a closer view of the huge fish-wheels which are scattered all along the banks, and which are curi-

BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR THE DALLES.

ously constructed of wire; in fact they look like woven-wire mattresses curved and caught to the shaft. They are, moreover, nothing but a series of nets arranged on the periphery of a wheel in such a way that one of the nets is always in the water, and is kept in constant operation by the current. The opening of the net is made of considerable length and as wide as possible, while the bottoms are inclined inward in such a way that when the net rises from the water and approaches the top of the wheel, the fish slide from it by gravitation into a trough, and thence into a box on the shore. The wheel is automatic in every particular, and runs day and night.

Varied and peculiar are the methods of fishing employed on the Columbia. Familiar to all is the picture we all knew years ago, in which the noble savage, with spear poised in hand, stands in the water at the base of a cascade, up which scores of salmon are leaping. This scene may yet be witnessed, they tell us, on the Columbia at Kettle Falls and other points, where Indians assemble every summer to catch and dry fish for their winter's food. A picturesque scene, indeed, is this camp of aborigines by day or night. Another primitive method is that of dip-netting, which is carried on by the Indians at the Dalles and Cascades. "Upon a rude scaffolding, built so as to project a short distance over the channel, at a point where there is a runway for the fish, with water of a less velocity than farther out in the stream, stands the Indian fisherman, grasping a long pole, at the end of which is an ordinary dip-net. With a long sweep of his arm he thrusts the net into the water and quickly passes it down stream, the opening ready to enclose any luckless fish it may encounter. If unsuccessful, he immediately makes another dip, keeping it up until he either catches a fish or ceases for a few minutes to rest. In this manner the natives catch fish for their own use, as well as for sale at the canneries. In either case the squaws are used as beasts of burden, and the catch intended for the family larder is taken by those silent workers to a convenient spot, split open, cleaned and then laid out or hung up in the sun to dry, while the cannery fish are put into a large gunny-sack, which is held in place on the squaw's back by a strap around the forehead, and are thus conveyed to the packing-house. A great many dips can be made in an hour, and the quantity caught in this way is surprising. At the Dalles 22,000 pounds, fully 1,000 fish, have been caught by four nets, and that number of nets have taken 800,000 pounds in one season.

"At the mouth of the Columbia, and for more than fifty miles up the stream, the methods just described are not practicable, but nets, seines and traps are used. First in importance is the gill-net, operated from a boat. No less than 1,600 of these

are in use on the river, the majority of them just inside the bar. Two men operate together, one of them being the fisherman and the other his boat puller. A net is usually 1,800 feet long and twenty to thirty feet wide, with wooden floats on the upper edge and metal sinkers on the lower, the meshes being four and one-half inches, large enough to permit the small fish to pass through, while the large ones are caught by the gills. With great care the net is paid out into the water so as not to foul it, and then is permitted to float some distance with the tide or current, when it is again hauled into the boat and the fish removed. It seems almost impossible for fish to run this gauntlet of nets, aggregating 545 miles in length, and costing not less than $300,000 a year, as they have to be renewed each season, yet that they do is proved by the great numbers that finally reach the spawning grounds. Some fishermen own their own boats and nets, worth about $400, and others operate boats belonging to the canneries, the former receiving about $1 each for their fish, and the latter sixty cents. Prices vary in different seasons, but this is the average. Skill and bravery are both required by the bar fishermen, and annually half a hundred of them lose their lives among the breakers. In their rivalry to get the first chance at the fish as they enter the river, they crowd down upon the very verge of the bar, and every few days a boat is swamped in the breakers. Occasionally the luckless men are rescued by the crew of the lifeboat at Cape Hancock, but the majority pay for their temerity with their lives.

"Fish-traps or pound-nets constitute the next most important method of fishing near the mouth of the river, the location of a majority of these being Baker's Bay, lying north of the channel and bar. A trap is constructed by driving a row of piles from the shore or shoals toward the deep water where the fish are running, at the outer end the piles forming a rectangular enclosure or pound. On the piles is laid a netting of wire or twine, with a two-inch mesh, in such a manner as to prevent the passage of the fish and lead them into the pound, from which they cannot escape and can be easily removed. Between

CAMP OF UMATILLA INDIANS.

the owners of the pound-nets and the gill-net fishermen there is constant friction, the latter deeming the 'pounds' an infringement upon their rights to catch fish."

Another method of fishing is shown, and consists of operating the old-fashioned seine from the shore, or sand bars. A seine is about 800 or 900 feet in length, with two and one-half and three-inch meshes, and is used near the head of the estuary, above the fishing-grounds of the gill-nets and traps. Seine fishing presents a peculiar aspect to one passing by in a steamer. Men, horses and boats are seen moving about in the shallow water, either placing the seine in position or dragging it in with its load of struggling fish.

Salmon has ever formed the staple food of all the native tribes dwelling within the reach of any of the streams flowing into the Pacific Ocean from the Sacramento to the Yukon. Even such tribes as the Shoshones, living as far in the interior as Eastern Idaho, depended largely upon the annual run of salmon in the Snake River, as did tribes living toward the head-waters of other tributaries of the Columbia and Fraser rivers. Salmon was also an article of barter between the river tribes and those not so favorably located, who sold ponies and the skins of wild animals to the fishermen in exchange for the rank-smelling, sun-dried royal chinooks. Each tribe had its favorite fishing places, generally near some rapids or obstruction in the stream, where they encamped for weeks at a time during the summer season, laying in a supply of fish for the winter. The methods of fishing were various, and were adapted to local peculiarities. Traps, spears, arrows, dip-nets and other means of capturing or killing the fish were used, and in the shallow waters near the source of the streams, "driving" was often resorted to. By this is meant that the Indians formed a line and waded out into the water, gradually closing in toward the shore in the form of an arc and driving the fish in a confused heap into a small space, where they were caught in the hands and thrown upon the bank.

Their universal method of preserving salmon is to dry it in the sun. This work is always done by the squaws, the noble Siwash deeming it beneath his dignity. In order to protect the winter's store from the sharp teeth of the skulking coyote, whose sensitive nostrils would easily detect the whereabouts of an object much less redolent than this desiccated salmon, the fish is either buried in the ground, stored in some safe enclosure, or placed amid the spreading boughs of some lofty fir, to be drawn upon as need requires.

The little settlement of Celilo is situated on a broad mesa or table-land, surrounded by foothills; there are but few buildings here, a cannery, three or four dwelling-houses and quarters for the Chinamen who are employed in the cannery. The Indian village consists of a dozen or more "wickiups," inhabited by probably twice that number of families, for they herd together like cattle.

There is no hotel here, and the wandering pilgrim has no choice but to seek shelter at the house of the "village Hampden." His wife is an original character, and adds zest to the hours of waiting for the train by her stories of early days and her experience with the Indians. We prowl about among the tepees in search of baskets, arrowheads and other curios, but alas and alas! too many have been before us; there is nothing left.

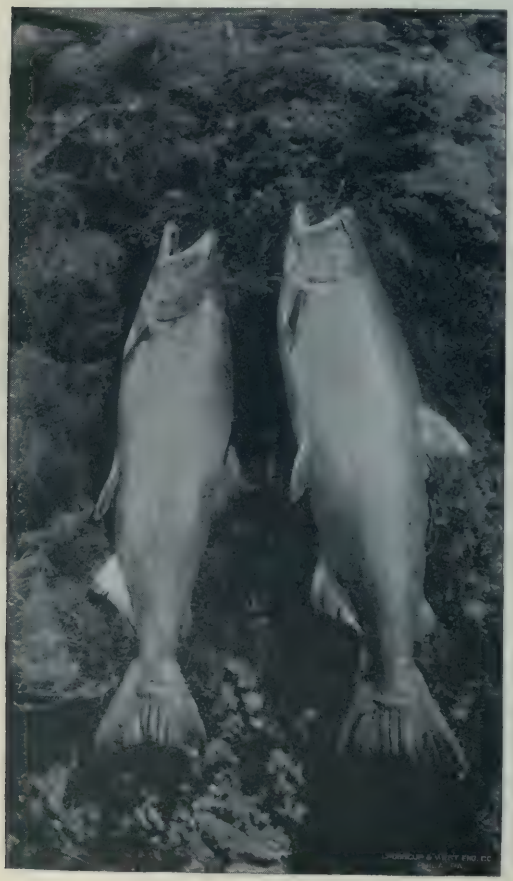
We were very fortunate, though, in having arrived in time to witness the funeral services held over the body of a two-months-old Indian baby. These services were protracted for two or three days; we came in on the home-stretch and saw the little one placed in its grave. As these Indians are renegades from many tribes—those who refuse to live on the reservations—it was impossible to learn to which tribe these ceremonies belonged.

THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA.

How it swirls, how it twirls, how it eddies and boils;
How it races and chases, how it leaps, how it toils;
How in one place it seethes, in another is still,
And as smooth as the flume of some sleepy old mill.

They had been dancing, at intervals, for thirty-six hours. It was a queer sort of a step, a teetering up and down, by which the head Indian and foot squaw slowly advanced to meet each other, then crossed over, something after the fashion of money-musk. This they kept up until they nearly fell from exhaustion ; after resting a short time they were up and at it again.

When the dancing was finished they ranged themselves in two lines inside the tepee along the edges of a mat, men on one side and women on the other. An old Indian who declared he was 8,000 years old held the baby, which was wrapped up in a white fur rug.



"ABOUT SEVENTY POUNDS EACH."

Another Indian, a tall, fine looking fellow, stood at the head of the line and held a drum and bell. Each person went up and shook hands with the baby, whereupon the Indian at the head, beat the drum and rang the bell. If the corpse had been that of a grown person the bell would have been fastened to his wrist, so that the hand-shaking would have tingled it without the aid of the head Indian.

This ceremony concluded, they all sat down, and an old Tyee Chief passed along the line, tying an eagle's feather into the scalp-lock of each one. Then they rolled the baby up in another white rug and carried it over the hills to the burying-ground. The assembled Indians then enveloped themselves in their blankets and rode away on their ponies, singing a funeral dirge in most monotonous and discordant voices.

When a buck dies, the ceremonies are prolonged far beyond those accorded to the child ; then the corpse is strapped to a plank, which is tied to his horse, and the two head the procession to the grave. He is buried in a sitting posture, with blankets and other valuables beside him. His poor horse, after having been without food from the time his master died, is scrubbed for hours with brush and water, then strangled and left on the grave.

A few years ago it was their custom to have a salmon-dance each year during the salmon season. At this time they dressed in their best and danced continuously for a whole week. So many died after this week of violent exercise that at last Chief Schemire forbade them to have any more.

The steamer leaves The Dalles at an early hour in the morning, giving the tourist an opportunity of seeing the glorious rising of the sun as it comes up over the mountain top. The river is studded with islands which at times seemed

"MEMALOOSE ALAHEE"—BURIAL GROUND OF THE KLIKITATS.

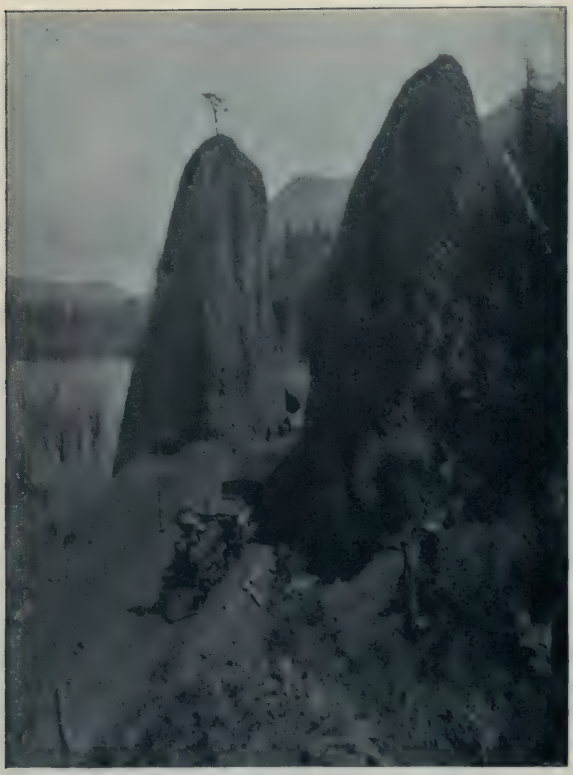
likely to impede the progress of the steamer, for they apparently stood right across our pathway, but in the twinkling of an eye, the tinkling of the pilot's bell, we had encircled then by gliding through a narrow, half hidden channel, and lo ! they were far behind us.

At the Upper Cascades we leave the steamer and make a portage of six miles to the first navigable point below the Lower Cascades, where we take another steamer. The water is very low, and we can easily see the stepping-stones from which this point takes the name of the Dalles.

Between the two cascades we get a view of the block-house, said to have been built and occupied by General Sheridan when he was out here fighting the Indians. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, with low overhanging eaves : it is half sunken away, and is fast falling to pieces.

Thirteen miles below The Dalles we passed a small rocky island set directly in the center of the river, to the right of the steamer channel. This was known to the aborigines from time immemorial as "Memaloose alahee," land of the dead. This land has for centuries been used as a cemetery by the Klikitat tribe. Great numbers of skulls and bones are to be seen here after high water, floating about among the drift-wood and making a gruesome sight.

Special interest attaches to this island on account of its being the resting-place of one of Oregon's pioneers. "Vic" Trevett was a firm friend of the red men, and often expressed a wish to be buried among them. Trevett died in San Francisco in January, 1883 ; in deference to his wish his body was brought in March of the same year and placed in a dead house above ground on the "Isle of the



THE PILLARS.

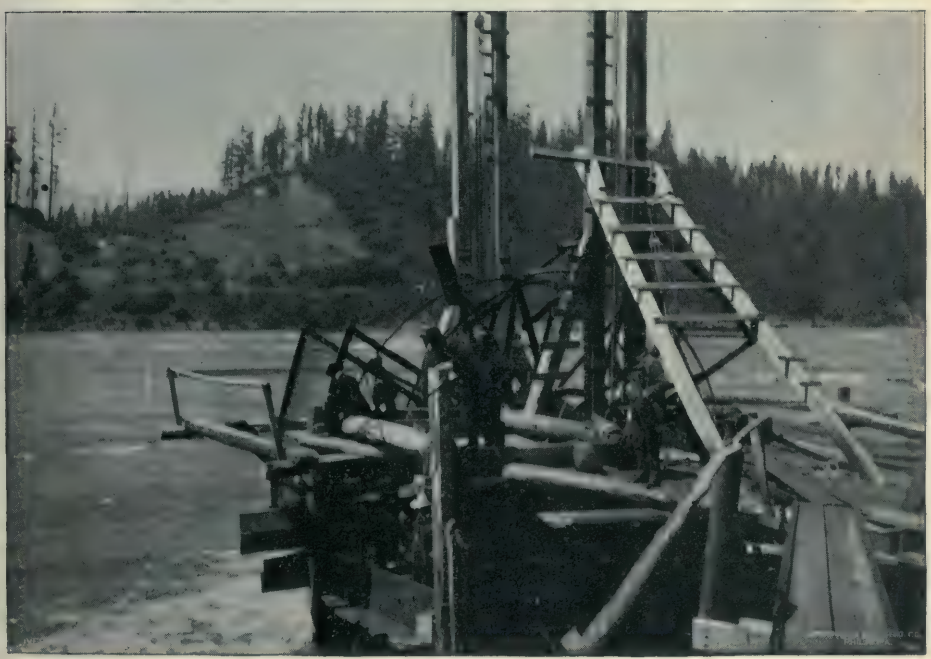
Dead." The handsome shaft of light gray granite, thirteen feet in height, surmounting a base of masonry and measuring eight feet, is constructed of the local basalt rock. A marble tablet inserted in the base bears the simple inscription, "Vic Trevett."

Castle Rock, bristling with turrets and towers; Indian Head, with the scalp-lock plainly visible; the Pillars, with their cone-shaped peaks, from the center of one of which grows a single Douglas fir, and Cape Horn, we pass in quick succession in the evening twilight, for the night comes on apace in this latitude at this season of the year. The view of each was all too short and tantalizing, and we heartily anathematized the circumstances that brought us here during the rainy season instead of during the summer months when the climate and sunshine are incomparable. However the view in bad weather is better than none at all.

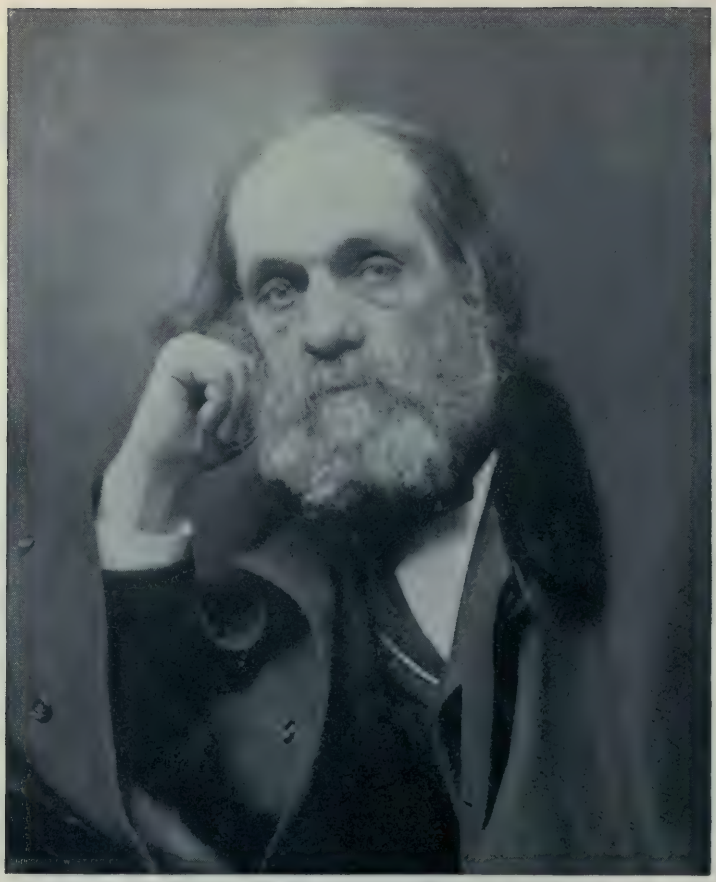
At the confluence of the Columbia and Willamette rivers we could, if the day were fine, see the snow-capped mountains of Hood, Adams, Rainier, St. Helens and Jefferson. As it is, we catch a glimpse of their gigantic peaks towering heavenward above the clouds. The gray cloud and fog effects upon mountain, sky and river were beautiful, and would have delighted the eye of an artist. In spite of the rain, the fog and the sullen skies, we were enchanted with the scenery; it is beautiful, diversified and grand beyond the power of pen or brush to paint. The Rhine, celebrated in song and story from time immemorial, and the Hudson, so dear to the heart of every loyal New Yorker, are "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Both in its historical and commercial aspects the entrance to the Columbia River deserves attention. The Columbia is an important stream in the commerce of the Pacific Coast —more important than all others combined. This fact has been recognized by the Government, which has expended large sums to render the entrance passable for the deepest draught vessels, and to remove the obstructions farther up the stream that prevent its continuous navigation from the great producing interior to the ocean. The river enters a broad bay, or inward curve of the ocean, and is at its mouth an estuary ten miles wide, so that it has no appearance of being the mouth of a river, when viewed from the deck of a vessel approaching it from the open ocean. On the north is Cape Hancock, a bold headland called by the English navigators "Cape Disappointment," and by the Spaniards

"Cabo de San Roc." A low point, terminating in a sand spit, encloses it at the south, called "Point Adams," though named "Cabo de Frondoso" by the Spaniards. Although for years before the Columbia was discovered it was believed that a mighty river flowed from the Rocky Mountains westward to the Pacific in that latitude, the bay-like appearance of its mouth prevented its discovery by even such a famous and energetic explorer as Captain Vancouver, who visited it in 1792 for the special purpose of ascertaining whether a river really did exist there, and went away firmly convinced that such was not the case. Heceta, a Spanish explorer, passed it by in 1775 and named it "Encenada de Asuncion" (Assumption Inlet.) Although he made no attempt to enter it, he gave it as his opinion that a river existed there, and Spanish maps thereafter marked the mouth of a river there, and called it "Encenada de Heceta" and "Rio de San Roc." A few days after Vancouver turned away in disappointment, Captain Robert Gray, in the American ship *Columbia*, on the eleventh day of May, 1792, crossed the bar and safely anchored in the broad estuary ten miles above. He remained in the river nine days, ascending it twenty-five miles, bestowed upon it the name of his vessel, gave the two capes the names they bear, and then sailed north on a fur-trading voyage. Thus to an American belongs the honor of the actual discovery.



FISH-WHEEL.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

MEN OF LETTERS.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

YEARS ago he was a shorthand writer taking down the speeches of Daniel Webster. Since then he has made more and better speeches (using the adjective in its best sense) than Daniel Webster ever dreamed of. Some who are amazed at the versatility of this man, at the number of irons that he has in his intellectual forge, and at the readiness with which from the summit of seventy years he stoops down to take on a new burden, have ventured the opinion that Edward Everett Hale would have mounted the ladder of fame still higher if he had confined his genius in one channel and not spread it out over so wide an area, intimating thereby that it spreads thin in some places. Yet it seems to me from a careful study, that this view, which would be true of most men attempting many things at once, is a mistaken one in this case.

Some wit sneered at him by nicknaming him Edward Everything Hale; but as a rule the more he has to do, the better seems to be the quality of his doing. One task refreshes him for the next. What then are his

tasks? He supervises — superedits, perhaps, were the better word—the Boston Commonwealth, a weekly newspaper of which he is part owner; edits Lend a Hand, an ethical magazine of which, also, he owns a part; writes a monthly department for the Cosmopolitan; contributes, whenever requested, or whenever irresistibly impelled by the fact of having something to say, to half a dozen other magazines; he writes one or two books every year for his own satisfaction; is President of several organized charities; preaches nearly every Sunday; presides at, or addresses, numberless gatherings on week days, and finds time to pay kindly calls and be a man among men.

To touch first on his literary side, I asked him one day what he regarded as his first literary success, and he replied: "I myself think very highly of my 'Story of a Salamander,' which was printed in the Boston Miscellany in '40, but my first book of any *usefulness*," (here, unconsciously, Mr. Hale indicated the key-note of his life) "was a collection of letters on 'Irish Emigration,' published in '48. A copy of this was sent by me to every member of the Massachusetts legislature. I was told, and I believe, that on the suggestions offered in this book was based the change in the policy of the State, which was soon effected. It was a change entirely in the interest of the emigrant, made in the determination that he should be treated as well in the case of poverty or sickness as if he were born in Massachusetts. In '50 I received the first prize from the National Sunday-school Society for an essay I wrote on criminals. I think my first story which attracted general attention was 'The Children of the Public,' a prize story published by Frank Leslie in '62. 'The Man Without a Country' was printed in '63, and has circulated more widely than any of my books; in authorized and also pirated editions more than a million copies having been sold. After this my story of widest circulation has been the one entitled, 'In His Name.'"

Hale, as we see from this, has been for fifty years a man of letters, and literature with him has not been a pastime, a medium for self-gratification, or a money machine. It has been a potent engine for the dissemination of truth and the reaping of a harvest of the highest spiritual happiness. He has been emphatically a priest of humanity, and the only thing some of his warmest admirers might possibly have wished is that he had that title alone, and that he was not allied with any form, or name, or creed, or religion; not that they are opposed to religion, but because they feel that, great as his work has been, it might have been still more wide-reaching if he had been a layman. Yet, in spite of the immense amount of work which Hale turns out, he says that the rule of his life has been not to do any work after three o'clock in the afternoon; that is, any work that requires application, such as study or writing. Lecturing, speaking, or preaching after that hour he regards as relaxation.

"Another rule of mine," he playfully said to me, "is never to do anything I can find another to do for me, and besides this it has been the motto of my life for many years not to care who gets the credit so long as a thing is done as it ought to be."

Personally, Dr. Hale is a very striking figure, tall, slender and alert in movement, nearly always walking instead of riding or driving about Boston, and generally carrying a little leathern bag and an umbrella. His soft, dark face, framed in luxuriant hair, reminds one a little of Webster, save that the deep-set eyes are not so solemn, but have a twinkle of kindliness or fun about them. It is not a handsome face, but it is fascinating, for it is original. Considering the slight Indian cast, a certain wit was perhaps justified in correcting this statement by saying, "Original—aboriginal, don't you mean?" I have

heard it intimated that far back in his family there was an Indian marriage, and certainly there is little of the Yankee as we know him generally in either the look or conduct of Hale. The only main chance he has ever had his eye on is the chance to lend a hand to other people. Yet, most of us feel of Hale, I think, as Croker said of Dean Swift, that "his gown has impeded his course and entangled his efforts."

It was just in this point that a man who lacked many of Hale's gifts, the variety of erudition and of rhetorical readiness, and lacked, too, at the start the social prestige which Hale possessed, was able by the fact of his being a layman to get closer to the people, to nestle deeper into the great heart of the world. Needless to say that I mean one of the greatest living forces in American literature; for, though John Boyle O'Reilly was mysteriously called away two summers ago from the shining sphere of his intense activities, the breeze of his passing seems to be still upon us, and I must speak of him as a living force in the thought and thought-producing center of Boston.

It has never seemed to me that there was any truth in the lament that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Antony, where he says: "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred in their bones." Does not rather the evil of a man's life pass with him, or often before, and is not the good immortal as a force in the lives of others? If it is not so, we would be fighting the battle of civilization against unconquerable odds; there would be little use in trying to make our lives better and thereby make the world better for our having lived in it. And there seem to be some lives to which the word evil does not apply. I have yet to learn that Boyle O'Reilly did anything but good. It is easy enough for a man to be generous to his friends; it is not so easy to be just to one's foes, and to be magnanimous to the enemies of one's religion and one's country is a twentieth century virtue. John Boyle O'Reilly was a man for the twentieth century. He was one of those men whose lives make it possible for us who toil and are at times sickened well-nigh to death by the sordidness, avarice, cruelty and hypocrisy of these last days of the nineteenth century to believe, nevertheless, that the people shall be redeemed from their present captivity, that the reign of legalized robbery shall be ended, and that a new civilization shall be founded before the year 2,000, in which *charity* shall cease, for *justice* shall be the corner-stone.

O'Reilly began as a soldier of the pen and hand for Ireland. He adopted America, and became an American patriot as full of devotion to republican ideas as any descendant of the man who drew up that famous document in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. And then, as he gained his intellectual stature, his heart widened in proportion, and a vision of real freedom rose to him. He saw through the present system, saw that we were becoming a plutocracy, and that humanity was in danger of a greater, a baser servitude than it had ever yet suffered; and out on the night and up to the light he flung his voice. He entered the list against the oppressors with a charging cheer, and he never stopped charging. Conducting a Catholic newspaper, tied by early associations to what might be called conservatism, certainly in action if not in thought, he startled Boston—nay, electrified it, by the splendid and audacious radicalness of his utterances. He was a Wendell Phillips set to music and winged with rhyme; and the joyous personality, the buoyant, brilliant, infectious gaiety of his disposition beguiled many to accept of his doctrines who would have been repelled by the sublime isolation of Phillips, or partitioned off from Hale by his ministerial robe. The fervor of O'Reilly's nature was richly illustrated in the now famous exclamation to which he

once, half-laughingly, half-seriously gave vent in an argument at the Papyrus Club: "It's better to be Irish than be right!"

This fervor had an extraordinary effect on many occasions. At one time during his Australian convict life, when he was out with a surveying party, the line of road laid down by the Government engineers, as O'Reilly went forward to mark it, struck right through the heart of a magnificent tree whose trunk was many feet in diameter. O'Reilly felt that this monarch of the forest ought to be saved from the ax of civilization. He waited until the rest of the party came up, and then, by his eloquence, persuaded the officials to turn the road round the tree and leave this heir of mysterious and recordless ages untouched in its massive majesty. Thus, once in his life certainly, he deflected the British Government from its regular path of spoliation.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

But from hating the British Government and England as a nation, as an historical entity, not as a people, O'Reilly grew to see that it was the commercial system of England which in the last 150 years has precipitated so many trade wars, and made commerce and wholesale butchery convertible terms; so, from hating the

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

governmental despotism, O'Reilly widened to a hating of the system, whether displayed in England or in America. His paper, The Pilot, though a Catholic organ and partly owned by Archbishop Williams, became, under his management, as fiercely denunciatory of monopolies, of great corporations and of the present wasteful and cruel business methods of so-called civilized nations as any socialistic organ of the time of LaSalle or Karl Marx.

During the last two years of O'Reilly's editorship hardly a fortnight passed without some paragraph appearing, ponderous with the thunders of his righteous indignation and scintillant with the lightnings of his wit or his sarcasm, against some of the great monopolies now engaged in ruining this republic, or against the Pinkerton thugs in their employ. Hushed is that eloquent voice, silent that tuneful tongue, but there is no fear that the editorial successor of O'Reilly, himself a poet of power and a brilliant and versatile writer, James Jeffrey Roche, will lower the humanitarian standard set by O'Reilly. The Pilot, under his guidance, will continue to be a great voice in the newspaper wilderness of Boston, crying: "Prepare ye the way of the people!"

Another man, who has been a tower of strength in many a great cause, is Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The leader of a black regiment during the war, preacher, soldier, poet, essayist, orator, he has filled many functions and filled them all with honor. Colonel Higginson is a very tall man, lean and lank, with a cast of countenance that belongs rather to the

last century, or perhaps to the century before that; the type of man who followed Cromwell, the long-armed men who wielded pikes and routed Rupert in spite of his repeated charging. Colonel Higginson fulfills this comparison spiritually as well as physically. He is emphatically the patient fighter.

He told me once that he had grown conservative, and when I replied, that had I heard that statement from another's lips, I would have called it a gross political libel, the Colonel answered, with a somewhat tired smile: "Perhaps it is because I am growing old, but I am not carried away by ideas as I used to be, and even when I recognize the essential rightness of a doctrine, I recognize also that we must not expect that doctrine, simply because it is right, to take root and flourish and bear fruit in our lifetime."

Personally, Colonel Higginson is not quite so suave as most of the men of letters in Boston. He has been known on various occasions, as in the case of Fred. Douglass, to say things that have caused his most judicious friends to grieve deeply. I heard, the other day, a rather good anecdote, however, where a younger worker in the literary craft made the retort courteous to the Colonel, and he took it with better grace than might have been expected. The young man was calling on him, and in the course of conversation, the Colonel's poetry having been under discussion, the novice said with simplicity: "I also have dabbled in poetry, Colonel, and if you have never seen any of my verses I would take great pleasure in sending you some."

"Ah," said the Colonel, "have they been published?"

"Not in book form, but in various periodicals and magazines; some of them in the Century," replied the beginner—with perhaps a touch of pardonable pride in his closing tone.

"The Century," said the Colonel with oracular emphasis, "does not publish very good poetry."

This was not especially encouraging to the young poet, and he changed the conservation, but on rising to go, he happened to remember that his last poem in the Century had enjoyed rather distinguished companionship, so he turned at the door and said: "Colonel, I have no doubt that the Century publishes some pretty bad verse—at least I am willing to take your opinion—but I have a two-page poem in the October number that I would like you to read, because I think it is an exception. You can remember the number it is in, because you have a sonnet in the same one."

"A hit, a palpable hit!" said the Colonel laughingly, as the young man smiled and bowed himself out. Colonel Higginson writes a regular department in Harper's Bazaar, and contributes frequently to the Independent, the Forum, and one or two other magazines, and he has lately been appointed military historian of Massachusetts.

So much has been written about William Dean Howells that I almost doubt whether I have anything fresh to add that will be of interest to the public, and, indeed, I sometimes fancy that the fickle public may have grown a little weary of having his merits explained to them, like the Athenian who had tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, and on that ground voted to ostracize him. But, though there is a strong opposition which does not believe in Mr. Howells and his school, Bostonians, as a rule, consider him a literary star of the first magnitude, and one of the fixed stars of Boston, notwithstanding the fact that he twinkles half the year in New York.

To apply the neat phrase of the poet, Prior, who excused himself to his best girl for lavishing some of his opulent attentions on other maidens with the plea that they were his "visits," while she was his "home," Boston perhaps can rightly claim that

Howells belongs to her literary galaxy, since it was ás editor of the Atlantic Monthly that he began to make his best impressions on the body of Boston thought, and possibly in this work to gain full command of his own capacities. And though for several years he has had no business ties with literary Boston, but has disported in a free and easy fashion between the sedate covers of Harpers' over the surface of things literary and things social, he has been all these years by no means an unfamiliar figure on the streets of Boston. He can often be seen poking over the current literature at the Old Corner Bookstore, or occasionally may be caught in an Italian restaurant, such as Scaroni's at the North End, eating spaghetti with a relish that smacks of his "Venetian Days," and sipping a so-called Sicilian wine with a quizzical look that seems to imply a calm conviction that, in spite of the Italy which is redolent of the spaghetti, the Sicily of the wine is located in mine host's deep and sly American cellar. Mr. Howells, personally, is a small, fat man with a large head. Somebody once remarked to me that he looked like one's ideal of a detective, a fancy which perhaps originated from the vigilant expression of the small gray eyes, that are in sharp contrast with the Oriental gravity of the rest of his face. He is not an impulsive, ebullient man, brimming over with bright sallies, but is always ready to communicate his latest thoughts or his feelings, in choice and rather scholarly, but far from pedantic language. Indeed, it seems to me that he speaks better American than he writes, or than he has been writing of late, for in most of his magazine essays his expression has seemed to be a little studied. This remark does not apply to his later novels which, perhaps, because more informed with high moral purpose and written more for the people at large than for literary circles, have gained on the whole in directness of style, without losing in delicacy.

I have spoken of there being a strong opposition to his school. I think this has arisen mainly from the apparently colossal conceit that seems to be the motive spring of his critical vagaries which for years have accumulated in number and intensity. Not satisfied with trying to persuade the public that Henry James (and so, therefore, as the opposition say, Howells himself by implication), is far superior as a novelist to Dickens, or Thackeray, Howells has rather gone out of his way to throw stones at the Immortals and preach to us the strange and, surely, rather narrow doctrine that there is only one God in literature, that his name is Realism, and that Howells is his prophet. But while, as a critic of other novelists and of the great literary artists of the past Howells may be rather narrow, no narrowness vitiates his views of modern popular questions; nor is he, like many men, wrapped up in the conceit that his special calling is the finest business in the world, for, with lengthening years, he has learned the great truth that literature is only a branch of life.

He has also learned—or honestly believes he has—that our political method is a farce, and our industrial method a monopolistic monstrosity, and he now habitually seeks the society of men with "isms"—men with remedies for all sorts of political and moral diseases; and he seeks this motley company not with the animus of a satirist who would catch surface peculiarities with which to trick out his page, but rather with the sympathetic curiosity of a scientist aiming to penetrate through the words and actions of the individual, so often apparently contradictory, to an absolute knowledge of the spirit or motive force behind.

Thus William Dean Howells occupies, literally, a curiously duplex position. He is a link with the past literary Boston, and, projecting this spirit of sociologic study into literature, he is a link, through the newest

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

of the new generation, with the literary Boston of the future. Mr. Howell's habits of composition are very simple. After a moderate breakfast, he gives two hours to literary work and turns out a fairly regular amount of copy. The rest of the day is given to books, letters, friends, and solitary rambles. He is fond of meeting the younger men of his craft, and listens with unfailing patience and politeness even to their vaguest inanities. I have seen a young cub of twenty-one, who was doing some rather bright writing on a newspaper, monopolize the conversation with Mr. Howells at a dinner, and the great novelist listened to the raw recruit without any shadow of a look of *ennui* creeping over his face except when the friendly veil of a cigarette cloud gave him, for a moment, a chance to be honest with himself. Mr. Howells talks about his books and work with the ease of a tradesman. There is no uneasy vanity of authorship about him in conversation.

The socialistic tendency of Howells in late years, some persons fancy to have been derived from his saturating his mind with Russian literature of the Tolstoi and Tchernuichevski variety, but this is a mistake. "I first had my attention called to socialism as an active force in modern life," he said to me one day, "by President Hayes, who referred to our national postoffice as an example of practical socialism, adopted into the old Jeffersonian system of government; and then I began studying its outcroppings here and elsewhere. The more I have studied it the more I am convinced of the inherent soundness of its doctrines; and the more I study our people as a whole, I am satisfied that it is the political necessity of the near future."

Another time he said to me laughingly: "Whenever I meet a man who is worth more than $100,000, or say $200,000 (to allow him a good margin for possible innocence) I cannot help an uneasy suspicion as to how his surplus was acquired." I was rather amused, shortly after this, on meeting a New York millionaire, with whom Mr. Howells is now on very familiar terms, to hear him launch out into an eager explanation as to how he happened to acquire his fortune, and when I laughingly told him of Howell's remark, he frankly admitted that he had offered his explanation fearing that I might think his acquisitions the result of personal dishonesty, instead of one of the accidents of our haphazard industrial system.

Another remark Mr. Howells once made to me impressed me as being an historic truth that sadly repeats itself. "The man who really blocks the way of progress," said he, "seems to me, after all, to be the fellow who owns a $5,000 house and does a twenty or thirty, or fifty thousand dollar business rather than the very rich man. The small capitalist, as a rule, feels very disproportionately the amount of his stake in the commercial gamble, and the ambition for more wealth possesses him through and through."

I replied to this that in the collisions between capital and labor in the past, it was always the *bourgeois* class who got the worst of it, and being between the upper and nether millstone were sure to be ground very fine and small by the pitiless mills of the gods.

"Yes," he said, nodding gently, "and it is very strange they do not see this and have not learned this lesson from history, especially in a land like ours where education reigns, though I sometimes suspect that education with us is a very thin varnish, and through the gilded crust of our Christianity and civilization I see the old barbarism often looking out with a hundred small mocking eyes which, unlike those of Argus under the wand of Hermes, do not sink one by one to everlasting rest."

Some may say that it is easy for any man who has, like Howells, a measure of good fortune, to be optimistic, and of course it is far easier than for those whose comforts came too late, or whose successes ripen after they are gone. Yet, on the other hand, even if one is personally fortunate, it is not always easy where one's knowledge of human life is so profound as that of Howells, to keep the American banner of optimism always streaming from the outer walls.

For this man, it seems to me, knows life far more widely than he shows it in his works. I do not claim that he understands it as profoundly as Balzac did, or that he has the genius of the Frenchman, but I cannot resist the ripening conviction that, if Howells only dared a little more—which he may do before his day wanes—he might give us some real realistic literature with the same unmistakable impress of immortality upon it that shines on nearly every page of many of Balzac's novels.

In minute touches of photographic realism, I consider Howells Balzac's equal, and I am sometimes tempted to say superior. While "César Birotteau" is a more powerful book than "Silas Lapham," which it appears to have suggested, there is an exquisite lightness of touch in the latter which the former lacks; and this same quality of feminine fineness distinguishes "The Minister's Charge." The possession of feminine fineness very often exposes a man of letters to the charge of non-virility, and Howells being sensitive on this point, feels rather strongly the chains of his environment as an artist and would like to break them. "Ah, if we could only write with perfect frankness," he has said to me, "as some of those Europeans do; but we have been coddled and English-noveled so long that we are half afraid not only to be real in our own lives, but, if we are artists, to depict life as we see it. I preach Realism, but I catch myself sinning constantly."

What is to be Howells' place in American literature? Always, I believe, that of a literary artist in the front ranks; but that he will ever be popular in the way or with the power for good that Balzac and Hugo and Dickens have been and are, seems to me doubtful, unless he applies his doctrine of Realism much deeper and defies his environment. To do this, does he not need just a little touch of that ideal quality which carries with it a belief in the heroic and sublime as individualities among us, clad in flesh and blood—that very idealism which Balzac had in proportion, but with which Hugo and Dickens were perhaps at times overbalanced?

AN APRICOT ORCHARD IN JANUARY.

BY ESTELLE THOMPSON.

DOWN from my window I look, and behold it—
Orchardland, leafless, with pink blossoms sown,
Sibilant soft are the winds that enfold it,
Warm in the sun ; and a murmuring drone
All the long day, as of soft secrets told it,
Comes through the stars of its fair fringes blown.

Wondrous it seems, while somewhere are falling
Snowflakes and Winter effulgent lies,
To list that croon of a tune enthralling,
Sweet to the ear as bloom to the eyes ;
That faint, far sound, like a pipe-note calling,
Out where the flushed branches fall and rise.

Gay in the branches the wild birds are tilting,
Rollicking, poise, then take swift wing ;
Trilling and carolling, frolicking, tilting,
Gush and gurgle, and wheel and swing ;
Rollicking, tilting and frolicking, tilting,
Gush with gurgle and carol of Spring.

Dearer, each day, as I watch it I love it—
That orchard waved like a censer swung,
Bees and the butterflies skimming above it ;
Winter's wands are for Summer strung,
Bees and butterflies, all things love it—
That leafless orchard with blossoms hung.

FUNERAL MOUNTAINS.

THROUGH DEATH VALLEY.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

FOR many years the famous Death Valley of Western North America has attracted widespread attention. Occasional articles referring to its characteristics have found their way into the various periodicals of the day, gathering force and color as they were reprinted. The story of Death Valley has become a horror, in the full sense of the term.

Some months ago the writer found himself in the vicinity of this great natural wonder, and determined to make the 300 mile trip to it across the Mojave desert.

The town of Daggett, San Bernardino County, was the point of departure, and one bright day in December I started over the desert with two large buckboards, two mules and horses, two drivers and a guide—our trains carrying water as well as hay and grain. We made for the ford of the Mojave River, a ford in name only, as the mules and horses raised a cloud of fine sand and dust in the dry bed, yet a gang of workmen were building a substantial bridge—a misnomer to the uninitiated. I remarked that it looked odd to see a bridge being built over a stream of dust. "So it does," replied my guide, "almost as odd as the subterranean irrigation dam they are building four miles up stream." Beyond the dry river lay the Calico Mountains, "a geological bouquet," according to my guide, and an aggregation of great heaps and strata of many colored rocks and clays, in fact. The cars on a little train-road at the left of the trail were hauling hundreds of tons of silver ore every month from the mountains to a mill on the bank of the stream, while in the trail itself we met a train of the largest wagons in the world. People who know that the best railroad freight-cars weigh about 27,000 pounds and carry 50,000 pounds of cargo will agree that these two wagons, which together weighed 17,500, carried 45,000 pounds, and

were towed over "a chain lightning" trail by a twenty-mule team, were worth seeing. They were hauling borate of lime from a deposit in the mountains to the railroad, whence the stuff is sent to San Francisco and turned into borax. Nor could one fail to observe and admire the driver, perched on top of the front wagon, with his hat on a back quarter-section of his head, steering that mule team with a braided cotton rope that was made fast to the jaw of the nigh lead-mule only.

We saw as we drove along that the soil was sand; that only grease-brush and gray sage-brush grew on the plain; that there was neither brook nor any sign of moisture whatever in the mountain cañons through which we passed, but not until we had descended into Paradise Valley beyond did we begin to appreciate that it was really a desert country. Beside the trail there we saw a rude cross made from pieces of a soap-box. It stood at the head of a low mound of sand.

"He was a prospector named O'Brien," explained the guide. "See that hole by the big grease-bush? He dug for water there with his bare hands after he went crazy, and wore the flesh away to the bone. They usually do that when they die of thirst in the desert."

Further along was a salt water spring called Coyote Holes. A little coarse grass grew on one side, and the

CAMP AT ABANDONED BORAX WORKS.

guide pointing to it related a gruesome tale of a highwaymen who "stole $5,000 in coin from the manager of the Calico mine and hid it and himself in the mud under the grass there. Then he died there. They shot him I reckon."

That night I had my first experience in cooking bread by a grease-brush fire. To the reader who is not familiar with grease-brush it is only necessary to say it is about like a New England currant bush in its value as fuel. We used a skillet for an oven, and one man fed the fire while another shook the skillet to keep the bread from burning. It would have been pretty good bread had I not salted it too much. The next evening we drove down into the valley of the Amargosa River, a stream that flowed, when there was any water to flow, into the lake that in those days existed where Death Valley now lies. We could see the mountains about the foot of Death Valley as we drove down the trail. They were covered with snow, but a cold rain was falling in our locality. The desert of Inyo County is hot in summer, but in winter it is at times cold enough for anyone but an Eskimo.

In the Amargosa Valley we made the acquaintance of Mr. Cub Lee, one of a curious class of citizens — the White Arabs of the American deserts. Cub was christened Leander, but he has almost forgotten the fact. He has a squaw wife, as some other white men of the region have, and he makes his living chiefly by doing assessment work on the mining claims that are scattered about the desert, and as a watchman at the old borax works in the Amargosa Valley. He was persuaded to accompany us over to Death Valley as an assistant to the guide.

It is just sixty-one miles from Cub Lee's home in the Amargosa to a little thirty-acre oasis in Death Valley, and the divide is not far from 6,000 feet above the sea. It took us two and a half days to make the drive, because we tarried by the way to look at mineral deposits that are of no great value because there is no fuel worth mentioning in the country, while the distance to the railroad is over one hundred miles. But we did n't mind the length of the journey, for Cub was full of desert tales. He scared us into making our beds in a huddle near the wagons, by saying that the little faces of the region, called swifts, bit off the ears and noses of unwary campers. He told how old Horse Kill-um, a noted Piute, got the name by shooting arrows clear through three horses with a wonderful six-foot bow. In the Furnace Creek Cañon, leading down to Death Valley, he told of a cloudburst that he saw there that sent a wave a hundred feet high thundering down the cañon. He was a tall, thin, gaunt and solemn story-teller, but a twinkle in his gray eyes invariably be-

OLD OX-YOKE.

trayed him when he drew the long bow.

A curious cañon it was—a slash in a mountain range—but one drives along between walls of rounded pebbles, once the shingle that rolled with the waves on an old-time beach. There are mounds of sediment that were once the mud of a marsh; there are short mountain peaks that were once at the bottom of a salt lake; there is one wedge-like peak that is composed of borate of soda, and several that are made up of borate of lime. In a little hollow near by is an admirable wooden house large enough for twenty men. It was built for workmen who were to dig out the borates, but it was never used, for the company "went broke," to adopt Cub Lee's explanation.

CLOUGH GULCH, FUNERAL MOUNTAINS.

Furnace creek is the only sweetwater stream running into the valley. It rises in a number of warm springs, and a stream, sufficient to irrigate 160 acres of land flows down the cañon, which is now burdened by mesquite and willow brush and the Indian-arrow weed, and shadowed by the towering cliffs of the Funeral Mountains. Cub Lee told us of the mountain sheep that sometimes come to the stream to drink; of the jack-rabbits, long-tailed rats and other game to be found at all times in the brush; of Bellerin Teck, who was the first settler to locate in Death Valley, and who took a ditch out of Furnace creek to irrigate the ranch and raise alfalfa and barley. One day a Mormon named Jackson came along, and Bellerin sold him half the ranch for a yoke of oxen and some other things. In less than a week, however, the latter tired of his new neighbor and ran him out of the valley with a shotgun. Then Bellerin himself disappeared from history—even from tradition.

I do not need to tell the reader that

A SAND-STORM IN DEATH VALLEY.

Death Valley is the hottest, most arid spot on earth. It is a matter of record in the California Mining Bureau that men, with plenty of water at their command, have died there of thirst, the arid air sapping the moisture from their bodies faster than they could supply it. Nevertheless, during the winter months it is not the worst place in the world for a home, and there is a verdant little oasis, consisting of a thirty-acre ranch near the middle of the valley, where trees and alfalfa grow with Californian luxuriance.

In 1880 one of the white Arabs down there, Mr. Aaron Winters, with his wife, having heard of the Nevada borax marshes, went from his home in Ash Meadows over into Death Valley, where he found wide borax deposits which were sold to San Francisco capitalists for $20,000. The company then formed to work the deposits decided to imitate Mr. Bellerin Teck, and start a ranch where hay could be raised for the teams that must haul supplies from the railroad—164 miles away—and bring borax back. Thereupon Furnace creek was turned into a stone-lined ditch to keep it from sinking in the sand, and the water was eventually spread over the thirty acres mentioned. The oasis is called Greenland, but if one must go to the Eskimo for a name, Ivigitut would be better, that being the Eskimo term for a green valley. A mile and a half north of the ranch they built an open-air borax refinery with houses for the workmen. A Funeral Mountain spring supplied this camp with water by means of an air-pipe that lay uncovered on the ground. For five years this enterprise was carried on during nine months of the year. Then the company failed and the works were closed. Since that time Death Valley has had but one citizen, Mr. James Dayton. He serves as watchman at the borax works and ranchman at the oasis. The other Arabs call him a sailor because he was once a cook on a Sacramento River steamer. I did not have the pleasure of a talk with Mr. Dayton. He had gone to the town of Daggett—160 odd miles away—to do a little trading. However, I inspected his home and the ranch. He cooks his food in a frame kitchen and sleeps in an adobe bedroom. The walls of the bedroom were plentifully adorned with lithographs of young women, such as the tobacco-makers distribute gratis. Two shotguns and a rifle stood in one corner. A prospector was keeping the house for Dayton during the latter's absence, and every day I was there he killed, with the shotgun, numbers of duck, teal, butter-ball and mallard, which, in their journey from the north, came down to see what kind of feed could be had on the alfalfa meadows, and in an artificial, half-acre fish pond at one corner of the oasis. The rifle is sometimes used on the sheep in the Funeral range to the east, the tallest peak of which is called Nahgi, by the Piutes, meaning sheep mountain. Had we wished, we might have had carp from the pond, which was stocked some years ago, while flocks of quail were seen in the brush about the fields. To the credit of Mr. Bellerin Teck it should be said that he introduced the quail into Death Valley just before he ran the Mormon off his plantation.

When the borax works were running, ducks used to come down to the crystallizing tanks sometimes, and would become so loaded with crystals that they could not fly. Only one other class of sportsmen enjoy the chase as much as the Piutes do when gathering in the crystal-laden ducks, and that is the owners of game preserves, where partridges are raised after the manner of chickens. Death Valley received its name in 1850, when a party of thirty gold-seekers with their wives, children and teams, came into the valley from the East, and, after making a one day camp, were overcome by the heat and aridity so that more than half the number perished. A few escaped over the

Panamints to the west, and the others returned the way they came. It was a pitiful experience. Ten years later a party of prospectors came across the camp with its wagons, chains, yokes, camp equipments and children's toys; even the tracks made in the sand by the little ones could still be traced. Of all the stories of California pioneers there were none so full of human interest as this, and yet it is told only in tradition. Even Bancroft's voluminous history contains only the briefest reference to it, though survivors still remain. And then there was the Gunsight Lead. One of the survivors carried a piece of rock, probably "black metal," from a spring he found in the Panamints to the settlements. A gunsmith when asked to make a gun-sight of it found it to be silver. Why should this story be considered incredible? The lead has been buried by the débris of a cloud burst; it will never be found, but I have no doubt it existed.

Death Valley was, in the main, disappointing, as I think it will be to any tourist. I could not realize that Telescope Peak, the loftiest Panamint, rose about two miles above the lowest part of the valley; nor that this lowest point was 200 feet below sea level; nor (the weather being then comfortable) that in summer the air is kiln-dried until it contains but one per cent. of humidity; nor that the well-shaded thermometer has ranged, according to various authentic observers, all the way from 122 to 135 degrees Fahrenheit. But there were some things I appreciated fully, and one of them was a sand-storm. I saw the air filled with a dusty fog clear to the mountain tops, while the sun grew dark and bright by turns as the fog increased and lessened; I saw plumes of dust waving above the cloud masses as do the feathery plumes of fog above the cyclone, and saw slender, sinuous sand-spouts a mile high, careening down the valley in the arms of the gale. It

BORAX REFINING WORKS.

HALT FOR LUNCH—PANAMINTS IN THE BACKGROUND.

was a marvelous exhibit of the powers of nature. And then there was the bridge of salt, eight miles long; an unvarying stream of salt and alkali water flows into the head of Death Valley from a spring in the Panamints. Perhaps, as some assert, it is the outlet of Owen's Lake. It continues either as a stream or a marsh along the center of the valley for sixty miles to the lowest point near the foot. The marsh for the most part is an impassable area of acrid salt slush, but five or six miles below the artificial oasis a crust of salt and sand has formed over it. Those of my readers who have lived in regions of frost may have observed how wet soil when frozen is thrown up into ragged ridges and knolls. In like form, though many times magnified, is the crust of the Death Valley marsh. The sharpest of cones, pinnacles and crests rise everywhere with the sharpest of crevices and splits between, and the traveler finds no level spot that will hold his foot. The points vary from an inch to a yard or more in height, and are yellowish brown in color. Imagine what that vast upheaval would look like could a drenching rain wash the sand from those ragged pinnacles! When the borax-makers laid out their road from Mojave to the Death Valley works they chose this salt formation for a bridge over the marshy artery of the valley. They made a road over it by beating down the salt excrescences with sledge-hammers, and it is probably the only eight-mile stretch of road in the world that was made in that way. It is a fit companion to the glass road in the Yellowstone Park, that was made with fire and water. Beneath this bridge is an unfathomed abyss of salt slime. I have mentioned some of the graves seen by the wayside en route to the valley. Here in this salt bridge were two more of men who had died of thirst. Further on at the lower end of the valley we passed six skeletons in one day—all

that was left of men who had died on the trail. How many more had become insane before death overtook them, and so wandered away to fall in unvisited parts of the valley no one can tell.

Death Valley is not without its romance; much is found in the story of Isidore Daunet. As a lad of ten he came to California; at thirteen he was a worker in a mining-camp, and at thirty he was one of the handsomest and most powerful prospectors to be found in the howling mining-camp of Panamint Mountains. Next he was the hero of an adventure in Death Valley, where three out of a party of seven perished miserably, and the other four survived because of Daunet's wonderful powers of endurance. Then he found a rich borax deposit in the lowest part of Death Valley, and wealth seemed within his grasp. Shortly afterward he married a French woman in San Francisco, and an attractive and successful career, apparently, lay before him. Everything went well until 1884, when the competition with other borax producers drove him to desperation; the expense of freighting his product across the wide Mojave Desert was more than he could bear. About this time his wife went to San Francisco, whither he soon followed her. But instead of the affectionate greeting it was his right and privilege to expect he was served with the papers of a divorce suit.

A RANCHER'S HOME.

With the papers in his hand he went to a lodging-house, wrote a pathetic letter to the "public," and sitting down before a mirror shot himself to death! The old rock-house in which he lived in Death Valley, with the well and tools for gathering borax, may still be seen much as he left them, but the property belongs to one of his old-time competitors.

To most tourists Death Valley presents a complete picture of desolation. The mountains are rugged and devoid

of verdure; the lowland is a salty waste, where only the mesquite, thorny and gnarled, and the sage-brush of the color of ashes thrive. Even these have a constant struggle for life with the searing sand-storms. As to the fauna of the country, one finds the gauntest of coyotes and the leanest of wild cats; the lizard and the rattlesnake, each with horns; the centipede and the tarantula. In the wailings of its mammals, the terror of its reptiles, and the suffocation and oppression of its atmosphere, Death Valley is in the season a veritable type of the fabled sheol. Its dangers have never been, nor can scarcely be adequately described. And yet because of its magnificent geological pictures of the wonderful powers of nature, because of its resources in salts and minerals, because of the anthropological studies of the region roundabout, and because of the novel experiences which the tourist will surely have, there are few places that will better repay him for his time and trouble.

A PRE-COLUMBIAN GOLDSMITH.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

QUADRUPED IN BASE METAL.

IF the reader will consult his atlas and turn to the map of that long isthmus connecting North and South America, he will observe that the most westerly province of the isthmian region is Chiriqui, which occupies that portion of it where its southern curve begins to take a northerly direction. The Atlantic coast-line of Chiriqui has a northwesterly course along its whole extent, and although the greater portion of its southern shore runs from east to west, the line along the Gulf of Dulce has an irregular northern trend. The boundaries which separate the province from Costa Rica on the west, and from Veragua on the east, run nearly north and south. Through the longitudinal middle of the province extends the corresponding portion of that great mountain chain which stretches uninterruptedly from the extreme north of North America to the most southerly peak of the Chilean Andes. This sectional range forms the watershed of the country, two drainage systems composed of numerous rivers of no great length being formed, the one discharging its waters into the Atlantic and the other into the Pacific Ocean. The seaboard on each side consists of a belt of lowland, that on the south varying from twenty to thirty miles in width and rising gradually to a plateau from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in elevation. This southern belt formed, for migrating peoples, a natural highway between the two grand divisions of the continent. On account of the richness of the soil, the regularity of the seasons, and the facility of subsistence which it affords, this district has, at all periods, possessed attractions most conducive to occupation, and there is abundant evidence of its occupancy by man at a very early date.

On the west bank of one of the streams above mentioned as forming the drainage of the southern slope of the Cordilleras, many hundreds of years ago—how many the archæologist is unable to decide—flourished a native village or rather town, considering its relative dimensions with regard to the clusters of habitations with which the surrounding country was sprinkled. This ancient town extended for some distance along the margin of the river—which now bears the name of Rio Piedras — and stretched westerly into the country a mile or so away from the bank. The houses were for the most part scattering, and were surrounded by plantain and vegetable-garden patches and tropical fruit trees. Only in the central part were the dwellings built in anything like close order, and conspicuous among them was one of large size constructed principally of stone, and noticeable for its sculptured columns. This edifice was devoted to religious purposes, and may be regarded as a temple. All other buildings were composed of perishable material, the sides of the greater portion of them being constructed of long canes procured from the margins of the stream or from canebrakes in the forest, while the roofs were thatched with the durable palm-leaf obtainable in unlimited quantities in the adjacent woods. The more pretentious habitations, which were grouped about the temple and formed the nucleus of the town, were substantially constructed of concavo-convex, longitudinal sections of the tall cabbage-palm, the pith having been removed. Many of them were roofed with the same material by laying from ridgepole to the eaves, sections of the required length over and under-lapping each other so that the convex and concave surfaces alternated, the ridge being covered from end to end with a single piece.

The primitive people who formerly inhabited this portion of the isthmus were a peaceful and agricultural race, and their numerous villages and towns were scattered over the greater part of the Pacific Slope of the Chiriqui region, occupying favorable positions alike in river valleys and on the hills, plateaus and mountains. A considerable area of the country was under cultivation, and on all sides could be

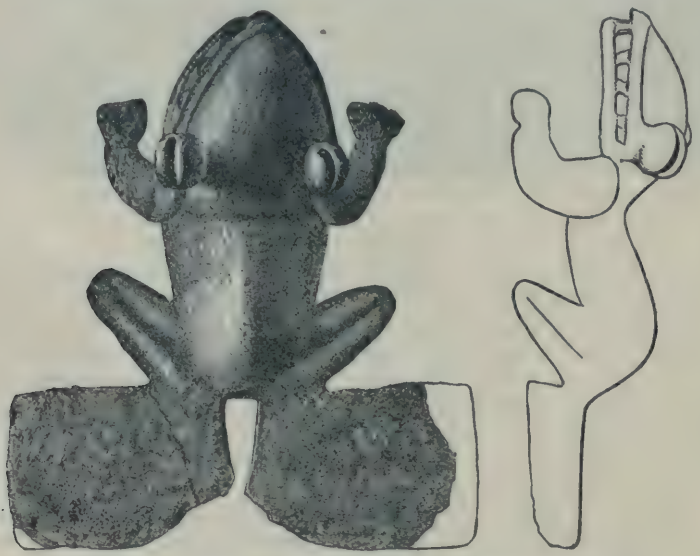


FIG. 1—FROG IN BASE METAL, PLATED WITH GOLD.

FIG. 2—GROTESQUE IN NEARLY PURE COPPER.

seen cornfields, melon, plantain and vegetable patches, and clumps of fruit trees.

In the more populous part of the town above described were situated the various workshops of artisans and mechanics; those of sculptors, goldsmiths, potters, painters and musical-instrument makers; of workers in stone, and manufacturers of celts, arrow-points, polishing stones, and all kinds of implements from a narrow fine-edged chisel to a mealing-stone (metate). From this enumeration of the many occupations of these aboriginal inhabitants the reader will perceive that they were a people of considerable culture, and that to attain the degree of excellence in the fine arts to which they reached they must have been in peaceful occupancy of the land for a long period of time.

In no mechanical art, however, did the ancient Chiriquians attain a higher degree of excellence than in the manufacture of metallic personal ornaments, which constituted the jewelry of that primitive people. With the manipulation of metals they were thoroughly familiar, and gold, silver, copper and tin were skillfully treated by them. Their ornaments consisted in a large proportion of little images of the human figure and all kinds of animals—birds, beasts, fishes and reptiles being represented. Other ornamental trinkets were bells, beads, disks, balls, rings and amulets of various shapes. In the manufacture of many of these articles wire, or what seems to be wire, was used extensively both in embellishment and in the formation of anatomical details; but the process employed in its fabrication and the method of joining it to the main body of the figure is a puzzle and perplexity to archæologists. By

FIG. 3—GROTESQUE IN NEARLY PURE GOLD.

paying a visit to an eminent goldsmith —a native of the town on the Rio Piedras—we shall gain some insight into the secrets of his art.

The building in which his workshop is located is one of the more substantial class. As we approach it we can hear the sound of his stone hammer with which we find, when we enter, he is giving the finishing touches to the broad plates that occupy the place of the hind feet of a metallic frog. These plates have just been flattened out of the malleable metal—nearly pure copper—out of which the figure has been cast. The image is of the plain type and larger than the generality of such ornaments. (See Fig. 1). On being allowed to examine it we find that it is still unpleasantly warm, indicating that it has not been long out of the mold. Both body and limbs are concave, the metal

FIG. 4—PUMA-SHAPED FIGURE IN GOLD.

FIG. 5—PUMA IN BASE METAL.

being about one-sixteenth of an inch thick. The teeth are rudely suggested by means of perforations in the metal which connects the upper and lower jaws, these being represented by ridges extending all round the mouth from beneath the eyes, which are tiny hawk-bells containing pellets of metal—rather a rude specimen of metallurgy, we think, and evidently not intended for an artistocratic member of the community. It is not yet finished, however; for we perceive that the goldsmith is going to plate the image with gold. While he is performing this final work upon it we will go over the establishment and take a mental note of its departments, equipments, of the implements used in the business, and of the particular work performed by the assistants or em-

FIG. 6—HUMAN FIGURE OF COPPER-GOLD ALLOY.

ployees—for our primitive goldsmith had a number of workmen under him, or working on shares with him.

In the workshop which we have just entered, on wooden benches ranged along the sides of the walls, and on wooden brackets in the corners, we notice a variety of tools fashioned out of dark volcanic tufa: hammers, chisels, sharp-pointed implements, smith's tongs cunningly devised, polishing stones, and finishing tools of all kinds. On the ground are two or three stone anvils of hard basaltic rock, their surfaces being highly polished. These primitive anvils are fixed firmly in position on a foundation of rubble and cement, being raised to a convenient height above the level of the floor suitable to the posture of the artisans who sit squatting on the ground when at work at them.

FIG. 7—GROTESQUE IN GOLD.

In the rear of this workshop, seen through a wide opening at the end of the apartment, stands a kind of shed with open sides, under which are a smelting furnace and another for melting metals. Much ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of these furnaces and their arrangements, and at the latter two or three operatives are working a system of bellows which yields a continuous blast strong enough to produce a heat capable of melting any metal. Fragments of old melting pots and broken molds are scattered around, while a heap of fagots of dry wood for fuel lies conveniently at hand. Near these melting works is another open shed, under which the mold-makers are at work. In the center of this department is a quantity of fine fire clay, out of which the molds are made and the crucibles in which the metals are melted. Outside, but hard by, is a fire of embers which is replenished with fuel as occasion requires.

For some little time we stand watching the manipulators of clay at work. On a tray in front of them are a number of little images delicately and skillfully fashioned. They are of a variety of designs, which include the human figure, both naturally and grotesquely represented, the forms of birds, pumas, fishes, alligators, tiny bells and other baubles. With regard

to the material of which these little figures are made we are in some doubt. It appears to us like wax, but it is probably some composite harder than wax, but which, nevertheless, melts readily under the application of heat. Many of the figures are of intricate pattern, but under the careful manipulation of the workmen the moist, fine clay applied in the form of a wash is made to penetrate the finest crevices, and follow the meanderings of the most delicate filigree work; the whole model upon becoming well coated, is heavily encased in clay except where the orifice of the mold appears. The mold, pregnant with the imprisoned model, is then sun-dried, and afterward exposed to heat; the waxen figure within is thoroughly melted out and a perfect impression of it, to its minutest tracery, is left on the mold, which, after being baked in the furnace, is ready for use. The hands occupied at the ember fire are engaged in melting out the models as the molds are successively dried in the sun, the wax or composite substance being carefully poured into a receptacle and saved for further use.

FIG. 8—CRUDE HUMAN FIGURE IN GOLD.

Returning to the principal workshop, we move from operative to operative and leisurely watch the particular work that each is engaged in. Here we observe one engaged in grinding up some substance in a mortar, and on examination find that it is gold. He is reducing it to powder to facilitate its fusion. Both pestle and mortar are of stone, the latter being simply a piece of basaltic rock hollowed out and smoothed on its concave surface, while the former is nothing more than a round river-worn pebble.

Side by side with the wielder of this primitive pestle another workman is occupied in beating out leaf-gold on an anvil. Holding in his hand the straight, haftless hammer of dark tufa he strikes with great rapidity the skin, beneath which lies the beaten gold. We are surprised at the degree of tenuity to which these gold beaters can reduce a nugget with their simple and light implements; but the patience of primitive man is illimitable, and he sets no store on the expenditure of time for the accomplishment of his aim.

Moving away from the gold-leaf maker, we approach the designer's bench. He is modeling trinkets in that plastic substance of which the little figures we saw outside are made, and which, for the sake of convenience, we will call dough. It is astonishing with what dexterity he manipulates it, drawing it out into fine threads, twisting and plaiting the threads together, and forming Lilliputian cables and chains (see Figs. 2 and 3). These, in turn, are utilized in the formation of complicated designs, being convoluted, interwoven and plaited together with extraordinary skill. For such delicate work the dough is very appropriate, for though it is sufficiently plastic and ductile to be easily worked, it is exceedingly consistent and tenacious. Many of the figures are so complicated that the goldsmith finds it necessary to model different parts of an image separately. Such is the case in the modeling of the trinket represented in Fig. 3, and which is thus described by Professor William H. Holmes of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution:

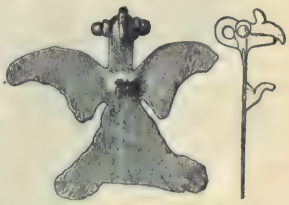


FIG. 9—IMAGE OF A BIRD IN GOLD.

"It is of reddish gold, slightly alloyed, apparently with copper and has in finishing received a very thin wash or plating of yellow gold which is worn off in exposed parts. The central feature of the rather complicated structure is a grotesque human figure. The figure is backed up and strengthened by two curved and flattened bars of gold, one above and the other below. The figure is decked with and almost hidden by a profusion of curious details, executed for the most part in wire and representing serpents and birds. Three vulture-like heads project from the crown and overhang the face. Two serpents, the bodies of which are formed of plaited wire, issue from the mouth of the figure and are held about the neck by the hands. The heads of the serpents are formed of wire folded in triangular form and are supplied with double coils of wire at the sides, as if for ears, and with little balls of gold for eyes. Similar heads project from the sides of the head and from the feet of the image.

"The peculiarities of construction are seen to good advantage in this specimen. The figure is made up of a great number of separate pieces, united apparently by pressure or by hammering, while the material was somewhat plastic. Upward of eighty pieces can be counted. The larger pieces, forming the body and limbs are hollow or concave behind. Nearly all the subordinate parts are constructed of wire." When we examine one of these delicate little images we notice that what seems to be a joining bears the marks of hammering or of strong pressure with an implement, and we are inclined to think that the different parts have been molded separately, and united afterward by some mechanical process or by soldering. As we watch the mode of procedure, however, we notice that though different parts of the model are fashioned separately out of the plastic dough, they are all finally joined together by pressure to form the complete trinket before the mold is taken. Washes of the smooth clay of which the molding mixture is made are then applied, penetrating into the finest crevices and the smallest cavities or perforations. When the model is well protected by successive coatings it is then heavily covered with clay, and the mold is perfect when the dough has been melted out. Nevertheless, the figure that is cast bears slight indications on it of the original joinings of the different parts of the model, and these are removed by hammering or smoothed down by pressure.

FIG. 10—IMAGE OF A BIRD IN GOLD.

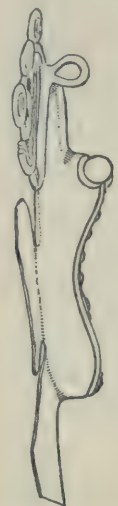


FIG. 11—ANIMAL FIGURE IN BASE METAL, GOLD-PLATED.

The interesting images which our supposititious goldsmith and his workmen have been employed in man-

ufacturing are found in the tombs of the ancient Chiriquians, and are believed to have been the personal ornaments of the primitive inhabitants of the isthmian region in which they are found. These old cemeteries are very numerous and the attention of the scientific world was first called to them by Mr. J. King Merritt, through the medium of a paper read before the American Ethnological Society, in 1860, though their existence had been previously known. In 1858, two natives, farmers of the parish of Bugaba, found a golden image that had been exposed by the uprooting of a tree. Thereupon they began secretly to explore the ancient graves, but in the following Spring their operations became known, and within a month after more than a thousand people were at work in these novel gold mines. About one hundred and thirty pounds weight of gold figures, more or less alloyed with copper were collected by the lucky discoverers. It is estimated that from this particular cemetery, which is some twelve acres in area, $50,000 in value were collected.

From what has been said the reader is aware that these trinkets are for the most part manufactured out of a composite metal, intermediately ranging from pure gold to pure copper. Almost all of these ornaments where the body is of base metal or nearly pure copper (Figs. 4 and 5), are plated with pure gold, and in some instances with so thin a sheet of gold that it would not be difficult to fix it on the comparatively smooth surface of the casting by burnishing. The method employed by this primitive people is not known, but there is little reason to doubt that with their rude appliances they were able to beat gold into very thin leaves, and had discovered processes by which these could be applied to the surfaces of metallic objects.

The forms of these curious relics are very varied, as will be seen by the illustrations. Statuettes of men and women and a variety of anthropomorphic figures abound. The images of birds, also, are very numerous (See Figs. 9 and 10),—the owl, eagle and parrot being recognized, though in many cases the forms are rude and obscured by extraneous details. Quadrupeds are well represented, and the fish, as well as the frog, was a favorite subject. Fig. 11 presents an interesting specimen, apparently intended to represent a crayfish. The head is supplied with complicated antenna-like appendages made of wire neatly coiled and welded together. The eyes are globular, and are encircled by the ends of a double loop of wire which extends along the back and incloses a line of minute balls or nodes. The peculiarity of the wings and tail is noticeable. Two rings or loops of doubled wire are attached to the extreme end of the nose, and a heavy ring for suspending is fixed to the underside of the head.

FIG. 12—BRONZE BELL WITH HUMAN FEATURES.

Bells were in general use among the Chiriquians, great numbers of them being found in the graves spoken of. The specimens in the National Museum are in most cases of bronze, and their form is that known as the hawk bell. Most of them bear traces of having been plated with gold; the largest is only one inch and a quarter in height and three quarters of an inch in diameter. The bell represented in Fig. 12 is unique. It presents a human head which takes an inverted position when the bell is suspended. The lower part of the bell forms a conical crown to the head, and the suspending ring is attached to the chin. Double coils of wire take the place of ears, and odd bits of the modeling material are attached to indicate the other features. This specimen belongs to Mr. Stearns. Some of the bells are surmounted by rude figures of animals,

with openings through or beneath the body for the insertion of cords, while others have ordinary loops at the top. An odd specimen was found many years ago near Panama. It consists of three highly ornamented bells, mounted upon a disk of metal to which a short handle is attached. In all probability this object was to be held in the hand and used as a rattle.

Many examples of more intricate and elaborate workmanship, too numerous for mention now, have been discovered, and are to be found among American and European collections.

BRONZE BELLS PLATED WITH GOLD.

IS LABOR IN DANGER?

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

IT could not be otherwise than that the immense fortunes acquired in the last thirty years by a few men in this country, should be the subject of serious reflection as to the future effect upon the mass of the people and upon the character of our institutions. There are those who express alarm at the immense chasm which separates the very opulent from the vast majority of the population, and a fear that as a nation we shall drift into a government, aristocratic in form and which will be controlled by the monetary power. In the old world, both monarchy and aristocracy are based upon wealth. A poor duke, lord or count in Europe may nominally have a social status corresponding to his rank, but among the wealthy the impecunious duke, lord or count is regarded by his class very much as the poor whites of the South were looked upon by the slaves. There can be no doubt that the immense disparity which exists in this country in the possession of wealth is unfavorable to the future welfare and happiness of the mass of the people, and that under favorable conditions there might be danger that popular liberty would be overthrown. The pessimist is liable to take a lugubrious view of the subject, while the optimist discovers only the roseate side of the picture. Neither is likely to take a rational and just view of the situation. It is well to inquire how the disparity in the possession of wealth came about, and whether it is probable that it will continue to the extent that it now exists. It is well to inquire also whether there are not influences at work which will cause a redistribution and produce a more general equality of conditions.

The laws of this country assure the

greatest liberty in the exertion of the powers with which men are endowed by nature to acquire dominion over the things of earth, consistent with the common welfare. The opportunities for acquiring wealth have been without parallel, more especially within the last third of a century. The country possessed vast natural resources, and the freedom and energy of the people contributed to the development of wealth more rapidly than ever before known in the history of mankind. Increase of population naturally appreciates values. Before the passage of the homestead law, the public domain could be acquired at merely nominal cost, and large bodies were purchased by individuals who only had to hold on and wait to become wealthy. Through this method the basis of considerable fortunes was at first laid, the greatest of which were acquired by those who were fortunate enough to locate on what became city and town sites. Railways were invented, and their construction not only was profitable to the builders, but enhanced values immensely, especially at terminal points. The war of the Rebellion ensued, creating high prices for the products of the farm and factory, and the inevitable inflation of the circulating medium engendered the spirit of speculation; and though the war was immensely destructive of men and materials, it stimulated enterprise, and our tremendous development gave impetus to foreign immigration. The mania for railway building after the war became greater than ever before, because not only the needs of the country, but the liberality of the people superinduced it. Large fortunes were made in construction, and the vast quantities of securities of the nation, states, municipalities and corporations, which were on the market, afforded opportunity for the most gigantic speculation. In this speculation large numbers of people participated and lost through the manipulation of inside operators, who amassed immense wealth.

In various ways land monopoly, to an extent, became fastened upon the country. Large bodies were acquired before the homestead law was enacted, and are yet held to a considerable extent. The great plantations in the South have survived slavery. The public lands of Texas were sold off in considerable bodies under the laws of that State, and in the acquisition from Mexico under the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, our Government stipulated to respect the rights of property in the territory acquired as they existed under Mexican law, and hence became bound to recognize the immense grants of land that had been made by the Spanish and Mexican governments. These are the chief ways in which ponderous fortunes have been acquired. Those of lesser magnitude have been achieved in manufacturing and traffic, and to some extent, by the exercise of the stronger powers with which some have been favored by nature, and the greater thrift and prudence with which earnings and acquisitions have been husbanded. The same or similar opportunities can never again present themselves. There are comparatively little new resources to be discovered or new regions to be developed. Railroad building in future will be trifling compared with what has been done in the past. Appreciation of land values will be gradual, and comparatively few more cities and towns are to be founded and built up. We are not likely to have another gigantic war, internecine or foreign, to inflate prices and promote speculation. The course of business in all probability will be natural, and results not excessively profitable.

Capital is comparatively so abundant that if competition is permitted to have sway it will not expect nor seek such inordinate remuneration in the future as it has exacted in the past. It is true that it has adopted the plan of forming trusts and combinations to control production and distribution, but congress and legislatures have taken action in many cases to thwart

such schemes, and the courts in many parts of the country have declared them *contra bonos mores* and unlawful. Popular sentiment is so aroused that capital finds it much more difficult to be exacting and oppressive than it has been. Capital will only disregard popular interests when the people are supine. It seems in the natural course of events that there will not be extraordinary opportunities for the few to amass fortunes in future. The serious question is, will those which now exist be continued or grow larger through mere accretion?

The perpetuation of the great estates in the old world has been through the instrumentality of law—the law of primogeniture. It has not been in force in this country for more than a century, and was superceded by a law governing the descent and distribution of property, which has had the effect to break estates into fragments on the decease of their possessors. When the life of each generation terminates, the property of the country passes into new and more numerous hands. None of the immense concessions made by the kings of England and Holland to the colonists within the limits of what constitute the United States, have been maintained; they have been subdivided into small parcels and are now owned and occupied by large numbers of people. In the same way the existing great landed estates will be subdivided on the decease of the present possessors. Very few of the estates of this country, whether consisting of realty or personalty, have passed unimpaired to the second generation from the acquisitors. More than eighty per cent. of the wealthy men of the nation have acquired what they possess, and only ten per cent. have inherited it. The rule is general that the sons of rich men end life as poor as their fathers began it. Great achievements in science, art, the professions, war, statesmanship and business pursuits have generally been by the sons of men in indifferent or moderate circumstances. Results in this country are not to be judged by those in the old world. There are those who may regard the present situation as gloomy, but when we consider the freedom enjoyed under our institutions, and the causes at work which revolutionize conditions quickly, there is no reason for that forlorn feeling which fills the mind of the pessimist. Those who survive for a quarter of a century will, in all probability see the bulk of the present ponderous estates broken up—especially the landed estates—for time, popular sentiment, and the laws of descent and distribution will inevitably soon destroy land monopoly. Inequality in the possession of movable property, especially of money or securities, is not a serious danger, for they are like the stolen purse mentioned by Iago, as having been mine, yours and the slave of thousands. There is very little permanency in the possession of personalty.

It is argued that as no man has ever been, or ever will be strong enough to earn a million dollars above his living, however prolonged his life, every millionaire and multo-millionaire has taken largely from the earnings of others. To an extent this has been done, sometimes through fortuitous circumstances in which there has been no moral guilt, and sometimes through oppressive practices. It is probably true that labor has not received its proper share of produced wealth. High statistical authorities differ somewhat as to the percentage which labor in this country contributes to wealth production, the lowest estimate being seventy-two per cent. and the highest ninety. Upon either estimate it is certain that labor has not had its fair share. Capital has managed to possess the proportion which nature has created, which is estimated from ten to twenty-eight per cent. Capital is more organizible than labor, and, in fact, may be said to be always organized, and it is more exacting than labor has been. The modern practice being for capital

to organize through corporation, company or association, it seems more formidable than in reality it is, because the fact that stocks and bonds or shares are widely distributed and are held by numerous persons, is not duly considered.

The tendency has been and is strongly to combination in many branches of business. This is true in transportation, manufacturing, banking and in all lines of production and distribution of commodities. It is a recognized fact that competition has been very largely displaced by combination. Comprehending this and seeing that there is a vast disparity in the possession of wealth, the working people of the country have adopted the plan of meeting combination with combination, or in other words by forming labor organizations. As transportation by rail and manufacturing as now carried on, require the services of large numbers of men, organization is practicable. The same is true, only to a less extent, in the building and some other trades. The object of these organizations is to compel capital to concede to labor what it deserves. Such an object is proper and praiseworthy if the measures resorted to are defensible. To arouse labor so that it will assert its rights, demagogues and mountebanks are in the habit of so assailing capital as to create a feeling of intense hostility. Labor and capital are natural antagonisms because their interests collide. The relations of the employer and employe are like those of the seller and the buyer. Low wages are best for one and high wages are best for the other. To produce successfully requires both labor and capital, and each should be fairly rewarded. If capital is exacting and oppressive labor organizations some times make mistakes, some of which are of the most grievous character.

One of them is in supposing public sympathy is not strongly on the side of wage workers. Many ameliorations have been voluntarily granted. Not very far in the past men were imprisoned for debt. That barbarous law has been displaced by one that exempts the homestead, certain household goods, and implements necessary to the earning of a livelihood from seizure and sale to satisfy a private debt. Schools are established supported by a public tax at which all children are educated free of charge. Infirmaries and hospitals are provided for the poor and the sick. A sentiment is growing which favors the exemption of homesteads of limited value, and some other property from taxation, and in favor of graduated income and inheritance taxes, which will lighten the burdens of those who live by toil, and impose them in accordance with ability to bear them.

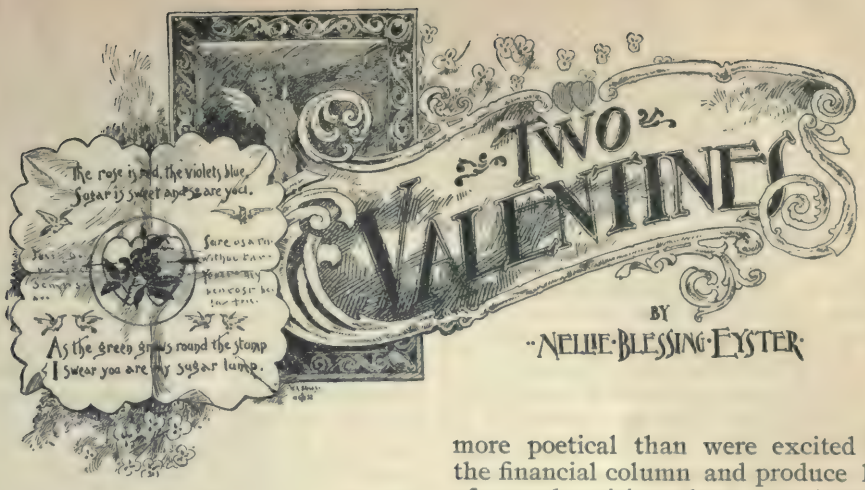
Another and most grievous mistake has been made in the matter of strikes. They have often been attended with mob violence and incendiarism. Destruction of property and interruption of business do no one any good, and result in calamity to the public. Strikes are defensible only to the extent of a cessation of work when terms are unsatisfactory; but to interfere with others, who wish to work on the terms offered, by violence or intimidation is a crime, for there is no difference in principle in destroying a man's property than in preventing him from earning property. To ignore contracts as to term or other condition of service is both unlawful and dishonorable whether by employer or employe. Still another error is in making an unchangeable scale of wages, one that is non-reducible. Conditions are not always the same. This year the volume and character of the traffic or the prices of products may be such that the railroad or the manufacturer is able to make a fair profit, but next year conditions may be reversed, and at the same scale of wages there will be no profit, or perhaps a loss. Labor organizations should have men whose business is to gain a knowledge of all the facts and

circumstances as they arise, that wages may be so regulated that labor and capital will each receive its fair share of the results of the business. One fact especially, is not always duly considered, and this is that capital under the laws as they now are, takes all the hazards of loss, and the laborer takes none. The law gives him a first lien on the property of his employer.

It is unfortunate that in many enterprises classification of labor is a necessity, growing out of the employment of large numbers who have classified services to perform. Men are unequally endowed by nature, and it is presumable that it is the intention of the Creator that each should receive the full benefit of his legitimate efforts. The time was when the working man had a status, and received wages according to his merits. As it now is, in many kinds of work where classification is necessary the weakling, the dull and the shirk receive as much as the strong, bright and faithful. The employer is bound to take the lot at the same wages, which takes from the deserving for the benefit of the undeserving. Probably for this there is no remedy. It is one of the evils that result from associated labor. It would be well if there could be competition in labor and in everything else. To assure to all the full benefits of their efforts is a tremendous stimulant to exertion.

There should be no animosity between capital and labor, and there need be none if their relations and interests are intelligently and justly considered on both sides. Capital should not be exorbitant, and labor should exact only what is its due. The principle must be recognized that all are free to join labor organizations or not, as they choose. There should be no compulsion. The mass of the American people are in sympathy with the wage workers. Their sympathies have sometimes been estranged by the excesses which have attended strikes, and the destructive teachings and conduct of some of the labor leaders. There is no country in the world where economic policies have been based so completely upon the idea of promoting the welfare of the laboring classes as in the United States, for the last thirty years, and no laboring population in the world receives wages so compensatory or are possessed of such advantages and comfortable surroundings.

This is a republic in which all men are free and protected in their rights, and are rewarded as their efforts deserve. The principles under which this country has existed for more than a century have secured the general prosperity and happiness of the people. It is but necessary to look at conditions as they have been and are, to see that no one is forlorn and desperate except through fault of his own. This free country promises commensurate rewards to natural endowments when properly exercised and when results are providently husbanded. It is a prevalent principle that merit is justly recognized, and though a republic, the people are not ungrateful except in the opinion of the demagogue and worthless. Organizations and associations are useful when they operate upon just and common-sense principles. It behooves the wage workers to take care not to establish an absolution over themselves, for "it may become a contagion and end in founding a despotic government." Free institutions can only be maintained by preserving individual independence. It must not be forgotten that the first and highest duty of government is to preserve the public peace and protect life and property. And because this is done it should not be assumed that government is inimical to the working people.


The rose is red, the violets blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you.
As the green grows round the stump
I swear you are my sugar lump.

TWO VALENTINES

BY

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER

"THERE is a golden thread of romance running through the web of every life, however coarse the warp through which it is twined," read Julie Neal, as she sat in the bay-window of a sunny parlor in a California home.

It was the eve of St. Valentine's Day, which, perhaps accounted for the fact that she re-read the simple sentence as if determined to catch its meaning by concentrating her thoughts.

'True of some lives, doubtless," she mused, "but that word *every* takes in so many plain people who never have had an idea beyond the severely practical and commonplace, that I do not believe it. Aunt Phœbe, for instance," and as her eyes glanced toward the healthy, substantial, matter-of-fact-looking woman, who sat at the other end of the room knitting and rocking in the most stereotyped fashion of middle-age comfort, no wonder that Julie's denial of the assertion was so emphatic.

Everybody in San Jose knew Miss Phœbe Hunter, as an energetic, shrewd, business woman, with a genius for speculating in real estate, with the "courage of her convictions" when her rentals were to be collected, or it was necessary to "speak her mind," and as kind-hearted an old maid as there was in the world; but to accredit her with emotions softer or more poetical than were excited by the financial column and produce list of an advertising sheet, was beyond the limit of the most vivid girl imagination.

"I wonder what takes the place of hearts when people get to be fifty or sixty years old," continued Julie, still looking at the well-preserved figure and placid face of her aunt, with whom she had been visiting a year. "I guess fatty degeneration ensues, and memories, if there have been any, all turn to muscle. I believe I'd rather die young."

"Miss Phœbe," as every one called her, quietly knit and rocked, and Julie read on for ten minutes longer, when the postman's well-known ring caused the younger lady to spring from her seat and rush to the door before the echo of the bell had ceased.

How pretty she looked as she stood, a minute later, with flushed cheeks and laughing eyes toying with the precious missive just handed to her!

"I'm in luck, Aunt Phœbe, it's a valentine, and unexpected, too." That was a fib—but—let it pass.

"How beautifully it is addressed!" she continued, gazing long upon the stiff envelope. "If it is true that a man's character is indicated by his handwriting it must be some splendid fellow who sent this. I do wonder what's inside?"

"I think I should have known long ago," said Miss Phœbe, with a curt little laugh. "You would make a good speculator, Julie, you take so

many things for granted. Well, have you really opened it? Then sit here and let me, too, have a sight of the sweet epistle."

"Dear Aunt, don't be vinegarish, please. Oh, isn't it a beauty! And it cost five dollars if it cost a nickel. I'm so glad that he can afford to be generous. A poor beau is so miserably inconvenient."

"But where is the writing part?" said Miss Phœbe, when, upon re-adjusting her glasses, she took the dainty thing in her hand and gave it a minute examination. "Here is crepe, satin, a grasshopper's feathers, a wreath of artificials and a foolish-looking dude tied up in a fish net, while a little fat boy with wings is holding the strings. But there are no verses, nor is there any writing."

"Pshaw! Aunt—you do not understand," said Julie pettishly. ("Nor how should she," she added, *sotto voce*.) "That is Cupid," she continued aloud, "about whom you know nothing, and means that the young man is caught in the meshes of love. This is an allegory—all of it—like the Pilgrims' Progress or Æsop's Fables. At the top of the page, you will see, is a half-opened golden book, which I shall remove and wear as a charm. In it is engraved,

'Thee and only Thee,'

and in the heart of that rosebud is a silver dove holding in its beak the words, 'Love's Offering.' I think the design is exquisite, but I can't guess who sent it."

"And so the youngster is a Quaker, talking 'thee' and 'thou', and can't give any better love token than this flimsy lace paper which has been patched up by some man milliner. No wonder he is ashamed to put his name to it," continued the matter-of-fact lady. "Now, what good will ever come of it, child, seeing you don't even know who sent it?"

"Why you precious Auntie," replied Julie, while flashes of roguish merriment passed over her face, "the first week I shall have glorious fun showing it to the girls and comparing notes; then some day, maybe, I'll find out the giver, and it will be so touching to know that perhaps he has been loving me long and hopelessly."

"Hopeless fiddlesticks, Julie! I have no patience with such nonsense. If a young man loves a girl let him tell her so in a plain, honest way and be done with it; or if he wants to give her a valentine, let it be something from his heart which will send a thrill through hers whenever she looks at it, and which, if she ever loved him, she'll think sacred and keep as such as long as the paper holds together."

The speaker's tones certainly trembled, and a knitting-needle slipped from the grasp of her firm fingers; but clearing her voice with a shrill "ahem!" and looking steadily into the astonished eyes of the girl whom she was learning to love as a daughter, she asked:

"Would you like to see *my* valentine?"

Julie started. "Aunt, you're joking. Who on earth would send you a valentine?"

"No one, now, dear," and the tone was unmistakably sad; "I never in all my life of fifty-six years got but one, and if you will bring me a little mahogany box from my clothes' closet I'll show it to you, being it's the day it is."

Julie obeyed. Miss Phœbe, diving into her deep pocket, produced a tiny key, then the lid flew back and the treasures, or life-links with bygones, were revealed.

With delicate touch, as though handling priceless jewels, she put aside the rings of grey hair tied with black ribbon, part of an elaborately carved tortoise-shell comb, a set of brown side-puffs of hair which told of a fashion of half a century ago, a bunch of flowers painted upon white velvet and a small bead reticule. At the bottom of all lay the cherished treasure.

"Here," said Miss Phœbe, reverently unfolding a circular piece of coarse writing paper, which was yellow with age and neatly scalloped around the edges, "Here is what I call a valentine."

In each segment a pair of nondescript birds cut out with a pen-knife were represented as billing, while a circle in the center, dyed with red ink, enclosed two clasped hands and a heart pierced by an arrow. Above these was written in a bold, schoolboy hand:

"The rose is red, the violet 's blue,
Sugar 's sweet and so are you."

Beneath:

"As the grass grows 'round the stump
I swear you are my sugar lump."

On the right, the pathetic couplet:

"My pen is bad, my ink is pale,
But love for you shall never fail."

And on the left:

"Sure as a ring 's without an end
You are my dearest, best beloved friend."

The name of William B. Churchill, to which was appended "Yours till death," and the date, nearly forty years previous, ended the page.

As Julie scanned this quaint specimen of old-time love-making, she was about to give full vent to the mirth which her keen sense of the ridiculous had excited, but a sly glance at Miss Phœbe's face restrained her, and with illy-repressed curiosity she awaited further disclosures.

"Julie, something seems to me to be in the air besides measles and influenza. I don't know why, but all day I 've been thinking how times and things do change, and wondering if there 's anything but true love that is steady on this earth," said Miss Phœbe, as slowly refolding the paper in its native creases, she caressingly passed her plump, soft hand over its surface. "You do not guess it, child, but this valentine is the only link between me and the time when I was a young, merry girl, as you are now. People in those days did n't make such a fuss about loving, and writing poetry, and sending bouquets and such things, but when they said they loved they generally meant it. Somehow, I 'm in the humor to tell you the story of this valentine. It is short, and you 'll then know why I prize it.

"I lived in the same town back East in which you were born. Old Mr. Churchill—William's father—lived just across the street from us. He was a tanner and rich. My father was well off, too, so our families were upon quite intimate terms. I was the youngest child; so was William, and every day we two went to school together in the old white house on the green, just as naturally as a brother and sister. William was always at the head in the classes, and, somehow, though I was not one-half so bright as he, and could not bear to study, he contrived to keep me 'second to head.' He was seventeen and I just one year younger. He was n't one of your niminy priminy kind of boys that look as though they lived in a band-box and were fed upon pap; but he was bold, straight, tall, and as rough as a piece of oak bark—that is, he was just right out with anything he had to say or do, and was as fearless as an eagle.

"We were not a bit alike, then; I was a timid little thing, afraid of my shadow, but I used to think the lightning could n't strike me during a thunder-storm if only I held his hand. He was one of the kind to look up to in trouble and seemed born to be a living comfort. To be sure, he had n't much learning, then—neither did the teacher himself, as times are now—but William beat all the boys at ciphering (which I hated, strange as you may think it of me, now,) and many is the time he has filled my slate with sums, for which I got all the credit. Well! I gave him all the thanks. Just across from my bench in the school sat John Thomas. We called him 'fire-brand,' because his hair was so

red, and he was so spiteful in the bargain that nobody could bear him. Many 's the fight he and William had, in which William always whipped. He was kind to me, however, in his own fashion, always bringing me a pocketful of apples and nuts, and often, when I was near enough to hear, he would whisper to some of the pupils, 'Phœbe's the prettiest and smartest girl in our town.' I never believed him, but went on liking William all the more, because he only looked his thoughts.

"One night, it was about the first of this month, forty years ago, but it does n't begin to seem that long, William ran into our house, and pulling me into a corner near the big fireplace, said:

"'Phœbe, what do you think? Father is going away up north to the backwoods in the Spring.'

"'What! to live?' I exclaimed, a feeling of horror creeping over me just as if a ghost or something was in the room.

"'Yes, to live,' said William; 'and who 'll be your brother then, Phœbe?'

"I looked into his eyes and then right down again, for there was an expression in them I had never seen there before.

"'Phœbe,' he went on, putting his hand under my chin—it was as hot as though he had a fever,—'look up and say you 'll never forget me. Say it just as solemn, Phœbe, as when you say your prayers.'

"His voice always so full and strong, was now as pitiful as a sick child's. I tried to obey him, but my eyes were so full of tears that I could n't see. He pressed one long kiss upon my forehead, for the first time; another upon my lips—I can feel it yet—and ran out of the house without speaking.

"The next day he came for me to go to school, as usual, but neither of us said a word about the previous evening. I, somehow, did n't feel as free with him as before, and he, for the first time in his life, was shy. He seemed, suddenly, to be years older than I. For several days after, he was working at something which he kept hidden in his atlas. Once I asked him what he was doing.

MISS PHŒBE.

"He just blushed and said: 'You'll know some day.'

"At length, on Valentine's Day morning, I found this inside my arithmetic, folded just as it is now, and then I knew that his love for me was different from that of a brother. He did n't say much after that. He was not one of the fussy kind, but eyes can talk, Julie, and his said sweeter things than words, whenever I looked into them. The first of April following they all moved away—not out of the State, you know, but away to the northern boundary, and we were in the capital. The last words he said to me were:

"'Phœbe, I'll come back again, be sure of that. You are the girl of my heart—be true to me.'

"On his promise and the dear valentine my hopes lived for years. No letters ever came to cheer me, but mails were scarce and uncertain in those days, and I learned not to expect them. I had some good offers,

John Thomas among them, but my heart was filled with William and no one could displace him. Father and mother died and left me the old homestead. My sister, your Aunt Jane, married and moved to California; the old landmarks of my girlhood's joys were buried beneath new improvements; and, gradually, I learned that there is nothing earthly but what changes.

"It was just fifteen years and seven months from the time William left, when I read in a daily paper that William B. Churchill of Crawford County, would doubtless be the speaker of the new assembly about convening. The paper spoke of his comparative youth for such a position—he was thirty-two—but that he possessed every qualification to make him what he was fast becoming, a leading statesman. I cried for joy and prayed for very thankfulness. He could be none other than *my* boy, coming at last, honored by his native State. My ambition had no bounds. I would live to see him Governor, perhaps President. No station was too lofty for my hero. Did he love me yet? Day after day I asked the question. No answer came, but in the wild beatings of my heart, I felt that he could not be lost to me.

"I counted the hours until the time came for the assembling of the legislature. At length the members arrived. I found out that Mr. Churchill stopped at the Washington House, and all day long I sat in our parlor window, as you have done this afternoon, in the hope that he would come to me. I never left my post except to run to the looking-glass, to see if I looked as pretty as I tried to believe folks thought me, but it was a wearisome watch, and when night came I was sick with disappointment.

"The next morning while the frost was still sparkling on the trees and roofs, I put on my cloak and thought I would find him."

"Oh, Aunt Phœbe! How could you?"

"Yes, Julie, I know according to the style now, I'd have been called a strong-minded woman, but God knows I only wanted to see the man whom I thought *mine* by the right of my strong love. I walked through the park towards the Capitol. Soon a couple of gentlemen going in the same direction, passed me. One towered above the others in height and majesty. I knew his voice before I saw his face, and forgetting all else, called out, 'William!'

"He turned, left the group, and, seizing my hand till it felt as if it were in a vise, said in a cheery, glad voice—I know he was glad:

"'Why, my dear old friend Phœbe, how do you do? It has been long, long since I saw you. I have talked about you and our wild frolics a thousand times. Do you remember them? I waited long for you to answer my letter.' His eyes looked straight into mine.

"'Remember them?' I said—wasn't my heart bursting with its weight of memories?

"Oh, Aunt Phœbe, did you faint?" cried the sympathetic Julie.

"No, no, child," replied Miss Phœbe, after a moment of silence, in which she breathed hard, "*I held my own.*"

"'Will you come in, Phœbe, and see my wife? She is here with me and has often heard me speak of you,' said William. His voice seemed to tremble just a little.

"I went, Julie; I went twice. She was a delicate, quiet little body, fond of dressing, and mighty proud of being the wife of a great politician. I guess William was happy. I never saw him again but in her presence, and before a month had passed away I came to California and have been here ever since. I expect he is dead. It was not his fault that he changed his mind. Men don't love like women, and it's all for the best, I suppose. If it was not for this valentine I'd forget that I had ever been young and happy and hopeful."

For an instant both the old maiden and the young were still. Julie was the first to break the silence. "Then the sentence *was* true. Even in your life there has been a romance. Who'd have thought it!"

"Romance! Never! It's as real as death. Romance! Stuff and nonsense! I don't know the meaning of the word." Miss Phœbe touched the sleeping cat at her feet with the toe of her walking boot. The clock struck five.

"Bless me! Almost dinner time, and no orders yet for Chung. What will he think? Here, Julie, put the box where you took it from. I can't imagine what's been working in me to make me tell you this, but it's all true," and laying the memento in its place, she left the room for the kitchen.

Julie's eye fell upon her own valentine. 'Twas a pity, but it's charm had already fled. No event preceded its advent; no association hallowed its memory. Perhaps, as so often happens, a half-dozen had been sent to others by the same donor, and disgusted with what seemed a gilded mockery, she hid it from her sight.

II.

"I'll be home this time to-morrow, Julie—God willing—and if the fellow does n't come to terms and show himself an honest man, I'll have him arrested, and end the matter. Don't forget to feed Dick and don't come to meet me. Good-bye, dear," and the long train going northward, with Miss Phœbe in it, moved from the dépot.

It was the morning of St. Valentine's Day.

"She is the funniest mixture of a woman I ever saw," said the young girl to herself, as she returned to her aunt's house through the dewy, flower-scented air of an early February morning in California. "Yesterday, she talked like a poet. Mary Anderson could n't have told that story with more pathos, and now, she 's going one hundred and fifty miles to arrest a man for tresspassing upon her property."

The "fellow" did "come to terms" under the quiet firmness of Miss Phœbe during their fifteen minutes' interview, and with the step of a conqueror she entered the coach of an overland train at midnight of that same day to return home. There was but one empty seat at the rear of the car, near the door, of which she took possession and proceeded to make herself as comfortable as possible for a night ride of four hours.

She removed her bonnet, after a while, and tying up her head in her brown veil, soon fell asleep. When she awoke from a thirty minutes' nap, the train had stopped and was taking on new passengers.

"No chance here," said the foremost of a group of men, who, with gripsacks and overcoats, were striding through the aisle with disappointed faces.

"Any objections, madam, to my sharing your seat?" said one of them, a large man with a heavy grey beard and a slouched hat pulled over his brow.

"Certainly not," said Miss Phœbe, as she crowded more closely to the window to give him room, and then turned her face to the outer darkness. Soon the brakeman and his lantern were gone, and again all was quiet and dimness. Miss Phœbe's companion, leaning forward to the back of the seat in front of them, tried to pillow his head upon his folded arms, but the position seemed to give him no comfort. He yawned repeatedly, wiped his face with his gloved hand and finally said:

"I have always envied your sex the happy faculty of adapting yourselves to circumstances. I would give much for an hour's sleep, but I cannot get it here."

Miss Phœbe made no immediate reply, but, presently, handing him her large blanket-shawl, which she had rolled up like a pillow, she said:

"You are welcome to it, sir, if you can use it in any way."

The gentleman demurred. He was depriving her of it; but finally yielded to her rather tart assertion, "If I had n't meant you to take it I would n't have offered it to you."

For another hour on flew the rattling train with its sleeping freight. Miss Phœbe looked at her watch. It was three o'clock. The man beside her had not moved since he had tucked the shawl beneath his head. Perhaps it was the light snap of her watch-case that finally aroused him. At any rate, he suddenly straightened himself up, and inclining his head to hers, said abruptly:

"Madam, your shawl has bewitched me. All sleep has fled. Strange—it smells of dried rose-leaves, and the peculiar odor brings back to me my boyhood, and the happiest days of my life." His voice was low and mellow, and seemed to invite confidence.

"Is that so? But I always hold that California roses, handsome as they are, don't smell like the old hundred-leaved roses back East. At least not to my taste," replied Miss Phœbe, pleased and surprised that the gentleman had made such a sentimental remark.

"There I agree with you. It was 'back East' where my roses grew—in old Pennsylvania, my home."

"That shawl was my mother's," said Miss Phœbe. "It's old-fashioned now, but I like it. Mother had a fashion of filling the linen press and bureau drawers with that kind of rose leaves, and the scent clings, you see."

Then each relapsed into silence, during which Miss Phœbe loosened the veil which seemed tightening around her throat.

"Pardon me, madam, for being so personal, but your voice, like the rose odor, has its associations, too. Did you ever live in Pennsylvania? I see that you are, like myself, a Californian, now."

"Yes; a long time ago, as years run, I lived in the capital—leastways when I lived at all."

The last part of the sentence seemed forced from her unwilling lips. She looked out of the window into the starlit sky and wondered why the man's voice was affecting her so strangely. Was she getting into her dotage? Had not her revival of the old story the day previous proven it?

"God forgive me and let me die before I get old and foolish," she prayed, mutely.

"Strange coincidence," said the gentleman, leaning toward her. "I, too, was born in the capital, and am now in search of a friend from there—a friend who is very dear to me. Did you know the Hunters? My name is Churchill.

"And mine—" she tore the veil from her head and turned her face squarely toward him.

"Phœbe!"

That was all. Two right hands clasped with a mutual thrill. * * * It was time for breakfast, and Julie stood in the window awaiting her aunt's return. After awhile a carriage stopped in front of the door and Aunt Phœbe, accompanied by a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, alighted.

"Goodness!" thought Julie, "she's not only arrested the fellow, but brought him along."

The next moment Aunt Phœbe, with face aglow, almost ran up the steps, while her companion, taking the astonished girl's hand in both his own said simply, but with a world of music in his voice:

"Your aunt has found her valentine!"

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS OF UTAH.

BY G. L. BROWNE.

UTAH is, at the present time, attracting its full quota of national interest, owing partly to the recent bills before Congress, and the strong factional differences so forcibly brought before the public, which have existed among its people for a great many years. Its history, ever since Brigham Young and his band of Mormon followers entered Salt Lake valley and chose this locality for their home, has given it a distinctive feature, and a unique attractiveness that the territory shares in common with no other community. This history has aroused keen interest wherever the people have familiarized themselves with it, but there are a great many, particularly in the East, who know little or nothing of it, and are entirely unacquainted with the condition of affairs within the Territory. A short time ago two ladies from the East while visiting Salt Lake City, inquired how many wives a Mormon usually takes. They were evidently unaware that the Edmunds law had been passed in 1882, prohibiting plural marriage, and it is quite probable that there are many men and women equally ignorant of this and other circumstances that have effected

changes during the past few years, and of the present conditions surrounding the people themselves, who have given the valley of Salt Lake its peculiar history.

When the Mormons first entered the valley, they were under the ban of a prejudice that many years have failed to efface, for they are even now considered, by those who are not well acquainted with the doctrines of their faith, a peculiar people whose religion possesses no feature in common with that of any other, and by many they are believed to have banded together for selfish purposes, to accomplish which they are willing to sacrifice integrity, honor and humanity, when in point of fact, the motives and most of the fundamental principles of their faith, are the same as those which form the bases of other Christian religions, and some of them aim still higher in the interests of human salvation.

When Joseph Smith, their prophet and seer, first expounded the principles of Mormonism to his followers, it was intrinsically pure, and free of some of the features it possesses at the present time that are considered objectionable. Polygamy was not one of the pristine doctrines, and in the book of Mormon it will be found thus emphatically forbidden:

"Therefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken unto the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have, save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none.

"For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things."

The broad possibilities of construction contained in this last verse, enables the Mormons to sustain the consistency of introducing polygamy some time later. Joseph Smith was a lad of fourteen when he is supposed to have received his first revelation. At that age, it is claimed, he was informed by God that no church in existence was following the correct principles of religious worship, and later, Moroni, one of God's prophets appeared to Joseph in a vision, and directed him to a hill near his home in Manchester, New York, where some golden plates were concealed, upon which was written the true doctrine of Christ, together with a record of an ancient people. The boy is said to have translated these records and revelations, which were written in an ancient language, by means of the "Urim and Thummim," a peculiar pair of stone spectacles found with the tablets.

He states that some of these people, whose history the tablets contained, were the first inhabitants of America, and came from the tower of Babel after the confusion of tongues. They were known as the Jeredites. Subsequently another colony came from Jerusalem, 600 years, B. C., and dividing, became the two distinct tribes of the Nephites and the Lamanites. The former, who became civilized, were exterminated by the latter, who became savage, and the descendants of the Lamanites are said to be what now remains of our American Indians. The angel Moroni, he claims, had been a Nephite during his life time. When Smith first made known his convictions concerning his revelations, he was looked upon with distrust and ridicule, but at length he gathered a few proselytes about him, and on the sixth of April, 1830, founded the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Missionaries were almost immediately sent westward to preach the new doctrine, and shortly afterwards, portions of the people followed them, forming colonies at Kirtland, Ohio, and Independence, Missouri, both of which places they were obliged to leave, on account of differences with the Gentiles and alleged wrong doings. In 1838, the whole Church, to which at this time 15,000 people belonged, had moved to Caldwell County, Missouri, and established the town of Far West.

Before long, the same causes that had driven them from Kirtland and

Independence, aggravated by political differences, began to cause them trouble here, and became the source of many cruelties and injustices. Near this town occurred the Haun's Mill Massacre, in which a portion of the militia attacked some Mormon settlers, killing about twenty, and wounding many more. Far West was also attacked, and the Mormons were obliged to abandon their homes in Missouri. They next founded Nauvoo, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi. They held the balance of power for some time in this locality, and Joseph Smith having been made mayor, governed the city and his people according to their wishes. New homes were built, and preparations were made to settle down comfortably and peaceably.

The church had, in the meantime, gained power and strength, and began to assert her sway, and preach her doctrines more freely than formerly. It was here that Joseph Smith first informed some of his followers that he had received the revelation concerning plural or celestial marriage, and taught them its principles. The theory of the creed is that in this or some other sphere there are myriads of unembodied spirits that can only attain rest by entering an earthly tabernacle, and the need of supplying these tabernacles was the justification urged for polygamy. Further, women are to be exalted in the world to come according to the number of tabernacles they can supply for these unclothed spirits.

He made no public declaration concerning it, but introduced the practice amongst his people.

By this time the Gentile portion of the population had increased considerably, and their former prejudices and dislikes had become irritated by the new doctrine of the Mormon church, which was contrary to the teachings and customs of any civilized country, making it impossible for the two parties to live peaceably in the same community. They began depredations upon one another again, and finally became so belligerent, that the Mormons at one time called out the Nauvoo legion to defend themselves from an attack of their opposers. As a punishment for this act, Joseph Smith was arrested, but afterwards acquitted and released. However, feelings continued to be so bitter that Joseph's rearrest was demanded, and he gave himself over to the authorities, who imprisoned him at Carthage, together with his brother Hyrum, John Taylor and Willard Richards. While he was confined there, a mob broke into the jail and killed Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and almost fatally wounded John Taylor. Willard Richards was the only one of the four who escaped unscathed.

Other troubles ensued, and a year or two later the Mormons started for the Rocky Mountains, but were delayed on the way thither by the enlistment in the army of 500 men from amongst them, to fight under Kearney in the Mexican war. The caravan, so diminished in number, was unable to push forward, and it was not until sometime afterwards that they reached their destination.

In July, 1847, Brigham Young, at the head of the Mormon Pioneers, entered the valley of Salt Lake. Here they settled down, hoping they might, for the time being, become an isolated people, free to live according to their convictions, and the teachings of their prophet,

A provisional government was almost immediately formed and Brigham Young became Governor. Application for admission into the Union as a State being denied, and Utah Territory being organized shortly afterwards by Congress, Brigham Young was appointed Governor of the Territory. In 1857, a new set of officials was placed at the head of the Territorial Government.

The Mormons had not been settled in their new locality very long before trains of emigrants, coming westward

began to pass through the Territory, some stopping and here making their homes. Most of them, however, passed on to the Pacific Coast. The Mormons, about this time, were accused, falsely, they claim, of being in rebellion against the Federal Government, and an army was sent out to subdue them. Actual hostilities were averted, however. Shortly afterwards the Mountain Meadow massacre occurred, in the month of September, 1857. The circumstances attending this occurrence are well known. A force of Indians headed by a few radical Mormons, fell upon an emigrant train passing through the Territory, killing men, women, and children.

The leader of this movement, John D. Lee, was brought to justice afterwards and executed.

Such violent measures did not continue many years, for the Government,

BISHOP O. F. WHITNEY.

extending its peaceful and orderly influences over the Territory, these contentions gradually disappeared, and the war was, in time, carried forward in the political field alone. The Gentiles had banded together, forming themselves into the Liberal party, in which national politics were forgotten, Democrats and Republicans working side by side for a common

purpose, the opposition of what they considered unlawful in the Mormon creed and practice.

The Mormons clung together firmly, having formed an opposing faction, the People's party, and stood faithfully by their principles and convictions. They gave their leaders their full support, and being in the majority held the reins of power a good many years.

The Government was in the meantime, testing the constitutionality of her laws against the practice of polygamy. Several polygamists were arrested, but no very definite or satisfactory steps against the practice were taken, until, in 1882, when the Edmunds law was passed. After this proceeding it became necessary in order to sustain the law, to make a good many arrests amongst the Mormons, who found it difficult to set aside a practice they had been taught to believe one of the most sacred principles of their faith—upon the charge of unlawful cohabitation. But little by little they were obliged to yield to the demands of the Government, for the Gentiles of Salt Lake City were gradually gaining the ascendency, and in August, 1889, for the first time, carried the city by a small majority of forty-one. Ever since this time, the Liberal party has continued to gather force, a fact which the results of each succeeding political campaign have sufficiently demonstrated.

But even after the city government had changed hands, the old animosities continued to exist, the Mormons contending that the election had been carried by fraud. This was indignantly denied, with the countercharge that the Mormons desired to retain control of the Territory, to build up an independent theocratic government within our own which would oppose its laws to those of the United States, and that their political movements were controlled entirely by the heads of the Church. In refutation of this, a manifesto was issued, on the 12th of December, 1889, in which the following announcements were made:

"We declare that no bishop's or other court in the Church, claims or exercises civil or judicial functions, or the right to supersede, annul or modify a judgment of any civil court. * * This Church while offering advice for the welfare of its members, * * * does not claim nor exercise the right to interfere with citizens in the free exercise of social or political rights and privileges. The ballot of this Territory is absolutely untrammeled and secret. * * * We also declare that this Church does not claim to be an independent temporal kingdom of God, nor to be an *imperium in imperio*, aiming to overthrow the United States or any civil government. * * * Church government and civil government are distinct and separate in our theory and practice, and we regard it as part of our destiny to aid in the maintenance and perpetuity of the institutions of our country."

Not long afterwards another manifesto was issued, on account of the Gentiles' detestation of the church's doctrine of polygamy, which they believed was still extensively practiced *sub rosa*, in which President Woodruff declares that plural marriages are no longer being solemnized, that the church is not teaching polygamy, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice, and he advises the Latter-Day Saints to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land. On the 19th of December, 1891, a petition was sent to the President of the United States by the Mormons, asking amnesty for those who have violated the Edmunds law, and are suffering the penalty for so doing. They declare their loyalty to the Government, expressing an earnest desire to live in peace and harmony with their fellow-citizens who are not of their faith, for which purpose they have voluntarily put aside something, which all their lives they have believed a sacred principle, and pledging their

honor for the future of their erring brothers. The sincerity of this petition is vouched for by the Governor of Utah, the chief-justice and several other prominent Gentile citizens. It is not quite certain whether it will or will not be granted, but the indications are favorable.

Not long ago the present writer sought an interview with President Woodruff, which, after considerable difficulty, was obtained. He is an old man, whose health is in rather a precarious condition, and whose time and attention is almost wholly occupied by affairs pertaining to the Church. Expressing himself upon the subjects that have long been the cause of agitation and contention in our Territory, he said:

"Popular prejudice has been the greatest enemy we have been obliged to contend with, ever since the founding of our Church, and this has been aggravated by our opposers, who do us no justice in their representations of us to the world.

"Writers have visited us and interviewed the leaders of the Church for the purpose of gathering knowledge concerning the principles of our religion, and obtaining their views upon questions of interest in our Territory, then have written about us, rejecting many valuable points that could be published in the interest of our Church, and substituting their own biased ideas, gathered before coming among us.

"Through such sources, strangers are given to understand we are a peculiar people, who have nothing in common with any others, and when they come amongst us, are surprised to find they are mistaken.

"Those who mingle with us, and know us well, are aware that our people are instructed to live according to the teachings contained in the Bible, of Christ in the New Testament, of Abraham and the other patriarchs in the old.

"Our doctrine concerning celestial marriage has contributed largely to rendering us unpopular, and for its sake we have undergone a good deal of suffering. We have been persecuted to a great extent, by the Gentiles, but through every misfortune, have clung firmly to our convictions. We have endured these misfortunes with comparatively little resentment towards our persecutors, at all times respecting their religions, and simply desiring that they respect ours. We have even allowed ministers of different sects to preach their doctrines in our Tabernacle, before they were able to build churches of their own.

"In political matters, we believe our opposers have taken some unfair advantage of us. There has undoubtedly been a good deal of strategy used to defeat us at the elections. Men who do not belong here, have been brought to the city by the Liberals, under different pretexts, and retained for a sufficient length of time to vote, and in this way they have prevailed against us.

"The two bills we have before Congress, one asking for Statehood, the other for Home Rule, are of great interest to every one at present. We should be granted statehood, for our Territory is entirely eligible. Her boundaries embrace one of the richest and most productive spots in the country, and our population exceeds that of several States in the Union.

"I do not think it will be very long before these questions will be settled in a way satisfactory to all parties concerned."

President George Q. Cannon, in one of his late publications, speaks thus of some of the grievances of the Mormon people:

"Only recently, Mormons have been denied the right of naturalization. * * * Within a short time, the Idaho Test Oath, as flagrant a violation of constitutional law as was ever attempted, an enactment that would have shocked every American of earlier times, has been gravely discussed in the capital of this nation, as an act that should be enforced against

an entire people. * * * It may be the Mormons to-day, but who will it be to-morrow? When once the * * * constitutional safeguards are violated, where shall anyone seek safety? * *

"Among the first buildings erected by us have been schoolrooms. The first American paper published in California was issued from a Mormon press. The first farming operations performed by American labor there were carried on by Mormons. The first gold discovered in California was dug by Mormons. We were the first Anglo-Saxons who have practiced irrigation. * * In the social qualities of peace and good order, we have no equal in the world. Apart from the offences defined by special enactment to meet our case, an infraction of law by a Mormon is of rare occurrence.

"Industrious, moral, god-fearing at home, valiant and respected abroad, they have held the attention of the world for fifty years. With the virtues they have shown, and the record they have made, it is not easy to blacken their character and ruin their prospects. We have seen that robbery, falsehood, driving, murder, have all tried in vain."

It may be expedient to offer an explanation of the two first assertions of President Cannon. The reason given by the Government for refusing the Mormons naturalization, is that their laws and institutions are treason able to the United States.

The Idaho Test Oath is enforced only in Idaho. It requires a man to renounce Mormonism, and swear that he has done so before he is entitled to vote.

Most of the younger men are less imbued with this strong feeling of resentment towards their opposers, and realize the opposite side of the question is entitled to some consideration as well as their own. O. F. Whitney, a young bishop of the Mormon church, who possesses considerable breadth of character, and whose very presence carries conviction of his sincerity, expressed to me a most earnest desire to see a peaceable adjustment of affairs between the opposing factions.

"The Church has suspended the practice of celestial marriage," he said, "one of the most sacred principles of our faith, one in which we still sincerely believe, for the sake of promoting harmony of feeling between the Mormons and Gentiles and our people, in the main, have submitted to the change of conditions this step involves. Occasionally, cases of unlawful cohabitation are brought before the courts of the United States, but they are becoming very rare.

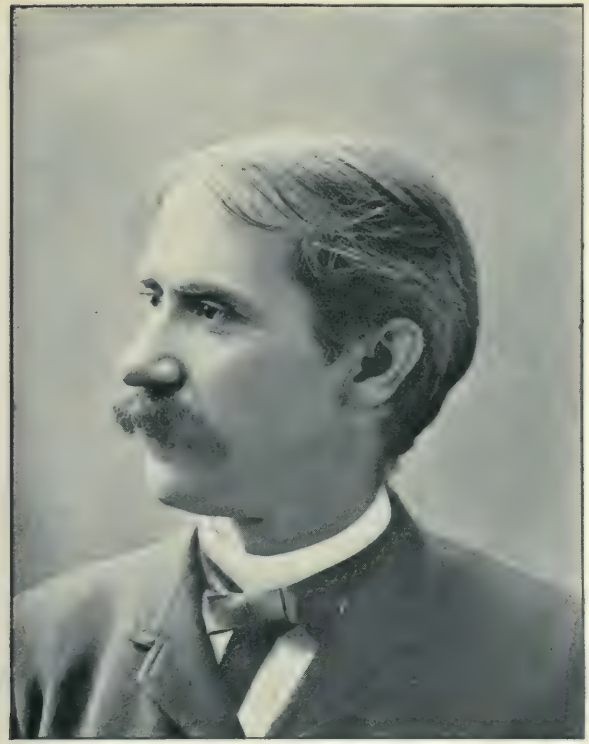
"There was a time when the feeling of antagonism between Mormon and Gentile was so strong that they would have no dealings with one another, but those days, and the circumstances connected with them, are at an end. The younger generations now mingle together unreservedly. This has served, in a great measure, to banish the old enmities, and to more securely establish the feeling of good will.

"The Mormons have dissolved the People's party, and divided on national party lines, in all sincerity. We are desired to act according to our individual convictions, and we believe that Church and State should be distinct and separate institutions.

"We have had a bitter struggle against prejudice, and some difficulty in convincing others of our sincerity, but those feelings are now much less pronounced than formerly, and promise to eventually disappear."

Reverend Dr. Utter, the minister of the Unitarian church of this city, and a man whose religious ideas are based almost entirely upon logical principles, considers the very foundation of Mormonism unreasonable and fraudulent.

"I do not hesitate to tell the Mormons themselves," he says, "that almost any religion, founded upon the assertions of one man, and his claims to revelations, unless these assertions will bear the light of reason,



REV. DR. UTTER.

is apt to be fraudulent. A great many of the statements made by their prophets are absurd, and overstep the bounds of reason. There are, however, some redeeming features about the religion, which give it the stability it has manifested. Joseph Smith was undoubtedly actuated by lofty and noble motives in founding it, for he was, at that time, young and pure, and possessed of an exalted spirituality. His love for chastity was well expressed in his command to his people, that a man should have but one wife, and his prohibition of licentious indulgences. Later, when he had fallen in love with other women, came his so-called revelation concerning plural or celestial marriage. He married these women secretly, and when it was made known to the world that he had done so, he and his wives were publicly disgraced.

"He had not the force of character and courage to openly sustain this last revelation, which he was whispering about to a few of his followers, but Brigham Young, possessing the strength and honesty that Joseph Smith lacked, unhesitatingly preached the doctrine of celestial marriage, and did not seek to conceal the fact that he was living with several wives, exhorting others to do the same, in the face of the most violent opposition.

"The Mormon people have contended with opposition for fifty years or more, for the sake of sustaining this doctrine of their church. At length, however, they have set it aside, and in so doing have displayed an inconsistency which seems to me, equivalent to a confession that in sustaining it, they have been in error. And I believe that a great many of them now realize that polygamy is disgraceful, and a stain of shame upon their religion.

"Polygamy is, of course, practiced very little at present, and when it is, necessarily, in the utmost secrecy. When the practice is entirely abolished, and when the church ceases to interfere in political matters, the Mormons' troubles will be at an end, and they will be allowed to enjoy their religion without fear of molestation."

Proceeding with our political history, we find early in the spring of 1891, national politics were introduced into the Territory, and by a spontaneous movement the party that had always been known as the Church, or People's party, was dissolved. Throughout the counties, cities and hamlets, Republican and Democratic clubs were formed, and the people at once joined them. At the same time, a trifling percentage of the Liberals

withdrew from the organization they had so long adhered to, and went off on National party lines. This small percentage has entirely set aside old prejudices, relying upon the sincerity of the Mormons, and commenced to work in common with them from a purely national standpoint. Of these the Democrats endorse the Faulkner-Caine Home Rule Bill, the Republicans, the Teller Bill, providing for statehood for Utah, which have been submitted to Congress within the last year by the Mormons, and have been violently opposed by the Liberals, who question the expediency of the passage of either of these bills. They believe that if the Government pass either one, the contentions, which formerly existed will be reanimated, and retard the progress of the Territory and her cities, whereas, as matters now stand, everything seems to be approaching an amicable and satisfactory adjustment.

Mayor Baskin, in a speech at the Territorial Liberal Convention of Utah says: "The Gentiles of this Territory know what statehood means. The very moment statehood was announced, the ranks of the old party began to close up. That party saw that it had made a mistake in being so premature in this declaration, and crawfish-like, they began to deny the assertion when it was charged by the Liberal party. * * * Afterwards one of the delegates in Congress, representing the People's party, announced * * * that the people in Utah were not advocating statehood now. * * * A short time after that declaration, there came from his hand the Faulkner Bill. * * * The Faulkner bill was giving the Territory, except in form, all the powers of a state. * * * I oppose the Teller bill and the Faulkner Bill, * * * because * * * it brings home to us the fact that our liberties are in greater jeopardy than ever.

* * * * * * *

"We are doing well. Our Territory was never more prosperous than within the last four years under the measure, the passage of which we accomplished. That measure has caused more improvements, and given more confidence to capital, and made the men of the Territory breathe more freely than they have in all the years that have gone before. * * * It astonished me, two years ago, to find how eminent men in the nation have been misinformed as to the real status of the case. * * * With such a force as we can bring to bear, with such honesty of purpose, and with such ability as is possessed by members of the Liberal party, Utah will be saved. The old Liberal party will be permitted to perform its mission, and by the moral forces which are at work, we can hope in five or ten years to see Utah admitted to the sisterhood of States in this Union."

Not long ago, while engaged in conversation with the writer, the Mayor expressed a belief that it would not be long before all feelings of hostility between Mormon and Gentile would die, and the questions now agitating the public mind would be settled without friction.

Judge Powers, a prominent politician of Salt Lake City, strenuously opposes the Faulkner and Teller bills, saying of the Mormons, "Their dream has been statehood from the time they first came here and organized the State of Deseret, because statehood, means the United States must keep its hands off the domestic affairs of this Territory. * * *

"Following upon the heels of this bill (the Teller Bill), a most vicious and ill-considered bill, that places no check upon the executive, that places scarcely any check upon the judiciary, that contains no bill of rights, there was introduced into the legislature of the Territory of Utah the other day, a bill by the people who are advocating home rule, that proposed to take away from 60,000 people the right to express at the polls their preference for their rulers. * * * And when you consider this Faulkner-

Caine Bill, I have no doubt that every Liberal would prefer statehood to it. * * *

"They (the Mormons) believe that all inspiration comes from above, and that men have been placed here upon earth, who receive from the Almighty the thoughts he desires to have conveyed to his chosen people. We believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God."

Those Liberals who have divided on national party lines, are, as a rule, much less radical in their views than those who still belong to the Liberal party. A prominent young broker of this city, who has lately left the Liberal party, and joined that of the Democrats, expresses an entirely unbiased opinion of the present political situation. He says: "The Democratic party has broken up, and completely routed the People's (Church) party. Its present task is to break up the Liberal (Ring) party. The time has existed in Utah when the saints were all sinners and the Jews were all Gentiles. The era now is that the sinners are all (professedly) saints, and the Gentiles are denying Christ and his teachings.

"New blood, new brains is all that Utah needs. We are overcrowded with heroes, philosophers, statesmen, patriots, Grand Army men, Southern gentlemen, preachers and false prophets."

The prevailing sentiments concern

MAYOR BASKIN.

ing our political situation amongst the young men who formerly belonged to the People's party are expressed by a young Mormon in these words :

"We should have statehood or home rule. We have a population exceeding that of Idaho, Nevada and Wyoming together, and are entitled to equal privileges. Our enemies do not desire that we obtain either statehood or home rule, for they are well aware that when we do those men whom they have placed in office arbitrarily, cannot maintain their positions at the head of our Government.

"We labor under the burden of extreme prejudice, because polygamy has been practiced by three or four per cent. of our people, because there have been so many absurd misrepresentations of us, and so many crimes, that were never committed, have been attributed to us. For these reasons, the Government is doubtful as to the expediency of granting our requests.

"We have welcomed national politics into the Territory with joy, for since their advent we have been subjected less to these prejudices, and can now fully demonstrate that we do not follow the dictation of our Church in political matters, more than other men follow the dictation of political bosses.

"We sincerely hope and believe that these differences, which have been so detrimental to hearty cooperation of the men in our Territory, will eventually disappear, for then old animosities will be forgotten in the common desire to promote the welfare of our cities."

It is expected that these differences and the petty objects that have crept in and irritated them, will in time, become so modified that the constant friction, which has kept aglow the fire of enmity between Mormon and Gentile for so many years, will cease, and they will be able to judge one another with discrimination and justice. The unprejudiced observer will find the past history of the Mormons, though it bears witness to a great many errors, very interesting and pathetic. They have borne persecutions, they have left their homes, come from foreign countries, and traveled across a desert land, amidst severe trials, resisting their opposers with firmness and even cruelty.

Despite the many imputations that have been made against their sincerity, it is certainly a fact that the Mormons believed in the truth and righteousness of their cause. There has been no instance in history of people banding together in such numbers, and standing firmly by each other for such a length of time to maintain selfish or unworthy principles. By this it is not meant that principles, of which few can approve, have not been introduced into the Church since it was founded, but these did not belong to it, nor were they a part of Joseph Smith's plan, when, hardly more than a child, he founded it, and they must die out if the religion remains stable.

Bandits, robbers, and, in fact, any other transgressors of the public peace, have never been known to form permanent organizations, enduring years of hardship for the sake of the principles that govern their actions. Joseph Smith was a bold character, and instilled into his followers the spirit that had prompted him to present the world a new religion, the only one of any force founded within the last hundred years. He unflinchingly sustained all of his convictions, saving polygamy. Knowing the sentiments of all Christendom concerning such an institution, he hesitated to expound its principles, but Brigham Young, who possessed force of character equal to that of his predecessor, but less of his pristine spirituality boldly preached the doctrine of celestial marriage, and by his own example openly encouraged its practice.

The prejudice against the Mormons was first aroused by their peculiarity and extreme conservatism. They clung together tenaciously, but drew a distinct line between themselves and others, for they assimilated very

little with those who were not of their faith. When polygamy was introduced as an institution of their church, the prejudice and dislike that had hitherto been entertained against them developed into detestation, the consequences of which have been long years of contention.

But notwithstanding these contentions, which have followed them wherever they have made their homes, and have led many to consider them a belligerent people, in their dealings with each other they were honest, conscientious and industrious. They have allowed their ardor and enthusiasm for their church to lead them to fanaticism and narrow mindedness, but in mingling with others, those qualities have become greatly modified. Their minds have expanded, their ideas have broadened, but they have lost some of the integrity and honesty that were at first marked characteristics of the Mormon people.

When they came westward and settled in the valley of Salt Lake, they purposed to isolate themselves from the rest of the world, and live according to their own convictions. They were obliged to overcome the wilderness in order to render the valley habitable, and labor continuously to obtain the bare necessities. For many years, they were obliged to cope with the severely practical questions of life, which left them little time or attention for anything else. Consequently a generation grew to manhood and womanhood, surrounded by comparatively few educational advantages. But since then, energetic and progressive minds from the East having introduced facilities into the Territory, institutions of learning have come into existence so rapidly that at present, no city between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast can boast a better system of scholastic training than that of Salt Lake.

Following the introduction and development of educational advantages, art, music, literature and other of the formerly neglected fine arts have forced themselves to the foreground, and are now assuming their proper positions of importance with the rising genius of the locality. Their refining influences have almost obliterated the dividing line between Mormon and Gentile, and the young people mingle together unreservedly for the sake of social intercourse and mutual improvement.

Under these peaceful and harmonious circumstances, prosperity is asserting her sway, and if the present conditions continue to improve in the future, as rapidly as they have in the past few years, it will not be long before everything will be adjusted in a manner satisfactory to all parties concerned, and old animosities and prejudices shall be buried in a common grave, over which Mormon and Gentile shall clasp hands as brother and brother.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GRAVE.

The Romance of Claudius Alonzo

BY M. L. FEUSIER.

A HUM of voices, with an occasional ring of laughter, resounded through the halls of the Louvre. One soul alone was unmoved by the rich beauty and grandeur surrounding him. It was the old guard in the Salle de la Venus de Milo. Heedless of the scores of people crowding in to look upon the almost living statue of ideal beauty, he sat apart, with his eyes cast to the ground, and his white locks falling carelessly upon his shoulders. Some paused as they passed by, doubtful whether to consider him flesh and blood, or but cold, lifeless clay.

A little child, impelled by curiosity, stepped forward and touched the old man upon the shoulder. He raised his eyes—but not to hers. They sought and saw only the grand, majestic form of the goddess behind the iron bars. Oh, the look in those dark, Italian eyes, that were raised so hopefully to the monument of beauty before him! It was not one of glowing admiration, nor even one of passing fondness. It was a yearning, pleading, soulful look; one of agonized longing, yet mingled with a touch of patient resignation. The brows were raised half inquiringly, and the lips murmured in Italian, "Not yet?" But the cold marble made no reply, and the old man, with a sigh, dropped into his former attitude, repeating slowly, "Not yet—not yet."

A young Italian artist, hearing the sigh, turned toward the old man, and gazed admiringly upon his handsome, regular features. There was an expression of set determination imprinted upon the face, and the artist thought it belonged to one who seemed born to command instead of occupying the menial position of a guard.

"Who is this old man?" asked the artist, turning to an officer.

"He? Oh, that 's only the guard who watches over the Venus de Milo. He sleeps here at night, you know. Poor fellow; he 's been crazy these twenty years."

"Indeed," said the other, somewhat surprised; "I should think it unsafe to commit such a precious charge to the hands of one who can know little of its value. Think you he could not be induced—"

"Bless your heart, sir," interrupted the officer, "all the gold and treasures of the world could not tempt him. Why, only last Fall we had occasion to go behind the bars, in order to shift those two figures on the left a little farther this way, and the old man would like to have killed us. He rushed beside the Venus de Milo, and no one dared touch her. No, no; he's a safeguard. He's been here these twenty years."

"How oddly he sits," observed the young Italian; "he might pose for the penitent Absalom, were he not so old."

"Yes, he *is* a penitent," observed the officer; "at least, so we judge from the sentences he utters now and then. He seldom speaks during the daytime. It is only at night when the people are gone, and we are about to close up, that we hear him talk. I believe he was once a fine gentleman and loved a beautiful girl. But her brother—a selfish fellow—wished to marry her to a wealthier man, who was also courting her. The girl, however, loved the old man here, and engaged herself to him. When the exasperated brother learned of it he challenged the accepted lover to a duel. It was fought and the brother was killed. The young girl, deeming herself the cause of the trouble, became very wretched, and, of course, felt that she could not marry her brother's murderer. But mind, she loved him just the same. Are you listening, sir?"

"Yes, yes, proceed."

"Well, she bade him leave her, and that she might show respect to her brother's memory, married the other gentleman. A few years later this poor fellow lost his mind. He came here, and no sooner gazed upon the Venus de Milo than he fell upon his knees and wept like a child. He believes it is his old love, who, being so pure and perfect herself, has forbidden his approach until full atonement be made for his crime. Many times he holds his hands up to her, and then cries that the stains are washed away. Again, he raises his eyes beseechingly, and then drops into this pensive attitude."

"Poor, poor man," said the artist, kindly. "But what has become of the young woman?"

"Oh, nobody here knows, sir. This tale is just what we have gathered from his mutterings, and may be a dream on his part for aught we know."

The young man turned toward the statue. In a moment he was lost to all else around him, and stood transfixed and speechless—gazing upon the surpassing beauty of the Venus de Milo. To him she was a very Heaven of Beauty! The young Italian gazed upon her with that intense admiration which belongs to the artist alone. Every feature seemed dilated to absorb the full measure of her lofty and imperial loveliness. It was not a statue—but Woman—nay, the very being of eternal love itself!

The old man had raised his eyes to the young Italian's face, and he saw admiration stamped upon every feature. The white head shook; a tremor passed through the withered frame; the dark eyes flashed with hatred and jealousy. The officer observed it, and touched the young Italian upon the shoulder. "If you remain here so long, sir," he said, "you will not have time to visit the other halls this afternoon."

"Very well, I am glad you recalled me. It is time I sought my companion, too. We may step in again when the crowd has thinned out a little. Come, I am ready now."

The two stepped out together, and were soon lost among the swarm of people.

It was an hour later. The bell which warned the reluctant visitors to depart had ceased swinging. Only a

few stragglers remained, and among them was the Italian artist. A beautiful young girl, who might have been some two years his junior, leaned upon his arm. They hastened down the almost empty hall, but paused at the entrance of the Salle de la Venus de Milo.

"Let us step in a moment," said the artist; "I wish to examine the curve of her mouth once more. Then I think I can return home and produce a tolerably good likeness."

"Yes," answered the young girl, "you carry faces well. Ah, how delightful to be here alone!"

They entered—he to hasten toward the central figure, she to roam carelessly about the room. But they were not alone; the old man was still reclining upon his couch. Suddenly he started, as if some familiar vibrations were passing through the air. He gazed but a moment upon the young girl's face, when his own lit up with all the passionate, animated glow of a victorious lover. He bounded madly from his couch, and with a shriek that echoed through the empty halls, fell at the young girl's feet.

"Corine! Corine!" cried the poor lunatic, wildly, "Oh, Corine, my love, hast thou come at last!"

The frightened girl attempted to move, but he clung to her garments, showering kisses upon them. "Here is thy soft, black lock. See, thine have not changed since that day. O Corine, beloved, say thou hast forgiven me! Say thou hast come to take me home—to thee!"

It was all said and done so rapidly that the young artist scarcely knew what had happened. He hastened to the side of the frightened girl, and with some difficulty wrenched her garments from the old man's grasp.

"Don't be alarmed," he said hastily, "he is but a harmless lunatic. Come, our presence seems to irritate him; we will depart."

Believing he spoke truly, the young girl followed the artist from the room, though somewhat reluctantly. The old man, still seated upon the floor, dropped his head in his hands and wept like a child. He rocked to and fro, wildly stretching forth his hands, then lay upon the floor moaning and sobbing bitterly. Again he rose, looked upon the serene, unaltered face of the goddess, and, with a heart-rending cry of "Not yet!" fell senseless upon the hard, cold floor.

In the meantime, the artist and his companion were hastening homeward. "We return this evening to the Louvre, do we not?" asked the latter.

"Yes, and we can drop in to see how the old man is progressing. The officer I spoke to as we came out said he would see to him. This is the first time in twenty years he has ever spoken to aught, save the statue. Odd fellow, isn't he? How would he do for Dante, and the Venus for Beatrice?"

"Not at all," answered the young girl. "Dante was hardened and embittered by sorrow. This man's face has a soft and gentle expression."

"What a lasting influence a noble woman has upon a man!" exclaimed the artist, apparently heedless of his companion's answer. "Do you know, my dear," he continued, looking admiringly at her, "that I should like to copy your head and the old man's. It would make a beautiful picture, your hair is so black and glossy, his is so white and fluffy."

"Representing youth and age," laughed his companion. "But come, here we are at our hotel."

Let us follow their footsteps this evening, and move the hands of the clock to the hour of midnight. The bell of the Louvre has again warned them to depart, and the artist is again hastening down the empty hall, to join his companion in another apartment. On his way thither he passes the couch upon which the old man is reclining. He seemed asleep, and the young artist turned with one last, fond, admiring look towards the Venus de Milo. But the old man saw it.

Scorn, hatred and fiery indignation flashed from his dark, Italian eyes. His breathing became quick and short. The hands clenched tighter and tighter, until it seemed as if the bones of the knuckles would burst through the whitened skin. In his mad, jealous passion, he leaped upon his countryman, and threw him prostrate upon the ground. "Thou thief! Thou stol'st her from me twenty years ago; thou stol'st her from me yesterday, and would'st steal her from me to-day! Coward! Coward! Lie still; I would not hurt thee, lest *she* be offended. Away!" he screamed, pushing the young artist from him, "go—wait and pine, till *thy* crime be atoned for!"

With all the fierceness and brutal strength of a maniac, he jerked asunder the iron bars, crying, "Corine! Corine! Thou hast called at last!"

Several officers and the young girl hastened to the scene of confusion. The artist, uninjured, rose to his feet, and explained what had happened. When he concluded there was silence in the room, and all turned toward the picture behind the iron bars. The old man had sprung upon the pedestal, and his arms were clasping the knees of the goddess. The head was thrown back, and the eyes raised pleadingly to her face. An officer stepped forward and touched the white head. It moved not. He leaned down to listen to the throb of the heart, but it had ceased beating.

Later the artist told his companion the old man's story, and ended by wondering how he had guessed her name. "*My* name," said the young girl, "is my mother's name. Old Betsy who tended our mother from her infancy, has often told me a portion of this tale. See that the poor soul has a decent burial. It is Claudius Alonzo, my mother's first love.'

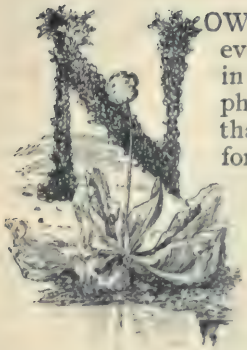
TO THE VENUS DE MILO.

BY CORA E. CHASE.

Why did they call thee Venus, thou fair shape—
Goddess of Love? Is love alone so good?
I would have named thee, thou imperial thing,
Not "Love" but "Womanhood."
Surely, love lingers in thy swelling breasts,
And laughs among the ripples of thy hair;
But who, of all thy followers, dares confess
Thou art less chaste than fair?
Oh thou *art* Love and Hate and many more—
And Scorn and Pride and Faith and Unbelief—
Great faults and follies that we half adore,
And sweetest Sympathy in joy and grief!
Beneath the gracious calm of thy fair form,
A world of passions lie, of ill and good:
Not Love alone, but composite of all,
Thou marble dream of glorious womanhood.

MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



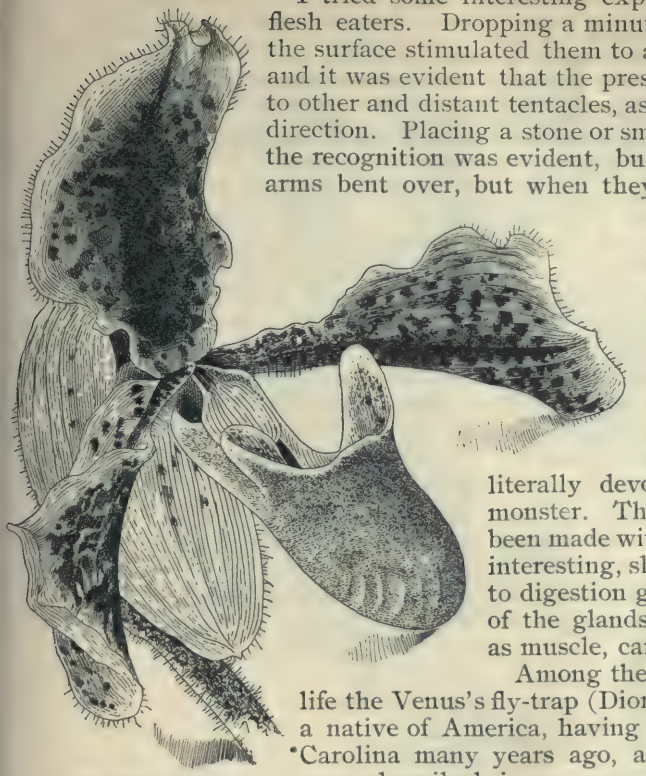
NOWHERE is the evidence of design in nature more emphatically set forth than among certain forms of plant life which, in their various functions, seem to approach so near the animal kingdom that the observer feels that here is some strange plant animal—something that might possibly form a connecting link between the animals and plants.

In a close study of these plants we see many evidences of seeming intelligence that are not found in some animals, and so remarkable are the actions of certain plants that the impression is forced upon us that we are confronted with intelligence, or something strangely akin to it. In the present paper, I wish to call attention to the group which is popularly known as carnivorous plants, or flesh eaters. A familiar example is the little drosera, so common in various portions of the country. The plant is small and inconspicuous. The first one I ever saw caught my eye by a sudden flash of fiery red light, and kneeling on the damp grass, I fairly caught the little carnivore in the act which has rendered it so famous. There were several tender, delicate stalks in the center, and around about it near the ground, four or five singular, round, pad-like objects, about the size of small buttons. These were leaves, and their upper surface was covered with reddish tentacles that stood boldly up, each bearing a delicate drop of dew that gleamed and glistened in the sunlight like a veritable garnet. Across the top of the leaves a long-legged fragile insect lay, caught but a second before and dying a most terrible death. Five or six of the hair-like tentacles were thrown across its legs and wings, holding it down and pressing its body nearer and nearer to the leaf, while other rich blood-red stalks were in all positions, bending over to encompass the victim. The sight was a horror in miniature, and reminded me of the actions of an octopus, or devil-fish, as the little cephalopod is commonly called. It has eight sucker-lined arms radiating from a small, bag-shaped body, and each arm has all the sinuosity, all the possibility of motion of a snake, ever undulating, quivering, as if with suppressed emotion, while over the entire mass, waves and varied shades of color seem to ebb and flow.

When the octopus captures its prey, its snake-like arms envelop the unfortunate, and wherever they touch they cling as in the case of the delicate tentacles of the plant, though in a different way.

It was most interesting to watch the immediate effect of irritation upon this little plant. In five or six seconds after a hair or tentacle was touched, it would bend in the direction, and soon others would deflect.

If a fly is caught, in a short time all the hairs soon turn in that direction, as though they had eyes and were seeking out the prey. Several hours are required for all the tentacles to cover the object, and then they remain until all its juices have been absorbed, when they become erect and beautiful again; a strange contrast to the reeking mass in which they have been involved, now being objects charming to the eye and attractive possibly to insect life as lures.



BUTTERFLY-PLANT.

I tried some interesting experiments with these little flesh eaters. Dropping a minute bit of fresh meat upon the surface stimulated them to almost immediate activity, and it was evident that the presence of food was imparted to other and distant tentacles, as all began to trend in that direction. Placing a stone or small pebble upon the plant, the recognition was evident, but slower; the tentacles or arms bent over, but when they discovered the mistake, that there were no choice juices to absorb, they soon withdrew and became erect.

The little plant is a living trap. The beauty of the erect tentacles attract various forms of insect life that find too late their mistake, and are held and literally devoured by this voracious monster. The experiments which have been made with this plant are extremely interesting, showing that a process akin to digestion goes on; that the secretion of the glands dissolves various objects, as muscle, cartilage, fibrin, etc.

Among the remarkable traps of plant life the Venus's fly-trap (Dionæa) is best known. It is a native of America, having been discovered in North Carolina many years ago, and when its peculiarities were described in a paper to a European scientific society, it was considered a joke. The plant is found in low, damp places, lying flat to the ground and throwing out a number of singular leaves, while from the center rises a delicate flower-stalk. Each leaf constitutes a trap—the tip end being formed of two lobes hinged in the middle and provided with objects which may well be termed teeth. When lying in wait, if we may use the term, the leaves are open and the teeth exposed. On the surface of the leaf, numbers of hair-like objects throw out a secretion which is very attractive to flies and other insects; in any event they are found flying about the tempting bait, being possibly attracted by some delicate odor, not perceptible to man. Finally a victim alights upon the surface of the trap. A second later it is crushed and held fast, and the terrible jaws do not open again until the entire animal has been absorbed.

One of the delights of the jovial, newspaper free-lance is to describe a terrible plant found in some far-away land that exists by living upon human beings. The victim is stupefied by some odor and finally entangled in the branches and devoured. A horrible and weird conception so far as it relates to man, and, of course, mere fiction, but it is interesting to note that the authors have in most instances simply substituted a man for a fly, and described the actual horrors of death from the standpoint of some of the plant traps.

Plants as traps are well represented in the curious pitcher-plants that not only devour their living prey, but entice it in various ways. The odor of many of these is not particularly pleasant, but it evidently exercises a subtle charm over various forms of insect life. The pitcher-plants attract attention at once by their remarkable appearance. As their name suggests, they are

pitcher-like growths capable of holding water, and hanging pendant at the end of a leaf, they often sway in the wind, attractive and graceful objects.

Some of the tropical pitcher-plants hold half a pint of liquid, and Alfred Wallace mentions in one of his works that upon a certain occasion he was obliged to resort to them for drinking water, finding it very clear and refreshing, although it was half filled with insects. In Borneo the pitcher-plants attain marvelous perfection and size—their beautiful and artistic forms hanging from the foliage in every direction. One found on the summit of the Kini-balou, a lofty peak in North Western Borneo, and known as Nepenthes rajah, is a magnificent natural vessel holding upwards of two quarts of water. Another from this country has a pitcher twenty inches long, the plant alone being about twenty feet long. The pitcher is almost invariably half full of water and a mass of dead insects. They are undoubtedly attracted by the peculiar odor, are overcome by it and intoxicated, and drop in to become absorbed or digested by this singular plant. Did space permit, a most interesting description could be given of the number and position of the peculiar honey-glands that constitute the attractions or lures to the various insects. In one form Dr. Hooker counted over 3,000 of these glands on a single square inch of surface, which means a million or more for the entire plant.

Experiments with the pitcher-plants show that they are sensitive to the introduction of food or other matter. Thus if a stone or some inorganic object is introduced there is no response of secretion, but an increase is noticed immediately when meat, the white of an egg or some animal matter is introduced.

VENUS'S FLY-TRAP. DIONÆA MUSCIPULA.

PITCHERS OF NEPENTHES CHELSONI.

The digestive power of this plant can be realized when it is known that pieces of fibrine weighing five or six grains are entirely dissolved in two days. In referring to the action, Dr. Hooker says: "It would appear probable that a substance acting as pepsin is given off from the inner wall of the pitcher, but chiefly after placing animal matter in the acid fluid; but whether this active agent flows from the glands or from some tissue in which they are imbedded, I have no evidence to show."

The pitcher-plants, from their variety and the ease with which foreign species are kept in the hothouse, are among the most interesting forms to study, and, while their life histories are well known, there is still a wide field for research, investigation and experiment.

As a trap, a plant of the genus Apocynum is interesting. The expanded blossom presents an alluring display of honey which attracts flies and insects of various kinds. The moment the tongue of the fly touches the plant and begins sucking its sweets it is lost; it is held firmly by the plant, struggling the while to escape, but finally falls exhausted and drops among the score of other victims.

The pitcher-plants and others referred to are the giants of the plant carnivora, but there are many others much smaller and equally interesting. The common Butterwort (Pinguicula) is a familiar example. It is inconspicuous, attracting attention principally by the long slender stalk it throws up, the leaves being a green cluster about an inch and a half in length. In watching the plant one

N. A. PITCHER-PLANT. SARRACENIA PURPUREA.

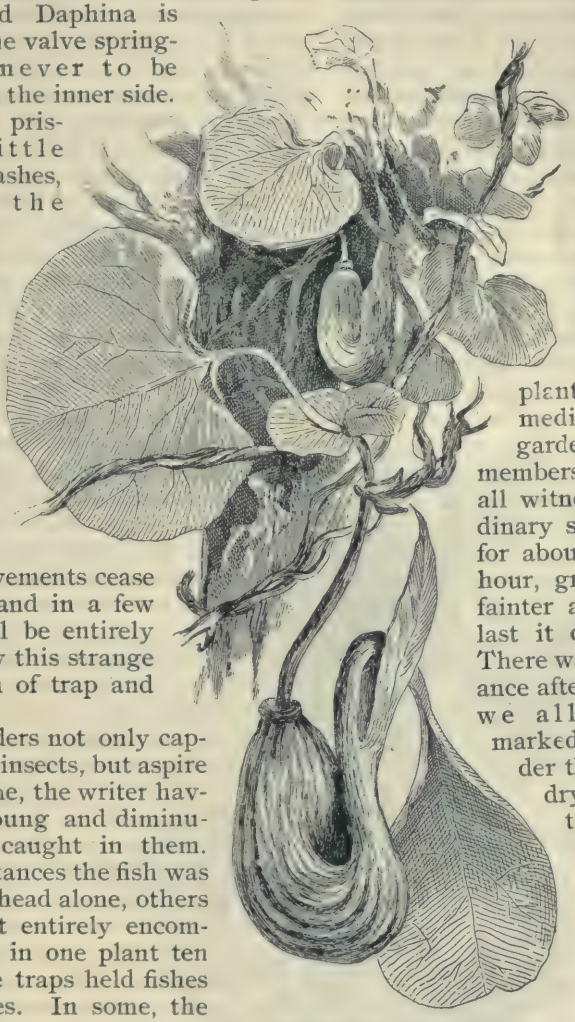
notices that the surface of the leaf is sticky, and that the sides have a tendency to turn up. Darwin made the group a life study, recorded innumerable facts relating to them, and found that they were flesh eaters trapping their prey and evidently absorbing their juices after the manner of many of those previously described.

Among the most interesting of what may be termed the minor carnivora are the bladder-worts (Utricularia), several species of which are found in various portions of the world. They are inconspicuous little plants loving ditches and foul pools and growing upon the surface, the roots not being attached.

If the plant is examined carefully, the roots will be found covered with curious little sacs, or bladders, resembling the skin water-bags so commonly seen in the East and in India. The bladders vary in the different species from one-tenth to one-half an inch in length, and are held in an upright position by a delicate stem attached to the center. The orifice or mouth is small and guarded by six or seven bristles, which give to the bladder a striking resemblance to a water-flea. The opening to the bladder is closed by a delicately adjusted valve which opens inward so that any object once gaining admission is a prisoner. The common American species, U. clandestina, affords a most interesting object to study. The bladders are beautiful and attractive objects, often of a rich amber hue, and when placed under the glass innumerable tragedies may be watched. The bladders are so many traps that in some way lure prey of all kinds — cyclops, daphnia, cypris, water-bears and various creatures. Through the glass they can be seen darting about their prison,

GIGANTIC PITCHER-PLANT NEPENTHES RAJAH.

examining it carefully over and over, and it would appear that possibly the vicinity of the trap had some especial attraction. As the little creatures strike against it the valve gives quickly and Daphina is within — the valve springing back, never to be opened from the inner side. Around the prison the little creature dashes, inspecting the delights of this mysterious dwelling, but it is not long before some subtle influence is felt; the actions of the prisoner are not so rapid, then its movements cease altogether, and in a few days it will be entirely absorbed by this strange combination of trap and stomach.



SWAN-NECKED PITCHER-PLANT.

The bladders not only capture minute insects, but aspire to large game, the writer having seen young and diminutive fishes caught in them. In some instances the fish was held by the head alone, others were almost entirely encompassed, and in one plant ten of the little traps held fishes in all stages. In some, the body was almost entirely eaten, and the sight was suggestive that here was an enemy to young food fishes worthy of investigation.

An extremely interesting phenomena is that relating to the luminosity of plants. In the many cases observed the light is of several different kinds; one of the most interesting instances is the strange gleam often seen about yellow flowers. Dr. Lankester thus describes such an event: "We witnessed (June 10, 1858) this evening a little before nine o'clock, a very curious phenomenon. There are three scarlet verbenas, each about nine inches high and about a foot apart, planted in front of the greenhouse. As I was standing a few yards from them and looking at them, my attention was arrested by faint flashes of light passing backwards and forwards from one plant to another. I immediately called the gardener and several members of my family, who all witnessed the extraordinary sight which lasted for about a quarter of an hour, gradually becoming fainter and fainter till at last it ceased altogether. There was a smoky appearance after each flash, which we all particularly remarked. The ground under the plants was very dry, the air was sultry, and seemed charged with electricity. The flashes had the exact appearance of summer lightning in miniature.

"This was the first time I had seen anything of the kind, and having never heard of any such appearances, I could hardly believe my eyes. Afterwards, however, when the day had been hot and the ground was dry, the same phenomenon was constantly observed at about sunset, and equally on the scarlet geraniums and verbenas."

Flashes and gleams have been seen about many flowers; those with yellow tints being especially favored in this respect. The sun-flower is famous for its exhibitions of this kind, and the writer well remembers an old colored man in a certain town in Virginia who was supposed by some of his neighbors to possess some secret power, as it had been discovered that strange lights played about the great flowers that made up the old man's "grove." He had been found standing bare-headed among the plants after nightfall watching the flashes play about the petals of the flowers, and there was no doubt in the minds of his superstitious friends but that he had "conjured up" the display.

Gœthe thus refers to an exhibition of the luminosity of plants: "On the nineteenth of June, 1799, late in the evening when the twilight was passing into a clear night, as I was walking up and down with a friend in the garden, we remarked very plainly about the flowers of the oriental poppy, which were distinguishable above everything else by their brilliant red, something like flame. We placed ourselves before the plant and looked steadfastly at it, but could not see the flash again, till we chanced in passing and repassing to look at it obliquely, and we could then repeat the phenomenon at pleasure. It appeared to be an optical illusion, and that the apparent flash of light was merely the spectral representation of the blossoms of a blue green."

THE CACTUS PITCHER.

It is not possible within the limits of a magazine article to more than touch upon a few of the important varieties of insectivorous plants. Some allusion, however, should be made to the pitcher of the Sierras—Darlingtonia californica. This genus of which one species only has been discovered, is regarded by many as one of the most beautiful varieties, and certainly for exceeding grace and color it can hardly be surpassed. The Darlingtonia is found in the marshes near Mt. Shasta, at a height of from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above sea-level. The flower-bearing stems rise from clusters of radical leaves, the real lure being found in its queer, swallow-shaped appendages, whose inner surfaces possess honey-secreting glands. A distinguishing characteristic of this plant is that its efforts are confined more particularly to the entrapping of flying insects, instead of those that crawl and which are the prey of most carnivorous plants.

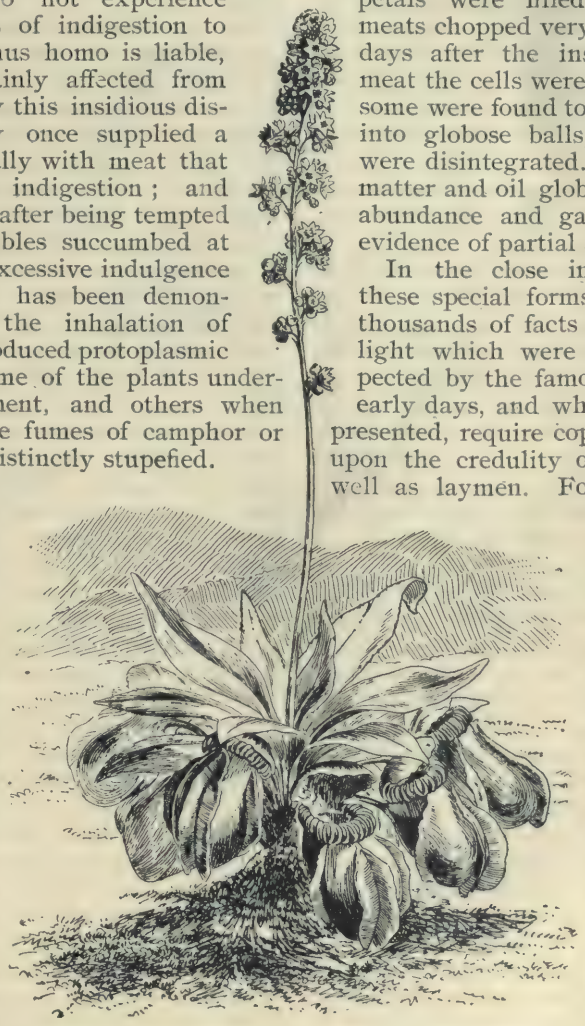
Upon examining a flowering specimen of the Darlingtonia, Hooker, in an address before the British Association in 1874,

said: "I find it conceivable that this marvelous plant lures insects to its flower and feeds them while it uses them to fertilize itself, and when this is accomplished, its benefactors are thereafter lured to its pitchers for the sake of feeding itself."

A curious fact regarding many of the plants under consideration is that while they do not experience all the throes of indigestion to which the genus homo is liable, they are certainly affected from overfeeding by this insidious disease. Lindsay once supplied a plant so liberally with meat that it died from indigestion; and another plant after being tempted by various edibles succumbed at last through excessive indulgence in cheese. It has been demonstrated that the inhalation of intoxicants produced protoplasmic changes in some of the plants undergoing experiment, and others when dosed with the fumes of camphor or alcohol were distinctly stupefied.

Supplementary to what has been said regarding the real carnivores, it is interesting to note some recent investigations with the Christmas rose (Helleborus niger) by Dr. Maxwell Masters. Dr. Masters, while inclining to the belief that the flower is a fly-catcher of modest attainments, proves conclusively that it is at least capable of assimilating food. The true petals of the Hellebore are those peculiar green horns or tubes which secrete a honeyed juice and are met with in one of the rows surrounding the stamens. Dr. Master's first inference that the main object of this secretion was to serve as an attraction to insects to visit the flowers and transfer the pollen from one flower to another was supplemented by some interesting experiments. The tubular petals were filled with cooked meats chopped very fine. Several days after the insertion of the meat the cells were examined and some were found to be compressed into globose balls, while others were disintegrated. Granular matter and oil globules existed in abundance and gave undisputed evidence of partial solution.

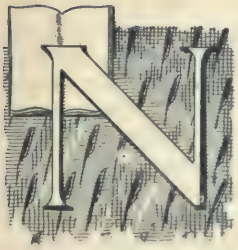
In the close investigation of these special forms of plant life, thousands of facts are brought to light which were totally unsuspected by the famous botanist of early days, and which, when first presented, require copious draughts upon the credulity of scientists as well as laymen. For many years Linnæus regarded the pitchers of Sarracenia as a provision of nature for the water-supply of birds, while Catesby insisted that they were harbors of refuge for insects when pursued by some implacable enemy. Other eminent botanists have entertained similar illusions, and it is only of late that the true functions of these curious plants have been elucidated. The most remarkable discoveries, in all probability, are yet to be made.



AUSTRALIAN PITCHER-PLANT. CEPHALOTUS FOLLICULARIS.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CALIFORNIAN.

BY HARLAN M. BRAINARD.



O better type of the energetic Californian can be found than M. H. de Young, the well-known proprietor and editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, whose portrait accompanies this paper. Mr. de Young belongs to the younger generation, because he is still under forty-five, in the prime of strength, and with that faith in the future that the older man seldom retains. He has practically made his reputation and his fortune within the last twelve years, and he has made both in the face of opposition so bitter that it would have taken the heart out of a man of less courage, persistence and stamina. To develop one of the most valuable newspaper properties in the country in a single decade can only be accomplished by a man of large capacity, and Mr. de Young has not only made his newspaper known and recognized as an authority on Pacific Coast interests from one end of the country to the other, but he has made it so indispensable to thousands of intelligent readers that it is now one of the best paying newspaper properties in the country. This has been effected by the union of boldness and conservatism, which is characteristic of the man. He never hesitates to attack monopoly or to expose fraud, but at the same time for more than a decade his ruling purpose has been to avoid mere sensationalism and never to print anything without making every effort to secure accuracy. This purpose, consistently carried out, has brought its own reward, and despite the most venomous hostility Mr. de Young has steadily advanced in public appreciation, and has been rewarded with many positions of honor and trust.

Mr. de Young comes of good old English and French stock. Born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1848, he came to California with his parents when a mere boy. Like his brother Charles, he always had a passion for newspaper work. He learned the printer's trade, and before he was sixteen knew all about the mechanical work of the newspaper, such as the setting of type, the handling of presses and the making up of mail. No labor was too great if it helped to make him master of some new department of this newspaper business, which has so powerful an attraction for him. When only seventeen years old, he and his brother Charles started in this city a little advertising sheet called the Dramatic Chronicle, intended for free circulation in the local theaters. No one who has not heard Mr. de Young tell the story of the early struggles of this little paper, can form any idea of the pluck and hard work required for these two boys to make their venture a success. Debt dogged them at every step, and often it looked as though another week or even another day would see them beaten, but they finally pulled through every difficulty, and had the satisfaction of seeing so great a demand for the little paper that they were able to make it a regular daily newspaper. It was bold, active, fearless, and it made its way, but never until after the death of the younger brother was it an assured financial success. Those were dark days after the death of Charles de Young, but in this crisis in the life of the newspaper he had worked fifteen years to establish, M. H. de Young put forth all his

energies, and the result surpassed even his most sanguine anticipations. Few newspapers in this country can show such remarkable strides as the Chronicle made from 1880 to 1885. It advanced by leaps and bounds. It penetrated every part of this western coast, and it was read by the mine manager in Nevada, and the rancher in Arizona—who received it two days after it was printed—with the same interest as by the city merchant and professional man who get it fresh from the press. For twelve years Mr. de Young has been its sole proprietor and editor, and has brought the paper to its present wonderfully successful issue. The great secret of his success is that he has always taken the part of the people against the big corporations, and has never failed to get in and fight for any one who was unjustly used. This course has raised up for him many lively enemies, but it has brought him more friends. Even the men whom he has attacked most bitterly, and who have suffered most under these onslaughts, respect his motives and admire his courage. His knowledge of newspaper work is probably more complete and accurate than that of any man in charge of a great daily newspaper in this country, for he knows intimately every detail of the business by practical experience. He is in close touch with all departments, and nothing escapes his searching scrutiny. Though he believes, as Napoleon did, in the virtue of keeping every one on the *qui vive*, yet it can be said for him that he is free from the caprice that leads to frequent changes in so many newspaper offices. When he is satisfied with a man's honesty and efficiency, that man is assured of his place, and the result is that every head of a department on the Chronicle has occupied his desk for more than twelve years.

For many years Mr. de Young has been full of faith in the future of San Francisco, and through his newspaper, as well as in business ventures, he has demonstrated this confidence in the city's growth. He was among the first to appreciate the value of outside lands, and he bought acres south of the park, which he has since subdivided into building lots. He was the pioneer in the construction of lofty, fire-proof office buildings in this city, in the face of Silurian predictions that buildings such as adorn Chicago and New York would not resist our earthquakes. His demonstration that even a heavy earthquake has no effect on modern construction resulted in the erection of the Crocker and the Mills buildings, which are genuine additions to the architecture of the city. In line with his work in erecting a fire-proof, earthquake-proof building, he has advocated the proper paving of San Francisco streets and the reform of the whole system of sewerage. The good that he has done in overcoming prejudice against the asphaltum pavement is incalculable, for nothing impresses so unfavorably the prospective investor in San Francisco as our wretched street pavements.

With the same energy he has shown in municipal improvements, Mr. de Young entered upon the work of securing California proper representation at the Chicago World's Fair. He made a careful study of the great exposition at Paris, and when he was selected as Commissioner for California he was fully prepared to make valuable suggestions. It was due to his efforts that the Horticultural Department was kept distinct from the Agricultural, thus insuring California prominence for her most attractive products. Mr. de Young's work at the preliminary meetings was recognized by his appointment as Vice-President, and one of the twelve members of the Board of Control. His suggestion of a souvenir coin promises to be of the greatest value to the financial success of the fair. Mr. de Young was a contributor to the first number of the CALIFORNIAN, and his papers in other magazines, as well, show that he combines literary skill with the executive ability.

A feature of the CALIFORNIAN has been a series of articles on political and economic questions of the day, which have attracted widespread attention, and have been commented upon by the press of the entire country as being of singular ability. The articles were from the pen of Richard H. McDonald, Jr., one of the leading bankers of San Francisco.

To which class of men—that of self-made men who have raised themselves from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame, or that class of those who, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries which riches can supply, have chosen the stony path of a laborious life instead of one of ease and self-indulgence—to which of these two classes the greater merit is due is a question not easy to answer. The indomitable will and steadfastness of purpose displayed by the one class is fairly balanced by the self-denial and determination practiced by the other. Whether the energetic pursuit of prominence and prosperity under difficulties that appall weak minds is more worthy of admiration than resisting the alluring temptations that the possession of wealth holds out, and adopting a life of usefulness to one's fellow sojourners in this world of toil and struggle, is an anthropological problem hard to solve.

Of the latter class Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, is a typical representative. Descended from a remote ancestor who, centuries ago was Scotch lord of the Isles, the son of an honored pioneer and wealthy banker, there was every inducement and every opportunity for him to choose a life of ease and luxury. But the young man had different aspirations. To devote himself to benefiting his fellow-beings, to aid others in the battle of life, and for that purpose to acquire a correct insight into the intricate operations of business, in its numerous branches, and a knowledge of finance both theoretical and practical—these were the objects of his youthful ambition. To be thé proud owner of a fast race-horse ; *monstrari digitu* as a conspicuous leader in the social world ; to sail round the globe in a hundred thousand dollar yacht, and such like features of fame had no attraction for his well-balanced mind. From early childhood he displayed an extraordinary desire for knowledge, and the educational course which he went through prominently points to his insatiability and the persistence with which he pursued his purpose.

In 1861 the boy was taken to New York, where the serious part of his education may be said to have begun. He was not ten years of age, but his love of study, his unflagging zeal and eagerness to improve were such that his wise father, anxious to give him the benefit of as liberal an education as money could procure, sent him to Germany, where he was matriculated in 1878 at the celebrated University of Jena. His vacations were spent in traveling and studying the social conditions of European people, in analyzing different forms of government, and making copious notes on political questions of the day. On his return to his native land he entered Yale College, and graduated thence with honor in 1881 as Bachelor of Arts. It might be supposed that young McDonald would now have been satisfied with the amount of study he had accomplished and the university honors which he had obtained. Such was not the case ; in the following year he entered the senior class at Harvard, and graduated with additional honors.

And now Mr. McDonald entered upon the practical path of life. His education, so far as collegiate courses were concerned, was complete. His future education took a different direction.

With splendid abilities, with a mind well stored with other than mere academic wisdom, gained by close observation practiced during his travels at home and abroad, he was in every respect prepared to enter the

career of life which he had chosen—that of a banker and financier. He did not, however, jump into a high position which the influence of his father as President of the Pacific Bank might have secured for him had he so wished. The young man was too conscientious, too earnest, to entertain such a desire. He knew well that for the thorough understanding of banking every detail of the business must be learned by practical experience, and the first step which he took toward the honorable position of Vice-President of the bank which he now occupies was on the lowest round of the ladder. His earnestness in his work, his unremitting application, and the intuitive readiness with which his highly-gifted and well-balanced mind grasped the intricacies of the business did not fail to raise him to a position which few men attain at his age. Every department of the institution was passed through in turn; over every desk in the establishment he has bent his well-shaped head, and a thorough knowledge of the routine and working of every branch was acquired by him step by step. During this course of practical education, Mr. McDonald developed such financial talent that it is not surprising to find him elected in due time Vice-President of the bank, a position which entails most of the arduous duties of management and development. He is now the active spirit of the institution, and has been greatly instrumental in raising it to its present high place in the banking world.

Mr. McDonald is not yet forty years old, but he looks much younger than most men of that age. Possessed of a good constitution, and soundness of health, which has been promoted by strict temperance and the avoidance of every form of dissipation, of a bodily vigor and a power of endurance which no mental labor can weaken, Mr. McDonald is one of the hardest workers of the present day; and we may safely predict will continue to be such for very many years to come. Long after banking hours his private office is open to business men who resort thither to consult with him or seek his advice; and when the day's work is done his night work is taken up—for he still pursues his studies and is constantly increasing his fund of learning. He will not let the education received in youth run to weeds in his mature manhood.

Those who know him, or have even seen him once, usually recognize in the broad forehead, in the firm contour of mouth and chin, in the expression of resolution and self-reliance which the whole countenance wears, and in the steadfastness of purpose proclaimed in his dark eyes, the strength of character which he possesses, and the mental power which has enabled him to accomplish so much.

Mr. McDonald has dedicated himself uncompromisingly to work. Development and the welfare of the community are the aims of his life. And so, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year he ceaselessly labors in the cause of duty, his thoughts upon the grave questions finding expression in the CALIFORNIAN and various other publications of the country.

Among the distinguished contributors to the CALIFORNIAN none is better known in the world of letters and thought than Dr. Elliott Coues, whose papers on psychical matters in the CALIFORNIAN have attracted widespread attention. As scientist and philosopher Dr. Coues occupies an exceptional position among the prominent learned men of this country. To be both famous in physical science and acquire distinction as an investigator of the psychical phenomena are achievements attained by few men. Yet Dr. Coues has accomplished both of these objects. His exposition in the September number of the CALIFORNIAN of the impositions practiced upon the public by the so-called spirit photographers is an illustration of this closeness of observation, and the imperviousness to imposture with which the

activity and analytical power of his mind have protected him from the weakness of credulity. Dr. Coues and the late Robert Dale Owen may be regarded as antipodes with regard to psychical investigation. Cæsar said that man is apt to believe in that which is in accord with his own wishes, and this aphorism represents exactly the position of Robert Dale Owen, and the converse side of Elliott Coues' procedure in matters connected with spiritualism. The latter has never allowed his wish to become father to his faith.

Dr. Coues may be regarded as one of the closest researchers of modern days, and it is not derogatory to the credit due him for his untiring industry and aptitude for research that he derived these qualities from his father, Samuel Elliott Coues, who was the author of several scientific works on physics, astronomy and geology. Dr. Coues is a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, being born in that town September 9th, 1842. His mother's maiden name was Charlotte Haven Ladd. During his boyhood he was educated at the Jesuit Seminary that has since developed into Gonzaga College, but at the age of fifteen was removed to the Baptist College, which is now Columbian University, and graduated in 1861 in the Academic department, and in 1863 in the National Medical College in Washington.

While still at college young Coues displayed an enthusiastic love of natural history, ornithology being the particular branch to which he then devoted himself, and before taking his degree he was sent to Labrador by the Smithsonian Institution to collect birds in that region. It should be mentioned that in 1853 Coues' family moved to Washington, in which city he has resided ever since, except during periods when he was absent on service as an army officer or engaged in some scientific expedition.

As soon as he had taken his medical degree he received an appointment for one year as Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., and at the age of twenty-one passed the examination for the Medical Corps of the army. At the age of twenty-two he received his commission and was thereupon ordered to Arizona. During the next ten years of service in different places as Post Surgeon he utilized all his spare time in the study of the natural history of the regions to which he was sent. Arizona, North and South Carolina and Dakota became each in turn a field for his investigations. While stationed at Fort Randall, Dakota, in 1873, he received the appointment of Surgeon and Naturalist of the United States Northern Boundary Commission engaged in surveying the line on the forty-ninth parallel from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. On the completion of the boundary survey Dr. Coues was made Secretary and Naturalist of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, and edited all the publications of that survey during the years 1876 to 1880, besides publishing several volumes of his own. It was at this time that he projected a universal Bibliography of Ornithology, and several installments of the work published by him attracted such attention in England that he received an invitation from Darwin, Huxley and nearly fifty other leading British scientists to take up his residence in London and connect himself with the British Museum.

While thus at the height of his reputation, while pursuing scientific researches and literary labors which were recognized and appreciated by the most prominent scientists in the Old World, Dr. Coues was suddenly ordered to routine medical duty in Arizona. The practice of his profession had never had much interest for him, and he found it unbearable after so long a period passed in the pursuit of his favorite studies. No notice being taken of his protests he returned to Washington and sent in his resignation.

From early manhood Professor

M. H. DE YOUNG.

Coues has been identified with the Smithsonian Institution, and by invitation of Professor S. F. Baird had long held an unsalaried office in the Institution. In 1877 he was elected a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and in the same year was appointed the Chair of Anatomy of the National Medical College in Washington. When, therefore, the doctor resigned his position in the army, he reassumed his desk at the Smithsonian and his chair at the college; and from that time onward he studied and labored in those fields of science in which his soul so loves to roam.

About fifteen years ago, during the most active period of his intellectual energy, his mind seems to have not rested satisfied with physical science and the materialistic school of thought to which it had adapted itself, and Dr. Coues began to apply himself to psychical investigations, with the object of seeking, by the application of the principles of evolution, an explanation of the biological phenomena of hypnotism, clairvoyance, telepathy and other such like mysterious exhibitions of obscure operations of the mind. In 1883 his researches found expression in an address delivered before the Philosophical Society of Washington, and published afterward under the title of Biogen: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life. In the following year the professor visited England and became a member of the British Society for Psychical Research. His sojourn in that country seems to have confirmed him in his new line of thought, and he continued his study of spiritualism and other psychic phenomena with a persistency and success which neither ridicule nor the organized opposition of conservative science could suppress. He was alike impervious to criticism and denunciation. When it was found that his views with regard to the application of scientific methods to the investigation of spiritualism were regarded with respect in Europe by the most distinguished thinkers, his new departure ceased to be a laughing stock.

Prof. Coues is in the very prime of his intellectual life, and being gifted by nature with a strong and healthy body, capable of great physical endurance, all his hard work and literary labors have left no trace of either mental or bodily exhaustion. Tall and well formed, he is still erect and vigorous under his half century of years. With his fine-cut, classic features, his ample forehead, and steadfast eye, his air and expression are pre-eminently those of a scholar. In private life the professor is unassuming and accessible, and his readiness to impart what he knows to others marks a prominent trait in his character, while the intensity of his honesty and love of truth is such that it occasionally impels him to a frankness of speech which is not agreeable to those who do not understand him.

Among the numerous works of which he is the author, mention should be made of his Birds of the Northwest, published in 1874; Fur-bearing Animals, in 1877; Monographs of the Rodentia (with Professor J. A. Allen) in 1877; Birds of the Colorado Valley, in 1878; and two volumes entitled New England Bird-Life, published in 1881. During the progress of the great Century Dictionary of the English Language, Prof. Coues was one of the corps of experts having charge of the important scientific branches of general biology, zoology and comparative anatomy.

No contributor to the CALIFORNIAN is better or more widely known than Ex-Governor Lionel Allen Sheldon, whose biographical papers and those on economic questions have shown him to be in touch with the thought of the day.

Teacher, lawyer, politician, soldier, Congressman, Governor, writer, Ex-Governor Sheldon offers in the vicissitudes of his varied life, a fair illustration of that quality of versatility in mental make-up which enables the typical American to adapt himself to

RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

all circumstances and conditions of life. Every one of those vocations he has filled to his credit and renown.

Though born in Oswego County, N. Y., August 30, 1829, he was brought up on a farm in Ohio, and the manual labor and outdoor exercise to which he was accustomed during the earlier years of his life doubtless had their effect on his physical development, and built up that strong constitution which enabled him successfully to undergo the hardships and suffering to which he was exposed at a later period. But young Sheldon had ambitions which extended beyond the beam of a plough, and beyond the furrows of a wheat field.

Having received a limited education at Oberlin he applied himself to tuition, and pursued the vocation of teacher for several years. During that period, however, he did not relax his studies, and as soon as his means allowed he attended the law school in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., being admitted to the bar in 1851, when he was barely twenty-two years of age. Selecting Elyria, Ohio, as the field for his future practice he settled there, and so successful an advocate did he prove himself, and so highly was his knowledge of law appreciated, that he was appointed judge of probate, serving in that capacity during one term. He next appeared in the role of a politician, and supported John C. Fremont for the Presidential nomination at the Philadelphia Republican Convention in 1856. But the time was approaching when his peaceful but busy career would be interrupted; when he would throw down the lawyer's pen and grasp the soldier's sword in support of the national integrity.

In 1860 Mr. Sheldon was commissioned Brigadier-General of militia, and as soon as the civil war broke out, was actively engaged in raising recruits for the army of the north. But he was not one of those men who are ready and willing to let others fight for principles which they themselves aid and promote outside the field of strife, but flinch from supporting on battle grounds. In August, 1861, he eagerly accepted a captaincy of cavalry, and from that date until the close of the war his promotion was rapid and steady. In 1862 he had already reached the rank of colonel, and in command of the Forty-second Ohio infantry led that regiment in all its movements in West Virginia, Kentucky and Eastern Tennessee.

To give only a portion of the details of his four years' service during that fratricidal struggle would require a volume. Experiences and vicissitudes similar to those which he underwent were undergone by many others who served during the whole war and came out of it alive. They can testify to the privations and suffering that had to be borne with fortitude; to the power of endurance and strong vitality that alone enabled them to survive the hardships of successive campaigns and resist the insidious attacks of disease; they can bear witness, also, to the calm courage, the presence of mind and indifference to wounds and death that commanding officers displayed on those dreadful battle-fields, when victory herself would long hesitate to award the crown. Such an officer was Ex-Governor Sheldon. Devoted to the cause, he served all through the war with unflagging enthusiasm and unshaken faith; his powerful frame, vigorous health and high grade intrepidity supporting him under all trials.

In November of the last named year we find Colonel Sheldon in command of a brigade which participated in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post, and in the following year at the head of a brigade of the 13th army corps. At Fort Gibson Sheldon was wounded, but that did not damp his ardor. On his recovery he again took the field, was present at the capture of Vicksburg, and finally, in March, 1865, was brevetted Brigadier-General of volunteers.

After the disbandment of that vast

DR. ELLIOTT COUES.

army of volunteers which the magnitude of the contest had called into the field, General Sheldon settled in New Orleans and resumed the practice of his profession. His success was as pronounced in that city of the South as it had been near the shore of Lake Erie. At the age of forty he was elected to Congress on the Republican ticket, and during his service from 1869 to 1875 was chairman of the committee on militia. After the expiration of his term he returned to his professional duties, but always found time to enrich his mind by reading works of high standard and by making deep political questions his study.

Sheldon's services, both in the hard fought field and in the legislature were not forgotten nor were his abilities ignored. In 1881, President Grant appointed him governor of New Mexico, which office he filled with honor to himself and benefit to the

community until 1885. During the period 1865–7 Governor Sheldon was receiver of the Texas and Pacific railroad.

Ex-Governor Sheldon is still stalwart, hearty and active with all his sixty-three years of age, and as you regard the healthy complexion of his face you find it hard to realize that he has passed through such extraordinary hardships. It remains to make mention of the more pleasant occupation of his later years. He is a reader, student and writer. As a contributor to the Arena he has brought his name well before the public, and we hope before long to be perusing his Life of Garfield, which is a labor of love. No one is better able to produce a more truthful and reliable biography of our second murdered president than Governor Sheldon. As lieutenant-colonel he served under Garfield during the war, and for many years was on those terms of friendship and social intimacy with him which afford an insight into traits of character and an examination of mainsprings of action that cannot be obtained from the standpoints of public life. Governor Sheldon's late articles on Garfield published in the CALIFORNIAN serve as an assurance that he will do his work well.

THE LAND OF THE MOON.

BY DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

IT is at Seattle that one takes the train for Snoqualmie — the Land of the Moon. The little station is a queer sort of place down on the river-front, where one rubs up against well-groomed tourists, groups of emigrants with their multifarious household effects and shiny, well-stuffed leather grip-sacks, loggers and miners with huge rolls of gay colored blankets, the ever present siwash with his faithful consort, and a half-dozen freckled-faced newsboys lustily crying the daily papers.

Slowly, very slowly, the train moves away from the station, and one realizes something of the extent of area comprised within the "Queen City." Business houses and hotels are gradually left behind, and we pass rows upon rows of shacks on the water-front, many of which are perched on high trestles, while others are cubby-holed on the opposite banks in apparently inaccessible places. Wharves and shipping soon disappear, and we catch a glimpse of "Queen Anne town," with its handsome and sightly residences.

Now a fine and unobstructed view of the sound is secured, with its flitting boats and seagulls, its distant headlands veiled in blue, and the Olympic mountains far beyond with their icy tops glistening in the sunshine. Then the train darts inland among the pines, at one time innocently coquetting with the sparkling waters of Lakes Union and Washington and anon, boldly hugging their very shores. Extensive sawmills and brickyards on the lakes' borders pro-

claim the onward march of large business interests.

Very soon the Snohomish slough is crossed, and there is only time to see the funny, little, pale green Samamish hotel, when we are whisked off to Snohomish junction, from which a branch road leads out to the town proper. Here a clearing has been made by fire. Flocks of sheep are feeding among the burnt logs and huge stumps of trees forming a picture in black and white of weird and startling effect. Just beyond, a level valley stretches in every direction, which, when cleared will make a section of great beauty as well as material value. Occasionally we come across bits of pasture-lands which are green and gay with grass and wild flowers, and with the grazing cattle are reminiscent of far-away New England.

SNOQUALMIE FALLS, WASHINGTON.

Now we have reached Squak Lake which the track borders for fifteen miles or more. There are sawmills on all sides of the lake, and a little steam-launch is puffing away vigorously, while quantities of duck float gracefully or fly clumsily on and about the water.

The country gradually assumes a more mountainous aspect and evidences of a coal region abound. The town of Gilman lies in a broad valley with farms and hop ranches, and a railway leads to extensive coal and iron mines. The track is on an upgrade now, and winds around tall firs on the one side, while on the other, many feet below us, there are fire-blackened gulleys through which foaming streams rush headlong. We pass numerous logging camps whose occupants have long since moved on into the farther interior, and acres of burned trees, many of which are still standing in silent protest against the inroads of civilization, and, as they rise far above the new undergrowth, resemble a forest of huge, black bean-poles.

A little farther on there is a curious swampy region, the trees of which are mantled from root to topmost branch in bright green moss, and the effect is fantastic in the extreme. At each ascent the interstices between the trees reveal a more extended view of the adjacent country. At the little town of Falls City a view of the snow-covered mountains of the Cascade range bursts upon us in great beauty and startling nearness. Here, also, an unobstructed view of the country is obtained, and the Snoqualmie River

can be traced in its tortuous course for a long distance with its refreshing, green banks from which blue smoke rises occasionally, revealing the home of some favored settler.

Then the train suddenly plunges through a narrow cut in the rocks which forms a gateway to the Land of the Moon.

We alight near the head of the Snoqualmie Falls, and peer over the wet rocks into the seething, foaming mass of water. It is a charming spot with its rainbow and evanescent play of color, while the sound of the rushing water—somewhat overpowering at first—gradually benumbs the senses until it falls upon the ear like the dull droning of myriads of insects.

But the enthusiast will not spend much time in dreaming. A couple of rods back along the track, a gate stands at the head of what appears to be an interminable flight of steps. Once inside, you draw a long breath and glare down a perpendicular height of 300 feet or more. The view "cross country" is superb. A vast forest stretches before us for miles upon miles; the giant firs look like low undergrowth, and the Snoqualmie River becomes a mere thread in the landscape. We begin our slow descent, pausing at intervals to look at the falls as fresher beauties are revealed. The rectangular flight of steps ends abruptly, and then the real scramble ensues. Although suddenly enveloped in an almost impenetrable veil of mist, one must needs bolt under or leap over huge, fallen logs, and with varied mishaps clamber down the slippery path. Finally we strike bottom, and, upon glancing upward, find ourselves in full view of the falls.

The river above, which has been inundated with contributions of melted snow from the surrounding mountains, makes it leap with tremendous force and in a mass of foam which glistens in the sunlight in purest white, except where its shadows—if so pure a thing can be said to have shadows—are of an exquisite green. The glittering spray and the dual rainbows are wondrously beautiful. Huge rocks of brown and red and green, which abound on either side, make a rich setting for the sparkling gem; above, on the highest ledges dark green firs stand out bold and beautiful against the white and blue sky.

Hours may be spent in this one of many of nature's fairy lands, but there is the upward march to be achieved and it is no easy task to mount the long stairway, Much to our relief we discover that the train has gone on to the town, for it is indeed a privilege to walk up the track through the silent woods. On either side there are wild flowers in great abundance—yellow and white lilies abounding—and far ahead, beyond the pines and cedars which have turned to brown and purple in the soft atmosphere, are the mountains of the Cascades in deepest blue.

A half mile or so back of Snoqualmie—a small town with large possibilities—lies a hop ranch which is said to be the largest individual industry of its kind in America. It consists of 320 acres, from which nearly 300 tons of hops are gathered annually, and in the picking season a thousand men—many of whom are Indians—are employed. Some forty or fifty Indian girls were at work grubbing. They are a jolly set, these young Chinooks, and their gay laughter is often heard ringing out across the fields. Their bright colored dresses and head-kerchiefs of red and yellow are wonderfully picturesque in the sunlight, and as the nimble creatures dart in and out among the hop poles, the effect is a brilliant kaleidoscope of color.

The location of the hop ranch is very delightful. It lies on a plateau as level as a billiard table, and is hemmed in on every side, apparently, with snow-covered mountains, reminding one of "Rasselas" and the "Happy Valley." If the hop fields are attractive in the early spring, what can be said of them when they are

arrayed in living green, when, wet with the morning dew, they sparkle in the snow like fields of diamonds, or in the pale light of the moon become waxen and spectral !

"Uncle Si," that prodigiously cragged mountain three miles away, containing vast mineral deposits, fairly glows with color, and Curley mountain, fifteen miles distant, marks the location of the Snoqualmie pass.

There is a fine hotel near the ranch and one might go miles in search of a more charming spot at which to spend a season of recreation. But should you visit the Land of the Moon before the hotel is ready to receive its summer guests, your best accommodations will be found in the men's lodging house. If the food placed before you is uninviting, or the idea of sitting down to meals in company with a motley collection of Italians, Indians and Chinamen, and a dubious scattering of white folks, is not engaging, you are at least made thoroughly welcome by the jovial host, who hails from San José and has brought with him a goodly supply of native sunshine.

It is worth your while to be on the spot when Chang blows the Alpine horn, so that you may hear its echoes die away in marvelously prolonged strains. And those who insist that there are no feathered songsters in Washington should listen to the mocking-birds or thrushes as they call to each other in the early dawn, and hear the sleek, well-fed robins piping lustily in the orchards.

POETRY.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

The spirit in and forming all—
The beauty vaguely felt by souls
That seek the substance, more than goals
Of earth—the life our lives forestall.

A GLIMPSE OF SAN DIEGO—POINT LOMA IN THE DISTANCE.

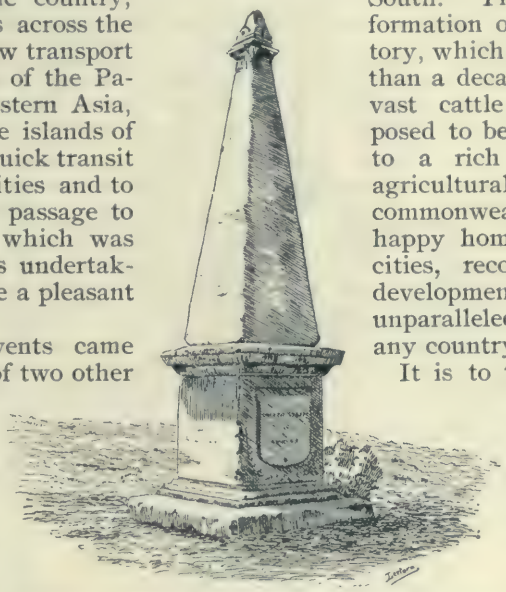
SAN DIEGO.

BY J. AUSTIN HALL.

THE occupation of the great territory of California by the people of the United States (coincident with treaty stipulations at the close of the Mexican War in 1847), and the discovery of its rich gold mines, formed a new era in the history of the world.

The receipts of gold and the establishing of a new, rich and enterprising State of the American Union on the shores of the Pacific, completely revolutionized the monetary and commercial affairs of the country, bringing railroads across the continent that now transport the rich products of the Pacific States, of Eastern Asia, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, by a quick transit to the Atlantic cities and to Europe; and the passage to China or India, which was formerly a serious undertaking, is now become a pleasant excursion.

With these events came also the carving of two other prosperous States from the territory of the great Northwest, Oregon and Washington, rising like two mighty empires with their wealth of commerce and populous cities, and the annexation of the great Territory of Alaska, with its seal fisheries, mineral treasures, inexhaustible coal fields and extensive forests, which, it is said, would cover half of Europe.

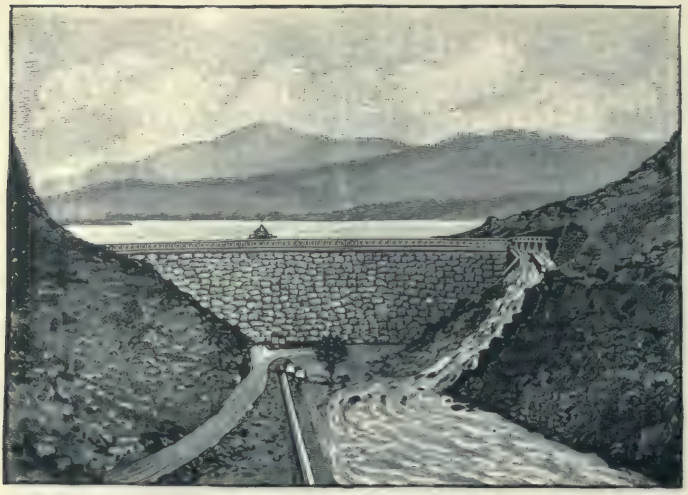


MONUMENT MARKING THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

California in size is the second largest State of the Union and is separated by a range of mountains, traversing the State from east to west, into two grand natural divisions, thus forming two distinct Californias, that of the North and that of the South. Including the peninsula of Lower California, there are in reality three Californias, the whole presenting a coast line of nearly 1,700 miles. The most conspicuous in the phenomenal development of the California of to-day and the one which, more than any other, is attracting the attention of the world, is the California of the South. The magical transformation of this great territory, which, but a little more than a decade since, was one vast cattle range and supposed to be a sterile region, to a rich and flourishing agricultural and horticultural commonwealth—to a land of happy homes and populous cities, records an era of development and prosperity unparalleled in the history of any country in the world.

It is to this southern section of the Golden State, and more especially to San Diego City—its surroundings, resources and climatic conditions that we shall devote the greater space in this paper, omitting as far as possible the dryer details of statistical and historical data and dwelling more on the actual of to-day.

Having several times visited the southern section, coming thither via the "Overland," I had on this occasion chosen the more pleasant sea



SWEETWATER DAM.

voyage from San Francisco, arriving in San Diego in that delightful season of the year when had been ushered in in all its loveliness, the semi-tropical spring of Southern California—when Nature, refreshed by winter's showers, smiled her gladness from the blossoming land.

In attempting a description of San Diego and its surroundings, we invite the reader's attention to a very wide area of country embraced within the limits of San Diego County, and comprising the most southwestern division of the United States territory. Of this area San Diego City is the capital, sitting as a celestial queen at the gates of the first safe harbor on the coast of California, which presents but one other in all its ocean front of near 1,700 miles.

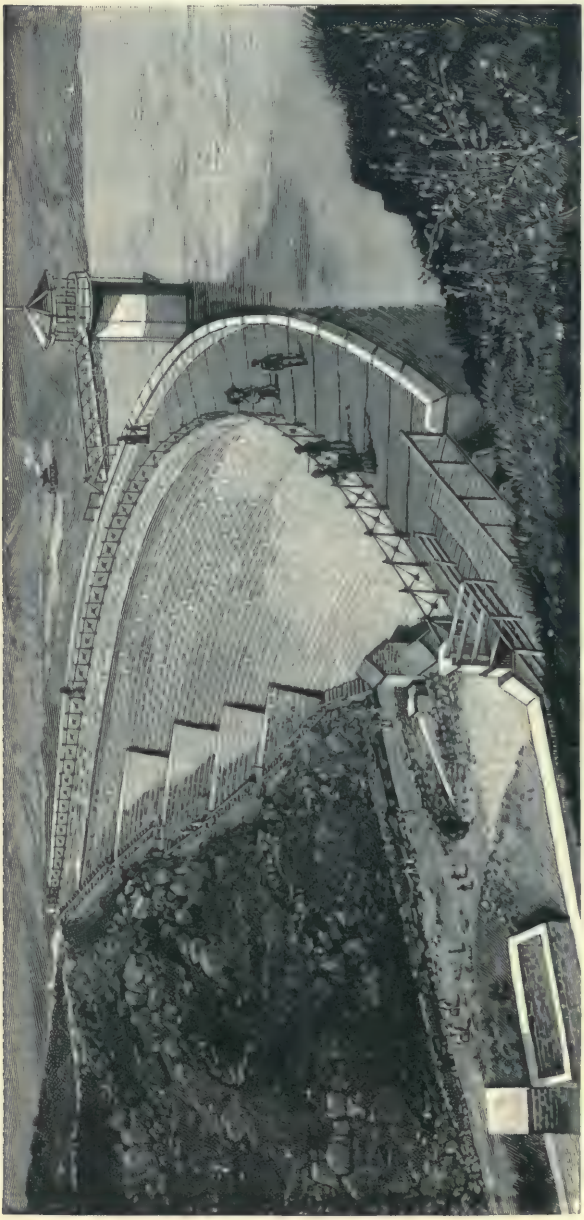
The County of San Diego is bounded on the north by San Bernardino, Los Angeles and Orange Counties; on the east by Arizona, the Colorado River forming the boundary line; on the south by the Mexican territory of Lower California; on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Its area is 14,969 square miles, or more than 9,580,000 acres. This great territory is nearly as extensive as the combined territory of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware, and contains over 3,000,000 acres of land adapted to agriculture and grazing, exclusive of the Colorado Desert and mountains adjacent to it on the east. Within these boundaries are to be found characteristic features and peculiar conditions, to be met with nowhere else in the world. It would be difficult indeed to describe a country at once so large and varied in its attractions. Among its most noticeable features might be mentioned its peculiar and highly-favored geographical position; its extremes of altitude, ranging from 360 feet below the level of the sea* to mountain peaks rising to nearly 11,000 feet above the ocean — its range of climate representing nearly every zone from the torrid heat of the Sahara† to the almost perpetual winter of the San Jacinto summits and its great variety of soil productions, mineral treasures and scenic wonders.

But to return to the city. We find the metropolis of this vast country reposing serenely by its sunlit bay, embowered in a labyrinth of rose blooms and citrus perfume. So peculiar is its position and surroundings, we are constrained to say that

*Refers to the depression of the Colorado Desert.
†Refers to the heat of the Colorado Desert.

FAN PALMS EAST OF SAN DIEGO.

there is but one San Diego in the world—there can be but one; it is a distinct type by itself and can never be repeated. Some traveler has said: "See Naples and die." San Diego with its grand San Jacinto Mountain and sunlit bay is the Naples of America, and overlooks one of the most beautiful and commodious harbors in the world. It is stated of a certain Indian Chief, traveling in Europe with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, that, on the occasion of his being presented to Queen Victoria, he addressed her Majesty in the Indian tongue, bowing very low. When the Queen inquired what he had said she was informed by the interpreter: "He says to your Majesty, 'I have crossed the great waters, I have seen the mother of the world and my heart is glad.'"



THE RESERVOIR OF SWEETWATER DAM.

The writer has never been introduced to the Queen, neither has he seen the Bay of Naples, but he has seen the City of San Diego with its marvelous scenes of ocean and islands, of mountains and plains, the peninsula enclosing her sunlit bay, and her island-city Coronado, and his heart is glad.

While San Diego in itself is one of the most beautiful cities of its size in the Union, its own charms are greatly enhanced by what may be termed her collateral attractions — scenes within greater or less distance from the city proper, but all within her own radius and encircling her like a succession of gems adorning a queen. It would seem here that Nature has been very prodigal in the contributing of all her elements in forming such glorious panoramic pictures as meet the de-

HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

lighted gaze from Coronado Beach, Florence Heights, or any of the numerons elevations about the city.

The city lies upon a rolling mesa or table-land, sloping gently back from the sea, where an elevation of 200 feet is attained at about an average distance of one mile from the bay. Should one take a car on either the electric or cable road and go three miles back, he will be landed at the Pavilion, which is surrounded by a lovely park situated on a divide at an elevation of some 500 feet. From this point he looks down on Mission Valley and San Diego River, where a most enchanting scene is presented to view. His gaze rests upon a landscape of fruit-farms, gardens and beautiful villas, in the midst of which the windings of the river may be traced, having its outlet in plain view at Pacific Beach, at which point we catch a glimpse of the ocean. Looking up the valley is seen the ruins of the old San Diego Mission, established 1769, and to the left, near the foot of the bay, is Old Town, or the original San Diego, whose denizens will show you with pride the marriage place of Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal "Ramona."

But we have now turned our backs upon San Diego City proper and we will return to Florence Heights and take our stand just where the new City Park begins, from which point a more interesting seaward outlook can hardly be found. From the intersection of almost any of the streets may be had a good view of the bay and ocean, and from Florence Heights one sees unrolled before him a panoramic picture of marvelous beauty. Here we look down at the little city at our feet, nestling serenely beside a tranquil bay which shimmers in the sunlight and encircles it as with a silver girdle. On the opposite side lies the infant city Coronado, its wonderful hotel standing jealous guard over the island and peninsula, and to the east near the head of the bay, four miles away, lies National City, which is but the stepchild of San Diego. Situated thus between the mountains and the sea, San Diego has for its background the grand San Jacinto range, uplifting its lofty summits to the regions of almost perpetual winter and gleaming with snow for many months of the year.

Looking westward still and towards the ocean, we see on the right and on

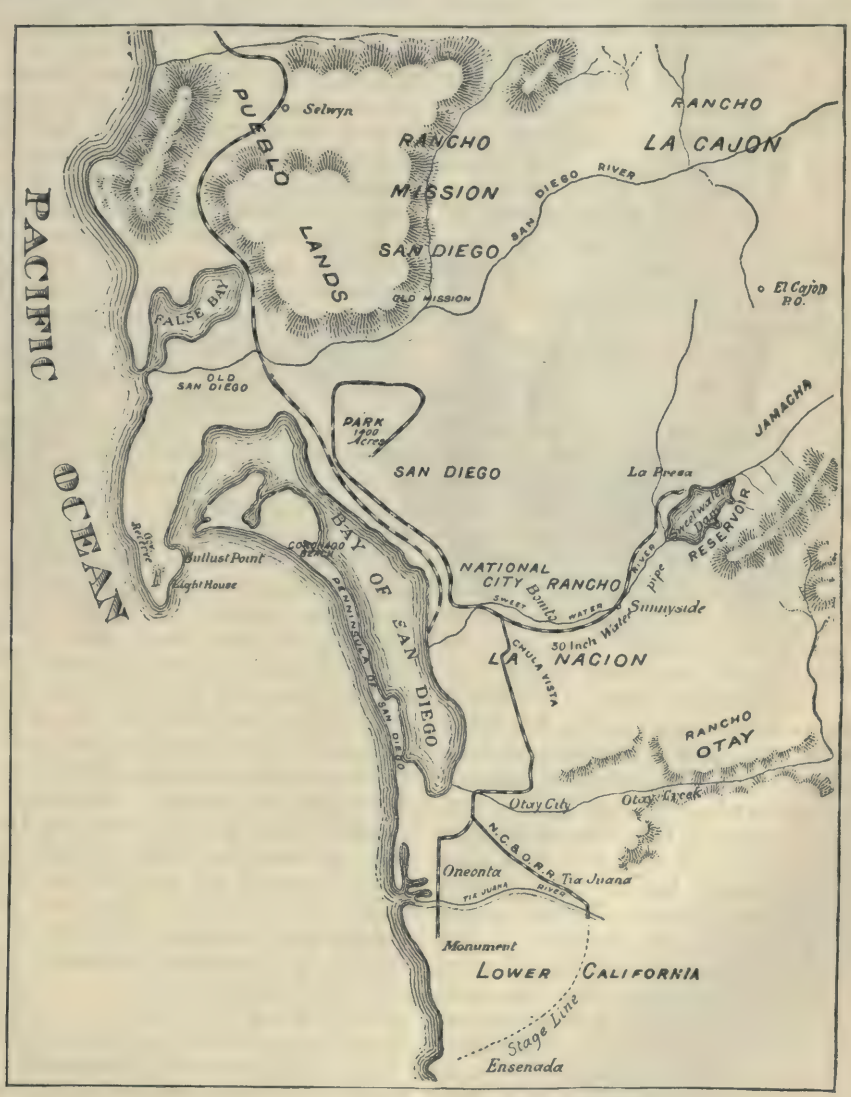
SAN DIEGO AND BAY FROM CORONADO.

the left two peninsulas extending out from the mainland—two mighty giant arms of the mountains reaching far out to sea, which by a great curve enclose a sheltered harbor within an outer bay. The storm-tossed mariner, in the event of a long voyage on tempestuous seas, may, even though the night be dark and threatening, behold the beacon-light of the light-house which rests its foot on Point Loma over 400 feet above the ocean, uplifting its torch in the darkness, and inviting and lighting the way to a peaceful haven.

As we look out again through this great gap, and survey the boundless expanse of the Pacific, we discern the dark outlines of a chain of islands, some twenty-five miles from the coast, and recognize the island of San Clemente, and also that of the celebrated Santa Catalina, one of the most favorite resorts of all California, with its wonderful Black Jack Mountain, 2,000 feet high.

But the picture is incomplete until we have traced the lines of the wonderful Coronado Peninsula, a narrow neck of land extending out from the mainland on the east, and from within the outer bay I have described. It is a rocky ridge which, seen from a distance, changes its color and aspect, according to lights and shades and the hour of the day. In the morning it appears as a strip of sand, white as the driven snow, glittering in the sunlight like a silver thread, and changing again in the afternoon to a dark green, or emerald hue. This peninsula is about twelve miles in length, and approaches within 600 yards of Point Loma, thus forming a channel, through which is the entrance to the bay of San Diego. At this point the peninsula suddenly expands, forming what appears to be almost an island, and which has a superficial area of two square miles. Here is situated the little city of Coronado, with a population of several hundred souls, and its wonderful Hotel Del Coronado, the largest and handsomest

in the world, costing over a million dollars and the only one of its kind kept open to tourists all the year round. Coronado lies just opposite to San Diego, across the bay. It is one mile distant and is reached in fifteen minutes by a steam ferry for a five cent fare, and five cents more on the motor line which connects the city and hotel with the ferry. Coronado City and hotel are also connected with San Diego and the outer world by a motor line railway, which encircles the bay and traverses the peninsula, and is barely wide enough in places for the railway track to rest upon it. Tourists who make the excursion over this route find it a delightful trip. The train hugs the bay closely, passing through National City four miles down the shore, and on round the head of the bay, until it leaves the



MAP OF SAN DIEGO AND VICINITY.

mainland and enters upon the peninsula in full view of the ocean; then it runs along the beach a number of miles, and so near the water's edge that the waves almost dash upon the track. The distance by this route is twenty-five miles, and one hour is consumed in making the trip. The fare is sixty cents.

National City is a place of considerable importance and contains several thousand inhabitants. It is situated on San Diego Bay, and is the terminus of the Santa Fe system of the Southern California Railway, which connects San Diego and National City with the Atlantic seaboard and the balance of the world. The Santa Fe has its shops at National City, though its principal shipping point is San Diego. The two cities are connected by an electric line of street cars, a motor line and also by the Santa Fe system.

The City of San Diego is situated in latitude 32 42′ 37″ north, longitude 117 9′ west, 480 miles southeast of San Francisco, and is the spot where the earliest steps of civilization of the territory that now forms the State of California were taken. It was here that the good Friar, Junipero Serra, on the 16th day of July, 1769, founded the first mission in the chain which afterward extended along the coast as far north as Sonoma. The Bay of San Diego was discovered in the year 1542, by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain. The present name of the harbor was given by Sebastian Vizcaino, who surveyed it in November 1602.

Prior to 1885 San Diego existed chiefly as a town site, and, measured by its corporate limits, it contained an amplitude of area. It was in the year 1833 that the Pueblo of San Diego was organized, and in 1844 the Pueblo received from the Mexican Government a grant of seventy square miles of land, a part of which lands have been sold from time to time at public auction whenever the city needed funds. It was in this way that Mr. A. E. Horton secured 900 acres in the heart of the present city. He bid twenty-seven cents per acre and got the land. The city still owns in one tract 1,400 acres, reserved in perpetuity for a public park. It owns, besides, other lands sufficient to constitute a princely domain, making it an unusually wealthy and solvent city. Her public buildings are stately and costly, and among them may be mentioned the county courthouse, erected at an expense of $75,000, the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Hall, which cost $45,000, the Fisher Opera House, at a cost of about $100,000, than which there is no finer building of that class in California. The different religious denominations have their church edifices, and the educational facilities are of a superior order. That the reader may form some estimate of the progress made, it may be mentioned that during the year 1885, 219 new buildings were erected in the city at an aggregate cost of $769,000. There are two national banks, three first-class hotels, besides restaurants, coffee saloons and boarding houses sufficient to meet all the demands of the public.

San Diego Bay is nearly twenty miles in length, with an average width of two miles and a half and almost landlocked, thus affording a perfect shelter to vessels. The entrance is 600 yards wide, with a depth of twenty-three feet at mean low tide, with a rise of about five feet, which is sufficient to float any vessel that may call. The bottom of the bay, its entrances and approaches are good, as there are no rocks to endanger the passage of ships. On the San Diego side of the bay are the extensive shipping wharves of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. And here, also, are the piers and immense coal bunkers of the Spreckels Brothers' Commercial Company.

One of the most favored spots in San Diego County is National City. There the California Southern railroad has its machine and workshops, and in the neighborhood are hand-

some country residences and fruitful gardens and orchards. Among the most important are those of the Kimballs, the Steeles and many others. Mr. Warren C. Kimball has devoted his attention to the development of extensive orchards, while the culture of the olive has been the study of Mr. Frank Kimball, who is a leader in this branch of horticulture. Mr. H. M. Higgins' lemon orchard is one of the largest in the State.

On the 29th of October, 1885, the first County Fair was opened in San Diego, the exhibitors numbering 535. The display of fruits was extraordinary. Mr. Douglas Gunn thus writes on this first effort on the part of San Diego to present her capabilities of production:

"There were shown, of deciduous fruits, forty-nine exhibits of apples from as many different sections of the country, each showing from two to twenty-five varieties of the fruit; thirty-two sections exhibited pears in great variety, and there were peaches and quinces from nearly every section. Figs, dates, Japan persimmons, bananas, guavas, pomegranates, etc., were shown in great quantity and variety. While it was not the season for citrus fruits the display of these was, nevertheless, large and fine, and embraced every variety of orange, lemon, lime, citron, bergamot, shaddock and pumalo—twenty-seven sections being represented."

San Diego is as typical an American city as any to be found. If the influence of any one city may be said to prevail, it is that of Boston, and there is a reason for it: the Santa Fé railroad has its terminus at this harbor, and is an institution maintained by Boston men.

This city of the South numbers among its inhabitants several distinguished authors. The public schools are ably directed by an efficient principal, and will compare well with the best in the United States, and afford better advantages than are found in many of the older cities of the East, some of the public-school buildings having cost as high as $28,000 each.

STEAMSHIP LOADING UP.

THE CREST OF SWEETWATER DAM.

San Diego's population is about 18,000. Its streets are beautifully laid out, and named by the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, etc., in one direction, and by the ordinals, First, Second, Third, etc., in the other. It has three miles of asphaltum streets and one mile and a half of porphyry macadam, kept clean and in excellent repair. Its public buildings and business blocks are fine, while horse, cable and electric railways and two motor lines supply the public with all necessary means of transportation. The cable line is about four miles in length, extending beyond the City Park, which contains 1,400 acres. The system of water works is excellent, and the city is supplied with an abundance of pure, fresh water brought from the Cuyamaca Mountains. The flume which conducts this water of the mountains is a fine specimen of engineering skill, and an honor to the Flume Company that constructed it at a cost of over $1,000,000. In fact, there seems to be nothing lacking to make San Diego one of the most healthful and beautiful cities in the world.

The great natural factors that give to San Diego and Southern California the most equable climate in the world are noticeable in its topography as well as its geographical position. These topographical conditions were clearly illustrated to the writer on the occasion of his voyage down the coast last March, when all was new and strange to him. The change of climate was noticeable as we rounded Point Conception, and, steaming past the lighthouse, entered the Santa Barbara channel almost within a ship's length. We had run out of the cold wind and fog that had prevailed for 300 miles down the coast, and entered into sunshine. As we sailed on, hour after hour, over a calm sea, under an azure sky wafted by summer breezes, I realized the fact that I had indeed entered an Italian climate. The magical transformation that then seemed so strange to me is now, after months of climatic investigation, no longer a mystery, but a consequence of natural laws.

At Point Conception the Pacific Coast leaves the southeasterly direction which it pursues all the way from Alaska, and turns off almost due east. The Kuru Siwo current that flows south along the coast is now thrust out to sea by the prominence of the cape. A chain of islands assists in excluding the Alaskan current from the shore, beginning with San Miguel and extending as far south as San Diego. This chain of islands, the summits of a submerged mountain range, encloses a sheltered channel

into which flows from the south a current of warmer water.

Other physical features, moreover, combine to temper the climate of Southern California. The land which in Northern California faces off westward to the sea, here faces southward to the sun. The mountains on the north and on the east walling in the country from the chilly north give it a southwestern exposure to the ocean which, together with the action of the mild breezes blowing from the channel, modifies the climate, producing a warm, even temperature the year round.

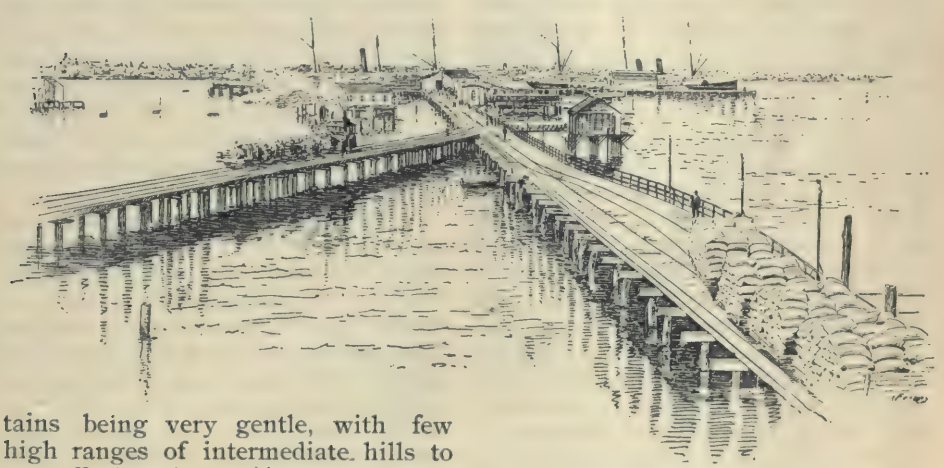
"The arable lands of San Diego County are as rich and productive as those at the mouth of the Danube, or upon the lower Nile, and lie at a comparatively uniform elevation above sea level, the slopes from the mountains being very gentle, with few high ranges of intermediate hills to cut off the view. These lands are scattered over all elevations, and lie at various distances from the coast in tracts of from a few hundred to 40,000 acres, ranging from sea level to 6,000 feet above it."

The best known valley is El Cajon, some twelve miles from San Diego City. This valley contains 20,000 acres of choice land. The raisins produced in it have won a national reputation for their excellence, and the supply at present is not equal to the demand of the cities of Boston and New York alone.

One of the finest tracts of arable land under irrigation is the Chula Vista Tract, owned by the San Diego Land and Town Co. It is subdivided into small acreage. With its magnificent ocean view, rich soil, and charming climate, a home of unrivaled beauty can here be made in a very little while.

The Santa Maria, Poway, Spring, Sweetwater, Jamul, Tia Juana, Otay and Mission are the best known of the smaller valleys in the southern portion of the county. The Sweetwater and Spring valleys grow oranges and lemons of superior quality, the profits often reaching $1,000 per acre.

The Julian, or mountain district, lying well up in the mountains is well timbered and watered, and produces superior cherries, apples and other deciduous fruits.



PACIFIC COAST S. S. CO.'S WHARF.

The mesa lands on the coast, from Del Mar to Oceanside, are rich and productive, and are well adapted to vine growing and deciduous fruits.

The valley of the San Luis Rey, which finds its outlet to the sea at Oceanside, is one of the richest in the country, producing citrus fruits of high grade, and varieties of deciduous fruits in abundance.

The upper Temecula Valley, in the region of Linda Rosa, Murrietta and

Elsinore, contains a large area of excellent land. Fallbrook region is a highly favored section, and is growing rapidly.

The valleys of Escondido and San Marcos are very fertile. The great Valley of San Jacinto exceeds in area all other valleys in the county, containing not less than 100,000 acres, with a large area of moist land, on which alfalfa and deciduous fruits grow to perfection, and has a large tract of citrus land under a fine system of irrigation, with an abundance of water.

The mesa, or table lands are esteemed of great value, and in estimating the area of arable land of this county, both mesa and valley lands are included. The estimates made by the several historians of the county vary considerably, and so the writer has taken the smallest as being nearest correct. It places the area of good land suitable for horticulture at 550,000 acres.

No finer water can be found in any part of the world than is procured from the flowing wells in the great artesian water belt of the San Jacinto Valley, in the northern part of San Diego County. The largest of these wells of which more than a hundred are now in operation, flows, by actual measurement, 1,500,250 gallons of clear, pure, sweet, cool water, every twenty-four hours, through a seven-inch pipe. The depth of these wells is from 50 to 250 feet, more or less, the shallowest yet reported being thirty-three feet, and they are easily bored. There are thousands of acres in this artesian belt. The young or middle-aged man who will take up a small tract of land at San Jacinto now, in three years' time can live under his own vine and fig-tree.

San Diego County, were its resources developed, would constitute in itself an empire which might be independent of the world. It embraces within its area a range of climate and a variety of soil capable of producing to perfection all the cereal, vegetable and arboral crops to be found in cultivation anywhere, except the strictly tropical productions.

Its mountains are covered with pine and other woods of commerce, and beneath the surface lie unknown millions of mineral wealth, including gold, silver. copper, iron and other minerals.

The inevitable destiny of the county is to be, however, a great producer of fruit; the soil, climate and profits favor it. In honey, San Diego is the banner county of the State, producing annually 2,679,747 pounds.

The Colorado Desert, hitherto supposed to be totally bad, has now been proven to be otherwise. The Indians for years have gone down into the desert, and with 6,000,000 acres to select from, have planted corn and melons and raised abundant crops. The white man has now discovered this big Indian farm and large tracts are being taken up under the Desert Act.

When we read of the frequent disasters occurring to the people of the Atlantic States, of the dire destruction wrought by the conflict of the elements, of the death-dealing tempest that walks in the darkness as well as in the light, from whose fury there is neither warning nor escape, we long to tell them of a land of abundant harvest, away to the westward, whose fruitful shores are washed by the beneficent Pacific, where the extremes of seasons, the piercing cold of winter, the oppressive heat of summer, are not felt, but where reigns instead an almost perennial spring, with azure skies and soft breezes laden with the odor of the orange flower and the rose; where the blizzard, the deluge and the cyclone are unknown, and the flowers bloom all the year.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BLAINE.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Blaine began at the opening of the Forty-first Congress on the 4th of March, 1869. I was a member of that Congress and he was Speaker. Though Blaine had acquired a local reputation as a journalist, had served in and presided over the lower branch of the Maine Legislature and had been in the National House of Representatives for three successive terms before he was chosen Speaker, he had not acquired a national reputation. He was very popular with the members with whom he had served, and though Mr. Dawes, who was the oldest member, aspired to the speakership, Mr. Blaine was nominated in the Republican caucus without opposition, for Mr. Dawes having discovered the hopelessness of the contest withdrew from it. I did not arrive in Washington in time to participate in the caucus. General Garfield had written me of Blaine and announced his preference for him for Speaker, and I went to Washington prepossessed in his favor.

That house contained an unusually large number of new members, as the South had just been rehabilitated; in fact Georgia, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia had not been re-admitted, but their members came in later, and before that Congress expired, I believe there was but one representative from all the seceding States who had served before the war, and that one was Maynard of Tennessee. There were, however, many able and experienced members from the non-seceding States. Gen. Schenck of Ohio had served several terms in the forties, had been in the foreign service during the administrations of Presidents Taylor and Fillmore, was a Major-General during the war and a member of the Fortieth Congress. He was an able lawyer and among the strongest debaters the country has produced. Mr. Bingham of Ohio had served continuously for ten years, and as a lawyer and orator was among the foremost. General Logan was elected to Congress in 1858 and 1860, was the most famous of our volunteer officers, and in this and the preceding Congress represented the State of Illinois at large. Mr. Dawes had served with distinction from 1856, Mr. Kelly from 1860. Mr. Garfield had won an enviable reputation as a soldier, and in six years' service in the House, General Butler was a man of conceded ability, and had a national reputation. Mr. Judd was appointed Minister to Berlin by Mr. Lincoln. Judge Poland of Vermont had held high judicial position, had served in the Senate and in the preceding House. Mr. Allison, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Peters, and several others had achieved reputations in service in the lower branch of preceding Congresses.

On the Democratic side were Mr. Cox of New York, who had been a member for eight years from the Capital district of Ohio; Fernando Wood who first entered Congress in 1841, and had several times been mayor of New York; Mr. James Brooks, a man widely known as a journalist, and a former member; Mr. Randall who entered Congress in 1862, and was recognized as a man of power; Mr. Beck, who had acquired a high position; Mr. Samuel S. Marshall, who came in before the war and had served several terms, and also in the judiciary of his State; Mr. Varhies, Mr. Eldridge and some others who had gained reputation as members.

Though there was a large percentage of inexperienced members, still it was an able body as a whole. I have omitted to mention General Banks, who had presided over the lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature and a constitutional convention of that State, who was elected to Congress in 1852, 1854 and 1856, and presided as Speaker from March 4th, 1855, to March 4th, 1857, had been twice Governor of his State, and a Major-General during the war, and was a member of the preceding House. It was such a body that Mr. Blaine was chosen to preside over, and he was junior in years to all the members named except Garfield.

There were many exciting questions before this Congress. Reconstruction had not been completed and the bitterness displayed in the preceding Congresses had not subsided; on the contrary it was intensified by the presence of a large number of representatives from the South who were recently from the North, and who had settled in that section, and had actively, and to the native Southern whites, offensively engaged in promoting the cause of reconstruction according to the plan prescribed by the preceding Congress. The Fifteenth Amendment was declared adopted by this Congress. The revenue laws were revised, and the money question was considered in various phases. General Logan's bill for the reorganization and reduction of the army was passed, though it encountered no little opposition, and debate on some of the appropriation bills was spirited, as sums were granted to enforce a Southern policy, to which the Democrats were violently opposed. Southern claims began to rise in importance, and bills granting lands to railroads were numerous. These and the ordinary measures required the utmost attention of the Speaker, and taxed his time and energies immensely. It was a trying place for so young a man as Mr. Blaine, who had entered but three months upon his thirty-ninth year. Congress then assembled on the 4th day of March, and the new one came in on the heels of the old one as it retired by limitation of law.

Shortly after I was sworn in, the Speaker came to my seat, gave me his hand, and conversed for a few moments. This cordiality undoubtedly was caused by the friendly things Garfield had spoken of me to him. I was greatly impressed by his manner and friendly treatment. I was a stranger to the bulk of the members, and had never had legislative experience. I closely watched the proceedings and especially the part taken by the Speaker. He grew upon me wonderfully as a man of power, and of sincerity in his views, and in his professions of friendship. I immediately became his friend, and I felt that he would render me all the aid he properly could in the work so new to me. He early inquired what committee I preferred. I said, "I am a lawyer, and my personal interests suggest the judiciary, but I represent a commercial city, and think I can best promote the interests of my constituents by being placed on commerce." He put me on that committee. He took pains to aid the young members. He was then a man of splendid presence, his figure was plump, his hair and whiskers were thick and dark brown, and his complexion healthful. He was vigorous and sprightly in mind and body. The first session lasted till near the end of April and in it comparatively little was done.

The second or long session began on the first Monday of December and terminated the 15th of July. The long session is the one in which the principal work of a Congress is done, and as it immediately precedes the election for a new house, political parties maneuver so as to make the best impression upon the country. Every measure which could be said to be partizan was fought energetically and persistently by the Democrats. The Tariff Bill reported by the Ways and Means Committee, was debated

nearly six weeks under the five-minute rule, and was defeated in committing the whole, but a new bill was reported and passed. Land-grant bills, currency measures, bills relating to the South, the Army Bill and many of the appropriation bills were hotly contested. It is not expected of a member that he will closely follow all the bills brought before the House, and it seems as much as he can do to keep himself well informed upon measures of special or general interest to his constituents, together with such as are considered in the committees of which he is a member. The Speaker, however, must follow everything, not only the provisions of bills, but the processes through which they are defeated or become laws, maintain order, and as is the custom, must watch the interests of his party to a certain extent, and be ready to rule upon the numerous questions that are constantly presented. Blaine performed all this work well, and his rulings were marvelously well supported by precedents which he seemed to have at his tongue's end. I might as well say in this connection that I do not remember a case during his six years' service as Speaker in which his decision was overruled by the House. On a division he counted with surprising quickness, and in the shortest time he acquired the names of the members and the States they represented. From the start he had the confidence of the House from his thorough acquaintance of the conditions and methods of business and his impartiality. The third session was less exciting than the second, as nothing of consequence was done except the passage of the Appropriation bills, and the act chartering the Texas and Pacific Railway. Mr. Colfax, who was Speaker of three preceding Congresses, had acquired the reputation of being able, and he was popular with all parties. Blaine did not suffer by contrast with him, but during his first term he gained the reputation of being equal or superior to his predecessor. At the close of this Congress he stood before the country as among the foremost of its public characters.

In the House of Representatives of the Forty-first Congress, the Republicans had more than two-thirds of the members. The majority in the Forty-second Congress fell a little below two-thirds. This Congress also convened on the 4th of March. Blaine was re-nominated for Speaker without opposition, and in the House received the full vote of his party. Generals Schenck and Logan and Mr. Allison had not been re-elected, but there came into this House Mr. Shellaberger Lewis, Dr. Campbell, Aaron F. Perry of Ohio, and several other strong new members from other States.

There had grown up in the South an organization called the Ku Klux Klan to which was attributed grievous outrages. Partizan and sectional bitterness had not subsided, and Congress was called upon to legislate touching those Ku Klux outrages. There was an understanding that this should be the principal work of the first session. A caucus of Republicans was called for the evening of the 4th. The attendance was full. Though not customary in Speakers to attend party caucuses, Mr. Blaine was present, nevertheless. There was a strong element in favor of extreme measures, but the conservative members doubted their efficiency. General Butler was the leader of the extremists to which the bulk of the Southern Republican members adhered. General Butler had prepared a bill on the subject which he read to the Congress, and advocated it in a speech. The bill was elaborate, contained many extraordinary provisions, and imposed severe penalties. It gave large power to the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. Mr. Blaine indicated his disapproval of the measure, and so did Garfield and others. A vote was taken and it was adopted as a party measure by the majority. Several members (I being one of them) an-

nounced their purpose not to be bound by the caucus action. Governor Blair, who presided, ruled that the action was not binding. The caucus adjourned with some feeling, and it was manifest to some extent towards Mr. Blaine. All desired to suppress Ku Klux outrages, but there were differences as to the means.

The committees, of course, had not been appointed, and hence any member whom the Speaker recognized could bring any matter of business before the House. Next morning, as soon as the journal was read and approved, General Butler obtained the floor and proposed to introduce his bill for present consideration. After it was read the House at once entered upon a wrangling debate which continued nearly through the afternoon. At the instance of the Speaker, Peters of Maine offered a substitute to the effect that the bill be referred to a select committee to be appointed by the Speaker, which was adopted. Instantly the Speaker announced the committee, with Butler as chairman. General Butler arose in passion to decline, but the Speaker recognized Peters on a motion to adjourn, which was carried, and General Butler was left vociferating and gesticulating to a dispersing audience. A conservative member expressed surprise to the Speaker that he had placed Butler at the head of the committee, but the Speaker said, "He won't serve and it will go to the country that he is chairman, and his declination will render him powerless with his radical followers." Next morning, there was found on the desks of the members a pointed attack upon Blaine over Butler's name, containing some verses after the style of the "Heathen Chinee," charging Blaine with indulging in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

When the House convened Butler was recognized for the purpose of declining the chairmanship and membership of the committee, but he launched out into a virulent attack upon Blaine. When he sat down the Speaker took the floor and made a most scathing reply. It was the first and only time I had an opportunity to witness his power in philippic. Butler's resignation was accepted, and Mr. Shellaberger was substituted. A little later General Butler went to the Speaker and entered into consultation. When asked how he could do that after he had manifested so much feeling toward Blaine, he answered, "The Speaker says I do not know anything about parliamentary law and I must consult someone who does." The bill reported by the committee, after prolonged debate, and being modified materially, was passed. The tactics of Blaine may have prevented the enactment of a measure of an extreme and indefensible character. This Congress was managed on both sides with a view to an effect upon the ensuing Presidential election. Blaine was especially useful in shaping legislation with reference to that end.

He had grown wonderfully in political knowledge and prominence. He was a close student of domestic and foreign politics. I know that he gave some consideration to the proposition to run on the ticket with Grant for Vice President. If the rule of the early days had prevailed, that election to the second place was a designation to the succession, he probably would have formed the proposition, but as an election to the Vice Presidency is a shelving process, he thought himself too young to retire from public life. He was anxious for a favorable settlement of the controversy with Great Britain over the claims arising from the depredations of the Confederate cruisers. He said to President Grant on this question, "You or Gladstone will go out of power," and it so transpired.

More than two-thirds of the members elected to the House of the Forty-third Congress were Republicans. Alexander W. Stevens of Georgia, Lamar of Mississippi, Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, Judge Waite and Lyman Tremaine of New York

were elected to this Congress. They were all men of talent and distinction. Blaine was re-elected Speaker without opposition in his party. The most exciting question in this Congress was the Civil Rights Bill. When this Congress expired flowers were showered upon the Speaker, and his valedictory address was among the rarest of literary gems. As Speaker he had achieved a position among the highest, and before the country he was one of the most conspicuous of political leaders, but his tremendous work during the six years of his speakership, in my judgment, produced the seeds of disease from which he so long suffered. He worked rapidly and intensely

Blaine was by nature magnificently endowed, both physically and mentally. He drew around himself an immense number of friends and followers in every part of the nation. As a politician he possessed more skill and adroitness than is usual to men of his frankness and positive characteristics, and in this respect he had no equal in the country unless it was General Logan. His influence over the House was unbounded, and it arose from several causes. First, he was magnetic; second, he was fair and impartial; and third, his familiarity with parliamentary law and accurate knowledge of the cause of legislation gave him the confidence even of his political opponents.

In general intercourse Blaine was companionable and genial, and the charm of the social circle. He was always fresh and sprightly, and possessed a fund of pertinent and aptly illustrative anecdote. He was a fascinating speaker; language flowed easily, and his voice was clear and penetrating. The House was proud of his performances on all extraordinary occasions, and those who knew him felt that he was adapted to ornamenting great places. Whether ambition to become President originated with him need not be discussed, for the partiality of his acquaintances naturally forced upon him such an aspiration.

After leaving Congress I first met Blaine in 1879, in Ohio, whither he had come to engage in the political campaign. I was with him for two days, and presided over one of his meetings. I had never heard him before a popular audience, but he had the same power there as elsewhere. I discovered, however, that he had not that exuberance of vitality as formerly. I saw him almost daily for two months after Garfield was inaugurated President. His position in the Cabinet was not the most fortunate. The men who had twice pushed his candidacy for nomination pressed him to use his influence in their behalf for appointments, and he could not well resist their importunities; on the other hand, he was suspected and watched by those who had opposed him, and especially by the friends of Mr. Conkling. He was grievously affected by the shooting of the President. I met him in July, and the first thing he said, was, "What a dreadful affair this is!". I last met him in February, 1891, at his office in the State department. During the conversation he asked me how he looked. I answered, "Not very well." He quickly responded, "I *am* very well." I said, "But you are thin;" and he answered, "That is my salvation." I learned afterwards that I made a mistake in speaking as I did. He was not the Blaine he formerly was. He had his usual geniality of manner, and conversed freely, but his hair was white, his cheeks had lost their fullness, and his body its rotundity. His mind retained as much sprightliness as could have been expected in a body so enfeebled.

Blaine will ever remain a conspicuous character in our political and diplomatic history. His political opponents and bitterest personal enemies never denied that he was a man of great ability and unquestionable patriotism.

Questions Of the Day

QUADRENNIAL DEPRESSION OF BUSINESS.

IT is unfortunate, but perhaps inevitable that a pending Presidential election, to a greater or less extent, checks enterprise and disturbs business; and this event happens every four years. Our State elections do not obstruct the flow of business to any material extent because in them there are involved no economic, commercial or financial issues.

It is otherwise in national elections, for in these the General Government deals almost exclusively with questions that have a direct influence upon industries and trade. It alone brings out the subject of import duties, because it alone can legislate and administer laws so as to change values and enhance or embarrass production and commerce. This is particularly true as regards imported articles, which we do not produce, and affects trade in our domestic products by raising the question of increased foreign competition. Commerce is sensitive, not only to proposed changes in the revenue laws, but also to any shadow of doubt cast over the permanency of existing laws. During the campaign, doubt as to what will be the outcome makes people hesitate as to embarking in new enterprises or enlarging existing schemes. Confidence is at the bottom of energy and enterprise, and confidence cannot exist so long as there is doubt as to what commercial conditions will be.

If the question is in danger of being raised whether duties shall be lowered, until that danger is past, manufacturers will produce conservatively, and the merchant will reduce his stock, in order that his loss contingent upon increased foreign competition, may be as light as possible. Except where conditions are extraordinary, the proposition is never that duties shall be raised, and the question ordinarily is whether or not they shall be reduced, and reduction inevitably entails a loss to somebody.

Changes in our economic laws have usually been made suddenly, and possibly, rather from a desire to give effect to theories and maxims than to respect property interests. Laws which affect values should not become operative until there has been time for those whose interests may suffer thereby to adapt themselves to the new condition. Theories cannot always be relied upon, and experiment is conclusive proof of the wisdom of measures. No political party should disturb economic laws until experience demonstrates that they should be repealed or modified.

Were these conservative principles generally recognized in our politics, one-half of the depression which a Presidential campaign causes would be avoided.

OUR VALHALLA.

Recurring to the long period of newspaper discussion regarding the tomb of General Grant—its unfitness of location and the possibility of an ultimate removal of the remains—there are certainly existing reasons why the Mount Vernon estate, or what is left of it, should be converted into a site for the American Valhalla.

Before the end of another century some of the now neglected tombs of our Presidents will be reduced to crumbling ruins; the remains of others of the nation's leaders will have been removed from their original sepulchres, and only those interred within the last decade can be said to have found permanent resting-places, or those worthy

the heroes and sages whose fame is the people's most precious inheritance.

The graves of Jefferson and his wife Martha are in the woods; that of the latter "torn from him by death September 5, 1782," contains this assurance by his own hand, "that though spirits in a future state be oblivious of the past, he will even then remember his loved companion"—a quotation from the speech of Achilles over the dead body of Hector. President Madison died and was buried at Oak Hill cemetery, London County, Virginia, and is said to be without a monument. John Adams, one of eight sons, died at Quincy, Mass., Oct. 9, 1758. From the long inscription which marks his sepulchre we learn that Abigail was his first and only wife. All that was mortal in John Quincy Adams lies under the altar of the First Congregational Church in Quincy, where also was laid the body of Louisa Catherine, his wife. At the Hermitage, in Tennessee, is the tomb of President Jackson, with a simple inscription, bearing only his name and date of birth and death, and one more elaborate for the cherished wife whose grave is near. President William Henry Harrison, first buried in the Congressional cemetery in Washington, in April 1841, now lies in North Bend in the vault containing also the remains of his wife. President Tyler in his last will and testament directed that his grave should be made in Sherwood Forest; but it is near that of President Monroe, in Richmond, Virginia. The body of the latter was first interred in the city of New York, and removed to Virginia in 1858. President Polk's grave was made near his old mansion at Nashville, Tennessee. Gen. Taylor had two burials; the first in Washington, the last in Louisville. The touching inscription is his best biography. "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am ready to die. My only regret is for the friends I leave behind me."

The mausoleums of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield are noble tributes of local and national reverence and love; but they would lose nothing of these if they were removed, and placed near the humble tomb, the Mecca of every true American, at Mount Vernon. If this is impossible in our day, at least let the first and the last of the great generals sleep near each other, with their faithful wives, in the spot most cherished by the nation.

PENSIONING TEACHERS.

Some months ago the CALIFORNIAN published an article by Mrs. Loud, a teacher of the public schools of San Francisco, discussing the question, "Should Teachers be Pensioned?" After the article had appeared a circular letter was addressed to nearly all the teachers in the State, requesting an opinion on the question. A large number of replies were received, too large a number to be published, but the consensus of opinion may be given, which was that nine-tenths of the teachers of California believe that they should receive pensions. The reasons for this are, generally speaking, that the work of the teacher is different in its nature from that of any position under the State, that the strain is so great that few teachers attain great age with well preserved mental and physical faculties, and that as the salary is not sufficient to enable them to save up enough to support them in old age the State should ensure them relief. It cannot be denied that the position of the teacher and the responsibilities attending the work are far greater than those of the mail-carrier, policeman or many other State or municipal employees. The teacher of the public school is the trainer of the future citizen and voter, and upon him or her devolves a serious obligation. Conceding this, few taxpayers would object to providing for the future teachers, and when a bill is presented it will undoubtedly have a fair chance of passage. The few teachers who objected to the pension took the high ground as taxpayers that the State should not be inflicted with greater burdens, and that the act would be virtually a charity. One superintendent of schools, on the other hand, made a most vigorous defense of the pension plan. He gave as reasons that the work of the teacher was so arduous that he was invariably broken down early, and that all teachers should be retired before they become useless. He had served through the war, but the ten years of teaching in the public schools had worn on him more than the entire war service, and he believed if a pension is given in one instance it should be in the other.

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts."—*Wordsworth.*

AS a nation, we are much more appreciative of our leading philosophers and writers than as a state, a city or a community. When we are living in close proximity to one of these great men, we seldom fully appreciate his talents, or the privilege of coming in contact with him, while we would consider a few moments spent in the presence of one who was, perhaps, no greater and enjoyed no more extensive reputation then our native writer, but who resided in some distant community, as an event of peculiar interest. Thus, it often happens that while one's work may have begun to acquire a national reputation, it is scarcely known in the vicinity of the author's home. He receives little encouragement from those who should give it, while he is working to acquire his reputation, and it is only after the seed has been planted and tended, and has grown to a tree, and yielded its most perfect fruit that he is acknowledged, and even then he arouses greater enthusiasm abroad than in the immediate vicinity of his home. But unless the physical vehicle be unequal to the preservation, it is difficult, even under the most discouraging circumstances, to destroy the germ of genius, which Joaquin Miller defines as "common sense."

Genius is not that common sense which is so conducing to the destruction of beauty and all the finer and higher qualifications of the mind and soul, and which has no ambition above securing the necessities of animal life or commercial prosperity, but it is the perfect equipoise and highest use of every faculty and member with which man is endowed. California has seen a high development of this "common sense" in some of her children, as the literary productions of such writers as Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Bret Harte, John Muir, Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward Rowland Sill, and many others will sufficiently testify.

The writers of this State are on every round of the ladder of fame from the lowest to the highest. Some of them have recently issued several very attractive little volumes of poems. Among these are *Songs from the Nahant*,[1] dedicated to her children, by Annie E. Johnson, whose sweetness partakes somewhat of a hymnal character.

Gleams and Echoes and *Night Etchings*,[2] by A. R. G., are two very attractively bound volumes, and the former is well illustrated. Night Etchings is appropriately named, for it contains those poems which are the offsprings of the solemn and sometimes uncanny fancies of the dark hours.

The libretto of an original comic opera in three acts has been written by Peter Robertson, and is to be set to music by H. J. Stewart. *His Majesty* displays considerable talent and wit on the part of the author, and some of the songs are full of pathos and poetry.

Cheap editions of the English classics have recently been issued for the benefit of students and scholars. The lyrical drama of *Promethus Unbound*,[3] by Percy Bysshe Shelley, is made into a small volume with a delicate cloth binding and gold lettering, and contains, beside the preface of the author, and that of the editor, Vida D. Scudder, M. A., an introduction which treats of the life and character of Shelley and contemporaneous literature of his time. More ordinary in binding, but more reasonable in price are the *English Classics for Schools*, edited by the American Book Co. Among them are Shakespeare's dramas, Scott's novels, the "Sir Roger De Coverly Papers from the Spectator," by Addison Steele, and Budgell, "Ten Selections from the Sketch Book," by Washington Irving, and many others. They all contain explanatory introductions, and glossaries where they are necessary. These inexpensive editions place the classics and masterpieces of poetry, drama and

[1] G. H. & W. A. Nichols, Lynn, Mass.
[2] J. B. Lippincott Co.
[3] J. B. Lippincott Co.

prose within the reach of almost any one, and are of particular benefit to young scholars.

A clever biographical sketch of "Mark Twain"[1] has been written by Will M. Clemens, a relative living in San Francisco, in which the humorist's life and work are described, his traits and characteristics interestingly discussed, and at the close of the volume, extracts from some of his writings are quoted. It is interesting to know that most of his characters are taken from life, and that "Injin Joe," one of the principal characters in "Tom Sawyer," still lives at Hannibal, Mo., and is one of the noted individuals of the town. This will certainly be a desirable addition to the library of all lovers of this author, who is not only a humorist, but is by nature a serious, thoughtful man, and at times deeply in earnest, though he seldom ventures to deal with the pathetic in his writings. He gives us s me of the most interesting descriptions of travel, and, under the guise of wit, some really good philosophy.

Elizabeth G. Birkmaier, a Californian, has woven the old, half-historical, half-mythological tale of Atlantis into a romance which transpired thousands of years before the Christian era. *Poseidon's Paradise*[2] contains many instructive ideas concerning the customs and the topography of the island and its environments, and a detailed description of a city called Cleit, in the Southeastern part of the island in ancient times. In Plato's "Timaeus" it is related that a great empire held sway over the island of Atlantis and several others, as well as over parts of the continent. Parts of Libya within the columns of Heracles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrshenia, were subjected. The sea kings of Atlantis were finally overthrown by the Athenians and their allies. Then the island became desperately wicked and was swept away by a deluge. On the old Venetian maps, Atlantis is located to the west of the Azores and Canaries.

It is difficult for an author to ascertain to what extent he may rely upon ancient historical facts used as the foundation of his romance, for as Emerson truly says, "Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts."

Amelie Rives' sequel to the "Quick or the Dead," *Barbara Dering*,[3] displays maturer thought than its predecessor, and a greater development in the character of the woman who forms the central figure of the romance. In the sequel, Barbara, while retaining all of her exuberance and richness of nature, has learned through suffering a greater mastery of self than she had ever known before. Like most of Amelie Rives' books, it is a good study of human nature, for she does not skim lightly over the surfaces of her characters, but sounds their depths, displaying them to her readers and depicting them fearlessly in all their phases. Her descriptions are unique, but good, and display a great deal of her own interesting personality. The termination, however, leaves the deep and thoughtful student of human nature in rather an unsatisfactory state of mind. From the beginning of the story there is apparent a certain lack of compatibility between the natures of Dering and Barbara which is never overcome, but simply bridged at intervals by a spasmodic recurrence of the affection which first drew them to each other, and at the close of the volume, when the husband returns to his wife unexpectedly, and they have temporarily forgotten their troubles in the pleasure of being reunited, the reader cannot restrain a feeling of pity and sympathy for the young couple, whom he is almost certain will continue their unsatisfactory and wearing experiences until they either become indifferent to one another, or are separated by death. Constant wear may blunt harsh edges in friction, but until they are so worn that they cease to be in touch with each other, the friction continues.

The Modern Pariah,[4] a story of the South, is one of the most fascinating books of the year, a book in which an interesting subject is treated by a writer of unusual ability. The story dates back to the late war, when an officer of the Union army, supposed to be wounded to the death, was nursed to life by a beautiful octoroon slave woman. Dying, she left an infant to the invalid officer, under a pledge that he would adopt it as his own. He did so, and when the girl arrived at womanhood a series of complications arose, the true father having left all his Southern estate to her. The officer, desiring to conceal her origin, endeavored to ignore all claims to the estate, but finally the secret was exposed. It was afterwards ascertained that the mother of the heroine was not an octoroon, and had not a drop of African blood in her veins, and disclosed

[1] Clemens Publishing Company, San Francisco.

[2] Clemens Publishing Company, San Francisco.

[3] J. B Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

[4] Francis Fontaine, Atlanta, Ga.

how she, a French woman, became a slave. Francis Fontaine, the author, is a Southern gentleman, and was a confederate soldier, and knows thoroughly the people of whom he writes, while his pictures of Southern life are true to nature. It is valuable not only for its interest as a story, but also for its clear and impartial presentation of the vexed question of the day in the South.

Among the books of the month are *Along the Florida Reef*[1] and *Life and Work of Louis Agassiz*[2] by Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that Mr. Holder should have two books in the field so closely related. *Along the Florida Reef* is the story of his boyhood on the Florida Reef with a party collecting and studying, partly in the interests of Prof. Agassiz, while the other is a life of Agassiz—the author's estimate of the work of the great scientist. The former is that rarity among juveniles, a true story of adventure, replete with incident and filled with instructive facts that should be welcome to older readers as well as young.

Well known and admired by American readers is F. Marion Crawford, whose wonderful and popular novel, "Mr. Isaacs," displayed a careful study of the Eastern character, and a certain knowledge of the theories of the occult sciences. He has recently published a novel, *Don Orsino*,[3] which contains a good description and philosophical study of the social, political and commercial conditions of Rome. The characters and plot of the story are well defined and natural, complying with that greatest requisite of the novelist, the art of producing interesting and dramatic effects through perfectly natural channels. He describes the representative characters of the different parties—the clerical, monarchical and Republican. His hero is the representative young man of the transition period, of aristocratic origin, but full of the vitality, energy and ambition of youth, which finds its outlet in commercial engagements and activity. Maria Consuelo, a woman of Spanish origin, becomes his great friend, encouraging and advising him in all his proceedings, and finally sacrifices her very life to save him from ruin. This woman displays that wonderful bravery of character and unselfishness of which few are fortunate enough to know, and which is usually so little understood by the masculine nature.

[1] D. Appleton & Co., New York.
[2] G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
[3] Macmillan & Co , New York and London.

Southern California, a valuable publication, has been issued by the Southern California Bureau of Information, which points out and depicts many of the beautiful and attractive resorts of the South, and which gives a careful review of the agricultural, horticultural, commercial, mining, financial and manufacturing interests of the Southern part of the State.

A valuable and much revered publication is that last volume of verse *At Sundown*,[4] from the hand of Whittier. It contains about twenty poems, most of them written for special occasions. A number are addressed to such familiar figures as Dr. Holmes (on his eightieth birthday), and James Russell Lowell. The "Vow of Washington," read at the Centennial of the first President's inauguration is included. "The Captain's Well" is another poem that this volume contains, and which originally appeared in the Ledger. It is a ballad based on the story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley on the coast of Arabia. The captain's well was dug in New England in fulfillment of a vow made in the Desert of Arabia.

So many great scientists and writers lose the purity and faith of their early religious training, during their researches into the sciences and mysteries of life, that it is interesting to know that Lord Tennyson, through his entire lifetime, preserved the intrinsic spirituality of his religious beliefs. In a letter to Mrs. Butler, he expresses a profound belief that Jesus has died and risen again, and that he has overcome separation, and binds all in one, and that all shall be gathered up in Him. He also says that every human tie, strong enough to live through mortal accidents, shall be eternally preserved. This idea is beautifully and somewhat mystically expressed in the 95th section of "In Memoriam."

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine.

"And mine in this was wound and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

"Æolian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancel'd, stricken thro' with doubt

"Vague words! but ah! how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech
Or ev'n for intellect to each
Thro' memory that which I became."

G. L. B.

[4] Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, said recently: "I think there is a richer field for the novelist in the United States than in Europe. There are more original characters to be found here and they are in greater variety."

Charles Lamb said once, in a letter to Manning, that he was a woman hater. Who would have suspected such gall in his gentle liver? But this is the Lamb-like way he said it: "Mrs. ——— grows every day in disfavor with me. I will be buried with this inscription over me: "Here lies C. L., the woman hater. I mean that I hated one woman; for the rest, God bless them!" — *Yonkers Gazette.*

Mr. Edgar Fawcett tells us that if he were to die, and if after many years he should come to life again, he would at the very moment of his revival, and with the utmost impetuosity, put a certain question to the first mortal whom he happened to meet. As soon as he had "broken death's bonds," he would, with tearful yearning, exclaim: "Tell me what new grand poet have ye now?" The question is a stunner.—*New York Sun.*

"With man," said Renan, "love is a school of amiability and courtesy—I will add of religion and morality. That hour in which the most vile experience tenderness, in which the most narrow-minded is in sentimental communion with the universe, is certainly a divine hour, because man at that time harks to the voice of nature, contracts high duties, pronounces sacred vows, tastes of supreme joys or prepares for himself lasting remorse. It is certainly the hour of his passage through life when man is at his best."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Tennyson, in his prime, was thus described by Thomas Carlyle to Ralph Waldo Emerson, on Aug. 5, 1844: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty, dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face—most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe."—*New York Tribune.*

Mr. Froude tells a story of how a native Maori chief, Tekoi, managed to turn the tables upon his missionary teacher. The chief had been frequently warned by him against the evil of indulgence in "firewater." A day came, however, when the missionary, in danger of catching cold, felt constrained to fortify himself with a glass of whisky toddy. At the moment he was about to raise the tempting fluid to his lips a dusky figure appeared, and, laying his finger on the glass, said: "Stop, little father! If you drink firewater you will lose your health; you will lose your character. Perhaps you will lose your life. Nay, little father, you will lose—but that shall not be. Your immortal soul is more precious than mine. The drink will hurt me less than it will hurt you. To save your soul I will drink it myself." Which he did forthwith.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Sitting after dinner one evening at Slopperton cottage, the conversation turned on the Irish aptitude to "bulls."

"By the way, Mr. Moore," said a young Englishman, "I've found you out in an Irish bull."

"Indeed," said the guilty poet, "pray, what is it?"

"Oh," said young Literal, "in that song of 'The Watchman' you say in the last verse:

> "And see the sky—'tis morning—
> So now indeed good night."

"Now, of course, 'good night' in the morning is a blunder."

"Upon my word," said an old gentleman, "I never observed that bull before."

"Nor I either," said Moore gravely.

To do justice to both parties we shall give the verse of the song in question:

> Again that fearful warning!
> Had ever time such flight?
> And see the sky—'tis morning—
> So now indeed good night.

The watchman having himself bawled out, "Past 12," "Past 1," "Past 2," at length calls, "Past 3," and the startled lover sings the above "Good night."—*Westminster Review.*

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TWO "CLERICAL ERRORS."

Here are two stories of excusable blunders by clergymen, both of which occurred within a hundred miles of the center of Manhattan Island. The first of the two was giving a notice of a certain tea party to be held in the course of the following week, on two afternoons and evenings. The printed announcement in his hand stated that on Tuesday evening "the usual hot dinner will be served." Without the least suspicion that he had blundered, the clergyman gravely announced that "on Tuesday evening the usual hot dinner will be preserved." It is highly probable that the dinner was not "preserved" for any great length of time after it had been served.

The other "clerical error" occurred at an anniversary at which many good things had been said regarding the pastor, who had just passed an important milestone in his career. When all the other speakers had uttered their good wishes and felicitations, he was called upon for a few closing remarks. In the course of them he had something to say about the beginning of his ministry and the influences which induced him to enter upon that calling. Among other things he mentioned the advice of one of the best-known men in the church, who may be designated as Dr. Smith. "I must not omit to mention another influence," said the pastor, "that may be said to have been almost decisive with me. I shall never forget the solemn words of advice addressed to me by a man whom all of you hold in the most sacred reverence. I mean the beloved Dr. Smith. To all intents and purposes Dr. Smith said to me 'Go!' and go I went." The blunder was so palpable and so "rich" that the audience burst into laughter, in which the speaker and all his brethren on the platform joined heartily.—*New York Tribune.*

A MIND READER FROM SAGINAW.

Detroit has a young man who is a feature in his social circle because of his powers as a vocalist, palmist, mind reader and "funny business" generally. He is just a little proud of himself all around, but especially so of his singing. Lately he has been giving some amusing takeoffs on mind reading. Several nights ago he had as a confederate a sharp girl from Saginaw, who loves to prod him now and then in his tenderest places. On this occasion he had posted her on the mysteries of mind reading, and she appeared with him before a parlor audience blindfolded in due form, and took her place ready for the performance. He held up a lemon in plain view of the audience.

"I have here," he said with much form, "in my hand a lemon. What is it?"

"A lemon," promptly replied the sensitive, and he bowed and threw it aside, in the midst of applause.

"Now," he continued, taking up a piece of ice, "I hold in my hand a piece of ice. Is it hot or cold?"

"Cold," answered the blindfolded girl.

"Thanks," and he fired it out of sight, while the audience applauded.

Next he took a shoe from the table.

"I have here," he said, "a number 9 shoe. Can you tell me the size of it?"

"No. 9," responded the girl, and there were more roars and applause.

Then he stepped to one side and returned with a saw and a stick of wood. He put the stick across a bench and began to saw.

"Now," he said, to the fair sensitive, "will you tell the audience what I am doing," and he sawed away vigorously.

The sensitive held her head to one side and listened intently. The operator was greatly pleased.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "is a most difficult feat."

The subject waited a minute longer, listening.

"Well," said the operator, "can you tell the audience what I am doing?"

"You're singing," announced the subject so unexpectedly that the operator fell over a chair and broke the back off trying to get away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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6 35 a. m. Ex.Sun.	7 15 a. m. Ex.Sun.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	9 30 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles
10 30 a. m.	11 35 a. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 00 p. m.

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7 55 a. m. Sun.Ex.	6 55 a. m. Sun.Ex.
11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
2 55 p. m.	12 45 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

LOS ANGELES AND GLENDALE

Depots, East End of First Street and Downey Avenue Bridges

Leave Los Angeles for Glendale	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles
6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	6 15 p. m.

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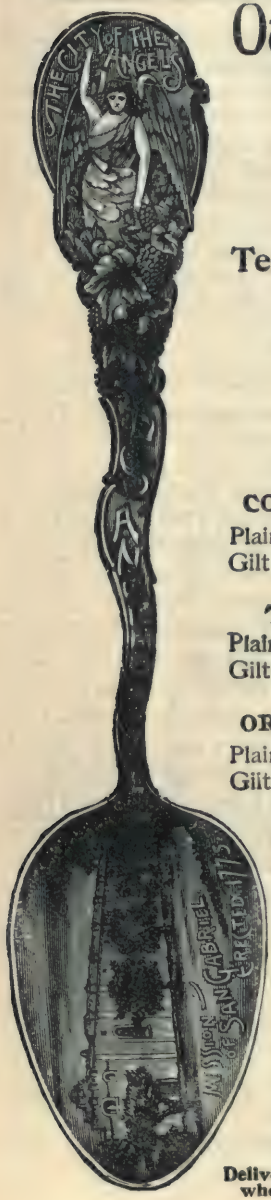

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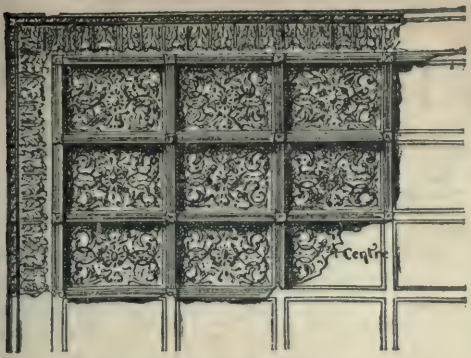

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Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

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1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

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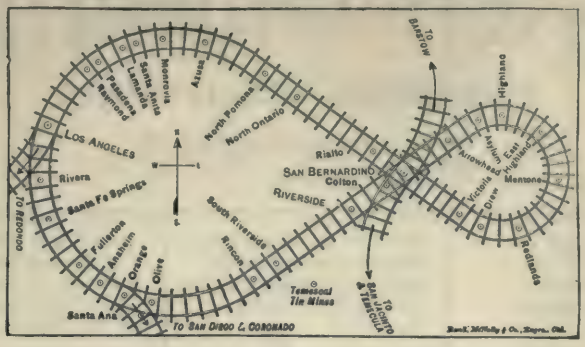

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The Nineteenth Century Woman.

I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

We constantly hear the nineteenth century referred to as the period of the emancipation of woman, and the great exemplar offered to the world is the American woman. As to her former bondage in the eyes of the law, of public opinion and of society, I shall not here inquire, but it is interesting to note the extent of her emancipation in literature. In poetry, women were before sung to, but in the nineteenth century they are singing themselves. At the headwaters of English fiction, Richardson, writing for a circle of admiring woman friends, had in Clarissa dissected woman's heart, and exposed the workings of the chords of every emotion to which woman's soul is subject; in the nineteenth century the novel reaches, perhaps, its highest achievement in a woman's work, that of George Eliot. May I be pardoned the conceit of calling this the Leap Year Century?—so busily has woman been engaged in coquetting with, and in wooing, and in many instances in successfully capturing every employment, every occupation, every field of literature, art, and even science.

Obedient to her emotions, woman has ever been in sympathy with the lowly and oppressed. She is active in philanthropy, in movements for reform, for the interests of the State, for society, for the helpless and the poor. It excites no surprise that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written by a woman; that the advocate in fiction of the rights of Indians was another woman. But woman is more than a social reformer and a missionary; she is also entering other fields. The Magazine of American History is a woman's enterprise; the Popular Science Monthly is continued by the sister of its eminent founder; a woman astronomer has achieved distinction in the annals of both English and American science; archæologists are lamenting the loss of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the eminent Egyptologist and explorer. Possessed with gauge, of folk-lore, of philosophy, of thought and foresight, women are becoming ardent students of history, of language, of folk-lore, of philosophy, of mathematics, of the sciences, practitioners of medicine and devotees of art. For my part, as long as it does not transcend legitimate limits and woman ceases not to be woman, but thereby lives fuller, higher, better, nobler, I welcome these increased possibilities in her intellectual activity and in the usefulness of her sphere.

It may be a woman's trait—a result of her natural intensity—to go far, almost to extremes, when she dares at all. For a woman is daring, and in mounting Pegasus, she is often willing not only to discard the sidesaddle, but to go it barebacked. But from an artistic point of view, it is always "bad form" to lack self-control and the power of restraint.

Life and art are different in their manifestations in every age, and literature simply reflects the spirit and thought of each time and condition and state, sometimes returning but the sensation of the moment, sometimes striking a chord which stirs the infinite heart of man. Also, far less am I disposed to engage in a weighty analysis of the physical woman, and to compare her intellectual powers with those of man. Few generalizations hold good for exceptions, which are the very cases under dispute. But why some very good people persist in representing the sexes in constant opposition, and refuse to consider them from any point of view except that of perpetual variance, even under the economic laws of demand and supply and competition, for my part, I have never been able to clearly comprehend.

The activity of woman in literature has been so great within the past two decades that we might almost differentiate the last quarter of the century from the preceding ones. But this is due to causes slowly leading up to the present, and hence characteristic of the whole. It is just that in our own day the blossoms are appearing and the fruit beginning to mature. A catalogue of the New England women in literature, even were it possible to be obtained, would be tedious. The greater half of the work done in New England in poetry, in novel and in essay-writing—we shall not undertake to decide, always a delicate question, which is the better half—seems to be the work of woman. It is rapidly becoming true of the West, which has always borrowed its intellectual aspirations from New England.

The individualistic mind which is also feminine (something very different from "effeminate") may surely possess distinct and separate qualities and shades and colorings, however slight, and (without attempting to write like a man) attain peculiar capacities and capabilities for pleasing, for charming and for inspiring. I am grateful and feel encouraged, living in the present, that woman's work has given the world so many delightful hours; that woman's influence in literature, as well as in the home and in society, has made life brighter for many, and has been so positive and characteristic; not supplementary, as superlative of and exchangeable for man's work, but recognizing sex in mind as in nature, complementary, the two halves uniting to form a perfect whole, as lending just those qualities to art which the male intellect and the masculine genius possesses in a less degree, if not totally lacks. To quarrel with the one because he or she is not the other, is to confuse matters, and would be very much like rejecting Shakespeare because he is not Homer, finding fault with Goethe because he is not Cervantes.

From an address delivered by Professor Henneman, of Hampden-Sidney College, before the Literary Society of the Normal School, at Farmville, Va.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Boston Herald.

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Albany (New York) Times-Union.

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The Springfield (Ohio) New Era.

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Los Angeles Central.

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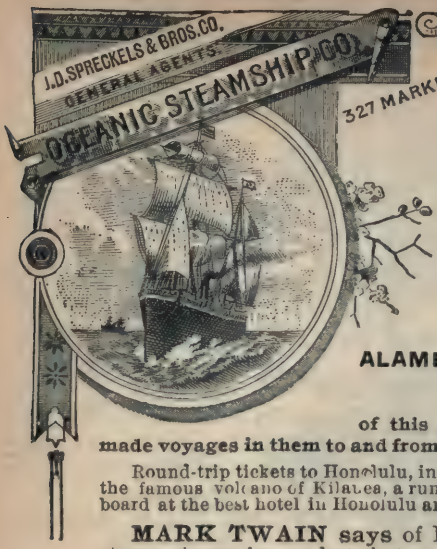

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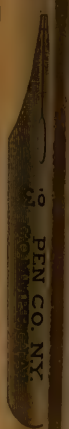

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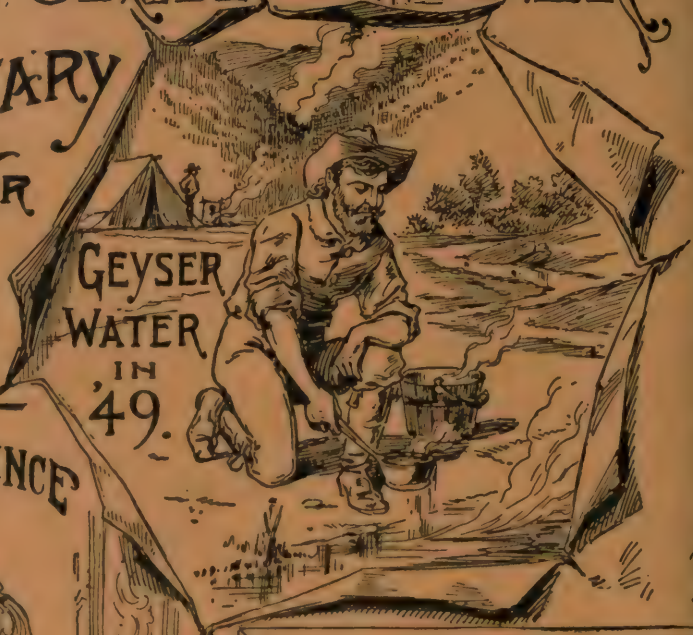

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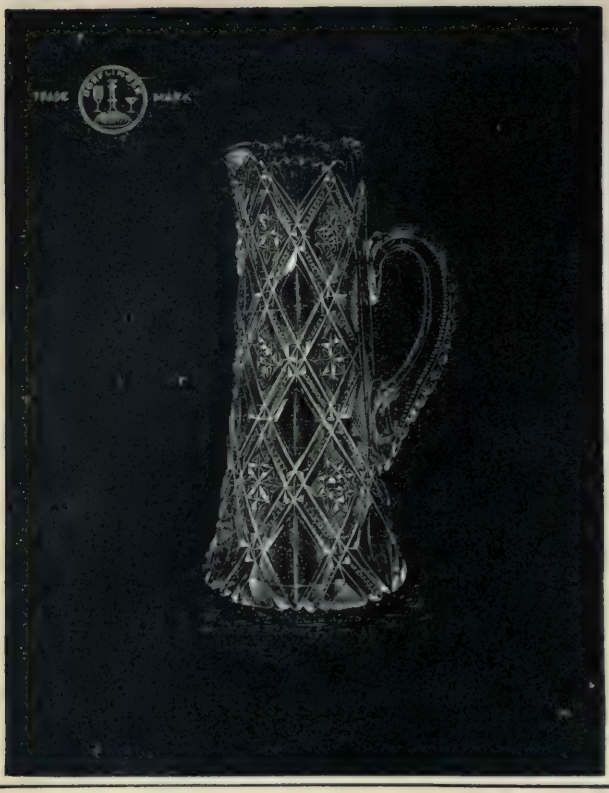

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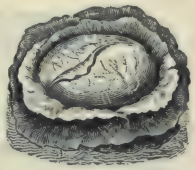

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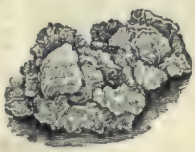

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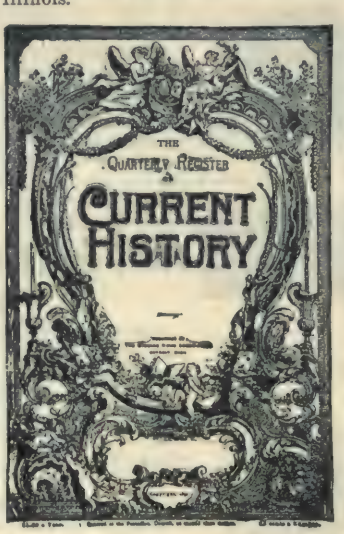

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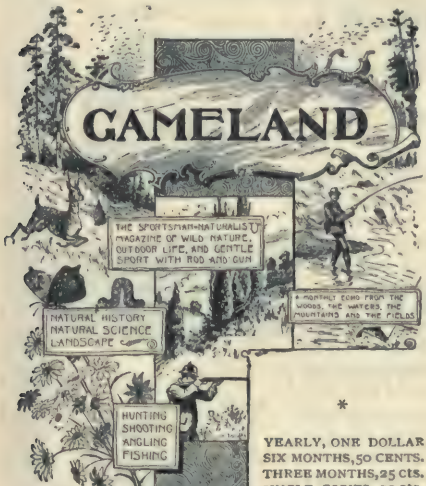

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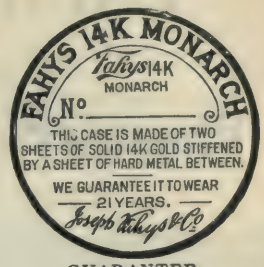
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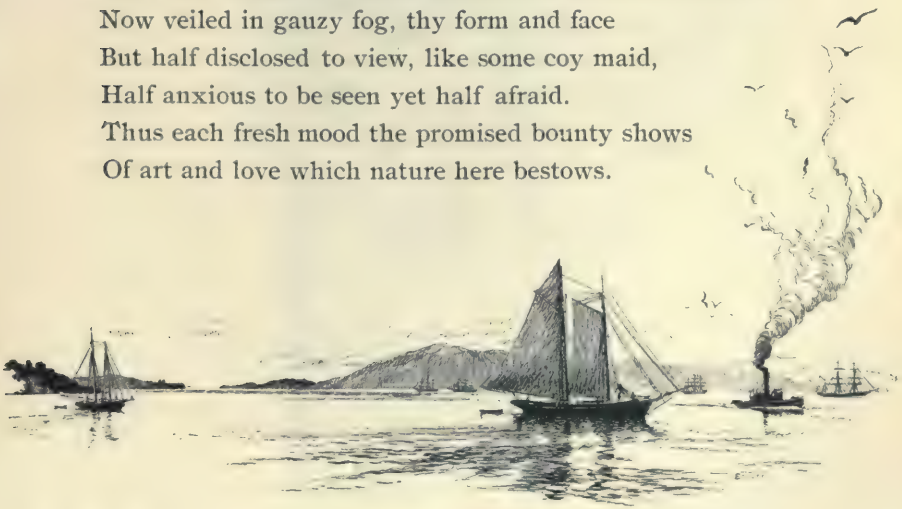
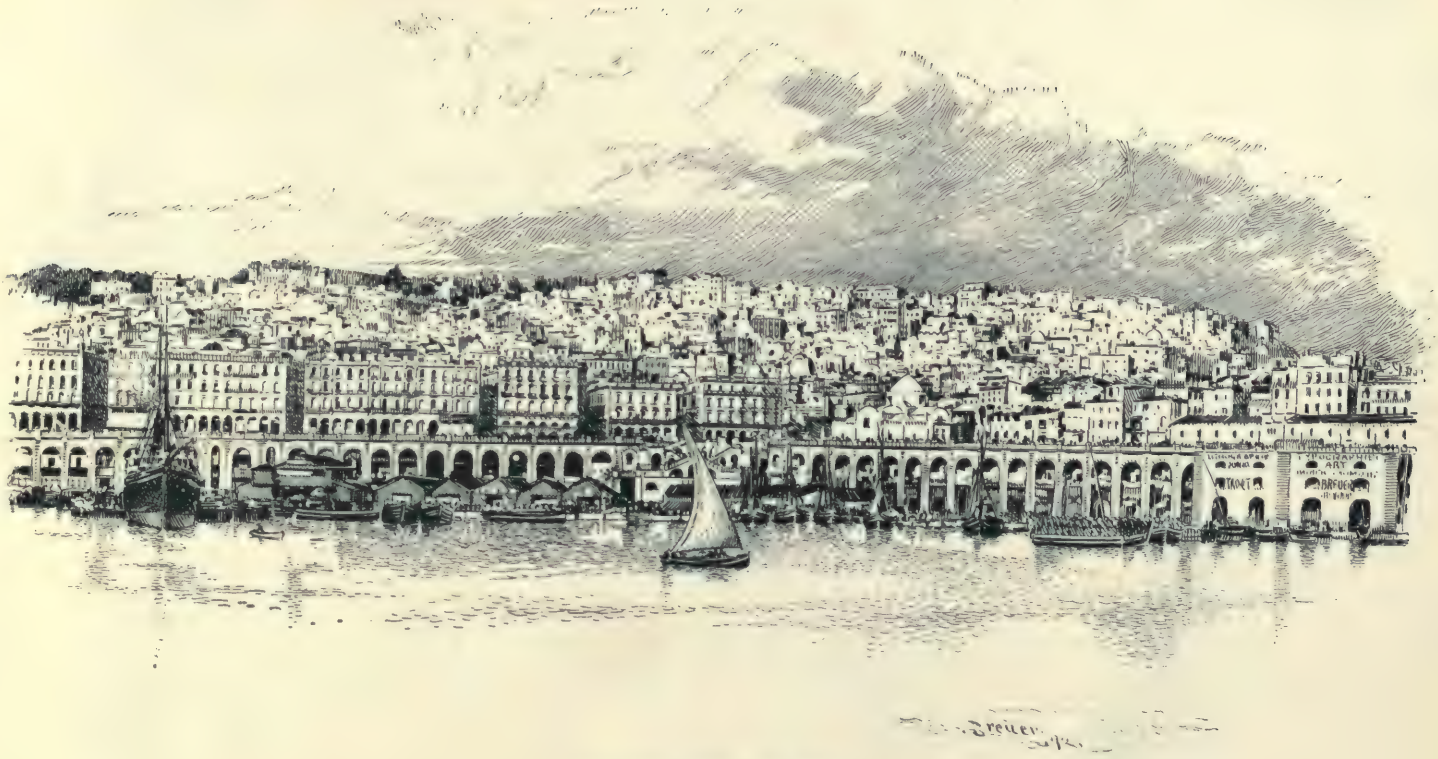
VOL. III. MARCH, 1893. NO. 4.

TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

BY CERYL KERR.

Thou harbored nook of ocean's boundless tide,
Encompassed by a land of wondrous hope,
Where countless multitudes will one day cope
For bare existence or the pomp of pride,
While on thy waves whole argosies will ride,—
Thy matchless gate e'en now its portals ope
To flowery field or mountain's swelling slope,—
Can'st not to me thy future power confide?
I see thee, now when freshening breezes blow
The waves' white tips in never-ending chase,
And each rough hill stands stamped on evening's glow,—
Now veiled in gauzy fog, thy form and face
But half disclosed to view, like some coy maid,
Half anxious to be seen yet half afraid.
Thus each fresh mood the promised bounty shows
Of art and love which nature here bestows.





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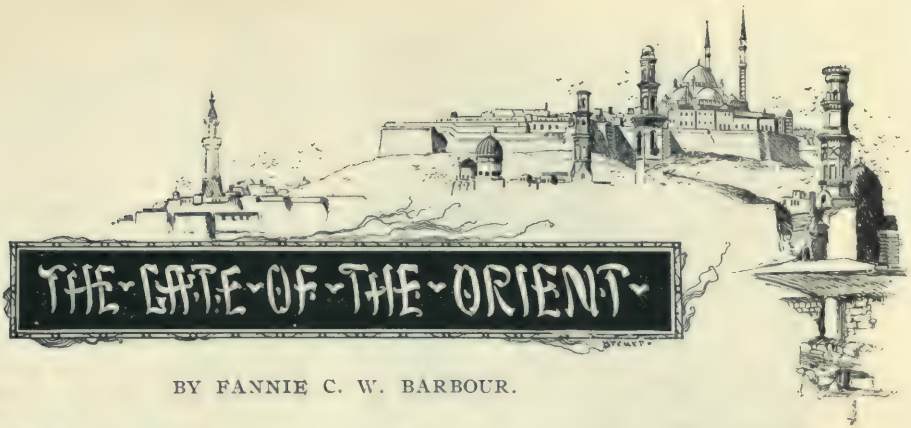


BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

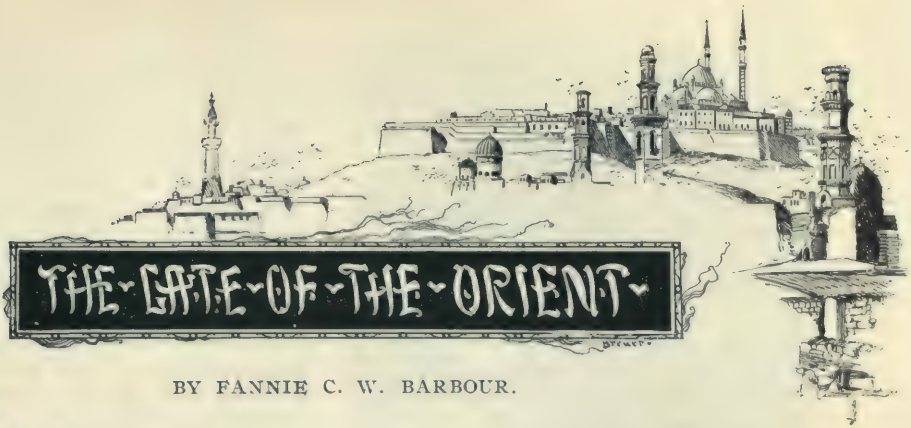
ALGIERS may be likened to a garment of perfect orientalism, bordered and embroidered with a fringe of modernism which, in the abrupt and practical contrast of its acute civilization, sets off the charm of the whole fabric only the more delightfully.

With what pleasure we look back upon our first perusal of the tales of the "Arabian Nights," that gave us our earliest impressions of the Orient, while in later years the pathos so wonderfully portrayed in "A Soldier of the Legion," seems to convey to us some clearer idea of this far-away clime, so remote from the soldier's home and from our own dear land. The charms of this old, old city have been sung and its beauties pictured from time immemorial, by the poets and painters of all ages, even down to the Ouida of our present day, whose descriptions of the city and country, as found in "Under two Flags," are not to be excelled. There is a fascination about the brightness of the sunlight, the blueness of the sky, and the darkness of these narrow streets, where white-robed creatures mysteriously veiled, flit silently in and out among the shadows; a fascination which never decreases, but appeals to one as strongly at the end of a two years' sojourn as at the very first glimpse.

The approach to the city by steamer is not soon to be forgotten. From afar may be seen a long, low range of mountains against the horizon, with one bright dot upon it; then they rise higher as we draw nearer, until the soft green of the slopes can be distinguished, surrounding on every side a city of dazzling whiteness, triangular in shape, which rises out of the sea with a succession of terraces, to a point about four hundred feet above the shore. Truly has Algiers been called "a pearl with an emerald setting." Pure and brilliant as a jewel it lies against the dark green hills. The sun shines in glorious brilliancy upon the slopes, illuminating the white villas of Mustapha Supérieur dotted here and there, reflecting shadows, and touching mosque and minaret with a radiant glow.

One could scarcely imagine a spectacle more restful, a scene more harmonious—nature and man at peace in one of God's most glorious climes. But from the pinnacle of the terraced heights, where the Dey of Algiers in former times held his court, and hid his treasures behind the ancient Kasba's walls, human eyes, in those olden days looked down upon such scenes of cruelty that the heart weeps in the recounting of them. Barbarity held full sway in this lovely spot. Piracy swept from the bay and the surrounding waters all thoughts of peace or safety, while it filled the prisons and dungeons of Algiers with human suffering. Christian slaves by

ALGIERS FROM THE SEA.



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thousands prayed and wept tears of anguish, unheard and unheeded, while they labored under lash and scourge. Driven by cruel taskmasters, they built, with unwilling hands, massive walls, forts to strengthen the power of their enemies, acqueducts and wells to convey pure water to their captors, and streets through which their oppressors passed in triumphal procession to celebrate successive victories over the weak. Since its occupation by the famous Barbarossa brothers, from 1516 to 1535, down to its subjection to French rule in 1830, the history of this city and of the surrounding country, reads like a chapter of robbery, injustice and barbarous inhumanity.

In 1505, when the Moors were expelled from Spain, they took refuge on the northern coast of Africa, where they soon became bold and savage pirates, devoting their talents especially to entrapping the vessels and destroying the commerce of their former enemies, the Spaniards. They became very powerful, and for many years cruelly oppressed the natives of any other country that fell into their power, despite the establishment of diplomatic relations with several of the European countries.

In 1655, Blake conquered Tunis, and made more facile subsequent negotiations for England with the Barbary States. A regular ransom for captives was fixed upon at a certain price, and peace was finally declared in 1662, only to be repeatedly broken. Between 1674 and 1681, 6,000 English slaves were brought into Algiers, and fortunate were those whose friends could pay their ransom. The existence of these captives was miserable indeed. They were fed once a day, just enough to keep life in them, compelled to work incessantly in quarries at breaking stones or drawing heavy loads, being often brutally kicked and beaten. In fact, they were subjected to every imaginable indignity and cruelty by their masters. It was just here that the noble ministrations of the Catholic priests and missionaries helped to make their lives endurable. The latter suffered great privations, and sometimes even martyrdom for the sake of their devotion. But even after this the rulers of Algiers continued very aggressive, and finally a climax was reached when, in 1827, the Dey struck the French Consul in the face during an interview, refusing to make reparation. France decided the time had come to wipe out the accumulated insults of years, and sent forth an army in 1830, under General de Bourmont, and a fleet under Admiral Duperre. On the 4th of July they won the battle of Algiers, and on the 6th, the Dey signed his abdication and the French troops entered the town, in possession of which the French Government has remained ever since. They soon packed off Hussein Khodja with his suite and his harem, and this last Dey of Algiers retired to Egyyt, where he subsequently died.

The Arab quarter of Algiers, with its crowded precincts is very interesting. A step from the gaiety and life of the French portion brings us into the darkness and silence of the narrow streets where the Moor makes his

home. Some one has taken the streets of these different parts of the town to be symbolic of the widely differing characteristics of the two nations. One silent, dignified, solemn, mysterious; the other full of brightness, bustle and excitement.

The Arab leads a hidden life. He cares not to reveal his domestic customs to the stranger, especially to the despised Christian. Even the houses were not numbered, and the streets were without names, until the French came. It was enough for him to know where he and his family lived, without proclaiming to his acquaintances or to his enemy where he might be found. The principal streets of this section are too narrow for vehicles ; a horse is seldom seen here, and even to pass a donkey in the narrow passage-ways one has to crowd uncomfortably in some sheltering doorway, or wait at a corner. It is amazing, that in the midst of so much that is progressive, these people remain just where they were a thousand years ago. Their customs, houses, manner of life, and costumes are now as they were then, and are likely to remain so as long as the race exists.

The Moor is a mysterious creature. Silently he passes in and out of these dark passages with quiet grace and dignity, speaking seldom and weighing his words carefully. In a closed house with tightly barred doors and latticed windows he lives, and behind all these barriers he hides his women. Women of the upper class live in strict seclusion, never appearing on the street, with the exception of one day in the week. Those of the middle class who do walk abroad are so veiled and shrouded that only the eyes are visible to the passer-by, because if a woman's face is seen by any man except her husband and those of her own family, she is disgraced for life.

There is nothing in the Koran requiring women to go thus veiled in public, but the extreme jealousy of one man, and that man the Great Prophet, has had sufficient influence

THE MOSQUE OF DJA-MA-EL-DJEDID.

to keep Mohammedan women veiled for thirteen hundred years.

The costumes of the ladies, when in their own homes are showy and brilliant. Introduced by my friend Madame Ben-Aben, I had the entrée to several of these homes, and would pass through the outer door or barrier to find the room where I was expected filled with women—friends of my hostess. Their slippers stood in rows outside the hall door, and they were sitting around on rugs, but I was allowed by courtesy to retain my shoes, and invited as the guest of honor to sit on the divan. Moorish coffee was served in exquisite Kabyle cups, and much polite staring was indulged in ; but conversation lagged somewhat, as I did not discourse fluently in Arabic, and my hostesses were ignorant of French. Madame Ben-Aben acted as interpreter, however, and many questions were asked concerning me.

"Does her husband have one wife only?" "Yes." "How strange!" "Is she English?" "No, American." "Where is America?" "Across a great sea—far, far away." "It cannot be a greater sea than our Mediterranean ; there is no greater in the world." "What curious clothes she wears! Where are her Turkish trousers, poor thing?" "Is it possible she does not veil in the street, and do all her country women go about like this? How strange!" All these remarks are made with a friendly curiosity. The women are almost entirely uneducated, most of them being ignorant even of their own age. They are taught by the Koran that they have no souls. Their only accomplishments are embroidery and cooking, for every wife must cook for her own husband. By the rules of the Koran every good Mohammedan is allowed to have four wives, provided he can show that he is able to support them ; so we saw many very compound households, where there were several different sets of children.

WOMEN AND CHILD IN OUTDOOR COSTUME.

ALI-BEN-OSMAN.

The women have but one recreation and outing during the week, and that comes on Friday, their Sabbath, when they club together, hire carriages, and spend the day in the Arab cemetery. Here a eunuch is stationed at the gate, and no male visitor is admitted, which gives these poor women a chance to meet together and enjoy each other's society without restriction. The children come, too, and the entire day is spent in chat and gossip ; they lunch together and heat their coffee over the portable braziers, which they bring from home. They often sit on the graves and mourn in company for the recent loss of some little one, or friend. After the day's occupation or festivities are

over, they repair to a small mosque within the enclosure and perform their devotions, though the act is somewhat inconsistent with their belief that they have no souls.

The costume of the women in the street is more striking than graceful. Over the housedress, full, baggy, white trousers are worn, which sometimes contain as much as fourteen yards of material. A white haik, or long, light shawl goes over the head, held tightly under the chin. A yashmak, or white face-veil conceals the entire face below the eyes, so that the latter and the forehead are the only parts of the features exposed. The children are handsome, especially the boys. Girls are veiled sometimes as young as eight or ten years of age. Even a prospective husband is never allowed to look upon the face of his fiancée until the day before the wedding, and should he find her very disappointing he may refuse her, even at the last moment. This does not often occur, however, since divorces are easily procured, a few francs sufficing to purchase one.

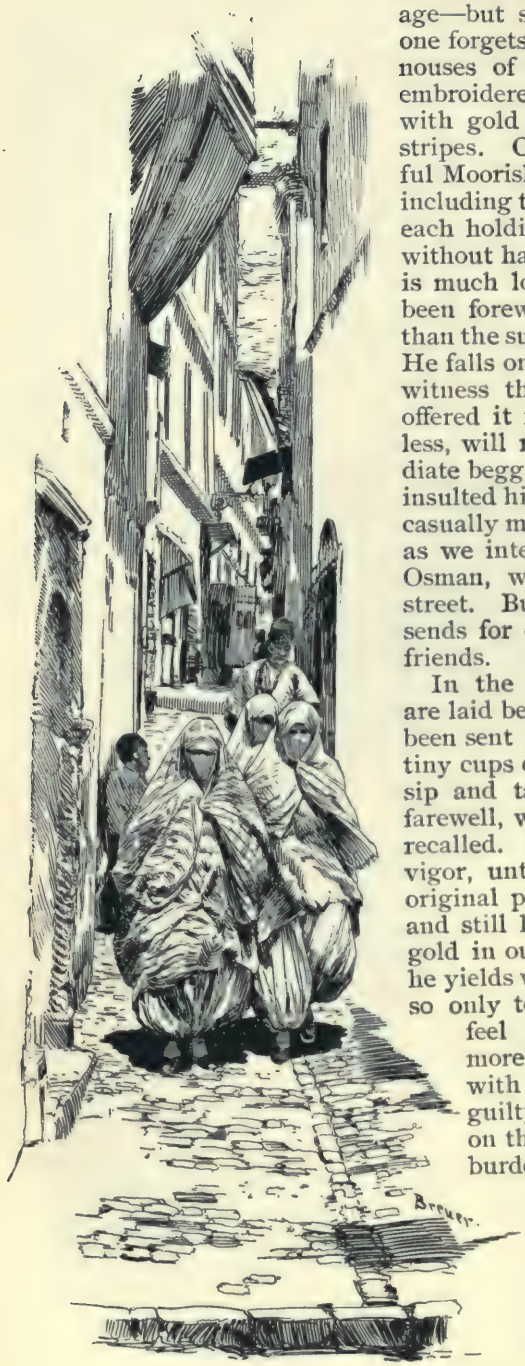
Very often the houses in the Arab quarter are so close together that the balconies meet overhead, and some are joined together in order to secure greater solidity in case of earthquakes. So one often passes under a dark archway, and out again into the dim light of the uncovered street where only a narrow strip of the intensely blue sky can be seen overhead. The important streets are on an incline; they lead, with few exceptions, to the Kasba at the top, radiating from that center as spokes from the hub of a wheel, and are in turn crossed at intervals by still narrower and darker side passages. Some are simply steep stairways, with fifty or sixty steps, and to descend these curious passages on a donkey, gives one a sensation long to be remembered. In one street called Rue de la Kasba, there are 500 steps.

Many striking pictures meet the eye. The effect of light and shade here is very marked; the deep shadows of overhanging balconies and the dimness of mysterious arched doorways render those rare gleams of light where the sun filters through the interstices more glaring and brilliant, while the slanting rays glance upon the fluttering robes or flowing veils (also pure white) of some passing group of Moorish women. Occasionally, as we linger under some carved archway, a fair hand may be seen opening the massive doorway to the waiting Arab without, and we often catch a glimpse of a square, unroofed court, marble-tiled, with palms and fountains which are

KABYLE WOMAN.

surrounded by tier after tier of balconies; but the door is quickly closed —a rebuke to our curiosity.

Queer little bazaars are on either side, consisting of one low, dark room, close to the street, small and unlighted, its only opening the door. Inside stands the merchant, behind his goods, eagerly soliciting our custom. He holds up for inspection rare



STREET IN ALGIERS.

old embroideries, ready to fall to pieces with age—but so silky and exquisitely fine, that one forgets their ragged condition—silk burnouses of delicate colors, white haiks, gold-embroidered ceintures, Turkish jackets, heavy with gold stitching, and keefias with gaudy stripes. Our attention is attracted by a graceful Moorish hanging-lamp; also a coffee set, including tray, coffee-pot and little standards—each holding a tiny, gold-lined porcelain cup without handle. We inquire the price, which is much lower than we expected, but having been forewarned, we offer him one-third less than the sum named. The effect is surprising. He falls on his knees, and calls upon Allah to witness that he paid double what he has offered it for, and that to sell it for one sou less, will reduce himself and family to immediate beggary. We feel that having so deeply insulted him, it is best to depart, and in leaving casually mention the fact that we must hasten, as we intend calling on our friend Ali-ben Osman, who keeps a bazaar just across the street. But he urges us to be seated while he sends for coffee that we may part the best of friends.

In the meantime more fascinating goods are laid before us, and presently a boy who has been sent to the nearest café, presents us with tiny cups of thick, sweet Moorish coffee. We sip and talk, still obdurate; then bidding farewell, we move down the street, only to be recalled. The bartering is resumed with fresh vigor, until finally we offer him one-half the original price. There is a gleam in his eye and still he hesitates, but when we jingle the gold in our purses and move toward the door he yields with a sigh, assuring us that he does so only to secure our custom, that we may feel satisfied and return to purchase more. We depart in triumph bearing with us our trophies and a somewhat guilty feeling that we have been too hard on the poor man. We are relieved of the burden of guilt, however, when we see a lamp just like ours in the house of a French lady, who assures us that she bought it for one third less than we had paid. The Moorish cafés are another attraction in the old town. We enter a dark room and find the floor tiled, and walls covered with matting, and a row of benches along the side of the room where

SUMMER PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

the Moors recline and smoke their long pipes, which rest on the floor. The furnace is at one end of the apartment, and there stands a Soudanee negro boy preparing the thickish sweet beverage. The tea is also very sweet and is served without cream; some fine herb like mint, floats on the top and there is a suspicion of lemon in its flavor. There are over a hundred fountains in the old town, most of which are the work of slaves of former years. Near these fountains and some distance up the inclined streets Soudanese negro women may be seen drawing water for their mistresses. After a long, tiresome ascent we reach the Kasba at the top. Here the Deys lived and ruled; here they held high court. The entire building is now used as a fort and is occupied by the French soldiers, who go in and out, busy about their daily tasks and occupations, and seemingly entirely oblivious of the historic charm of their surroundings.

The French town commencing with the harbor and port is a very busy section. Vessels of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique are arriving from Marseilles, and leaving daily, while two other French lines have steamers sailing every other day. Steamers also arrive from other ports, loading and unloading at the wharves. The railroad stations are down on this level close to the landing, and trains depart frequently for Blidah, Oran, Orleansville, and also for Tunis and Constantine, connecting with Biskra and the desert. All along the waterfront there is a massive granite quay and storehouses, which were built by an English company twenty-three years ago at a cost of $1,500,000. Above, along the edge of the bluff, forty feet higher than the sea, runs the Boulevard de la République with its fine hotels and arcades, and wide promenades from which there is a glorious view of the bay and the shipping below. Algiers is well supplied with restaurants and cafés, of which it is said to possess a larger number than any other French city of its population.

There are two fine public squares in the center of the French town, either of which forms a most attractive loitering place for the stranger. One is Place Bresson, a shady park filled with palms, eucalyptus trees and shrubs, where one can sit and bask in the sunshine, breathing in glorious draughts of balmy, healthful air, while the band discourses sweet music from the stand in the center. The other Square is the Place du Gouvernement, not less attractive in its way.

MOSQUE OF SIDI ABD-ER-RAHMAN.

Open and paved with stone, it is bordered on three sides by French shops, arcades and buildings, while the fourth side, toward the sea, has on one corner a structure which is one of the most interesting to be found in the city. It is the Mosque of Dja-ma-el-Djedid. Pure white, it stands against the deep-blue sky, while its five domes, Moorish arches and tall, square clock-tower or minaret, ninety feet high, glisten in the intensely bright sunlight as it shines uninterruptedly upon the massive walls.

Passing under the fine arched doorway on the Mohammedan Sabbath, by the side of the fountain, many may be seen bathing their faces and feet prior to worshiping. Then, facing the East, they prostrate themselves upon the ground with seven parts of the body touching it — the forehead, hands, knees and toes—or else kneel with raised hands, or stand with arms uplifted, which are the three postures of a Mohammedan engaged in prayer. There seems to be a sort of low chant going on, while the priest, in a pulpit situated under a distant arch in the eastern wall, reads aloud from the Koran. No women are to be found here; they are not allowed to worship in this mosque, but may only make use of the galleries behind the lattice work. All the worshipers are earnest and solemn during the services, and at its close separate in silence. It all seems like a dream which must have visited us long years ago. Strange memories are stirred, and the heart responds to this holy scene so far removed from our own form of worship, and yet so purely devout. To the tower or minaret of the mosque, the muezzin mounts eight times during the twenty-four hours, and, chanting in a loud voice, proclaims the hour of prayer. "To prayer! To prayer! Great is Allah and Mohammed is His Prophet! To prayer! To prayer!" At this call the Arab, wherever he may be, or whatever his occupation, spreads his prayer rug upon the ground, and prostrates himself before that Allah whose name during the day is so often upon his lips in supplication or praise.

Returning to the open square and sitting for a half hour in this Place du Gouvernement, we shall have a better opportunity to see the different people who form the population of Algiers than in any other way. There is a constant procession of human beings passing, the bright coloring of whose various costumes resembles in its diversified hues the shifting shades of the kaleidoscope. There is the Frenchman, alert, vivacious and always busy. Madame, attired in perfect taste, walks abroad accompanied by her children, who in turn are cared for by the bonne, robed in long light cape and ribbon-streamers which reach from her cap to the ground. Next passes

the Moorish merchant, richly robed, with full, dark blue trousers, bright green jacket embroidered with gold, a turban of white wound in voluminous folds around his head and a burnous or loose cloak of pale blue, pink or white cloth suspended from the shoulders. He is the very personification of calm and upright dignity. Near him is a ragged Arab beggar. The burnous which hangs on his back seems to have been originally a potato sack, but now so patched with pieces of dirty white material that one sees little of the original cloth. Next comes a Jewish woman dressed in dark silk, with gay broché shawl, her jet-black hair plastered down over the forehead, and her chin tied up with a white lace scarf which is knotted on top of the head in a most curious manner. Then there is the French soldier in bright red trousers, and gold-buttoned blue coat, and there are sailors from Spain, Corsica, Gibraltar, Corfu, Sicily, Tripoli and Tunis. A Soudan negress, black as night, appears. Unveiled is her dusky beauty, but her form is enveloped and her head draped in gay colored remnants more noticeable for their brilliancy of hue than for their cleanliness. Now may be seen a Mohammedan wearing the red turban which indicates that he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and another with a green turban proclaiming direct descent from the Prophet.

A Kabyle woman, with earthen water-pitcher gracefully poised aloft, steps warily on account of her heavy load, and is also unveiled in accordance with the custom of her tribe. These Kabyles come from a hardy race of the mountains of La Grande Kabylie, and seem to be quite different from the races of the coast. The women do not cover their faces when abroad, and receive quite different treatment from their husbands than do the Algerians. The Kabyles do not practice polygamy. The women are more respected; they are the companions and equals of their lords and masters and are consulted by them in all family and financial affairs. They are not noted for their beauty, since their rugged existence in a harsher climate makes the features less soft and pleasing, but their term of life is longer than that of the indolent and petted beauties of the Algerian harem. The men of this race are noble in their bearing and picturesque, although often poor and ragged. They work in the fields or among their flocks, and when at home occupy themselves with very delicate artifices in silver and metal. An exquisite ware, a specialty among the Kabyles, is composed of fine silver or metal tracery, and jeweled with turquoise and red stones. One buys at Algiers coffee trays, cups, jewel-boxes, sword handles and lamps in this beautiful ware, all made in the mountains of La Grande Kabylie.

Prominent by way of contrast among these races of the orient, so artistically dressed, with their rich colorings and graceful draperies, wanders our English cousin in his plain, long ulster of tan brown. Erect in carriage, with cane in hand and monocle in eye, he goes at a good pace, rarely indulging in the easy saunter of the Arab, who does not often know what it is to be busy.

The French Cathedral of St. Philippe is situated in the Place Malakoff next to the Winter Palace of the Governor General. It is built with

a curious mixture of Moorish and Christian architecture on the site of the Mosque of Hassan, and was consecrated in 1839. The greatest attraction within its walls is the tomb of the young St. Geronimo. This Arab boy, after having abjured the faith of his fathers and embraced Christianity, escaped and joined the Spaniards at Oran. In 1569, when twenty-five years of age, while on an expedition with his masters, he was overtaken by a Moorish corsair, and brought as prisoner to Algiers. Geronimo was then offered his liberty if he would give up Christianity ; but he refused to renounce his new faith and was condemned to a horrible death. His inhuman captors bound him and threw him alive into a mould in which a block of béton (concrete) was about to be poured. The block was then used in the building of a fort. The spot was carefully recorded and is referred to in Haedo's writings. When the fort was pulled down in 1853 the skeleton was discovered intact, and was buried with great ceremony in the Cathedral. One of the most interesting places in Algiers is the Museum where, among a well-arranged collection of antiquities, one is shown the cast of Geronimo's body. It was made by filling the mould in which he had been immolated with liquid plaster, after removing his skeleton. One is horrified to discover the death agony stamped upon his features, and the imprint of the knotted cord which bound his arms, almost tearing its way into the flesh.

Mustapha Supérieur, extending for about two miles above and beyond the crowded city is the quarter where the English and Americans reside, occupying those beautiful Moorish villas which formerly belonged to the rich Moors, but were confiscated by the French in 1830, and are now owned by them. They are rented to the Anglo-Saxon race, for the saying is that the French dilettante is tired of Algiers and prefers to spend his winters in Cairo, while the English frequent these lovely shores in great numbers. Mustapha Supérieur is situated on the Sahel hills overlooking the crescent Bay of Algiers, four hundred feet above the sea. From this point a beautiful view of the bay presents itself, its

MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYER.

deep cerulean hues changing from turquoise to green and fringed with white, while across it far away, stands out the snow-tipped Djurdjura range of mountains.

Algiers, indeed, is a fair city, possessing a delightful climate ; it is a veritable garden of the gods, and among the hills, a fruitful paradise. And the visitor, returning from the hills to the realms of modernism will many a time recall, through a hazy mist of orientalism, a confused mental vision of Arabs, camels, mosques and minarets, stately men and beautiful women, and the luxurious perfume of the flowers that flourish under the blue sky of The Gate of the Orient.

MOMENTS.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

O happy hours, your moments fly
Into the vast unknown ; and I—
In simple lay or fond regret
Think, sometimes, I possess them yet.
How brief their life—how short the span !
How little worthy !—but with man
They've bowed young time with hoary age,
With history blotted many a page.
What can a moment hold ? The tale
Of an eternity,—the wail
Of a poor soul bowed down with grief,
Or of a nation—and so brief !
O precious moments linger yet ;
Or flying, leave some sweet regret.
Moments and men, their souls, their fire
Flash into being—then expire.

LETTERS TO A LADY.

THE following letters from the late Chief Justice Chase, Thackeray and others were addressed to a lady, who was a central figure in social life in the American capital at the time. They were only obtained after urgent solicitation, and have a peculiar interest in giving a glimpse of the social life of men who, to the world at large, were essentially professional and unapproachable:

May 28, 1855.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—Here I am again in Cincinnati thinking how pleasant it would be if I could only with a wish transport myself to the dear friends I left in Washington. Don't you think, my dear young friend, that we are all so inclined to be dissatisfied with our present? There you are, for example, tired of Washington, and wishing you were out of it. Here I am, tired of Cincinnati and wishing I were out of it. How much pleasanter it would be to talk to you than to write to you; to see you, than to remember you; to hear you than to hear from you!

But who was it that was thankful for stale bread and blue milk when he could n't get fresh rolls and nice cream? Whoever he was he was a philosopher. You remember Mr. Sleary, of Sleary horse-riding, in Dickens' "Hard Times," and his remark to Mr. Gradgrind, the man of Fact? "Make the betht of uth, Thquire, not the wurtht." Wise Mr. Sleary! Thanks for that admonition. Everything and all circumstances seem to repeat it—"Make the best of us and not the worst."

So I must make the best of my present, and that best is to bring myself to your remembrance by a letter. *I can* remember *you* without one, but I shall trust to your goodness for the additional pleasure of a proof of your remembrance in your autograph.

I left Washington regretfully, bringing the images of my friends with me, as Eastern pilgrims travel with their idols. Rachel brought away hers, you know, hidden among her "stuff." I brought mine, not hidden, but safely placed away among my *stuff*—"stuff that dreams are made of."

My journey home was almost absolutely without incident. The only event approaching one was the walk of the passengers over a mountain by moonlight, made necessary by the fall of a portion of the arch of Kingwood Tunnel. So, instead of flying through the mountain, we had to climb over it. There were carriages to carry the ladies and the infirm, but the *young and active men* had to foot it. Of course, *I* walked. The next evening after I left Washington I was quietly taking my tea at Burnett House here. A great invention is a railroad!

There is a great deal of talk and discussion about my being a candidate for Governor. I fear there will be no agreement of the elements of opposition to the administration which will insure the success of the ticket; or, rather, there is a considerable number of influential persons heretofore Whigs who will not consent to an agreement with me as a candidate for Governor. They fear the political consequences of my election at this time by a large majority. Under these circumstances I should prefer not to be a candidate at all. Still it may be that I shall be obliged to accept a nomination, even under circumstances which afford very little room to hope for success. If I get rid of being a candidate now I mean to abandon politics altogether, and spend the summer months at Newport and in the White Mountains. That will be vastly pleasanter than going about the State addressing the people.

Enough on this subject in this

letter. My next will contain more. Faithfully and sincerely your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

PITTSBURGH, June 4, 1855.

Here I am half way to Washington. Is it strange that I feel a powerful magnetism drawing me thitherward which it cost me quite an effort to resist? Is there anything in your consciousness, my dear young friend, which tells you that your attraction reaches beyond the mountains, and acts at this moment upon the spirit of your friend in this City of Iron and Smoke?

No, I am quite sure that at this moment you are talking merrily with some nearer friends, and have forgotten for a time my very existence. It is only in the French proverb that "*le plus loin est le plus cher.*" Nor would I have it otherwise; it is very agreeable to me to think that when you do remember me it is with some part, at least, of the true and earnest friendship which I cherish for you. Nor would I ask for more; it would be unreasonable, indeed, to wish that the *idea* of the distant should be preferred to the *reality* of the *present*.

Shall I admit to you how very welcome your letter was to me? How gratified I was by the kindness of your prompt reply? How many times I read it over? How I value the autograph—no I won't admit all, but without seeming ridiculous, admit enough under each head to encourage you to the repetition of the charitable act by which, with so little effort, you gave so much pleasure.

Mr. Sumner left this place this morning for Cincinnati, so that I shall miss seeing him there. I regret this, as it would have been my pleasure as well as my duty to extend to him the hospitality of a cordial welcome to my own city. Besides I shall have no opportunity of delivering your message to him. He proposes making an extended tour through the center as far West as St. Louis, returning by Chicago.

This is all the news I can give you. Oh, no; one more news item still. I am afraid I shall have to be a candidate for Governor, either of the united opposition to the administration or of the Independent Democratic wing of it, in the event that the opposition shall not remain united. In the former case my election would be certain and by a large majority. The nearer I draw to the actual canvass the less inviting it appears, and I confess if there were any honorable way to get out of it I would withdraw altogether. The prospect of being obliged to traverse the State and to speak in so many counties as I can find days to the week, is as little pleasant as can be.

My conscience reproaches me for having written you so dull a letter; but I rose at four o'clock this morning, have ridden three hundred and ninety-two miles since breakfast, and am entitled to some consideration as a fatigued man. Nothing but thinking of you and writing to you keeps me awake.

Pardon and accept! and believe me,

Ever faithfully,

Your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

CINCINNATI, July 14, 1855.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—How refreshing to turn from the noisy and perplexing paths of political life into the pleasant and flowery walks where roses of friendship grow on either hand. For two days past I have been in the midst of true and faithful friends, and eager and persistent opponents at Columbus. The telegraph has already apprised you of the result of the struggle. A little while ago I reached home again, and your letter was my first and most welcome greeting. It was almost like receiving congratulation from your very lips.

You have doubtless discovered by this that Mr. Preston is again a candidate. One of the papers announce him as a *Sag Nicht*, which being interpreted signifies Say Nothing. He is *not that* as all of us who know him

certify. But he is the opposition candidate against the Know-nothings, and for Mrs. Preston's sake as well as his own, and for the sake of the Washington people I heartily wish him success.

Pray tell me how you are spending your time. Give me a veritable journal of your everyday life for one day, from waking to sleeping. You say you hardly know what to write—thence a subject. When I was a poor young man, a Russian literary Baron engaged me to review for him a translation into English of a certain book. It seems to me that the title of it was "A Journey Round My Room." It was wonderful to me how a book could be written about the objects in a single room, but I am sure that the life of a single day may well furnish ample material for a letter. Won't you give it to me lengthily?

It seems now as if I should surely be nominated for the office of Governor; and now it seems certain I seem not to care even as much about it as I did before—which was never very much — now, indeed, I feel rather a repugnance to the office, as it will confine me in Ohio, at least in the capital, for a couple of years. But after all I need not anticipate trouble on the worst side. It is possible I may not be nominated after all, though in this very city, where there is as much opposition to my anti-slavery ideas as anywhere in the State, and where I have for fourteen years been opposed to both the old parties, a majority of the delegates appointed to the nominating committee are in my favor.

There, my dear young friend, I confess the crime of wronging your patience. If I were near you I would submit to any punishment your goodness would allow you to inflict, but being distant I entreat you not to punish me with unkindly thoughts, and believe me

Most sincerely
Your true friend,
S. P. CHASE.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
WHITE MOUNTAINS,
AUG. 16, 1855.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—Why should I deny myself the pleasure of a little talk with you, because I am no longer your across-the-street neighbor? I see no reason unless it is that I am now to do all the talking, which you know I have no special gift for, instead of doing the listening, which is always a pleasure when you are the talker. Perhaps, however, you will write me, also, and that will more than pay for my unwonted devotion to the quill on this occasion.

It is just a week, only an hour or so later in the day, since I was bidding you all farewell at Washington, and now here I am among the White Mountains, almost at the foot of Mt. Washington. (I add a specimen from Mt. Willard to-day — August 17th, '55.)

I left Concord yesterday. At Weir Bridge, a little steamer, the *Lady of the Lake*, received us upon the waters of Winipisiogee—pronounced, let me tell you, Win-ne-pis-au-gue, with the stress on the *au*. The day was cool and pleasant, and there was a slight haze in the atmosphere which softened without greatly obscuring all the scenery. How I wished you were with us! You could not have failed to be greatly delighted with the picturesque beauty that continually delighted us. The name of the Lake, you probably know, signifies "the smile of the Great Spirit;" and it is as soft and tranquil as heaven. Innumerable little islets dot and gem its surface; and now a promontory running boldly out, and now a rush of water stretching inland like a silver belt, give constant variety to the view. At every stage of our progress the scenery changed its aspects, but all its aspects, like those of—but I won't even seem to compliment you extravagantly though by truth—were very lovely.

From the very shores of the lake the mountains began to rise, and when

we had advanced some fifteen or twenty miles, into quite sublime altitudes. One mountain in particular attracted our admiration. It was a tall, solitary mass, with a granite peak, lifted far up into the sky, called Chourua—Cho-*cur*-ru-a. Around its top clouds were wreathed in heavy folds — every now and then, however, irradiated by the sun, which shone only there. You can hardly conceive the extreme beauty of the cloudy cañon of the monarch mountain, lighted up by the evening sun—a beauty all the more beautiful because of the grandeur with which it was so closely associated. Again I wished you with us. To-day, we have been traveling in the midst of the mountains. At Conway, where we passed last night, we fortunately succeeded in procuring an open wagon—a good deal like that in which we drove to the Gales, only there was no top and almost no back to the seats. We preferred it, however, greatly, to the inside or outside of the regular coaches, as we could get on somewhat faster, with less danger, and enjoy perfectly unobstructed views.

I wish I could describe to you our journey up the face. The air was crystalline in its purity, and to breathe it was to inhale delight and vigor. The river, constantly shrinking into less and less, became finally a rivulet. The mountains, rising magnificently on either hand, gradually drew closer and closer together, until they seemed to tower like huge walls on either side almost over our heads. I wish I could show you Mount Washington as he first rose upon our view, with his cloud-encircled crest, 6,000 feet up in the air. I wish I could impart to you the wonder, the awe, the delight with which I gazed on these vast monuments of creative power; or if I could only give you a view of the clouds and shadows sailing in company along the mountain sides, or of the high ridges to which the smoke of a conflagration of the woods upon their sides gave the appearance of volcanoes. But I won't bore you further. I will only say that the wish that you could share our pleasures was even stronger to-day than yesterday.

But I must tell you that we stopped a few moments at the scene of a sad catastrophe which occurred many years ago—*when I was young*. "Ah! woful when!" Perhaps you have read the story of the destruction of the Willey family by an avalanche from the White Mountains. It was at that spot we paused and gathered a few flowers as memorials. Of them I enclose these sprigs taken from the spot where the unfortunates were overwhelmed. They will probably have some little interest for you, if not from the associations of the place, at least from the fact that a friend gathered them at the spot for you.

I expect to remain among the hills for several days, and then to spend a few days more in Vermont, and then to hasten homeward. I have abandoned, for the present, my intention of a trip to Canada. I need not tell you that I shall be delighted to find a letter from you at Cincinnati. Do not, however, consider yourself as under any obligation to write, for I do not wish you to imagine that I think such a letter as this merits a reply, or can have any interest for you beyond the proof it affords that your friend at Washington remembers you among the White Mountains, and would fain contribute a little to your enjoyment by the assurance of that remembrance, and of his wish that you could share the gratification of his excursion.

Will you be kind enough to present my best regards to your father and mother, as well as to Miss ——— and Miss ———. I perceive Miss ——— is almost on the point of departure for her visit to the North. I trust she will have a most delightful one, and wish it were likely that we may meet; but I shall go to Boston or New York before my return to Cincinnati.

Very sincerely and faithfully,

Your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 26, 1856.

It seems half an age, my dear young friend, since I saw you, and since I saw you I have seen nobody half so pleasant. How happy are you who can impart so much pleasure, and yet retain all the qualities which make you so rich and so able to enrich others. Or, rather, how happy you ought to be, for I fear you are not always very happy. You indulge a certain morbidness, which gives a certain coppery flavor, if I may so express it, to some of life's choicest delights. If I could have my wish I would make you always happy, for I would make you look only on the rainbow side of the cloud. Not the darkness should you see, but the promise.

What are you doing now? Were you confirmed on the 13th? That was my birthday, and the next day I was inaugurated Governor. Both days I remembered you.

COLUMBUS, March 25, 1856.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—Several days ago I began a letter to you, but it seemed so unworthy of your perusal that it appeared foolish to go on with it. And so I threw it aside and gave up the attempt for that time. Then came a throng of engagements which left me neither time nor the right kind of spirit for a letter to one on whom I would so unwillingly inflict a *borish* letter. And now why am I writing? Not because I have anything to say that can possibly be of much interest to you, but I remember you constantly and am not willing you should forget me.

I don't find governorship a very agreeable business. So far as the incidents are concerned, I certainly prefer the senatorship; and yet, upon the whole, I choose the former rather than the latter. But oh! how unprofitable it is! If Shakespeare or somebody else is right in condemning "all the uses of the world" as "stale, flat, unprofitable," certainly, being in office, I mean an executive office, is entitled to a sort of pre-eminence in this kind of distinction.

I wish you could see this place. We have a grand State House building—or being built, and then my rooms will be very nice, I suppose—but at present I occupy the old original rooms in which the successive incumbents of the office I hold have, Ohio fashion, ruled the State. The first room is occupied by my secretary and manager, and serves also as a sort of ante-chamber, where loungers much do congregate. Ranged round the room are old cases and desks for papers. In the center a long table covered with a ragged cloth. The chairs are old and queer. Some are weak in the back while others have a "powerful misery" in the legs. Opposite the table is an immense old-fashioned fireplace which will hold near half a cord of wood, and which, on a cold day is well supplied with good hickory. It then has a friendly look, and makes one feel comfortable. It is the only thing that suggests the idea of home—the abundant warmth of a wood fire always does that. Now walk into the room behind. It is the Governor's. The walls you observe, are somewhat stained, but it is only where the rain leaks through when the snow melts, or after a storm. The paper of the wall looks rather dingy, but that is only expected as the stove don't draw very well, and coal smoke is not of a cleansing nature. The paper, too, has in some places taken leave of the wall, but that is rather ornamental, for you will observe the graceful curve it displays as it hangs. And then notice the works of art. In one corner there are two dogs by some modern artist who intends them, as the inscription says, to represent Dignity and Independence. In another corner are engravings of our State Capitol and the Capitol at Washington, and between them one of old Zach Taylor's Cabinet. Opposite to them on the north wall of the room are the Duke of Wellington and

Queen Victoria and somebody else, I forget who. These are the precious relics of former administrations.

And now, just fancy me, sitting in the wretched old room and trying to look over my letters in a morning. A reporter enters to inquire about an appointment, and then a representative to consult about a bill, and then an office-seeker to plead his case, and then a politician who wants my views as to the recent campaign, and then others, others—more, more, more, till I get a little bored, but you would be astonished to see how agreeable it all is to me.

But enough of this, and enough of me for this time. All these things awaken memories of the pleasant hours when time's glass ran golden sands, as your delightful converse brightened their lapse and made them more precious. I hear of you now and then through friends who have been in Washington, and never cease to wish I could see you again. Do have pity on me and send me the pleasantest letter you can possibly frame, and don't punish me for my delay—indeed, I dare say you feel obliged to me for it in view of the quality of my letters in the present instance, by putting off your answer a month longer than your wont.

With kind remembrances to all your family and with infinite good wishes for all you can yourself desire of good for yourself, I remain

Most sincerely your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—I hoped to send you my Inaugural before this, but I wanted to send you a decently printed, pamphlet copy. I expect to do so very soon, and I hope you will like it. So far as I can judge from the press, it was the most successful thing I have ever done, but then I reflect that heretofore I have acted in a small minority. When it was the interest of the leading parties to decry me, I have been decried, whereas now I am in this State at the head, officially, at least, of a powerful and triumphant aggregation; and, therefore, the newspapers are interested in sustaining me. So I tell vanity to make large deductions from the commendation on which she is fond of dwelling. I hope your father will be satisfied with my devotion to the———. Perhaps you will remember that he one evening expressed a wish that the Inaugural might contain some such passage. At that very time what I said was written, and just in the words which are printed. You are not much of a politician I know, but I want you to like my Inaugural. Of course, you will say you do so out of good nature—but I want you to feel you do. I dare say you see a good deal of Mr. Sumner. I quite envy him and his proximity to you. If it were not a sin I should covet many of his gifts. How do you like him as you know him better?

I understand that parties crowd each other now in quick succession, but I get no insight into anything that is going on. In a letter received only this evening there was mention of a party at the British Minister's, and in the paper to-day of one at Governor Fish's there was mention. I have absolutely heard of nothing from Washington but politics. Why can't you write me a long letter?

Last night I went to a party here. I should like to tell you about it; about the belles, about the beaux, about the supper, about militia officers in uniform—about everything—but you know I have no descriptive faculty. If Mrs. A———and Miss R———are in Washington remember me kindly to them, as well as to Mrs. A———, senior, and Mr. Sumner. All their kindness to me is very vivid in my memory. Give my best regards also to your father and mother, not forgetting E———, by any means.

Faithfully your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

I had half a notion to subscribe myself THE GOVERNOR.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, 1856.

MY DEAR MISS ———:—How natural it is to forget any future in a delightful present! Was it good old Milton who made somebody say to somebody: "With thee conversing I forget all time, all seasons and their change"? I cannot answer the question of my own asking, but one thing I am certain of which is, that the pleasure of listening, or talking, or both last evening to you, drove Sir John Crampton's dinner and the ball at Mr. Corcoran's quite out of my head, so that I came away without an answer to my inquiry whether I might have the honor of accompanying your mother and yourself to the ball after the dinner. Please answer my inquiry and let me find a note from you at the hotel, and believe me

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

MY DEAR MISS A———

If the accompanying likeness was a better one I should take more pleasure in complying with your wish (so flattering) to have it. At any rate, it will serve to remind you of a friend and admirer. I trust that your cold has vanished during the night, and that the morning finds you brilliant and cloudless, which is more than can be said of Aurora herself to-day.

Sincerely and faithfully,
Your friend,
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

SIRIUS.

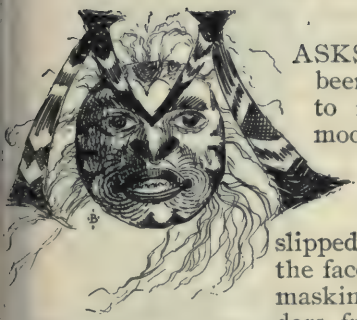
BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The old night waned, and all the purple dawn
Grew pale with green and opal. The wide earth
Lay strange and darkling—silent as at birth,
Save for a single far-off brightness drawn
Of water grey as steel. The silver bow
Of broad Orion still pursued the night,
And farther down, amid the gathering light,
A great star leaped and smouldered. Standing so,
I dreamed myself in Denderah by the Nile;
Beyond the hall of columns and the crowd
And the vast pylons, I beheld afar
The goddess gleam, and saw the morning smile,
And lifting both my hands, I cried aloud
In joy to Hathor, gloried by her star!

DANCING HELMET OF HAIDA INDIANS, ALASKA.

MASKS AND MASKERS.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.



MASKS might have been suggested to many by the moon, that since time began, has at various intervals slipped coyly over the face of the sun, masking its splendors from all mankind. It seems reasonable to conclude that masks originally were mere shields or protections for the face, held in the hand at first, but afterward adapted to the form of the face, and supported on the head and shoulders. Its exterior appearance or ornamentation would not be the primary consideration in the construction of these aboriginal helmets, but would be secondary to impenetrability. In progress of time, however, a moral value would be acquired by the masks worn by particularly formidable and ferocious warriors, the terror inspired by the wearers being associated with their facial covering. Hence would arise the desire to devise terror-inspiring designs and frightfulness of expression whereby the mechanical value of the face-shield would lose in importance. Then individual variation would begin ; each warrior would bear a personal device, as well as the tribal insignia, and the mask would finally be evolved. Masks, by several lines of evolution, would become associated with the totemic and the Shamánic systems, and, with the growth of supernaturalism, take their place among religious paraphernalia. On the other hand, while masks by one line of evolution — the hero-myth— would become associated with the supernatural, it is not difficult to detect another line of evolution by which it would become associated with buffoonery and ultimately the drama. The exhibition of a device constantly associated with ill success, cowardice, or incapacity, would, in time of peace evoke ridicule ; such devices would in time become segregated and typical of buffoonery, and made use of as incentives to laughter during public amusements and communal games. Secret societies and associations would derive from such beginnings the application of masks to their own uses and purposes.

While the mask was being thus developed from the face-shield, another evolution may have taken a different direction, and the idea of protection remaining predominant,

FIG. 1—MASKETTE FROM FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

the original simple guard for the face may have found final expression in the helmet of the middle ages. When the mask developed into a social or religious symbol, it was sometimes worn above the head to increase the height of the wearer; in this case the apertures for breathing and sight were unnecessary, and the mask became a headdress, frequently fashioned in the form of a conventionalized model of a face, of a whole figure, or a group of figures. This stage of development is reached by the Moqui Indians. Figs. 6 and 7 represent mask headdresses used in dancing at the Moqui villages.

Finally, by another line of evolution, the ideas symbolized by the effigy are so identified with it that a wearer is no longer necessary, and the mask becomes an independent object in significance and use. It may thus be associated with the bodies of the dead, as in the Peruvian graves, or be set up in connection with religious ceremonies, and finally attached to altars or buildings devoted to such rites. In this case, weight being of no consequence, and durability of the material an important consideration, large models of faces were sculptured in stone, many remarkable examples of which survive as the work of the ancient Mexicans.

There is, however, another possible hypothesis as to the origin of masks, and that is dramatic representation, with which savage mythology is closely allied. In the lowest state of savagery the drama finds its representatives and barbaric lovers; night after night around the winter campfires crude dramas are enacted among many North American tribes that occupy the very lowest state of culture. At these performances as the stories of the doings of some myth hero or god-beast are recited, the actors assume the garbs of the beasts to be imitated, the most common method being to use the skin as a headdress. The skins of wolves, wild-cats and birds are frequently used in this manner, and Mr. J. W. Powell, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, states that, "Very many Indian tribes use the skin from the head of the deer or the mountain sheep, with horns preserved in place and ears erect. Such costuming is very common and constitutes a part of the dramatic customs of savagery." Totemic badges also, were much used on festival occasions and distinguished the player in games. Hence, it has been suggested that, as the drama in savage life is largely mythic and religious, masking may have had its origin in it.

FIG. 2—MASKOID FROM CAROLINE ISLANDS.

Mr. William H. Dall supplies an excellent classification of masks, which he divides into three principal types, namely: the mask, maskette and maskoid. The first is an opaque object, intended to be worn over the face for the purpose of concealment or protection, and is normally provided with holes for the sight and breath-

ing; the second is an object resembling a mask, but intended to be worn above or below the face, and normally without perforations. The maskoid is an object resembling a mask or face, but not intended to be worn at all, and is almost invariably unperforated. The several uses to which each form was applied in the evolutionary series are thus classified: Masks were used, first, for passive defense, characterized by the purpose of offering mechanical resistance to the opposing force—a transitional series being developed from the simplest type to the metallic helmet; secondly, as a means of active defense, characterized by the purpose of exerting a moral influence on the agent of the opposing force, either by direct hideousness or by symbolizing superhuman agencies supposed to be friendly to the wearer. The transitional series developed from the modified class of war-mask was to that of the shaman, or priest.

FIG. 4—MASKOID FROM NEW IRELAND.

The next stage in the evolutionary series of masks was when they became symbolical of social agencies, associations, orders, professions and supernaturalisms, and were worn as illustrative of the connection of the wearer with a particular association or band, etc., and also as illustrative of religious rites and ceremonies.

FIG. 3—MASKETTE FROM NEW IRELAND.

Maskettes were symbolical of social agencies, while maskoids were symbolical of relations with the supernatural.

Following in our description the geographical order adopted by Mr. Dall, we commence with the Papuan Archipelago, on the masks of which region Captain Strauch, of the German Navy, supplies a paper which is one of the earliest on that subject, and he supplies illustrations of a number of masks and maskettes, informing us that the largest ones are figures of a religious nature, and the smaller ones, festive.

From Schmeitz's valuable work, based upon the splendid museum of the South Sea ethnology in the Museum Godeffroy, at Hamburg, we learn that in the new Hebrides, masks are used in dances which the women are not permitted to see. They are constructed upon a cocoanut-shell base, colored with red, white and black; the mouth and nose are large, and a boar-tusk perforates the cheek on each side of the mouth, the points being turned up to the forehead.

Fig. 1 represents a mask obtained by Mr. H. S. Kirley from one of the Friendly Islands. The wood of which it is composed resembles spruce, the unpainted surface forming the groundwork for the colored lines. The interior is only slightly concave, and contains a small stick to be held in the teeth in order to support the mask. Two rounded ears appear over the forehead, which, with the peculiarly formed mouth, indicate that some animal was intended to be symbolized. The chin, mouth, nose and lower edge of the eyebrows, and a band around the edge of the ears are

colored red; the other markings are black. In front of the ears and around the upper edge of the mask are peg-holes in which hair, feathers or fiber may have been fastened. There are traces of gray, downy feathers which had been pegged down on each side of the chin. The maskoid from Mortlock Island, Fig. 2, bears a strong resemblance to the Innuit masks, and in the Museum Godeffroy there are several masks or maskettes, which are very similar to this maskoid and were used in the dance.

An interesting maskette is represented in Fig. 3, in which a front view of it is given. It is believed to have been brought from New Ireland, near New Guinea, and is one of a collection in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The wood in which it is carved is that known as the "burau" in the South Seas; the hair is a vegetable fiber of a dark-gray color, and the pupils of the eyes are formed of the opercula of Turbo petholatus. A white tracery in thick lime-wash is worked upon a ground of dull red. This maskette is ten and a half inches high and about eight inches wide, exclusive of the hair; the spike on the top of the head is five and a half inches.

Somewhat similar, with regard to the head, is the maskoid, also from New Ireland, shown in Fig. 4. This specimen is the best Melanesian example of the peculiar attitude and combination seen on some Mexican terra-cottas, and many maskettes and maskoids of Indians of the northwest coast of America; that is to say, the open mouth and protruding tongue, made continuous with that of an animal. In the example before us, the figure is represented as without legs; the mouth is open and the tip of the protruding tongue is held in the mouth of a double-headed serpent, whose lower head hangs down near the base with the tongue also visible. The upper head has the triangular

FIG. 5—MORTUARY MASKOID FROM PERU.

shape belonging to poisonous species, the lower one being narrower and rounder. Two leaves or palm branches start out from the neck just behind the lower head and rising in the form of a lyre are attached, one on each side of the mouth, behind the under lip of the principal figure. The hands of the principal figure grasp these branches about midway, and each is supported by a straight stick rising from the base, while each elbow is held in the mouth of a serpent also rising from the base. There are several other specimens in the same collection which reproduce the same attitude and combination, but the animal is sometimes an enormous beetle with branching horns and sometimes a bird with a long beak.

In Peru, Mexico and the Northwest Coast of America, the uses to

which masks were applied seem to have been similar throughout those regions. Maskoids of wood and terra-cotta were not uncommon, and have been found in association with the dead. In the United States National Museum is a fine specimen of this kind of mortuary wooden maskoid, presented by Mr. G. H. Hurlbut and obtained by him near Lima, in Peru. It is shown in Fig. 5. Its total length is twelve and a half inches; the carving is rude, and the face is reddened with ochre; originally several little cloth bags and other appendages were attached to it. The whites of the eyes are composed of oval pieces of white shells, set into excavations in the wood. A number of little locks of hair are set in beneath them, and the hair projecting round the edges fairly represents eye-lashes. The irides are represented by circular pieces of bluish mussel-shell cemented on to the whites. It was a Mexican and Aleutian custom to cover the face of the dead with a mask, and the above described maskoid may have been used for a similar purpose, inasmuch as mummies have been found in Peru with maskoids projecting outside the cerements at the head.

FIG. 6—DOLL SHOWING MODE OF WEARING HEADDRESS.

In Central America and Mexico masks and maskoids were extensively in use, the latter figuring prominently in Mexican antiquities. They are to be found in most museums of an anthropological class and were manufactured of stone, terra-cotta, jasper and jadeite. Even some of the gold articles found in the graves at Chiriqui in Central America were of a maskoid character.

The collection of maskettes and headdresses in the National Museum, from New Mexico and Arizona displays a large number of specimens. One such is represented in Fig. 7, showing front view. The height of the original is seventeen times that of the cut, and thirteen figures are indicated on the arch of the headdress, the principal one in the center having two supporters. The doll represented in Fig. 6 shows the way of wearing this style of headdress.

Among the Indians of Cape Flattery religio-superstitious ceremonies and social dramatic performances prevail. There are three kinds of mystical rites at all of which, after the performance of the secret ceremonies, masks are worn. These mystical rites are the *Dŭkwalli*, the *T'siark*, and the *Dŏh'tlŭb*, the last being rarely performed on account of the expense.

The *Dŭkwalli* is a ceremonial practised for the purpose of propitiating the *T'hlŭkloots* or "thunder-bird," a creature which, with the Makahs, seems to take precedence over all other mythological beings, the myth respecting it being very widespread on the western coast of North America. Indeed the ancient Mexican mythology included a belief in such a being, and it is known that the myth is spread from Washington to Prince William Sound, while there is little reason to

FIG. 7—MOQUI MASKETTE HEADDRESS, FROM ARIZONA.

FIG. 8—INDIAN MASK—NORTHWEST COAST OF AMERICA.

doubt that it exists among the Innuit of the shores of the Bering Sea. The myth of the "thunder-bird" refers to a bird of colossal size which seizes whales in its claws, and tearing them to pieces with its monstrous beak devours them. The flapping of its wings produces thunder, and on occasions of such activity it launches through the air a supernatural fish, which appears to mortals as lightning. Fig. 10 is probably a conventional representation of the "thunder-bird."

Into the ceremonies of the *Dŭkwalli*, both sexes and even children are initiated, but the initiation is distinct from the process by which the youth selects his "totem," or familiar spirit. The performance is given at the expense of some individual, and is kept secret until nearly ready, notice being given the night before the first performance by hooting and howling, firing of guns and other ways of creating a tremendous din. The initiated gather together in the lodge; torches are flashed through apertures in the roof; noises are made in imitation of thunder, and the inmates then all whistle in a manner to represent the wind. Five days are devoted to secret ceremonies and initiations, every evening after those secret days are past being devoted to masquerades and performances. The masks are made by the Klyoquot and Nittinat Indians and sold to the Makahs who paint them according to their taste. Many of them have the eyes and lower jaws movable by a cord. Judge J. G. Swan describes a party that enacted such a performance as composed of men with frightful masks—see Fig. 8—bearskins on their backs and heads covered with bird's down. They carried clubs in their hands and struck wildly and recklessly about as they danced around the fire. On another occasion the performers wore masks resembling owls, wolves and bears. During the day, performances were going on along the beach, and representations of all kinds were given; cold weather, for instance, was symbolized by two nude boys covered with flour and wearing white cloths round their heads. Others symbolized cranes by wearing masks resembling a bird's bill, and moving slowly along near the water, raising and lowering their heads meanwhile.

At the termination of the *Dŭkwalli* performance, a young girl appeared on the roof of the lodge wearing a mask representing the head of the "thunder-bird," while a smaller girl had a black mask fashioned to represent the "lightning-fish." The masks did not cover the face, but rested on the forehead, projecting therefrom like horns. Distribution of presents and a feast concluded the ceremony.

No masks are worn at the celebration of the *T'siark*, which is a medical ceremony, but peculiar headdresses are used.

In the villages of the Haida, masks are found in considerable numbers, and may be divided into two classes: man-faced masks

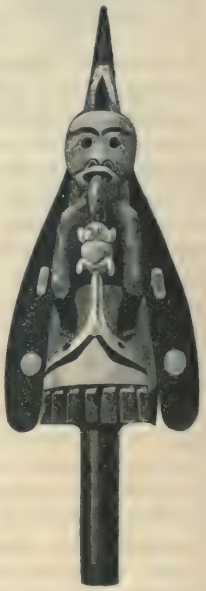


FIG. 9—HAIDA MEDICINE-RATTLE.

and bird-faced masks. Those of the first class are generally large enough to cover the face, and are fashioned to the heads of the wearers by straps attached to the sides of the masks. Of the second class of masks there are several kinds. One obtained has a beak five or six feet long; it is painted red and evidently intended to represent the oyster-catcher, Hæmotopus niger, of the northwestern coast.

Fig. 9 represents a Shamánic rattle used by the medicine men of the Haida. Masks and rattles belonging to Shamáns are generally heirlooms and are mostly used in secret. In the figure of the Shamán, the frog and the king-fisher are shown with continuous tongues, the frog being impaled upon the tongue of the bird. It is asserted that this symbol represents the medicine man absorbing from the frog, which the kingfisher has brought to him, either poison or the power of producing evil effects on other people.

This remarkable style of carving, namely, that representing a figure with a tongue out, and communicating with a frog, otter, bird, snake or fish is a very characteristic feature of the carving of the tribes living between Oregon and Prince William Sound. But the same form is found elsewhere—in Mexico and in the Solomon Islands, in New Ireland and the vicinity of New Guinea. Squier mentions the fact that the tongue has been used by most American people as an index of life or death in the object symbolized. Firmly held forth it indicates life, vigor and spirit; when it hangs helplessly from one corner of the half-open mouth it signifies death, or captivity till death.

FIG. 11—DANCING MASK FROM CAPE FLATTERY.

Among the illustrations representing dancing masks used by the Thlinket and the Haida Indians, that exhibited by Fig. 12 is worthy of notice as being furnished with movable wings. It was obtained from Nutka, Vancouver Island, and is made of pine wood. The hair is made of the bark of some tree dried and beaten into threads, and in front of it is a row of upright feathers rising from the top of the forehead. A similar row of feathers extends along the tops of the wings. On the under side of the wing an eye-like spot is painted, while the front side bears a rude delineation of a human figure in black and red. The peep-holes in this mask are through the nostrils. The wings are lashed firmly in three places to an axis which plays in a wooden spool at top and bottom. An ingenious mechanism was devised for the purpose of flapping the wings, which were so hung that they naturally tended to swing backward; by pulling a cord that passed through a transverse bar of wood attached to the skull-frame of the mask, they were made to flap forward, recoiling back again with their own weight.

FIG. 10—MASK FROM NORTHWEST COAST.

An interesting maskette is that represented in front and profile views, by Fig. 13. It was collected near Sitka by Dr. A. H. Hoff, U. S. A., and is now in the United States National Museum.

The upper figure is that of an otter with his tongue out; that below is the frog—two familiars of the "medicine men," to one of whom the carving undoubtedly belonged, forming a part of some Shamánic paraphernalia. Tongue, arms and feet are of a red color; the rest of the maskette is blackened with the exception of the eyes and certain patches above the hands and feet, which are formed of pieces of Haliotis shell cemented with spruce gum.

Possibly no other race in the world forms more distinct, homogeneous aboriginal stock than the Innuit or Eskimo of North America. Their only offshoots are the Aleuts, who have become somewhat altered from the parent stock by a changed environment, and the Yuit of the Asiatic side of the Bering Strait, forced emigrants from America who have become degraded and crushed. The Aleuts, perhaps, branched off from the Yūit who, there is great reason to believe, passed into Asia within three hundred years at most. Among the Indians of Fuca Straits, traditions exist of the Innuit as being a race of dwarfs, who live in the "always dark country" on the ice, dive and catch whales with their hands, and produce the aurora borealis by boiling out the blubber—that phenomenon being regarded as the reflection of their fires. They are believed to be magicians, and their name must not be pronounced.

FIG. 12—DANCING MASK SHOWING ONE MOVABLE WING.

Notwithstanding the homogeneousness of the Eskimo race and the possibility of absence of contact with tribes living farther south, the use of the mortuary masks and dancing masks in the celebration of mythic ceremonies is common to the Innuit west of the Rocky Mountains, and what is curious, is the fact that the Innuit of Prince William Sound, though in constant communication with people of Thlinkit stock display in their carving not the slightest similarity of style with that of their Indian neighbors.

FIG. 13—MASKETTE OF THLINKIT INDIANS—FRONT AND PROFILE.

A great number of Innuit masks are very rude and display very little artistic taste and skill. Others, however, very interesting and curious, have been obtained at different points of the Innuit region. Specimens of the rude and heavy class are illustrated in Figs. 14 and 15, both of them obtained from Prince William Sound, Alaska, the latter being presented to the United States National Museum by the Alaska Commercial Company.

The more artistically wrought masks are decorated with pendants and other appendages, the object of which a few remarks will suffice to explain. While the wearer is dancing,

the feathers and such like flexible ornaments sway backward and forward in correspondence with the motion of the dancer, and are considered by the Innuit to add much to his appearance. To sound of drum or tambourine the dance goes on, while not infrequently songs are sung discriptive of exploits performed on hunting and fishing, or belligerent expeditions, generally relating to some mystic legend. The chorus to such a song is sung by the spectators, most of whom are women. At some crisis of the description, the mask of the dancer will be transformed by little doors being thrown open by means of strings that pass inside the mask. This transfiguration is regarded by the Innuit as humorous or startling according to the expression assumed by the mask. At these dances finger-masks are also worn by the women—a peculiarity of the Eskimos of the Kuskokwim and Yukon deltas. They represent animal as well as human heads, and are sometimes ludicrously

FIG. 14—DANCING MASK, ALASKA.

distorted. Fig. 16 represents a finger-mask collected by the United States National Museum by E. W. Nelson on the Lower Kuskokwim River. It is about four inches long, the circular disk being connected with a T-shaped handle by which it was held by the wearer. A comical round face occupies the center of the disk. The left eye and space around it are concave, while the right eye is represented by a projecting round peg. Only one nostril—the left one—is indicated, the right one being wanting. The mouth commences on the left side at a point on a vertical line passing through the center of the left eye, and curves upward across the right cheek, gradually diminishing in width till it terminates in a point midway between the eye-peg and the groove surrounding the face. A strip of deerskin with the winter hair on surrounds the margin of the mask, and also a couple of strips of birdskin to which a single white feather is attached. This specimen is conspicuous for its artistic finish and the workmanlike smoothness of the disk, and does not exhibit in the original the appearance of rudeness presented in the cut.

FIG. 15—INNUIT MASK, ALASKA.

FIG. 16—FINGER-MASK WORN BY INNUIT WOMEN.

The Innuit of the two deltas above mentioned are remarkable for their display of the

FIG. 17—ALEUTIAN DEATH MASK.

humorous and grotesque in the manufacture of their masks. Numerous animals are represented, the heads of foxes, wolves and seals being most commonly carved. Much ingenuity is displayed in giving a ludicrous expression to the features. For instance, when the head of a seal is represented the carver will sometimes fashion out, in the place where one of the eyes should be, a small human face on the broad grin, supplied with hair and teeth. It is a common thing in every kind of mask to have the tongue loose so that it will rattle while the dance is going on; and many of them have miniature arms, legs and wings attached to them, which move with the motions of the dancer.

Fig. 18 represents a Shamánic mask obtained from Norton Sound, Alaska, on which a lynx or wild-cat is symbolized. The creature is provided with real teeth, perhaps those of a seal, and with pointed projecting ears; the face is white, with some red stripes on it, the color of the disk being greenish. In the upper part of the mask two little rude heads, intended for mink, are placed one at each corner. The upper and lateral margins of the mask are ornamented with stiff feathers, and the skin of a ptarmigan in its brown summer plumage is attached to the middle of the upper margin.

During the period of their isolated existence, before they were contaminated, crushed and degraded by contact with the white man, the Aleuts were more advanced than any other known branch of the Innuit race. Their language, their religious exercises and such handicrafts as embroidery and grass-fiber weaving are proofs of that development. Originally they were extremely fond of dances and festivals, and in the month of December especially, religious ceremonies accompanied by such demonstrations were greatly in vogue. On these occasions mysteries were practised and the dances had a mystic significance. Masks were worn by men and women, and while the mystic rites were going on it was believed that a spirit or power descended into the idols which it was their wont at this season to carry from island to island. To look upon that spirit was to incur death or dire misfortune, hence the Aleuts wore masks so perforated that they could only see the ground near their feet. The same idea is expressed by their practise of covering the face of a dead person with a similar mask. It was supposed that the departed one had gone on his journey to the land of spirits and to protect him against their glances he was provided with a mask. Fig. 17 represents front and profile views of one of these mortuary masks obtained from a rock-shelter,

used as a depository for the dead, near Delaroff Harbor, Unga Island, Shamagin Group. Great quantities of such masks have been found in sepulchral caves and rock-shelters of the Aleutian Islands.

While the relics of ancient pottery reveal to the archæologist the artistic taste and much of the industrial work performed by aboriginal man, as well as something of his mystic superstitions represented by symbolic embellishment, the study of masks manufactured by savages, and of the purpose to which they have been, and still are applied, gains for the ethnologist an insight into the social custom and amusements, the religious rites and communal development of different primitive races and tribes.

FIG. 18—INNUIT MASK FROM NORTON SOUND, ALASKA.

A STORY OF SWEET-PEA CITY.

BY KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE.

IT was the fate of Adela to live in a town of the future. Each day she sighed because the palmy days of Sweet-Pea were not contemporary with the present youthful and vigorous period of her own life. To live in Sweet-Pea City seemed to Adela much the same as being chained to a corpse. In common with humanity, Sweet-Pea might reasonably look forward to a resurrection, but at present there was no gainsaying the fact that it was dead; and Adela insisted that it was owing entirely to the exceeding dryness of the climate and its pure preservative qualities, that Sweet-Pea had not fallen into an intolerable rottenness and decay. Her husband said that, "being a town of the future," it had not died but was sleeping, and that the germ of life within it would some day flower forth (to be metaphorically correct) into the most brilliant sweet-pea imaginable.

Adela placed her sewing chair one morning at the window of her little

sitting-room, and part of the time she sewed and part of the time watched some children who were as busy as bees across the way. From her position of vantage she could witness their operations, and she became interested in them. She noticed particularly a small girl in a poke hat and a blue gingham apron, who appeared in the neglected front yard of a vacant cottage across the street, and listlessly picked up an old broom which was lying there. With this she proceeded to brush the front steps of the house, and Adela was drawn into watching her by an amused sense of the inadequacy with which she did her work. Whisk, whisk, went the broom lazily up and down the steps, and sometimes it brought a cloud of dust with it, and sometimes left it undisturbed.

"*Why* does n't she sweep in the corners," mused Adela impatiently, and it was with a brightening sense of relief that she saw the child stop finally, and pick up a small piece of white letter-paper from the front walk. This paper had been a source of annoyance to her the whole of the preceding day; its whiteness marred the wild greenery of the little yard. A month ago she would have walked across the street and at once removed the offender with the tips of her fingers, but now, she had not, as she said to herself, "the heart for such things." So many things in the world were at sixes and sevens, why should she elect to adjust any of them when there was so much that lay utterly beyond her reach? This pessimistic region was one in which Adela permitted her mind to dwell much of late, but she finally returned to pleasanter reflections, and to her observations of the children across the street.

After her touch-and-go performance with the broom, the poke hat and blue gingham apron was seized with a sudden spasm of energy, and dashing her broom in the middle of the grassy walk, she darted up the street with the swiftness of a swallow. At the corner of a vacant lot she came to a sudden standstill, and proceeded to interview two very small boys who were laboring painfully along with a load of common yellow chairs; these were piled high upon a little red express wagon, and had come from the Methodist meeting-house which stood in the center of an adjoining lot.

The children's Loyal League Society, a youthful temperance association, was to revivify the empty cottage that night with an entertainment at fifteen cents a head, and this included a saucer of ice cream with a complement of cake.

Adela had one of the tickets in her work-basket. She glanced at it and smiled somewhat bitterly. These were not boom prices, certainly; the style and cheapness of the little entertainment told a story in itself. One must take cheap pleasures cheaply in Sweet-Pea City now, or go without. She had tried going without until she felt dulled and stupid beyond expression. She sometimes wondered, as the pall and depression of the deserted town pressed on her, if she had not lost her capacity for enjoyment; and again she said, as her youthful need of happiness stirred strongly, that she asked only for plain, wholesome bread—she could not digest a stone.

How the little fellows tugged at the chairs! A slight woman appeared in the doorway, and carried them up the steps and into the house. It was the wife of the carpenter who lived in a small, board shanty next door to Adela. Her face was flushed and she looked tired, but she smiled at the children and they worked like beavers. After a while more children came; large boys who bossed the small ones; a sharp, quick girl of fifteen who seized the broom, and vigorously cleared away the dirt left in the corners by the poke bonnet.

Adela ran out into her yard, and, cutting all the roses from her La France, handed the magnificent blossoms over the fence to the young girl.

The girl's thin features lighted up with a radiant smile as she received the roses, and Adela returned to her work with a lighter heart.

Many cases of desertion have been recorded in the courts of law, and written up in the newspapers that are sad, pathetic, mournful, but never do such cases produce a sorrier plight than when the plaintiff is a Western town, which has been boomed to a most dangerous inflation, and then is incontinently deserted by the boomers. To be impressed that this was the plight of Sweet-Pea City, a stranger had but to glance up and down the grass-grown streets, where half-buried rails of unused street-car tracks gleamed between rows of sweet alyssum and yellow-spotted sheep-sorrel, and to note the apparently unreasonable beginning, and as sudden and foolish ending, of layers of smooth, white cement sidewalks. By some unhappy freak these pavements invariably began in front of vacant lots and led to nowhere, while the inmates of the few inhabited cottages tramped over front walks that were dusty or muddy, as the weather decreed. When the last reverberations of the land boom which had been begun there some years before had died away, the little town had been left to the silence of the plain and the guardianship of the encircling mountains.

At least one-half of the population had packed their belongings and moved away, leaving their houses closed and empty, or half finished and open to the caprice of the weather, as the case might be. Many of these houses were pretty cottages, and not a few of them were ambitious dwellings with the diminutive towers and minarets which are the delight of the scroll-saw carpenter, and of the contractor who combines the talents of the architect with those of the artisan. All, however, wore that air of suspended animation, and of waiting for something to turn up, which is eloquent of the hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. As for the character of the settlers who remained behind, it was almost without exception a survival of the fittest, for they were the people one naturally expects to see in a primitive little Western town.

Once a day the great "Overland" crashed into the place and shook the boards of the platform at the station, and roused with its hoarse screams the echoes of the silent cañons.

The only boast now of the once proud and impertinent Sweet-Pea is that it serves the purpose of a meal station of the railroad company, and the trains are compelled once a day to disgorge themselves on its platform. Millionaires flying from ice and snow to the Pacific Coast resorts, with the mixed motives of idling under palm trees and investing in Western lands, look out shrewdly over the cactus plain and call Sweet-Pea approvingly, "a town of the future."

In the general wreck of hopes and fortunes made by its brief, disastrous history, there was one intelligent survivor who clung with steadfast faith to the place. The heart, the pulse of the town beat in the breast of Roderick Dinsmore, and its muscle and sinew grew in his strong right arm, and his friends knew that when the time came he would use both with good effect; meanwhile, he lived in a long, low, white house, at some distance from the railroad, with his handsome wife, Adela. Barring the outlook into the irregular board shanties, yclept houses, which lay between them and the depot, their location was a most picturesque and beautiful one. From the wide veranda which surrounded her house, Adela could look out over an almost boundless stretch of plain on which the cloud shadows played at hide-and-seek, and over which the soft purple atmosphere laid a charm unspeakable.

The large and ambitious hotel which stood on the bluff, closed and silent in this, nature's loveliest season, would alone have told the story of the town. The wild pea-vine climbed the hill-

side and flaunted its flowers in vain; yellow violets and blue "baby-eyes" starred the grass temptingly. There were no tourists now to exclaim over their loveliness; though with never-failing appreciation, Adela still gathered them and filled all of the available pots and jars about her house.

With the waning of the afternoon a spirit of restlessness seized this young woman, and throwing on a shawl, for the trade-winds were blowing, she went out into the street. The shawl was soft and white, and fell prettily around Adela's shapely shoulders. Choosing the middle of the disused street for her path, she paced thoughtfully between the rusty lines of railway. The horses had never been foaled whose feet were to have pattered industriously up and down this track. A grocer's sign at the corner announced in gay, bold letters that "Staple and Fancy Groceries" were to be found within, but the plate-glass front, stuck thickly with spit balls, gave the lie to this announcement, and declared that small boys still lingered around, though the disgusted groceryman had long since shaken the dust of the place from his feet.

A bald, white-painted lodging-house with narrow porches and many slits of windows, stood at an angle in a lot near by. The windows were broken and many of them had torn bits of newspaper flapping from the panes; this with several cottages had been built to supplement the hotel. Adela could remember when a lodging in any of them was at a premium, and when a gayly-dressed, prosperous crowd had surged in and out so constantly that they had worn the single coat of paint from the redwood doors. Adela and her husband had been a part of this mob, and were not the least gay and hopeful among them. With what enthusiasm they had selected the site for their home; how eagerly they had watched the building of the pretty bungalow—Roderick's interest being not less than her own!

And now! she stood still in the deserted street; the trade-wind was bending the tall tops of the eucalyptus trees, and the sun, which had beamed warmly in the morning, had drawn a thin veil of cold mist before his face. Little whirlwinds of dust blew up from the footpaths and eddied about her. A crushing sense of defeat and disappointment came over her, and she dropped her face in her hands. The wind ruffled her dark hair caressingly, and a cow, staked by the wayside, looked wonderingly at her.

The place was absolutely without sound until the cry of a child broke the stillness. It came from a Mexican cabin over in the cañon and was a veritable cry of pain; the ready tears sprang to Adela's eyes and she hastened to the edge of the Arroyo and looked down. She was now beyond the so-called limits of the town and only one or two empty, shelterless houses looked at her with blank eyes, and the grass about her was so thickly starred with yellow daisies and sweet-scented pop-corn flowers, that she hesitated to put her foot down. Adela's heart was very tender toward flowers and children, and since her estrangement from her husband her tears lay very near the surface. As she stood on the edge of the cañon and looked down on the white adobe walls of the cabin nestled in the Arroyo, her head swam and she trembled violently. How picturesque she once had thought it! Where the plaster walls had crumbled away, sturdy passion-vines climbed and hid the decay. In those early, happy days when she scrambled with Roderick on the hills, they had often stopped to admire it, and he had once made a sketch of it, a very creditable water-color which now hung in his bedroom. He had raved over the delicious browns and yellows of the old adobe walls, the dark red *olla* swinging in the porch, the shadows of the grapevine on the brick floor, and the clusters of

purple grapes which hung from the lattice-work extension over the front door.

This was before he had seen Carmalita. Adela had never forgotten the expression of his face when the Spanish woman came out of the house one day and stood smiling before them. With these bitter thoughts ringing weary changes in her brain, the young wife made her way down the hillside toward the cabin.

She faced the porch and a figure stood up in the shadow of the vine.

"*Buenos dias*, Carmalita."

"*Buenos dias, Señora*," and Carmalita's slow, but brilliant smile irradiated her face.

She placed a chair for her guest, first wiping it carefully with her cotton apron, and resumed her work. A dark-eyed child with gold earrings in her tiny ears, was playing at her mother's feet. Adela, regardless of her crisp, white dress, seated the little one on her lap and pressed her to her heart; she and the little Francisca were fast friends.

In the soft Spanish tongue she asked the child what had hurt her when she cried out so loudly.

"It was nothing," smiled Carmalita, "only the leetle darrg;" pointing to a hairless Mexican canine, "sometime he bite a leetle."

She picked up the little wounded finger tenderly, and exhibited it to Adela, who kissed it fondly, while the other woman's face melted with motherly love.

Little Francisca was soon diverted from the memory of her troubles by permission to play with Adela's silver bangles, and the two women talked together in the thick, rich Spanish which fell so easily from Carmalita's pretty mouth.

Watching the small, brown Mexican fingers as they deftly drew the threads in a piece of linen, Adela drank in the utter perfection of the woman's stolid beauty—the rare gleams of light in her unfathomable eyes, the wondrous sheen of her blue-black braids of hair—as one quaffs a bitter draught, and as she let the poison distill into her heart she felt it grow numb with despair.

Meanwhile they talked calmly of Sebastian, the woman's husband. Carmalita smiled mysteriously, and Adela thought exultantly, as she said that Sebastian would soon have plenty of money, more than enough to buy the meat and flour. Making a desperate effort, Adela asked where he would get so much money. The Spanish eyes were turned on her wonderingly, and she shook her head decidedly. She did not know—Sebastian had not told her that. Their cow was sick—"yes"—she nodded in response to Adela's inquiries, but she did not look in the least disturbed.

Adela was puzzled. What unquestioning faith she appeared to have in her husband, and what base and impious deception must lurk in the soft, friendly glances of her dark eyes. When she looked at the sweet, ingenuous face, the calm, motherly bearing of the young Spanish woman, she could almost believe there was some terrible mistake.

When Carmalita insisted that the Señora looked pale, and went out into the little garden for *yerba santa* leaves, Adela took advantage of her absence to glance furtively about the cabin. It was pitifully bare of furniture; one or two chairs of the commonest description and the bed in the corner with its white, lace-trimmed counterpane, being the only pieces in the room.

Roderick had squandered a good deal of money lately, but there was no evidence of it here. On the deep window-sill of the little, white-curtained window lay two pipes, side by side; one was an ordinary corn-cob pipe, but the other was of briar-wood with an amber mouth-piece. At sight of these, Adela fled from the place, and the little Francisca snatched at her dress as she passed through the porch and called after her in vain.

Urged on by a tempest of feeling,

she did not pause until she reached the neighborhood of her own house, and then, induced by some devil of adverse fate, she picked up a small piece of white paper which came fluttering to her feet. It was the piece which had been discarded by the small inadequate from the scene of the Loyal League entertainment, and proved to be a leaf from Roderick's notebook.

On it was scribbled, along with other memoranda, "Appointment—La Carmalita—8 P. M.—13th." And to-day was the thirteenth!

The words danced before her eyes in letters of flame. Again the name which had haunted her for weeks past, the name which was uttered tenderly by Roderick in his sleep, had roused her as with a dagger thrust from the fancied security of a young wife's love and trustfulness. She turned her burning eyes about her, on the sky above, the earth around her. Could such things be when there was a God in those beautiful blue heavens, when not a swallow fell without His knowledge, when every blade of tender grass under her feet grew at His command? She drew in a sharp breath of pain; it seemed to her that for one moment her heart stood still, before it roused to comprehension of its anguish. With the calmness of despair she walked steadily into the house. No more harassing doubts and fears; at last she knew the worst that could ever befall her. If the earth had opened at this moment, and the mountains toppled over and fallen into it, she would have laughed to see it. So selfish in its affections, and so mightily intense is the heart of a woman.

Two men, who were tramping briskly down the silent street, turned and looked after her as she entered her door; they were strangers, and wore the rough looking clothes and small "fore and aft" caps which Englishmen usually affect in this country, and their glances expresse admiration and surprise.

Adela did not see them, her eyes were blinded by unshed tears, and if she was enough at variance with the rawness of her surroundings to present an interesting anomaly to strangers, she was past being flattered by it now

II.

There were no electric lights in Sweet-Pea City, and with the exception of a yellow flame which flared greasily in front of the bar-room by the railroad, there were no street lamps. The day melted silently and swiftly into the night; there was no moon, and a heavy fog arose which blotted out the stars and chilled the air.

At eight o'clock Adela stood uncertainly before the fire in her sitting-room, and endeavored to resist a temptation. Her husband's good-night kiss still lingered on her lips; she raised her hand to brush it away, and a sob arose in her throat.

Roderick's stalwart figure had just passed out of the door; something of his old gaiety of spirit had returned to-night and his rollicking presence had seemed to fill the small room. It still lingered in the odor of the half-burned cigar on the hearth and in the folds of the crumpled newspaper, which he had thrown beside the steamer chair.

There had been all evening a suppressed excitement in his manner, but Adela did not attempt in her own mind to account for this, for she formulated no accusation against him. She recalled this afterwards with satisfaction. She suffered through the circumstances which conspired to pile evidence against him, but she scornfully rejected the evidence even while her heart throbbed to bursting with the mystery and uncertainty of her position.

Three months ago! How strangely the time tallied with their first visit to the adobe in the Arroyo! Roderick had suddenly been transformed

from a merry companion, a somewhat demonstrative lover, into a stranger—silent, reticent, absorbed. Adela had at first tried harmless little strategies to win his confidence, but finally, chilled and hurt in the inner chambers of her affections, she ceased to make advances.

It was weary work taking up alone the old life whose sole brightness, as she now discovered, had been lent by his sympathetic companionship, but she did it bravely and it is doubtful if her husband in his present preoccupation, missed the soul from the body of the white-faced woman, who seemed ever absorbed in her fancy work or the details of her household duties.

The miserable outburst of the afternoon had left her calmer than before; its suggestion of absolute unfaith on her husband's part had sobered her senses and steadied her nerves. That idea was too preposterous to be entertained for a moment, she told herself. Roderick had mentioned at dinner that he had an appointment for this evening and had begged her not to sit up for him, and he had smiled reassuringly when he left her in answer to the unspoken inquiry of her pale face. With this she was trying now to be content. She heard him mount his horse and ride out of the stable-yard, and as the clatter of hoofs grew faint in the distance, a wild, unreasonable desire to follow him seized her.

She could never tell afterward what feeling had been poignant enough to drive her on; it may have been a wish to save him from himself; it may have been merely a desire to clear him triumphantly before the bar of her own imagination; it was not, she felt sure, an impulse to spy upon his actions, or to accuse him, that drove her to follow him through the fog and down into the blackness of the Arroyo that night.

Throwing a shawl over her head, Mexican fashion, she dashed out into the night, and for the second time that day, made her way toward the cañon. The cry of the coyotes, like the whining of very young children, and the deep bay of a solitary hound reached her at the edge of the declivity, and made her shiver with something like fear as she plunged through the grease-wood and found instinctively the steep and narrow path.

Adela knew that never in the after years of her life would she forget the smallest particular of that walk in the starless night.

Driven by some impulse entirely outside of herself, her misery gathered substance as she went onward; having once yielded to its persuasion, it had become a torrent and was sweeping her helplessly before it. Mechanically she picked up her feet and set them down in the moist loam, having the sharp and painful consciousness that each step carried her nearer to what might prove a life-long agony. Nothing short of an earthquake or a cyclone could have stopped her now; it was the one intense moment of a not uncommonplace existence. There was a new heaven and a new earth around her, and both were *black*.

Her highly-strung sensibilities had been opened by her jealousy to the perception of terrors of which she had never dreamt, and a sweet, sensible, well-balanced woman had been transformed into an angry Nemesis.

Suddenly the house of Carmalita loomed before her—its long, low lines and stolid front seeming to present a cool rebuttal to her fiery fancies.

The thin light of a tallow dip came through the crack of the wooden shutter, and she stumbled over some of the little Francisca's playthings on the doorstep. Adela paused. Here was poverty closely interwoven with innocent domesticity; what right had she to assail them with her suspicions? From the darkness of the porch the Spanish woman's eyes seemed to look at her reproachfully, and she would have turned and fled homewards as wildly and foolishly as she had come, but that Carmalita's little dog cut off her retreat by barking vociferously.

she did not pause until she reached the neighborhood of her own house, and then, induced by some devil of adverse fate, she picked up a small piece of white paper which came fluttering to her feet. It was the piece which had been discarded by the small inadequate from the scene of the Loyal League entertainment, and proved to be a leaf from Roderick's notebook.

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Three months ago! How strangely the time tallied with their first visit to the adobe in the Arroyo! Roderick had suddenly been transformed

from a merry companion, a somewhat demonstrative lover, into a stranger—silent, reticent, absorbed. Adela had at first tried harmless little strategies to win his confidence, but finally, chilled and hurt in the inner chambers of her affections, she ceased to make advances.

It was weary work taking up alone the old life whose sole brightness, as she now discovered, had been lent by his sympathetic companionship, but she did it bravely and it is doubtful if her husband in his present preoccupation, missed the soul from the body of the white-faced woman, who seemed ever absorbed in her fancy work or the details of her household duties.

The miserable outburst of the afternoon had left her calmer than before; its suggestion of absolute unfaith on her husband's part had sobered her senses and steadied her nerves. That idea was too preposterous to be entertained for a moment, she told herself. Roderick had mentioned at dinner that he had an appointment for this evening and had begged her not to sit up for him, and he had smiled reassuringly when he left her in answer to the unspoken inquiry of her pale face. With this she was trying now to be content. She heard him mount his horse and ride out of the stable-yard, and as the clatter of hoofs grew faint in the distance, a wild, unreasonable desire to follow him seized her.

She could never tell afterward what feeling had been poignant enough to drive her on; it may have been a wish to save him from himself; it may have been merely a desire to clear him triumphantly before the bar of her own imagination; it was not, she felt sure, an impulse to spy upon his actions, or to accuse him, that drove her to follow him through the fog and down into the blackness of the Arroyo that night.

Throwing a shawl over her head, Mexican fashion, she dashed out into the night, and for the second time that day, made her way toward the cañon. The cry of the coyotes, like the whining of very young children, and the deep bay of a solitary hound reached her at the edge of the declivity, and made her shiver with something like fear as she plunged through the grease-wood and found instinctively the steep and narrow path.

Adela knew that never in the after years of her life would she forget the smallest particular of that walk in the starless night.

Driven by some impulse entirely outside of herself, her misery gathered substance as she went onward; having once yielded to its persuasion, it had become a torrent and was sweeping her helplessly before it. Mechanically she picked up her feet and set them down in the moist loam, having the sharp and painful consciousness that each step carried her nearer to what might prove a life-long agony. Nothing short of an earthquake or a cyclone could have stopped her now; it was the one intense moment of a not uncommonplace existence. There was a new heaven and a new earth around her, and both were *black*.

Her highly-strung sensibilities had been opened by her jealousy to the perception of terrors of which she had never dreamt, and a sweet, sensible, well-balanced woman had been transformed into an angry Nemesis.

Suddenly the house of Carmalita loomed before her—its long, low lines and stolid front seeming to present a cool rebuttal to her fiery fancies.

The thin light of a tallow dip came through the crack of the wooden shutter, and she stumbled over some of the little Francisca's playthings on the doorstep. Adela paused. Here was poverty closely interwoven with innocent domesticity; what right had she to assail them with her suspicions? From the darkness of the porch the Spanish woman's eyes seemed to look at her reproachfully, and she would have turned and fled homewards as wildly and foolishly as she had come, but that Carmalita's little dog cut off her retreat by barking vociferously.

There was a movement inside, and numbly and dumbly Adela awaited the opening of the door. As a drowning man realizes the events of his past life, so she saw vividly in that moment the wretched expanse of her future stretching monotonously before her.

A hand was on the latch of the door and it opened slowly, revealing the placid figure of Carmalita, with a background of fire-light.

It was naturally somewhat startling to her to see the young wife of her husband's employer standing pale and distraught before her, but with the characteristic of her race she betrayed no surprise.

"Ah, *Señora!* So you have come, too."

There was actually a note of welcome in her voice.

Seizing Adela's hand she drew her into the firelit room.

"The *Señora* is cold and tired," she said; and seating Adela close to the hearth she removed her wrappings as tenderly as if she were a child.

The American felt humbled and mortified — the tables were being turned on her indeed; she had come possibly to accuse this woman, and she was being treated as an honored guest whose coming was not totally unexpected, and whose welcome was assured. Roderick was not here. The child was sleeping softly in the corner. Adela did not attempt to unravel the mystery then; the reaction of feeling and the warmth made her faint.

* * * * * * *

When Roderick proudly and fondly presented his wife with the papers which set forth that the Carmalita Gold Mines, situated in Los Robles Cañon had been sold for half a million dollars to an English syndicate, Adela's womanly wisdom bade her bury the secret of her bitter experience from his unseeing eyes.

But she could not resist saying:

"I think you might have told me, Roderick. I would then have understood why you have been so absent-minded and distraught all these months."

Her husband looked up in surprise.

"Have I been absent-minded, dear?" and then he added with great simplicity, "But you see, my dear, the secret was not mine. It was Sebastian's; he first discovered the mines. I was under oath not to tell you, and I had no earthly right to divulge it; you know these Mexicans don't trust their wives as we do ours."

Adela smiled, somewhat wistfully.

"You will never guess, Roderick, all that I have undergone in this affair."

Her husband looked at her with happy enthusiasm. "It is necessary, my love, that the wives of Western men should be cast in a heroic mould. I've no doubt you would willingly undergo much more to insure the future of Sweet-Pea City."

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

THE TREASURY BUILDING.

STRANGE as it may seem, there exists in the very heart of our Republic and beneath the constant gaze of millions, a municipal government whose unique features are as little known to the average American as to the average foreigner. An ignorance, however, not due to the smallness or insignificance of the municipality—for only two others exceed it in extent of area, and only a comparative few can boast of a larger population, but on the contrary, to its great national prominence, which, like the public career of a distinguished personage, overshadows what may be called its private life; and so it happens, that while no spot is more familiar to our people than the National Capital, there is no municipal administration so little understood as that of the District of Columbia. The characteristic features of Washington —its beautiful streets and parks, its grand public buildings, its handsome private residences, its noted people and its social life — are familiar to thousands of people from one end of the country to the other; but there is scarcely any one who is correctly informed, or has the remotest idea as to the manner in which the city is governed, and how its local affairs are regulated. Some account, therefore, of the municipal history and government of our Capital may not prove uninteresting to the many thousands who look to Washington as the Mecca of their hopes and aspirations, or to those who simply take a patriotic pride in it.

It will be remembered that it was not long after the close of the Revolution that the question of a permanent location for the seat of our new government began to be agitated. The Continental Congress had convened in eight different cities, and while its members were becoming heartily tired of moving about from place to place in the peripatetic fashion of the king's court, they found it no easy task to select a site that would meet with general satisfaction and approval. Each city entertained the conviction that it, above all others, was best fitted for the distinction of becoming the permanent Capital of the United States, and the result was that our early legislators were driven to the verge of distraction

by the conflicting claims of the different States and cities clamoring for the coveted prize. Happily, Congress had the wisdom to foresee that to establish the seat of general government within the province of a State government would sooner or later lead to disputes over the rights and powers of jurisdiction; and hence, in order to avoid any complications of this kind, it was decided that it would be necessary for some State to give to the Federal Government a territory not exceeding ten miles square, over which Congress could exercise exclusive jurisdiction. The State of Maryland thereupon passed an act ceding to the United States any such portion of her territory as Congress might choose —and, not to be outdone by her sister, the State of Virginia promptly followed suit with a similar enactment, which deeds of generosity Congress considerately recognized by accepting a portion of each offering in such manner that the site embracing a total area of one hundred square miles was situated on the Potomac River.

The matter of location being thus finally disposed of, there arose the momentous problem of how to govern this little territory, and in the attempts to solve it, the "District," as it is familiarly called, underwent a number of changes, both topographical and political.

It was at first divided into two counties—the Virginia portion being called the County of Alexandria, after its chief city, and the Maryland portion on the opposite side of the river, the County of Washington. In the course of time the Virginians repented of their hasty magnanimity, and after the manner of the primeval Lo, petitioned for the return of their gift. Congress, finding that it could get along very well without the County of Alexandria, granted the request of its citizens to withdraw from the District, and in 1846, President Polk gave notice that the portion derived from Virginia was re-ceded to that State.

The first instrument of federal authority was a board of three commissioners, appointed by the President of the United States, to supervise the laying out of the City of Washington, and continued in operation until 1802. For the purposes of local government the District was then divided into three municipalities, styled respectively: the City of Washington, the City of Georgetown, and the Levy Court—each city taking charge of its own affairs and the Levy Court looking after the interests of the outlying portions of the county.

Originally, and as far back as 1802, when it reached the dignity of an incorporated city, Washington possessed a council elected by the people, and a Mayor who owed his appointment to the President of the United States. Robert Brent was first and last in Presidential favor, having been made his own successor ten consecutive times in as many years. Then the citizens, probably finding *toujours* Brent about as cloying as *toujours perdrix*, and perhaps fearing that the worthy Brent might become to them an Old Man of the Sea, if the power to appoint continued with the President, succeeded through an act of Congress, in having their Mayor elected by the city council—an arrangement which required an experience of eight years for the people to discover that it was not what they wanted. Congress thereupon allowed them to biennially elect their own Mayor, a privilege enjoyed for a period of fifty-one years, when, in 1871, a peaceful revolution occurred, which swept away not only the Mayor and the council, but the city charter itself—Congress substituting for the old régime a government that embraced impartially the entire District, and which consisted of a Governor, a Board of Public Works, a Board of Health and a Secretary, all appointees of the President of the United States. The President also had the naming of the eleven members of a Council, which, with a House of Delegates, whose twenty-two members were elected by the people,

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

itol, some from the White House, and others, again, like Massachusetts and Rhode Island avenues, claiming no central point, but stretching their broad, beautiful paths across the city in defiance of any fixed plan. Nearly every intersection of each one of these avenues with a street is beautified by a reservation or open space, ranging in size from a small, triangular grass-plat to a spacious, shady parking; while the intersections of the avenues with one another are marked by large circular reservations, very properly called "circles," each of which, with the exception of Iowa Circle, is named after and adorned with the statue of some notable American. Thus, at the intersection of Massachusetts and Rhode Island avenues is the imposing statue of General Scott, while at Massachusetts and Connecticut avenues is that of Dupont, standing erect in the center of a beautiful parking. In addition to his many other memorials, George Washington is also honored with a statue and circle at the conjunction of Pennsylvania and New Hampshire avenues, while General Thomas, with his hat in hand as though acknowledging the admiration of the public as they gaze upon the finest equestrian statue in the country, adorns the juncture of Vermont and Massachusetts avenues. In addition to the smaller parkings, and as a geometric and artistic offset to the circles, there are other reservations as represented by Franklin Park, Judiciary Square, Lafayette Park, Farragut Square, Garfield Park, Mount Vernon Square, McPherson Square, Lincoln Park and Stanton Square, with their giant trees, their splashing fountains, their shady paths and knolls, their gardens and their appropriate statuary. Not only is the stranger captivated by the rural loveliness and the verdant charms of the nooks and parks that greet him at almost every turn, but each street is in itself a park, a sylvan lane, with its rows of wondrous shade trees, whose graceful, wide-spreading branches, in many instances, meet above the roadway, forming exquisite vistas, which stretch away into dreamy woodland, or form the charmed, umbrageous entrance to some resplendent park. For miles and miles in many parts of the city every dwelling, from the lowly hut of the negro to the palace of the millionaire, has its private parking, or front yard, with vine-covered terraces and porches; with trees whose foliage mingles with that on the sidewalk; with rare shrubs and flowers, and fountains whose sprinkling mist transforms the slumbering sunbeams into dancing, iridescent sprays.

Looking from the top of the monument on a morning in early June, when nature revels in the glory of her renewed life, Washington lies beneath the beholder, with its glistening church-spires and tall buildings of shining marble, and the deep red brick of the lofty domes and towers peeping above the mass of virescent foliage. Here and there may be seen the grand avenues as they stretch their splendid lengths across the city, while along its edge the broad Potomac, dotted with the shadowy forms of boats and vessels, wends its mighty way toward the ocean in slow, sluggish roll.

The statues are not confined wholly to the squares and circles, but many like that of Benjamin Franklin, cast their shadows upon the noisy street, or like that of John Marshall keep their silent, stolid guard before the portals of some great building. Probably the most interesting of these apotheosistical monuments is the colossal statue of General Jackson in Lafayette Park, immediately facing the White House, and made from the brass of old cannons captured by him. Here Old Hickory is compelled to sit forever on a horse raised on his haunches, with no other support for his massive self and his heavy rider than his hind legs—a feat in statuary which the learned world said could not be performed until Clark Mills, like Christopher Columbus, demon-

strated that the world does not always know everything. A statue of Lafayette has recently been erected at the southeast corner of Lafayette Park, the only monument to a foreigner in the city; and, therefore, an honor of which the French people may justly feel proud.

Standing in the center of beautiful, spacious grounds, upon the brow of city in that direction; but true to all ethnological experience, which teaches us that man always moves westward, the principal portion of the city built up in the opposite direction. Its growth was accelerated by the exorbitant prices asked for land in the eastern section by speculative wiseacres, who bought up the property in that locality, and smiling blandly awaited

OFFICES OF THE DISTRICT GOVERNMENT.

what is known as Capitol Hill, the United States Capitol with its massive white dome reaching to a height of 396 feet, rears its imposing and unparalleled grandeur above the city. It has taken one hundred years and thirty millions of dollars to make the Capitol what it is to-day, but the result is inspiring to the most impassive nature, for no one can gaze upon this superb edifice, with its wonderful architecture, its beautiful, symmetrical proportions, and withal its indescribable, transcendent grandeur, without delight and almost reverence. Unfortunately, however, the Capitol faces the East, the result of an anticipated growth of the the time when they would reap the harvest which never came. The western side of the building has been remodeled to look as much as possible like a front and main entrance, but the Goddess of Liberty on the pinnacle of the dome still turns her back upon the city.

The Treasury building, the Patent Office, the Postoffice, the White House and the building of the State, War and Navy Departments are all models of architectural beauty and finish—the Patent Office in particular. The Pension Office, in Judiciary Square, is built of brick, and its resemblance to a mammoth barn renders it strikingly inconsistent with the beauty

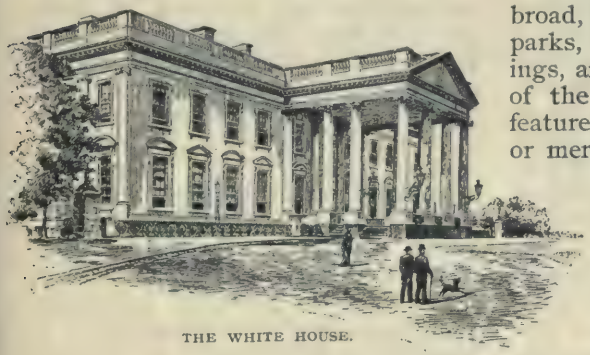
THE STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING.

and magnificence of the other Government buildings. Even its old neighbor, the City Hall, exhibits better architectural and æsthetic traits. This old building is now used as the Court House, though partly occupied by the United States Civil Service Commission, in conformity with a habit of Uncle Sam's for housing a great many of his bureaus in rented buildings instead of erecting the necessary accommodations. When the Census Bureau was in full operation, it alone occupied seven private buildings in the city, for which the Government paid no inconsiderable rent. The present City Hall, or, as it is called, the District Building, is situated on First street, northwest, not far from the Capitol, in the shadow of whose splendor it sinks into utter insignificance with its glaring poverty of exterior and interior adornment. The residents of the district, however, attempt to find consolation for their humility in being obliged to present to their expectant visitants so poor an apology for a municipal building, in the fact that the United States Capitol is partly the Capitol of the district, inasmuch as all of its legislative affairs are transacted within its walls.

Notwithstanding that the Capital was laid out a century ago, when city thoroughfares were ostensibly designed for the purpose of allowing neighbors to shake hands across the street and of losing themselves around the corner, the streets and avenues of Washington are without their equal at this day, and we may well marvel at the audacity which prompted so elaborate a design so many years ago. Next to the Capitol, whose resplendent dome looms up on the horizon for miles before the visitor reaches the city, the streets are the first feature to attract his attention by reason of their great length, their unusual width, their multitude of shade trees and their smooth asphalt driveways, over which the rapidly-moving vehicles glide with a quietness and ease at once astonishing and delightful to one accustomed only to cobble stones or dusty roads. So smooth are these pavements that hundreds of children use their parlor skates almost exclusively in going about from one part of the city to another, and it is not difficult to understand how, with such streets, Washington should prove a veritable paradise for its 35,000 bicycle riders. Bicycle riding in Washington is as common a means of locomotion as walking; in fact, everybody is supposed to know how to ride, and nearly everybody does. Here may be seen the merchant wheeling his way to business; the pretty Gov-

ernment clerk, with her lunch-bag on her arm; the dignified Congressman on his way to the Capitol; the laughing school boy, the grey-haired grandfather, the postman with his bag of letters, the young girl skimming to school with her books strapped to the handle bars; the ragged darky boy, the spruce young man, the progressive mother, with her baby tucked into a little seat in front of the machine, the mercurial district messenger, the reporter, the grave clergyman on his way to church and the happy tippler on his way to ruin—all are scurrying along on safety bicycles to their respective destinations, attracting no more attention than do the pedestrians on the sidewalk.

Pennsylvania avenue, northwest from the Capitol to the Treasury, is the main portion of the principal thoroughfare in the city and one of the grandest avenues in the world. Like nearly all the avenues, it is 160 feet wide, thus equaling in breadth three or four ordinary city streets. To Washingtonians it is familiarly and significantly known as "the avenue." All day long it is crowded with a gay throng of men and women, and when at four o'clock, the departments pour forth their 15,000 clerks, the majority of whom find their way to the avenue, it presents a most enlivening scene, its great size seeming then hardly sufficient to accommodate the mass of people and the crowd of vehicles passing up and down.



THE WHITE HOUSE.

Washington has its fashionable promenade in Connecticut avenue, from Farragut square to Dupont Circle, upon which are located the residence of the British Legation and the Church of the Covenant, now known as the President's Church. Generally, however, Connecticut avenue is not so beautiful nor so conspicuous for its residences as some of the other streets in the fashionable northwest section of the city where the palatial homes of our senators and millionaires, our famous writers and politicians have given to Washington in addition to its many pet names that of the "City of Residences." These hundreds of handsome houses, each one vying with the other in some peculiarity of style, some architectural characteristic, some elaboration of design or some variety of ornamentation, resulting in a city of buildings no two of which can be said to be precisely alike, and which range in style from the baronial to the most extravagant modern architecture, constitute one of the many characteristic and attractive features of the national Capital.

With these ornate peculiarities—its broad, shady streets, its gardens, its parks, its homes and its public buildings, and withal its freedom from any of the disagreeable and unsightly features incident to a commercial or mercantile center—Washington is a city of which all may well be proud.

Georgetown, which is separated from Washington by Rock Creek, a small, picturesque stream running through the District and emptying into the Potomac, was laid out as early as 1751 and incorporated in 1789. Until the consolidation of the local governments in 1871, it conducted its own affairs through the instrumentality of a Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and common councilmen. Many assume that Georgetown was named after the Father of our Country, but this distinction, although some of the old residents scorn the idea of a

royal origin, belongs to George II. The name, however, has now only a topographical significance, since Georgetown no longer exercises the privileges of corporate independence, but with all other parts of the District is merged into a common municipal government; in fact, it may be said to form an integral part of the Capital.

The District government is administered by a board of three commissioners, two of whom are appointed from among the citizens of the District by the President of the United States to serve for a term of three years each, while the third member of the board is detailed from the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army, to serve for such length of time as the President may elect. These commissioners in turn control the appointment and removal of all the other officers and employees of the District government.

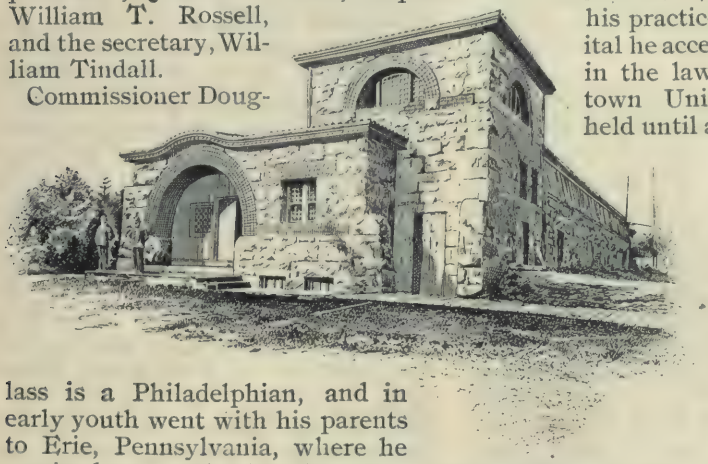
From this the reader will correctly infer that the citizens have no voice whatsoever in the selection of their public servants or in the management of their government; the right of national and local suffrage being the privilege sacrificed for the distinction of becoming a citizen of the national Capital. Congress makes the laws and the Senate aids the President in appointing suitable persons to act as commissioners, an arrangement which has the advantage of keeping Washington society free from the political boss, the ward politician and the like adventitious political growths of American cities. It must not be supposed, however, that all who become residents of the District thereby become disfranchised, for a very large number, including nearly the entire army of office-holders, remain citizens of their respective States; and the time of a national or State election is always the occasion for an exodus from Washington, so great at times as to embarrass the business of the departments by the concerted absence of the clerks on their laudable mission of saving the country.

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have equal powers and duties, and notwithstanding that one of them is annually elected president of the board by his colleagues, the honor carries with it no superior authority. To facilitate the performance of their work each takes charge of particular departments of the government, giving to them his special attention, although unable to take final action on any matter, even though it be nothing more important than the removal of an old pump, without the approval of at least one of his associates. As might be supposed, the officer detailed from the engineer corps of the army and known as the Engineer Commissioner, has immediate supervision of all municipal works and improvements. He is assisted by two other officers of the same corps, who are likewise detailed by the President to serve for an indefinite time. The senior assistant serves as acting Engineer Commissioner in the absence of that officer, but neither of these assistants receives any compensation from the District government, and the Engineer Commissioner himself receives only so much as, with his pay from the army will equal $5,000 per annum, the salary paid to each of the other commissioners. Why the army should be called into requisition for the purpose of laying sidewalks, erecting gas lamps and attending to other peaceful duties of a like nature, is not altogether clear, but is perhaps due to the inherent regard for the military and the fact that there is probably something about municipal works suggestive of fortifications and strategic manœuvres.

While the commissioners are at the head of the local affairs their powers are simply executive. Congress exercises exclusive legislation, and will not permit the commissioners to arrogate to themselves any authority beyond that specifically delegated to them, except in the case of certain minor regulations. Under this exception the commissioners are privileged

to draw up, in conformity with certain provisions of law, their own rules with reference to the liquor traffic, in which they are indirectly assisted by the protests of the temperance people and the prayers of the liquor dealers. They are also authorized to establish regulations for the construction and erection of buildings, besides being allowed to make certain police regulations.

The present board of commissioners is composed of John W. Douglass, president; John W. Ross, Captain William T. Rossell, and the secretary, William Tindall.



ANIMAL QUARTERS, ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Commissioner Douglass is a Philadelphian, and in early youth went with his parents to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he received an academic education. He had the good fortune to study law under Judge Thompson, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and in his twenty-third year was called to the bar. Like many another aspiring young lawyer, he entered heartily into national and State politics—his zeal and abilities being rewarded in 1862 by President Lincoln, who appointed him collector of internal revenue for the Nineteenth Pennsylvania District. This position he filled so acceptably that within seven years he became First Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington, which proved a stepping-stone to his appointment in 1871 as commissioner in full of that department. Four years later he resigned to resume the practice of law before the courts of the District, the Court of Claims and the Supreme Court of the United States. While thus engaged he received the appointment he now fills with so much credit to himself and the entire District.

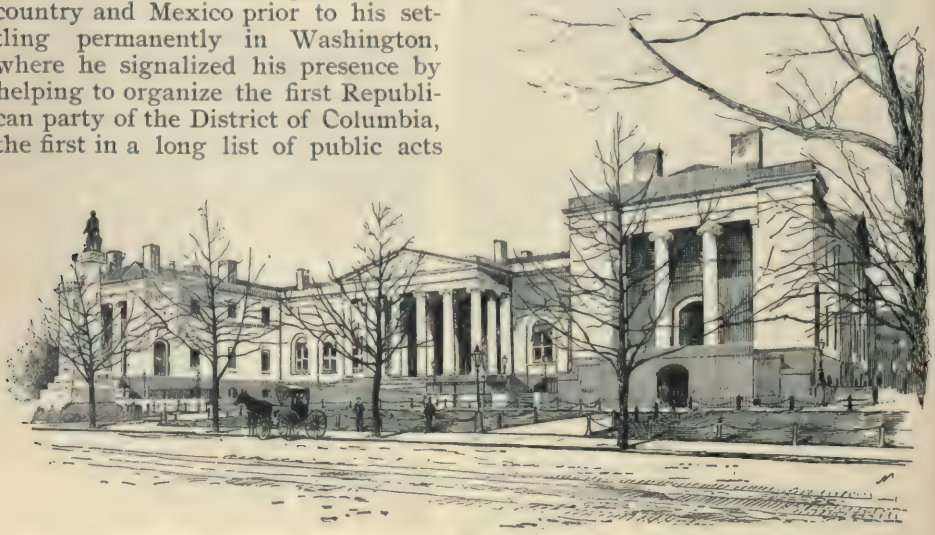
Commissioner Ross, who is in the prime of life, hails from the World's Fair State, where he received his early education preparatory to entering and graduating from the law school of Harvard University. Before coming to Washington in 1873 he qualified himself as a lawmaker by serving with distinction in two terms of the Illinois Legislature. During his practice of law at the Capital he accepted a professorship in the law school of Georgetown University, which he held until appointed five years later postmaster to the City of Washington—a responsible position he might still be filling had not his superior abilities and thorough practical knowledge of District affairs, together with his well-deserved popularity, eminently fitted him for the office of District Commissioner, which he has held since October 1st, 1890.

From his birth in 1849 nature, circumstances and his own merits conspired to bring about Captain Russell's appointment, in October, 1891, as Engineer Commissioner of the District. The son of a United States army officer, his first breath was drawn in a martial atmosphere, and his earliest footsteps kept time to the airs of martial music until he entered West Point from the Second New Jersey district, whence he graduated in 1873, third in his class. During the following three years he acted as second Lieutenant of Engineers at Willet's Point, New York harbor, at the end of which time he was appointed instructor at his alma mater, where

he remained until 1880. He was then detailed for river and harbor engineering in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida during a period covering six years, and subsequently, and until 1889, he had charge of 220 miles of the Father of Waters, under the Mississippi River Commission, with headquarters at Memphis, Tennessee. His subsequent career in Washington, to which city he was detailed in 1889 to serve as assistant to the then Engineer Commissioner, forms a lasting record of his abilities and his conscientious discharge of exacting duties.

The able assistant of Mr. Sayles J. Bowen, Washington's first Republican Mayor, the right hand man of Governors Cooke and Shepherd, and the indispensable of men when a board of commissioners superceded all other forms of government, was, and is Dr. William Tindall; in fact, no one has been so long and intimately connected with the District government. When only a boy of eighteen he enlisted in the First Regiment of Union Volunteers from his own State of Delaware, serving therein nearly four years. This adventurous life subsequently led him to visit many parts of this country and Mexico prior to his settling permanently in Washington, where he signalized his presence by helping to organize the first Republican party of the District of Columbia, the first in a long list of public acts which have prominently identified him with the recent history and growth of the Capital.

Notwithstanding that the title of the streets and highways throughout the District is vested in the United States, the District Government has entire charge of keeping them in repair, improving and lighting them, and having them regularly cleaned. But Uncle Sam does not allow the District unlimited jurisdiction, since he must needs have a hand in it himself for the purpose of sharing in the honor of attending to the welfare and adornment of this unique municipality. Accordingly, all the national buildings and parks are placed under the supervision of a United States official, with the elaborate title of Officer in Charge of Public Buildings and Grounds, whose duty it is to look after Uncle Sam's property in the District. This includes, besides the reservations and buildings already mentioned, the largest of all the parks in the city—the Mall—extending in length from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, a distance of about a mile and a half, and containing within the precincts of its beautiful grounds the buildings of the Agricultural Depart-



CITY HALL.

ment, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, the Medical Museum, the buildings of the United States Fish Commission and the Botanical Gardens in which is located the famous Bartholdi fountain. The Smithsonian Institution is supported by the income from the fund bequeathed to the United States, through his nephew, by John Smithson, son of the First Duke of Northumberland of England; the object of the Institution being the research and publication, under Government supervision, of scientific subjects. The reservations under the care of the Officer in Charge of Public Buildings and Grounds do not include the National Zoological Park, which is placed under the management of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. This park is situated in a wild, romantic spot on Rock Creek, a short distance beyond the western limits of the city, and is destined to become one of the largest and finest "Zoos" in existence. Neither are the street parkings included in these Government reservations, but with the 75,000 trees along the sidewalks are under the care of a parking commission of three expert arborculturists, who serve gratuitously under the direction of the District Commissioners.

The water supply of the District is obtained from the Potomac River by means of an aqueduct about twelve miles long and nine feet in diameter. This portion of the supply system is under the charge of another United States officer, who sees to it that the aqueduct is kept in repair, and that the settling and distributing reservoirs are properly cared for, while the commissioners attend to the furnishing of water to the citizens, who, in turn, testify their appreciation of the excellence of this conjunct system by daily consuming 35,000,000 gallons of water, or about 150 gallons a day for every individual. In 1882, Congress became impressed with the idea that it was essential for the welfare of the people that the water supply of the District should be increased by the construction of a subterranean aqueduct about four miles long, through solid rock from a distributing reservoir beyond Georgetown to a reservoir with an estimated capacity of 300,000,000 gallons to be constructed in the northeastern section of Washington. After expending over two and a half million dollars in the prosecution of this extravagant design—one-half of which the expectant citizens were obliged to pay—the work was abandoned because of certain complications, and Congress contented itself with having a four-foot water-main laid instead, and, with its usual thoughtfulness, did not neglect to charge half of the cost thereof to the disgruntled taxpayers.

The harbor at Washington and Georgetown is taken care of conjointly by the United States and the District of Columbia; the former attending to its general improvement through an officer of the Engineer Corps under the supervision of the War Department, and the District controlling the improvement and protection of the river front and the construction and maintenance of wharves. These municipal regulations are enforced by an officer known as the Harbor Master, who patrols the river front with a police boat.

On land, the peace of the District is maintained by a well-disciplined police force about four hundred strong, exclusive of the many special officers who serve without compensation from the District, and of the small company of police employed by the United States Government to guard the Capitol and prevent inquisitive strangers from defacing the grounds. As a further precaution against any possible mob violence or other serious public danger, the police force is supplemented by the National Guard of the District of Columbia, a military organization established under an act of Congress in 1889, and composed of about 1,700 men.

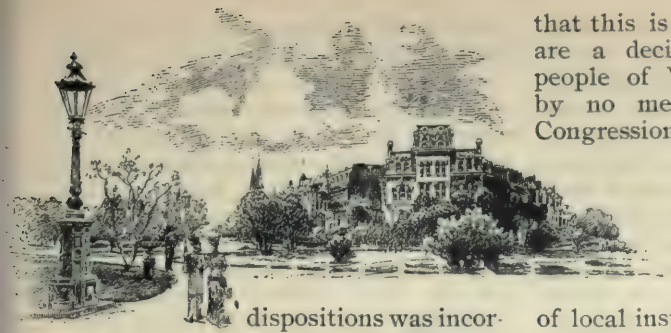
In this and some other respects the

District is like other municipalities in its maintenance of customary institutions for the protection and welfare of its people. Hence, although Washington has been peculiarly exempt from conflagrations by reason of its broad, open thoroughfares and the absence of mills and factories, the District takes pride in one of the best equipped fire departments in the country. Its excellent system of hygienic and sanitary regulations is enforced by a health officer, together with other competent officials, and when some disappointed lover or office-seeker drowns himself and his grief in the Potomac, the Coroner sits on the body much in the same fashion as do his confréres in other cities, while the poundmaster, the assessor, the tax-collector and the like familiar adjuncts of social economy ply their unwelcome offices with the usual assiduity and punctuality.

The gastronomic needs of the people are supplied by nine large markets, only three of which, however, are under municipal control. The principal of these markets is known as the Center Market, and in addition to being the largest in the city is perhaps without equal in any city, occupying as it does an area of nearly 85,000 square feet on a reservation south of Pennsylvania avenue, from Seventh street to Ninth street, northwest, and containing upwards of 700 stands and stalls.

The intellectual status of our Capital and its reputation as a center of learning are upheld by five universities, with about one hundred public schools, to say nothing of the many private institutions of learning. The excellence of the public school system has already attained to such a high reputation that many of the wealthiest people of Washington and the families of not a few Congressmen gladly take advantage of it for the education of their children. The affairs of this important branch of the municipal government are controlled by a board of nine trustees, who are appointed by the commissioners and serve gratuitously. The instruction and many of the books are free, but no attempt is ever made to enforce the law which makes education compulsory in the District of Columbia, since the voluntary attendance of upwards of 40,000 pupils is fully sufficient for the occupation of all the available school room. As nearly one-third of the population of the District is composed of negroes, separate schools are provided for the white and colored scholars.

The law is administered by a Supreme Court, a Police Court, Justices of the Peace and a number of United States Commissioners. The Supreme Court consists of a Chief Justice and five associate Justices, who are appointed by the President of the United States to serve during good behavior. This court exercises the same powers and has the same jurisdiction as the United States Circuit Courts. The Police Court has two judges appointed by the President for a term of six years each and its jurisdiction extends to the disposition of cases involving minor offences against the criminal laws. Persons convicted of offenses against the Federal laws are turned over to the jailer of the United States jail, but such as are sentenced for penitentiary crimes are transported to the prisons of some accommodating State. Those who are wicked enough to violate the municipal ordinances, are committed to the workhouse connected with the Washington Asylum, an institution for the care and charge of paupers. A great many of the indigent, homeless and sick, however, are looked after by the various private homes and institutions within the District, a number of which are subsidized by the Government, and their general conduct subject to the supervision of a Superintendent of Charities. Incorrigible boys under the age of sixteen years are sent to the Reform School, wherein they are taught to behave themselves and perform various mechanical and agricultural duties. A like school for girls of refractory

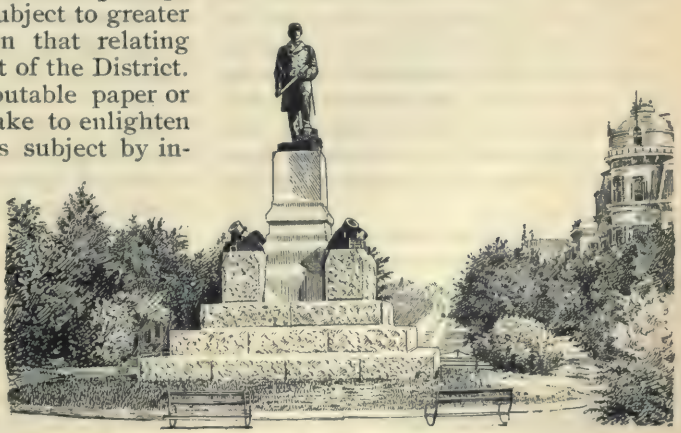


IOWA CIRCLE.

dispositions was incorporated in 1888, but although the need of it is sometimes demonstrated, the necessary building has not yet been erected. Besides the morally unsound people, the District has to deal with a large class of mentally deranged individuals, as Washington is undoubtedly a center toward which the eccentric and unbalanced gravitate. While these cranks remain quiet, they are at liberty to amuse themselves with their extravagant fancies, but when it behooves them to lie in wait for the President with a bludgeon, or manifest other signs of hostility toward the peace of society, they are promptly taken in charge and either sent home or furnished with a ride to and a berth in the Government Insane Asylum near Anacostia.

The involved and peculiar relations of the United States with the District of Columbia are by no means clear to the majority of people, and perhaps no feature of them is subject to greater misrepresentation than that relating to the financial support of the District. Occasionally some reputable paper or magazine will undertake to enlighten the country upon this subject by informing its readers that Uncle Sam foots the entire bill for the cost of maintaining the District government, and that Congress thereby does for Washington what other American cities do for themselves. Aside from the fact that this is incorrect, such statements are a decided reflection upon the people of Washington, for they are by no means the beneficiaries of Congressional charity, but, on the contrary, share equally with the United States the cost of supporting a government which conduces as much to the welfare of national as to that of local institutions and interests.

The citizens of the District raise their share of the revenue by a system of taxation, whereby everyone who is fortunate enough to possess real property is taxed one dollar and a half for every one hundred dollars of its assessed valuation, unless it is used solely for agricultural purposes, in which case the rate is only one dollar; and if he does not pay a tax on his personal property elsewhere he is charged a dollar and a half for each one hundred dollars of its estimated value; but, practically, this personal taxation is very generally overlooked in the District of Columbia. In addition to these general taxes there are others which are levied only under certain conditions; as, for example, should the majority of residents on some street petition for a supply of water, the cost of laying the main is charged against the abutting properties at the rate of one cent and a



FARRAGUT SQUARE.

quarter per square foot, besides which all consumers of water must pay a yearly tax therefor. Again, when it is deemed necessary for the public health, safety and comfort to construct a sewer, pave an alley or repair a sidewalk, one-half of the cost of such work is charged against the owners of abutting properties, whether they have asked for the improvement or not. While this regulation is at times seemingly severe it is better than allowing individual parsimony an opportunity to interfere with public interests. The District coffers are likewise augmented by the sums paid for licenses for conducting certain businesses and professions. To become an apothecary costs four dollars a year besides the ability to pass a preliminary examination before the Board of Commissioners of Pharmacy, a Board which prevents stupid men from setting up in the drug business, and furnishing their customers with morphine for quinine, or committing other mortally ridiculous blunders. The dealer in old barrels pays ten dollars a year for the privilege, and "the gentleman as drives a 'ack" is charged a similar sum, while the bill-poster pays double that amount, probably because of his professional superiority. To own a theatre involves the payment of an annual tax of one hundred dollars, unless it happens to be a variety theatre, in which event it costs $400 more for the variety ; and before a circus is allowed to inveigle the credulous citizens by its questionable announcements and the shrieks of its caliope, the Government must receive in advance $200 for each week of its sojourn in the District.

These different revenues, when collected, are turned over to the Treasurer of the United States, who also acts as the Treasurer of the District.

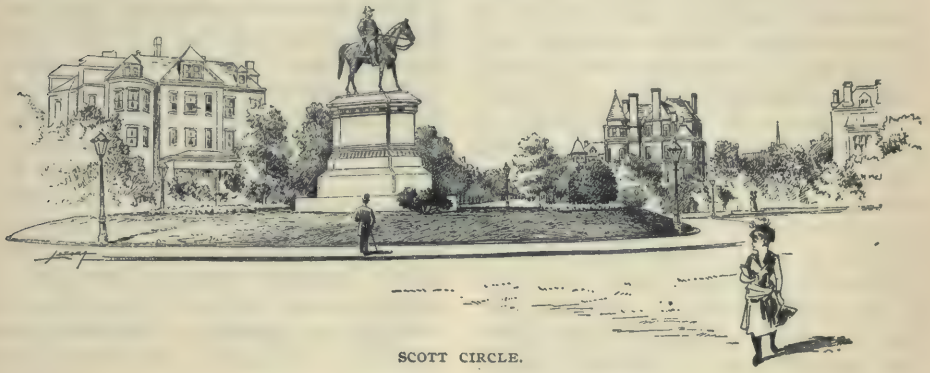
On the first day of October each year, the Commissioners transmit to the Secretary of the Treasury an estimate of the cost of supporting the District Government during the next fiscal year, beginning July 1st. The Secretary revises and sends these estimates to Congress, and that body, through its House Committee on the District of Columbia, prepares a bill known as the District Appropriation Bill, wherein each item under each department is specifically set forth with the amount to be appropriated for it. The District Government, therefore, lives only from year to year, requiring the revivifying power of Congress every twelve months to keep its wheels in motion ; and, consequently, if through any mischance, some particular office or item is omitted from the bill when it finally becomes a law, the incumbent of that office will be out of a job after the first of July, or the missing item will have to remain so, however important it may be.

The total annual cost of supporting the District Government is about $6,000,000, one-half of which sum is contributed by the United States and the other half is drawn from the aforementioned revenues from the District. Considering the benefits derived by the Federal Government from the local administration at Washington, in conjunction with the fact that the sum appropriated by the United States Government no more than equals the amount that would be derived from a taxation of its property in the District, it is evident that Uncle Sam does no more than his just share in the maintenance of our national municipality.

The present District government has, during the fourteen years of its existence, proved so eminently successful as to stand forth in marked contrast to the expensive and often very unsatisfactory administrative systems of our other municipalities, whose citizens are apt to commiserate the inhabitants of the District because of their inability to vote for their public servants ; yet, notwithstanding its seeming absolutism, the local government at the Capital is far more sensi-

tive to popular feeling than where the right of suffrage is enjoyed and exercised at the bidding of autocratic, irresponsible politicians, for the citizens of the District have only to express dissatisfaction with any official to have him superseded by one more acceptable to the popular taste; a concession impossible to grant where the incumbent owes his position more to political exigencies than to personal merit.

Taking it all in all, the District government gives so much satisfaction and creates so little cause for scandal or reproach, our large cities can hardly serve themselves better than by imitating the characteristic features of this comparatively unknown municipality.



SCOTT CIRCLE.

LESSONS OF THE LATE ELECTION.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

AS SHOWN in the elections of 1884 and 1888, the strength of the two great parties in the electoral college was more nearly equal than since 1860, except in 1876. Thence both parties entered into the late contest with hope and expectation of success. As the country was fairly prosperous, new industries had sprung up, and our foreign commerce disclosed a larger balance of trade in our favor than ever before in our history, (all of which was due in no small measure to the policies inaugurated and pursued by the incumbent administration) the Republicans at first were more sanguine of victory than their opponents. It is not unusual for adherents to a defeated party, especially when chances were so favorable, and the reasons why it should be sustained were so cogent, to inquire how the result came about. Since the election the Republicans all over the country have been seeking information as to the causes of defeat, and as is not unusual a variety of conclusions have been reached. We are now so far removed from the contest, and the smoke and mists of

battle have so fully disappeared that we can examine dispassionately and decide intelligently. An examination would be without benefit except to satisfy curiosity, unless we seek to profit from the lessons taught by the election and its results.

One fact stands out prominently and agreeably. It is that the campaign was exceptionally free from scandal, personality, and ungracious criticism of methods and details of administration. Both candidates had served the country in the Presidential office, and had given the people honest government. It was eminently a decent campaign, reflecting credit upon popular institutions, and one that has contributed to improvement of political morals. It is to be hoped that it is a precedent that will be followed in all future time.

It was somewhat peculiar, too, that no commanding strategic point was presented with reference to which the two great political armies were maneuvered, although nominally there was fabricated sharp issues upon economic, financial and commercial policies. The armies actually fought in detachments and without any general plan. During the campaign several prominent leaders on both sides gave their views in magazine articles as to the controlling or most important issue. Some said it was the money question; others that it was the tariff question; still others that it was a question as to the limitation of federal power or of economy in expenditures. In each section of the country the leaders directed their efforts to the point which seemed to them to be the most salient, or on which the public mind could be most easily swayed.

In their speeches on the stump, Senator Hill and others laid most stress upon the Force Bill. It was an issue manufactured out of the declaration in the Republican platform in favor of free and fair elections, and coupling with it the bill passed by the House of Representatives in the Fifty-first Congress, the declaration was distorted into a purpose to enact a law that would give the general government control of electoral and congressional elections in the South. This charge probably had no influence in the North, but it tended strongly to perpetuate Democratic solidity in the South. It was done to prevent the People's Party making inroads in that section, and it was effective in achieving that end. Negro domination is a "raw-head and bloody-bones" to the Southern people, and it is not easy to make them believe that any other than the Democratic party would not introduce it.

Denunciation of silver coinage by Senator Sherman and Governor McKinley alienated those Republicans from their party who entertained free-silver coinage views. There is a feeling in the country that there is not money enough to accommodate the wants of business, and that silver coinage is a way to supply the deficiency, and one that should be adopted. The Republicans in the East attacked the plank in the Democratic platform which declared for a repeal of the ten per cent. internal revenue tax on state bank issues, and portrayed the horrors of a return to a "wildcat" currency, but it had little effect, being looked upon as a mere spook; the business men of the country did not believe Mr. Cleveland or any other Democratic President would dare assent to such a measure in the face of the satisfaction that prevails with the existing sound, uniform, and everywhere circulable currency. That plank was evidently put into the platform as a gimcrack to satisfy the States' rights sentiments of the South, and as a sop to the clamorous for more money in the South and West. On the silver question there was no appreciable difference in the platform of the two parties, and it was understood that the candidates for the presidency entertained the same or similar views. The hardest fight against free-silver coinage in the first

session of the present Congress was made by Democrats in the House of Representatives.

There were local issues, notably in Illinois and Wisconsin, which had a material influence upon the general election. Activities aroused by hope of securing crumbs of patronage are always greater in the party out of power than in that in possession of the government. This contributed in no small extent to Democratic success. The Republican party being in power was held responsible for the want of a sufficient volume of money, and for every ill, real or imaginary; and it is easier to produce defection from the ranks of the party in power than from that which is out. Again there is an inexplicable feeling that a change of administration will produce changes for the better. It is inexplicable, because it has been so often tried without resulting in improvement.

In the campaign the tariff issue was not presented as sharply as in the platform of the parties. The extreme free-trade position taken in the Democratic platform was very little defended; in fact, it was substantially ignored by the party leaders in the North. Many newspapers and stumpers make efforts to razee the sharp edge. Editorials and speeches were filled with modificatory explanation. The interpretations given by Senator Hill of New York, Mr. White of this State, and numerous others made the Democratic position tolerably good protective doctrine, or, speaking more accurately, the positions assumed in many instances were outside of and inconsistent with the Democratic platform, if its language is given a literal meaning. Mr. Cleveland spat upon the tariff plank of his party's platform with a boldness almost equal to that of Horace Greely in spitting upon the Whig platform of 1848. In his letter of acceptance he expressed views clearly inconsistent with those annunciated in his message to Congress in December 1887, and with his attitude throughout the campaign of 1888. In the late election the country did not express itself distinctly upon the tariff issue as raised by the two platforms, while the Democratic newspapers and orators, modified, explained away, and befogged as to their party's position, misrepresented that held by the Republicans. The Republican platform declared for a principle, and not for a particular measure; the principle was clearly stated when the McKinley Bill was pending in Congress, and notably by Mr. Sherman, who, while he indorsed the principle, said that some of the duties might be too high or too low. In adjusting duties when there are multifarious and conflicting interests as in this country, no man or set of men can satisfy all classes, or do absolute justice to all interests. The issue of protection or no protection to American industries and labor was artfully evaded by the Democratic newspapers and orators; and in addition they treated the McKinley law as if it were indorsed in whole and in detail by the Republican party, and as if it were to remain as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, when it was openly announced that there might be excrescences and inequalities that should be removed. It was not advocacy of the protective principle that brought about defeat to the Republican Party. The Democrats did not accept the issue pure and simple at the meetings, and the boldness of Mr. Cleveland in taking position not in conformity to party platform tended immensely to satisfy the business men of the country.

No public man of this day in the nation is freer from machine politics or bossism than President Harrison, and we have had no administration since that of Monroe which manifested less partisan spirit, or more thoroughly ignored political bosses than his. Nearly all the men in his party known as manipulators and bosses were opposed to his renomination. Unfortunately there were federal

officials, notably in the South, who exerted themselves for it. In that section it is impossible for the Republicans to gain a single electoral vote. It was repeatedly alleged before the country, and was openly charged in the Minneapolis Convention that a large number of federal officials were delegates, and that the Convention had been packed and was being manipulated by the "federal brigade." There was just enough truth in these charges to create an effect upon the country, and Mr. Harrison entered the campaign handicapped by them. For many years the sentiment has been growing that no President, however excellent his administration, should be re-elected to succeed himself. It sprang from the abusive use of patronage in the past to achieve party or personal success, and this sentiment has become no inconsiderable factor in our politics. The American people have become jealous of official interference in political management, so much so that a truthful charge that nominations have been made through official influence is most trustful to party or candidates' success. The nomination of Mr. Harrison under the circumstances rendered it distasteful to a class of considerable numerical strength.

On the other hand, circumstances placed Mr. Cleveland's position in a conspicuous light. He was nominated by the Chicago Convention in spite of the machine and bosses in his State. Hill's machine and the Tammany tiger were assaulted and overwhelmed. The heroism of the act challenged the admiration of the country. It showed a reliance upon the masses which demanded fitting recognition on their part. Tammany had no alternative but to support him ; it had been beaten in the open field and outside its citadel, and if it became recalcitrant, it was in danger of being assailed and throttled within. Nothing contributed so much to Democratic success as the attitude in which Mr. Cleveland was placed by the circumstances of his nomination. He was aided besides by the boldness with which he ignored the extreme free-trade doctrines of the South. The Democrats of that section were in no better position to be recalcitrant than was Tammany.

There can be no doubt that the Homestead strike had a damaging influence upon the fortunes of the Republican party. That it was so is illogical. Mr. Carnegie is a Republican and has made an immense fortune in manufacturing. Though the McKinley law reduced the duties upon such articles as the Homestead Mills fabricate, still the employees felt that Carnegie's capital was increasing too rapidly and they were receiving too little for their labor. The Democratic charge that protective duties did not protect labor had some appearance of truth when Carnegie's wealth and the comparative poverty of the employees were contrasted. They did not stop to consider that the law cannot prescribe the wages that shall be paid, or the prices at which raw materials shall be purchased, or manufactures sold, and that they are matters that must be arranged between employee and employer and between buyer and seller. The employees evidently believed that the "robber tariff"—the "infamous McKinley law"—robbed consumers and laborers for the sole benefit of capital. There was an aggravating element that entered into the affair which had an exasperating effect, and that was the employment of a body of Pinkertons to aid in enforcing the lockout. It had been the practice to employ them as a sort of private standing army to overawe and to do the fighting for capitalists. Such an institution as the Pinkertons operate is offensive to the American people and obnoxious to the genius of our institutions. It is the general idea that the local authorities and people should be relied on to preserve the peace and enforce the laws. It is not mercenary to respond to a call of a sheriff or other executive officer to aid him in protecting the community

against violence and disorder. While the Republicans were not in the least responsible for what was done, the affair was irritating, and somebody had to suffer for it. That the Republican Party was selected as the object upon which vengeance was to be wreaked is shown by the fact that while in the rural districts it held its own, it lost heavily in the large manufacturing centers.

It cannot fairly be said that any material question was distinctly passed upon, but it is pretty clear that the people have set the seal of their condemnation on machine and boss supremacy. This is evident, for turn whichever way we may in this State and elsewhere, in general and local politics the machine has been mercilessly disregarded and sat down upon.

It is a lesson of great value to those who aspire to public favor and to leaders who desire party success. There is a growing determination on the part of the masses to have their own way and it is best they should, for it will give us better laws and purer administration. To get rid of the machine and self-constituted bosses is to be relieved from corrupting influences and every phase of bad politics. The aspirants to public positions had better take cognizance of the fact that the people want good government and mean to have it. Let us hope that in future the only road to political success will be the highway of honesty, intelligence and faithful service to the country.

Another conspicuous fact is that no party, whatever may be its attitude on material questions can prevail against the Democratic Party in the South. The Republican Party tried coercion and conciliation to secure to the negroes the exercise of the political rights conferred and guaranteed by the Constitution with the same result. The Democratic politicians there and in the North understand the strength of Southern unity and the weakness of that section when divided. In 1890, several Farmers' Alliance men were chosen to Congress and numerous Democrats were compelled to concede the demands of the Alliance to gain their seats. In the late election, no People's Party candidate has been elected to Congress, and the fond hopes of the leaders of that party have been dashed to the ground so far as that section is concerned. It carried Northern States, but there was no reciprocation in the South. The Ocala platform which declared for loaning money by government on cotton and other agricultural products was a Southern conception and was supposed to be a popular measure in that section, but it was subordinated to the negro question. The People's Party took high ground on that subject and hence failed signally to break into the ranks of the Democracy. A lesson taught by the election is that the People's Party, so long as it favors manhood suffrage and equality before the law will be regarded in the South as essentially a sectional party as the Republican.

Another lesson taught is that the progressive spirit of the country should not escape observation, and that there should be no failure in recognizing it. New conditions and new wants are constantly arising, and a political party that does not make a study of them and put forth efforts to employ adaptable measures cannot be successful. The want for a larger volume of money should be supplied by the Government through measures well considered and generous, giving to it the elements of soundness and sufficiency. The people are aroused to the prevalence of monopoly, and a party that wishes both to promote the common welfare and to gain success, will hereafter be compelled to inquire how far government should go to remove special privileges, and to exercise power to that end to the fullest legitimate extent. It is an important lesson of the late election that party trammels are not as binding as formerly, as the people are more inclined to follow the dictates of conviction

than to obey the compulsion of the party whip. Advocacy of just and practicable measures, clean methods in politics, honest and vigorous administration are the only agencies through which popular attachment to party organization can be secured and maintained. The best and smartest politics is to give the people the wisest and most efficient government. Any other theory is beneath the respect of the true patriot.

SOME LITERARY FOLK.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

FROM early youth it has been my good fortune to be on terms of acquaintance, and at times of considerable familiarity, with men and women, some of whom have written their names in stellar characters on the literary firmament of our time.

One of the most interesting of these was the late Epes Sargent, a man whose fame rests chiefly on one song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," though he wrote many things far worthier of public preservation than this light lyric. Epes Sargent impressed me as a far abler man than several of the cotemporary poets who have attained much greater reputations in our American Pantheon, and yet he may be remembered as one who sold the Muse for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Somebody must, perforce, compile standard school-readers containing a more or less incongruous hash of scraps from different literary tables, but it seemed a pity that such things should be done by a man like Epes Sargent, who was an original thinker and a man of artistic temperament. I believe it is not generally known that Sargent wrote some fairly successful plays, which, though not in acting to-day laid the foundation of our native drama by proving an American author capable of writing a play attractive to an American audience. One of these was on the same lines as the opera of "Norma," and had a run at the Boston theater. A society lady, speaking of the play to young Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who had just come to Boston, remarked: "Mr. Sargent's play was very touching—the house was dissolved several times—yes, was actually in tears—good Boston tears." Whereupon Mrs. Howe, fresh from New York, and athirst for scientific information of the most correct character, had the audacity to inquire whether Boston tears were any better or more valuable to an artist as a recognition of his power of pathos than tears outside of Boston, and the fashionable lady subsided into shocked silence. The favorable impression, however, which Epes Sargent made on the lachrymal glands of Boston society must have been due entirely to their delicate sensibilities, or to the merits of his play, and not to any personal popularity among the Brahmin caste of Boston, for though he belonged to it, he had little respect for it, and it rarely lured him from his cosy library.

Sargent's home was in Roxbury, which is now a part of Boston, and as I lived within a few miles, I used to

run over quite often to visit him, always finding a welcome as warm and fresh as Lowell's typical day of June. I see him still, as clearly as if it were yesterday—a small man, but of such perfect proportions and bird-like grace of movement, that there was none of that feeling of insignificance which we are apt to entertain toward men who are physically below the average. His face bore a remarkable resemblance at times to that of Napoleon the Great, and when I ventured to remark on this likeness, Sargent replied: "Yes, many have noticed it—Poe used to call me Little Corporal, when he felt facetious—and the odd similarity of face extends to my body. I am just exactly the height of Bonaparte, though never destined," he added laughingly, "at least on this planet, to be—what Byron finely styled himself—'A grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.'"

On my suggesting with boyish admiration and sympathy that perhaps he might be, if he would keep on writing poetry instead of making school-readers, he answered, "Possibly, though I am not so certain about that. Yet I am sure that compiling pays better than originality now-a-days. But it will not be so very long. There is a wonderful dawn coming to American literature. Now we are in the chrysalis state, but you may live to see and catch the perfect butterfly."

This last turn was in graceful allusion to one of my boyish hobbies, for I was an enthusiastic entomologist, and Sargent sympathized with this taste, though he often used to say that he could n't quite countenance killing so many, but thought it would be much better to keep a live collection of butterflies—a whole room or conservatory of them, with flowers to match. I once quoted to him that according to Prof. Harris there were "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," which, I believe, is the title of that gentleman's book on the subject, and Sargent laughed heartily as he replied that he wished animals and insects had a chance to write a few books about mankind.

My host's mention of Poe started me on a train of questions, for Poe was then to my mind a most alluring figure, a sort of actual Hamlet, full of personal fascination apart from his works—an intensified epitome of what Carlyle has called "The mystery of the person."

"Poe," said Sargent, "oh! what a genius he was—with never a fair chance to give the world all, nor anywhere near the fullness of his greatness! I have no doubt that the poor fellow did get dreadfully drunk sometimes, but he was the only man I ever saw that could be impressively intoxicated. I remember one time when I was an editor in New York, Poe sent me a poem which I returned, because unable to pay what it was worth. A few days after in an eating house in Nassau street, near where the Sun office now stands, Poe approached me, his dark somber eyes flashing haughtily, his delicate tallish figure as majestic in its movement as any king's whose proud feet ever pressed on cloth of gold. In his low voice, which was the sweetest and most various speaking instrument I ever heard, he took me roundly to task for returning his poem. He was intoxicated beyond a question, but he was so impressive that he almost made me feel it was I who had committed the unpardonable sin, till coming down from his flight of superb phrasing, he remarked with a twinkle and a chuckle that effaced the impressive effect of his sermon, 'Little Corporal, you did a greater wrong to yourself than to me. If you'd (hic) published that poem, it might have—hic—immortalized you.'" Sargent paused and added with a sigh that had no bitterness in it, "Very likely my earthly immortality *will* rest on the fact that I twinkled once in the sphere of that shining one—that Apollo of American song, whose arrows rattled in the quiver on his shoulder as he walked in his wrath among men. I always think of

him with that line of Homer, whom you tell me you are reading now, concerning the Sun-god: 'And there was the terrible twang of (his) silver-bow.'

"You ask me how Poe looked. He seemed to me rather a tall man, five feet eight or ten, I should say, and he bore himself erect, like a soldier. His hair was black and profuse and clustering; his eyes a dark gray; his features and his figure were Greek. But for his pallor I should say he was the handsomest man I ever saw, and sometimes he was more than handsome. He was beautiful, when a certain rare, grave smile lit up his pensive face. I never heard him laugh and I don't believe any one else ever did. Life, not merely his own, but that of the mass weighed heavily on him, and only his intense sense of beauty, it seems to me, reconciled him to the endurance of existence. He was a mystic in a far deeper sense than Emerson, who always had a firm grip on the present, and a Yankee's back glance on the main chance. Poe actually surrendered himself to the most airy speculations, and apart from any artificial stimulation, lived days and months in dreams. He could talk, if he liked his theme and his audience, far better than he ever wrote. Griswold, his bitter enemy, used to admit that he was sometimes supramortal in his eloquence, and hardly any one, even a dullard, could leave his serious conversation without feeling a firmer grasp on the knowledge that man has a spiritual nature which must some day be independent of the hindrances of terrestrial matter and matters."

As Sargent said this, I remembered my grandmother's sage observation concerning him that he was "crazy as a June bug about the new-fangled spiritualism," which at that time was flooding the country like a tidal wave, and I ventured a question concerning his own beliefs. He answered smilingly: "Why, yes, I have been convinced for many years. I think, however, as a rule, regarding the proofs of soul and immortality, one must be persuaded from within before one can expect to receive any special manifestations from without. To be sure, one who is lighted within does not need proofs, yet they come from time to time. They have come to me quite often; indeed, so frequently that, were I needed in the field, I might be tempted to go forth as a medium. But you who have been taught to regard spiritualism as a fraud would not see proofs, where others unbiased behold them. There, too, this feeling rules me almost always. I do not like to persuade or convince anybody of this truth. I wish them to find it for themselves. But some day, when I feel impelled, I may tell you what has convinced me or strengthened me in my faith."

I think if I had received nothing else from Epes Sargent that still seems to me of value, I should feel ever grateful to him for so early revealing to me in his conduct this ideal of intellectual freedom that we should not be over-anxious to force even our best mental possessions on another mind; that we should simply spread them when a right season presents itself, like a quiet host, and let others help themselves to what they please or what pleases them. We sometimes get from other minds food that disagrees with us, that in our special lines of life we cannot readily assimilate. Sargent had many ideas which in his time were considered very cranky. I remember one lady telling him he was "a pesky iconoclast who wanted men and women to stand on their heads," and he replied with a smile that he thanked her very much, for that was really saying that he wished them to have a better understanding than they now possess. One of his ideas was that women, not men, should take the initiative in wooing. He used to say merrily that the old physiological derivation of the word woman was incorrect, and so was that of the pessimist punster who

said it was a contraction of woe-to-man, and that his own philology which made woman mean woo man would be the faith of the future. He elaborated this idea in a clever versified novel called "The Woman Who Dared," a book that has gone out of print, I believe, but which, perhaps, some publisher may revive profitably. As to Sargent's future place in American literature, it seems to me it must be very slight. As a dramatist or novelist, he was ephemeral; as a poet, he lacked force, though he possessed finish and a keen sense of art, which must always be a delight to literary artists who examine his work. But finish alone has given immortality to very few. Gray is, perhaps, our chief example in the English, and the Elegy really holds its place as much by man's common interest in the theme as by the artistic way in which the poet has framed rather commonplace reflections. Buchanan Read's "Closing Scene" might be considered a far superior poem.

A very different man, physically and mentally, from the delicate, graceful and suggestive Sargent was William Gilmore Simms, the Southern poet and novelist. With Sargent, the library had a little overlaid the life; acquisition had dwarfed, instead of stimulating originality. Simms, on the contrary, was a warm, hearty, human personality, who had taken up literature as he might have taken up politics; a man of tremendous energy, calculated to do thoroughly, as far as his light enabled him, what he undertook, whether it were teaching, preaching, or writing novels.

I saw him at his worst a little after the war in which he had lost everything. He spent several summers at my father's place near Boston, and there in the golden gloom of the majestic groves of oak and pine and walnut, or wandering along the orchard paths, or smoking in the library, Simms and other men of the same political faith used to fight the war over again, and decide how it ought to have resulted. During the war Simms' house at Woodlawn, in South Carolina, was burned, and his valuable library containing 14,000 volumes, with many rare books among them, was wantonly destroyed. Simms was a connoisseur in wines and in cigars, of which he smoked what seemed to me a vast amount, and of prodigious strength. He was or had been rather a strong man physically—a little above the average height, broad-shouldered, stout, full faced, with small, grey-blue eyes, high forehead, careless hair and a beard of Western senator cut—that is, the upper lip and the cheeks to the lip line smooth-shaven. He quoted poetry quite frequently, and his voice, though naturally somewhat heavy, modulated exquisitely, especially in reciting Tennyson. Tennyson was his favorite, much to my father's surprise who thought the poet too full of verbal artifice, too femininely subtle to be called great. I remember Simms reciting "Dora," and the next day my father saying to him: "My dear sir, when you declaimed 'Dora' yesterday, it impressed me as a very beautiful thing, but reading it over by myself this morning, I candidly don't think it amounts to much." "Thank you;" said Simms, with childish simplicity, "perhaps you are right. Maybe with a work of art it happens as with life that a man gets out of it mostly what he puts into it, plus the artist's happy hint, of course. But I suppose I'm too old to start life afresh and make a fortune by going round reading Tennyson before Yankee Lyceums."

A rather amusing circumstance of Simms' first visit to our old place was the sense of awe it inspired in the neighborhood. My father was rather an imperious man whose neighbors were inclined to admire him at a distance, but when a rumor spread over the countryside that he was entertaining a distinguished rebel, a great many people would come and look over the stone wall, and some would drive through the long avenues for

the sake of catching a glimpse of the visitor. One day as we were sitting on the lawn, such a stream of carriages came through the grounds that Simms said: "Your place is so beautiful, it constantly attracts sightseers, I notice; yet, I should think it would sometimes be rather a nuisance to you to have so many driving through."

My father replied that in this case perhaps the fame of his guest might be the magnet. Simms looked pleased, of course, and I suggested, with the frankness of a boy, that perhaps it was because the people thought my father's guest was Raphael Semmes of the *Alabama*, or Semmes, the Pirate, as Northerners called him, and not Simms, the poet. They were heartily amused by this juvenile sally, and much more so when it turned out to be true, for one of the hired men soon after gave notice that it was hard enough to work for a Copperhead anyway, but he "hed to drer the line at workin' for a man who hed pirates round," and then it came out that what I had suggested in joke was a matter of current gossip, and the laughter in which host and guest joined over this ridiculous reality was refreshing, to say the least.

Simms' personality was so pleasing that the idea of his being a pirate haunts me to this day as one of the acmes of absurdity. Yet, much as I liked the man, I have never been able to read any of his multitudinous novels with a real relish. I am inclined to think that the waves of oblivion are hastening to roll over them, though he will doubtless be remembered and held in honor in his State as the first man of letters pure and simple whom the South produced, unless the South can successfully dispute with Boston the honor of owning Poe. But his novels had a great vogue in their day, and did good rather than harm, it seems to me, in spite of Mr. Howell's dictum that idealism and romanticism are worse than radiant rubbish—a sort of phosphorescence of intellectual decay calculated to breed feverous mischief with the morals of a people by giving them false standards of life and living. As for Simms' poetry, it was a vein of exceeding thinness, and when worked up had the appearance of what Byron called "fatal facility." I remember a pleasant quatrain he wrote at the foot of a picture he had given to my father, and which indicates the man and the philosophy of life:

"O Man, Boy—what a world is in the keeping
Of him who nobly aims and bravely toils!
Press on, p ess on! We all have time for sleeping,
When we have shuffled off these mortal coils."

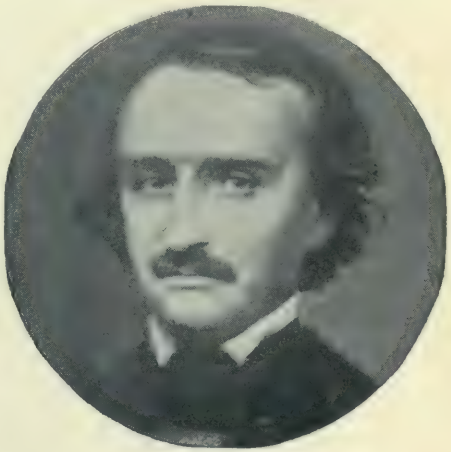
A man far beyond these in mental acquisitions, fertility of fancy and touch-knowledge of human life was James Russell Lowell. Yet both of these men at forty had apparently beaten Lowell in the race for reputation and the chase after wealth. Such is the jest of destiny, the sarcasm of success, that the same social and political cataclysm which ruined Simms financially and physically raised Lowell into prominence as a popular poet, or, rather, for there is a nice difference, as a poet of the people in a particular crisis. For I think it must be admitted, however fine the workmanship, that the "Bigelow Papers" impress one as popular poetry written elaborately by a professor, rather than such as wells out of a man of the people spontaneously. Racy as they are, and smacking of the soil, do they not smell also of the midnight oil? Witty, humorous, earnest as they are, is there not a tinge of literary foppery running through their brilliancy? They do not seem to me Lowell at his best, but Lowell trying to be the poet of a great occasion instead of being a great poet, occasion or not. It happens sometimes that a regular collegiate education robs a man of a certain simplicity and directness of mind and of style which, however hard he try, he can never quite win back. And

though Lowell in his life was unquestionably our first man of letters, our best equipped writer, and perhaps our most reliable critic, his prose style and sometimes his poetic style have a labored brilliancy which, while not necessarily implying any lack of sincerity, make us long for a little more of the lightness of that spontaneity which marks the masters. "Say it and leave it" is a hard thing to do, especially for a scholar educated in special literary grooves. Lowell was conscious of this, and often used to say that one must be a man in the widest possible sense before he could become really great in an art like literature.

Lowell was of average height, or very near it, with a figure that at forty seemed a felicitous blend of strength and elasticity, and his face was so vivacious and so full and brimming over with kindliness as to seem handsome, though a critical analysis of it, feature by feature would not substantiate such a first impression.

But he never looked like a man of genius; and in old age, the sad truth must be told, he reminded one of a faded fop. The last time I met him was about a year before his death, strolling on the Common. He was dressed in the latest English style, with a little overcoat not as long as his Prince Albert which, as he walked, acted like the Old Man of the Sea with Sinbad, seemingly trying to climb higher up his back. He was twirling a light cane, and wore his whiskers in a fantastic fashion as if inviting visits from vagabond breezes. I do not assert, though some who knew him better have done so, that his position at the Court of St. James and the homage he received in England gave him a turn towards foppery and a tinge of courtiership; but this last sight of him saddened me a little, and I simply made him a low bow, which he returned in the same fashion with but a flicker of the old smile which he used to have, when meeting a student on the College Green.

As I thought, however, of all the strong, brave, earnest words he had written, I consoled myself with the reflection that, if England had made him a dandy it was only superficially, and that beneath this unpleasant surface was still the real, genuine Lowell who preferred a clay pipe and a quiet



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

glass by the fireside of some friend of moderate means to the chatter of Court ladies and the condescending patronage of political magnates.

Lowell, as a scholar, was not in the first rank. For one who had been a professor and who had studied languages so closely, he was capable of some singular blunders.

As a critic, however, he was like Edgar Poe in this respect, that he always had standards, was broad and flexible, was capable of appreciating Thackeray as well as Tolstoi and Ibsen, did not think it necessary to immolate the past on the altar of the future, and could always give reasons in plenty for most of his oracles. Nor was he as a critic afraid to praise strongly. A young journalist who knew him very slightly had published a poem which was very similar in argument, though not in style, to one of Lowell's that had been published a month before, and had attracted universal attention. The young man's poem

had been in the editor's hands for months, but, feeling that some might accuse him of plagiarism, because the other had appeared first, he wrote to Lowell about it. The letter he received was of the kind that inspires a struggling man to fresh efforts, for the famous writer said to the obscure one not only that any charge of plagiarism would be absurd, but added, "I am glad to see a new poet, for such you certainly are;" and then wrote further the gracious words, "I wish I liked my poem as well as yours."

The journalist who had never taken himself very seriously to be a poet was, of course, surprised and charmed by this, but was doubtful whether it might not be an overflow of kindness rather than a sincere criticism. Therefore, he wrote again to Lowell, intimating his doubts, and enclosing other unpublished specimens for Lowell's critical consideration. The reply was just as strong and full of certainty as before. "You are something new. Go on singing!" Then followed special praise of some of the poems and suggestions, offered in the most polished way, not as from one bending from the heights, but on a plane of frank fraternity, and not as finalities, but simply as possible betterments.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

What Lowell lacked in verbal accuracy was compensated for by the keenest appreciation, the quickest comprehension of essentials. While there is no royal road to learning, genius has the art of absorbing from others the resultants of knowledge, and Lowell had this gift in perfection. Hercules Fay, a man far more erudite —an Oxford scholar—whom Lowell used to visit, said that on one occasion he had told the poet many things on a certain subject, which was evidently new to him, and the next time they met, he was surprised to find that his pupil knew more than he, and had seemed to seize the salient points of the special knowledge and crush from them a perfected essence. I once asked Lowell if he learned easily from books and he said that at one time in his life it had been so, but he had contracted a fear of being overloaded with book knowledge. "There is such a thing as knowing too much, though never such a thing as feeling too much; of course, one can feel too much in a distorted or morbid way, but not on the heights." The sin against society of which Macaulay was so frequently guilty—that of embarrassing one's company by the richness of his information, the rotundity of his rhetoric and the over fecundity of his fancy, was never committed by Lowell. He said that the gentlemanly limit of a monologue was the length of one's cigar, and he believed in having "flashes of silence," by whose light one might see better the best in other minds. No man could say of him that he was a conversational monopolist. He was, perhaps, more profoundly read than any living American in the literature of Spain and Italy, but I do not think he cared much for French literature of the later school. He told me that his way of familiarizing himself with a language so as to acquire facility in reading was to get a new testament and con a few chapters every day, and I believe he learned in this way every language of Modern Europe, except Russian and Turkish.

Much curiosity has been felt and expressed in various circles as to the relations between the great Lowell and his brother, the Episcopal minister. These relations for many years were strained, and Rev. Robert Naill Spence Lowell, who is living now, I believe, in Schenectady, New York, never mentioned his brother's name to me, though I knew him very intimately for four years and talked with him on terms of the utmost freedom. I doubt if any one living, except the surviving brother, knows the exact cause of the coldness that existed between them, and perhaps he only knows imperfectly. The brother was a man of marked literary ability, wrote some excellent verse and one good novel, "The New Priest of Conception Bay;" but his second novel, "Antony Brade," widened the gulf between him and his brother James, because it attempted to satirize Mr. Joseph Burnett, whose son had married Lowell's only daughter. Joseph Burnett is an exceedingly worthy man who made a fortune by flavoring extracts, and who celebrated his fortune when it began to dawn, by founding an excellent school for boys, called St. Marks, at Sinthboro, Massachusetts. Over this school Rev. Mr. Lowell was installed as Rector or Head Master as well as over the parish, and in the course of time some friction arose between the founder and the teacher as to management, chiefly, I think, in some minor details. At any rate a severance followed and the novel ensued. I cannot help feeling that the estrangement between these brothers, both of whom seemed to me such naturally amiable men, must have originated from something very trivial. Yet that probability and the persistence of the coldness only make it the more pathetic.

Julia Ward Howe belongs by grace of heart and genius in the same high order; and she, too, came into her first popularity during the war, when

our soldiers sang her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "round the watch-fire of a hundred circling camps." But no one who has thrilled to the music of that glorious lyric has really felt it in its fullness, except he who has heard it from the lips of the poet herself. As a rule, I think, poets do not recite their verses very well. Perhaps it is because the intensity of the personal feeling chokes the ease of expression, but when I had the felicity of hearing Julia Ward Howe recite her "Battle Hymn," I understood that, when poets can rise above their shyness or self-consciousness, they may become the best interpreters of their own music. The incidents attending this occasion were unique; they occurred in the parlor of a *grande dâme* in New Orleans in 1884. Mrs. Howe was requested by the hostess to recite one of her poems, and upon her innocently asking if there was any preference, a Southern gentleman rather mischieviously suggested that as he was under the impression, in spite of certain newspapers, that the war was over, it might be in order, purely as a matter of literary and historical interest, to hear from the inspired lips of the singer the song which had so fired the Northern heart. Mrs. Howe, with gentle dignity accepted the challenge hidden in his raillery and, rising to the occasion, with a bow and smile of sweetness, she began in a low voice. As she proceeded the effect was truly electrical. Her deliverance was almost that of recitative and every word seemed undertoned with a solemn, haunting passion—a passion entirely free from bitterness—a large fervor that, while trampling on the past, embraced the future. She is a small woman, but in her emotion she seemed to dilate—almost to tower; yet in her delivery there was no rant. It began low, like music, and in low tones it ended, more like a benediction than a battle hymn. I think the general feeling at the close was one of disappointment that it was over so soon. One impulsive young woman leaned over to me and whispered, "Oh, I'd like to hear it right over again, but I don't dare to ask her." And yet when I came to analyze the recitation, I found it almost empty of elocutionary effects, so called; it was simply an intense earnestness vibrating on a few tones in a voice of great sweetness, with something repressed as well as expressed.

The scene often comes back to me as containing a curious comment on life, for who, in the dark days of '61 could have confidently looked forward to that bright hour, when in a Southern parlor in the very city that was the heart of the Confederacy, Julia Ward Howe should be called on to recite that poem? I was speaking of this the other night to Mrs. Howe, and she replied that the same feeling came over her several times, "like an unexpected wave over a social bather on some fashionable beach." On one occasion, alluding to her experience at the Exposition, she said: "One day it occurred to me to say to the heads of the colored department of that ill-starred, but beautiful Exposition that if they would like, I would lecture to them about the great leaders in the work of emancipation—Sumner, Phillips, Garrison and others whom I had known intimately. They were delighted with my offer, and I had one of the most attentive and appreciative audiences a speaker ever enjoyed. Of course, talking of such men, even a poor speaker could not help making some fine points, and the slightest point I made was taken up with that low, mellow murmur, which is more applausive than the noise of hands. All at once, I fell upon a pause. The thought surged over me of the exceeding strangeness of it all, that I should be there in that city — speaking on that theme to that crowd. Then I told them why I had paused and I could see in their faces, as in one vast face, the solemn reflection of my feeling of strangeness—a consciousness of the manifold mystery of life, coupled

JULIA WARD HOWE.

with a certain joy over the extinction of old sufferings and false, disennobling conditions."

The distinction between Sumner and Phillips as orators which Mrs. Howe draws is, it seems to me, not only happily put, but mainly true. "Phillips was just as much in earnest as Sumner," she said, "but there was a touch of the rhetor about him; he was a dramatic fanatic. He had always an artistic sense of what he was saying, and with this, also, that artistic sense of proportion which made his fanaticism more attractive than that quality generally is. Sumner, on the other hand, was dominated alone by his intense perception of fundamental principles, and his lack of the dramatic instinct led him to make his fanaticism of an exasperating character. I believe some other man might have said as much as he did in Congress without provoking that attack on him which ruined his life." I once asked Mrs. Howe to tell me about her personal relations with Sumner, which I had heard were sometimes a little strained and she said: "Sumner was almost entirely destitute of humor, or else his humor was deeply dormant, and to me who had been accustomed from girlhood to the society of witty and facetious men, he was sometimes very trying. Then, too, he could be very rude. He had received some pictures from abroad and was wondering who sent them. Whereupon I suggested that perhaps a certain Miss Porter (a rich young lady about whom his friends had teased him somewhat, and who was traveling in Europe) might have been the sender. He flared out at me with a glare on his handsome face, and in his rich, resounding voice said: "The supposition is gross." Not being accustomed to having such an adjective applied to any conduct of mine, I rose quietly and left the room. Two weeks later, he came forward to me on the street and said in his most charming, fresh, frank way, "I trust there is no controversy between us?" Of course, I thought it wise—life is so short—not to keep up a coolness over one harsh phrase, and he never offended again." There is a story about Mrs. Howe and Sumner that seems to me very char-

acteristic of both. Mrs. Howe asked the great Senator to dinner to meet Edwin Booth, and Sumner replied in his starchiest, pouter-pigeon fashion, "Madam, I do not believe that I care to meet your friend Edwin Booth, estimable as he may be both in his calling and his character. I think I have arrived at the point where one ceases to take any interest in individuals." "Why, Charles," replied Mrs. Howe, with intensity, "God hasn't gotten *there*, yet." I asked Mrs. Howe if this story was true and she said, "Oh, yes; Sumner told it on himself, possibly as an instance of my devoutness, though other persons took it differently, and some even asked me if I really dared to say such a thing to Charles Sumner? Speaking of Sumner's beauty, Mrs. Howe said, "It was remarkable; though in early life he was so thin we used to call him the line, because he seemed to be length without breadth or thickness. At about thirty-five, after a severe sickness, he filled out and became an impressive figure, though never so impressive as some men, who, like Webster, were only of average height, yet whose impressiveness always seemed to come from within and not be dependent on their shoulders like a cape. Sumner had a voice of remarkable richness and a smile of strong sweetness. I remember once when in the Senate gallery, something happened that stirred his generally dormant sense of humor, or else it was something very noble had been said. My memory of the exact fact fails me, but my memory of the smile is very clear. He tossed his head back and looked up at me with a look that lit the whole place—so it seemed to me. It was as if lightning had suddenly illumined and melted an iceberg—as if the best of the man's nature had soared for a moment into intense expression. It was like a revelation. I saw glimpses of that smile several other times, but it was never quite so grand as then. Yes, Sumner was cold. I was never quite at my ease with him; not because of his greater intellectuality, for I had companioned with men of superior mental grasp and mental gains, but he was different from other men. He was more original than most of the others, I mean in character, and harder, of course, to solve. Perhaps, however, behind that pride of caste and coldness which both attracted and repelled mankind was a heart of splendid heat, if one could have found it, at which to warm the fingers of the soul. But to most of us he appeared a self-centered aristocrat, whose acrimonious eloquence sprang as much from scorn of the sinner as of the sin. I fancy it was that which so enraged the Southern Senators—to find an assumption of authority greater than their own, and a scorn which in power of expression compared to theirs was like the midday sun to a tallow candle."

Those who think of Julia Ward Howe only as a lecturer, reformer and serious woman do not comprehend the roundness of her nature. The deeps of her earnestness and enthusiasm are fringed with gayety as the lakes of the ancient Peruvians were margined with masses of flowers. To dine with her is often a feast of wit, as well as of reason and flow of soul, and hers is almost always a wit without bitterness. The only sharp thing I remember her to have said was her remark when passing a place where a rather ostentatious sign of the "Boston Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary" was displayed. "Why," she murmured, half as if to herself, after repeating the words, "I didn't know there was such a thing as a charitable eye and ear in Boston." But Boston forgave the hit for the wit, which perhaps in that day had more truth in it than now.

Genius is of two kinds or qualities; that of the intellect which illumines and of the soul which warms. When these two are blended in a woman, the result is very rare and precious. It is this burning of the heart for humanity that has kept Julia Ward

Howe beautiful in the eyes of her friends, though time has written his victory on some lines of her brow. After a few moments in the presence of this simple, unpretentious, white-haired woman, however, one forgets the years—one only feels the truth of the verses written to her two years ago:

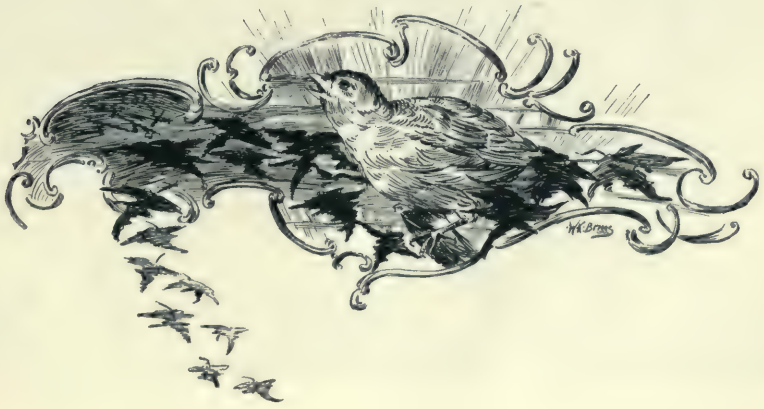
Seventy years old! nay, madam, 'tis not so;
For, in the apt phrase of your daughter's tongue,
The hearts that know you do most surely know
For seventy splendid years you have been young.

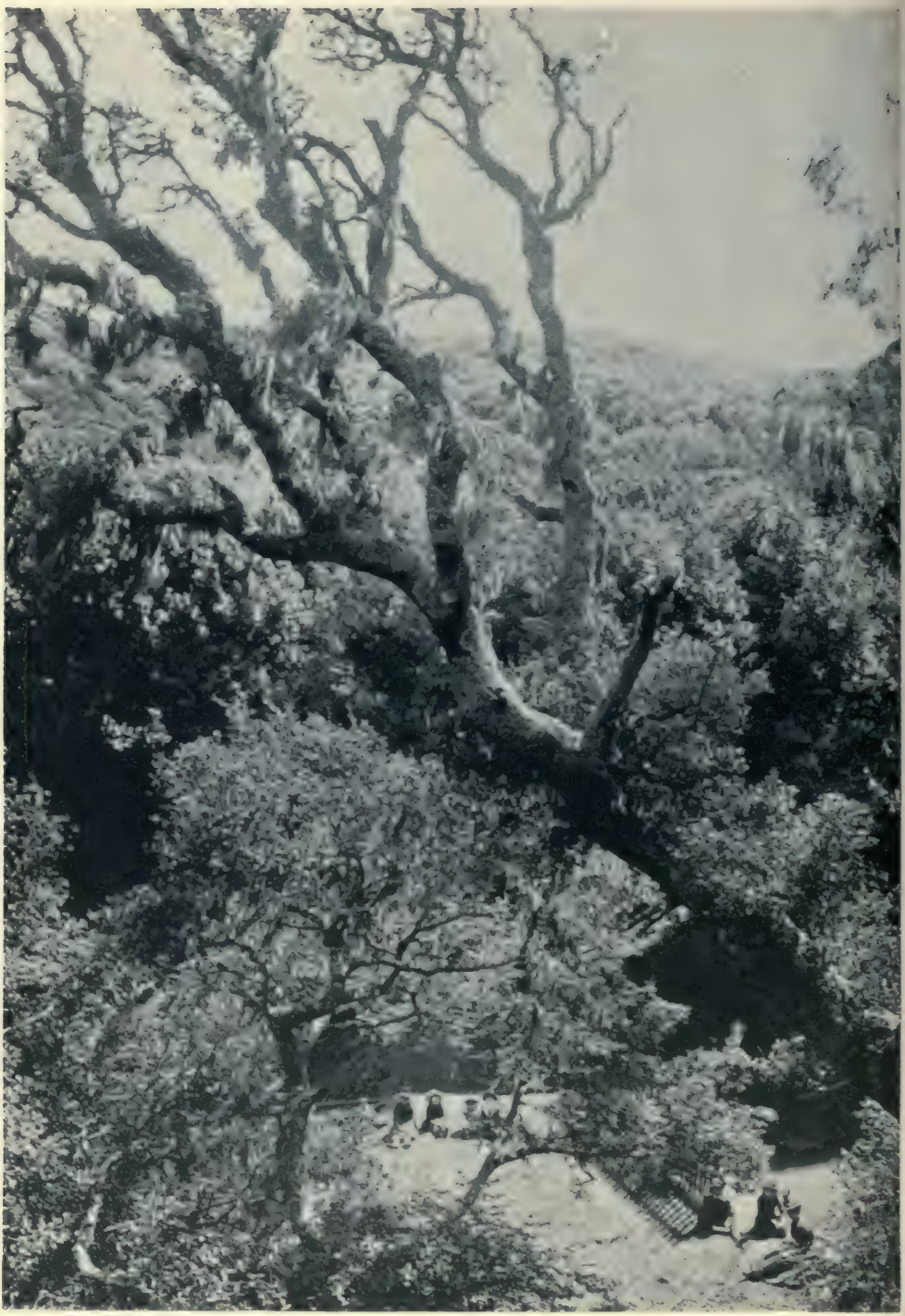
In truth, your life reglimpsing, it would seem
That you right early, by some magic skill,
Found the fair fountain of De Leon's dream,
And keep its crystal inspiration still.

And then, after asking what is the secret of the magic that has kept the smile of youth on her face, and the ring of youth in her voice, and the grace of it in all her ways, the poet answers his question thus:

Not because birth and beauty have been yours
And yours the gift of music and of song,
But this: that you have spent your richest stores
To help humanity your whole life long.

Mrs. Howe's place in literature is secure, though most of her work has been ephemeral. She has made one of the songs of a nation, as well as helped to soften some of its laws. But I believe the personal influence of her genius has been far greater than that of many who have put themselves more forcibly into their art work. I believe her rich and radiant personality is destined to a long existence on earth after her presence has departed. It is characteristic of her that she should say to me as she did, when I told her I was going to write some things about her for the CALIFORNIAN, a copy of which I found on her table, "You can say of me that if I am to be remembered at all, I would like to be, not for what I have done in literature, but for what I have tried to do with pen and tongue and life for the moral and intellectual enfranchisement of woman."





IN A LIVE OAK GROVE, NEAR TAMALPAIS

VIEW FROM THE SLOPES OF TAMALPAIS.

AT THE BASE OF TAMALPAIS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS, piercing the low flying clouds 3,000 feet in air, with its rugged cliffs and menacing crags is the sentinel of the Golden Gate. A rocky giant rising abruptly from the spurs of the Coast Range, of peculiar and striking appearance, it is one of the landmarks of the country and indicates the approach to San Francisco for miles at sea, and far over the heated plains where the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas reach away—the gold wall of California.

Who the white man was who first gazed upon the mountain is not known. Possibly centuries ago it was discovered by the first wanderers from Asia that are presumed by some to have crossed over from Bering's Straits and so found their way down the California coast. So far as we know, Drake probably was the first to investigate the country about Tamalpais. This was in 1567. Sebastian Cermenon undoubtedly saw the peak of Tamalpais in 1595, as he was wrecked near Point Reyes in that year, and in 1602, Vizcaino may have wandered among the big redwoods at its base as he cruised along shore in that year. The great mountain is called after none of these, taking its singular name, it is said, from the original owners of the soil—the Tamal Indians who long ago were the dwellers at its base. Tamalpais stands to the north of the Golden Gate, across the bay from San Francisco, in Marin County, and with its green slopes often intensified by the lowering cloud banks, or the blazing California sun, it is suggestive of the attractive country about its base, so often a revelation and surprise to the stroller.

The contrast between the opposite shores of the Golden Gate could not be more strongly defined. San Francisco was originally a mass of sand hills, desolate and drear. A peculiar sand river having for ages slowly wound its way from the sea, south of what is now known as the Cliff House, east, covering the original soil to a depth of many feet, filling up depressions, rounding off hills, ever flowing on before the inshore wind, while to

the north, on the Marin shore, around the base of Tamalpais, conditions exactly the reverse hold—the earth being covered by a fine forest growth where fifty years ago gigantic redwoods reared their trunks on every hillslope, presenting a magnificent spectacle, if we may judge by the huge trunks which still live, throwing out their trees of a later generation that grow in circular form and make leafy halls and chambers for the descendants of the vandals who cut them down. This country about the base of Tamalpais constitutes one of the greatest charms of San Francisco, as in less than an hour one can leave the bustling city with its 350,000 souls, and enter what is to all intents and purposes the primeval forest around the base of the great mountain. Picturesque San Francisco may fairly include this adjacent country which affords a wealth of pleasure and delight to thousands of toilers. As the masses in the East pour out of New York to Coney Island and other resorts, so the San Franciscans cross the bay on holidays and wander in these groves, follow up the deep cañons and make merry in the natural redwood halls.

The principal gateway to this wonderland is the little hamlet of Sausalito, perched on the sides of hills—the houses seeming like the nests of birds appearing here and there among the shrubbery. From the bay, the town is picturesque in the extreme—the villas and homes rising one above the other in tiers with live oaks, eucalyptus, pines, palms and other contrasting forms massed about them. Sausalito is the yachting center of San Francisco. Here all the crack yachts can be found at anchor, while various club houses are the center of many social events. All along shore are houses built out into the water—clubs, restaurants, boat-houses—about which the yachtsman, landsman, or fisherman passes the time in enjoyable idleness. The main thoroughfare of the town skirts the water, and from it many delightful paths and by-ways reaches away up into the green heart of the town. The homes and villas are perched here and there in the most unexpected places, now appearing boldly from the verdure, or again being fairly covered with a wealth of flowers and semi-tropical vegetation. The old live oaks that may have flourished in Vizcaino's time have in the main been spared, so that the little town and its lanes and byways still retains all the charms of the forest. Its streets wind and wander about in delightful confusion, and the stroller is constantly finding some new charm appealing to his sense of the artistic or picturesque. From Sausalito the North Pacific Coast Railroad reaches away into the country about the base of Tamalpais and beyond, through a region delightful in every way and destined in the immediate future to become the favorite summer resort of San Franciscans. The country rises abruptly from the sea in low, oak-covered hills as green as emerald on this January day ; deep cañons wind away in many directions, well-wooded, literal rivers of verdure. At every move new and pleasing vistas appear ; stretches of pasture-land, rich in growing grain, with bands and groups of cattle standing about; the hills beyond reaching up to Tamalpais, which is always the central point of interest and observation. Again, the approach to the mountain is over dense forests of redwood, above which its ragged spurs just appear, or again it rises at the head of some deep gorge; its peak towering high in air, menacing and dark, like a living thing. In a very limited area, the mountain presents so many varied phases and characteristics, appearing and reappearing in so many different guises that one never wearies of the study. It rises abruptly from a densely wooded country, redwoods, oaks and the polished manzanita and sycamores being conspicuous, while hills, valleys, disconnected ridges, cañons and gulches extend in every direction, and in midwinter,

A TAMALPAIS HIGHWAY.

when everything is green, the mountain overlooks a scene of great natural beauty. Fifty years ago, the redwood forest that is now growing again was, judging from the size of the trees, one of the wonders of the country if not the world—the tops of the majestic forms being in full view of the present City of San Francisco. These trees were of unknown age and extraordinary size, and, if standing to-day, would have made the locality as much visited as the Garden of the Gods, or some similar resort where the wonders of nature constitute the attraction. The redwoods were particularly large in what is now known as Mill Valley, a favorite resort from its beauties of situation, and rapidly being built up with the homes and villas of wealthy San Franciscans. As all roads lead to Rome, so all roads in Marin seem to lead to Tamalpais, and this winding verdure-lined lane that makes up the thoroughfare up Mill Valley is no exception, as here and there, wherever

A TROUT STREAM.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS FROM THE MEADOWS.

there is a break, the lofty spur of Tamalpais appears, the Mecca of the stroller.

Mill Valley abounds in beautiful homes, resembling, in many instances, eyries far up the mountain side. The road winds in and out among the trunks of gigantic trees, while side roads reach up the hillsides and wind away down deep cañons bringing out unsuspected beauties at every step. In February and March begins the winter festival of flowers, when the roadsides are lined with a floral display bewildering to the eye. In the deep nooks and corners, ferns, rare in the East, grow with boundless profusion, and the graceful, fern-like brakes attain an astonishing size. A stroll through these deep nooks is a revelation to the true lover of nature; a sermon without words, an impressive experience. The newcomer is at once struck with the singular growth of trees that appear to form in perfect circles, forming large halls of verdure. Some of these are so extensive that they are used as ballrooms or picnic rooms, the sides being the thick growth of young redwoods, while the roof is the blue vault of heaven, as though looking up through a tunnel. These halls are formed by the destruction of the original giants years ago, and the subsequent new growth of young trees all around the circle of the old trunk.

Attention was first drawn to the big redwoods in 1834, when J. J. Read received a grant of the "Rancho Corte Madera del Presidio" from the Mexican Government, and established a sawmill which is still to be seen in what is now known as Mill Valley. Other settlers soon came, more mills were built, and one after another these giants were cut down, sawed up and hauled to the bay, every felling marking what would be a crime to-day,

NEW GROWTH ABOUT A GIANT REDWOOD.

and Mill Valley is dotted with the vigorous descendants of these ancient trees, living monuments of the vandalism of the past. The North Pacific Coast Railroad, under the wise management of William Graves, has done San Francisco and the general public a great service in opening up this charming country which is beyond any question the garden spot of this section of the State. One of the most charming locations about Tamalpais is that made famous to the public by the Larkspur Inn of Messrs. Hepburn and Terry. From the broad-gauge road to San Rafael, the county seat of Marin, the investigator of the beauties of Marin sees Tamalpais across a broad stretch of water, and against a lofty green wall in the immediate foreground perched like a bird's nest, a picturesque object—the Larkspur Inn that has become famous for its table and good cheer all over California. Larkspur town is virtually a street running in the direction of Tamalpais, up what might be considered a cañon ; the houses and hotel being built on the spurs of the range and having a fine view of the bay. Larkspur is a remarkable exemplification of what changes in climate can be had in a short distance from San Francisco when sheltered by the hills. It has a climate of its own, and when the winter gales are blowing through the Golden Gate, Larkspur is a snug harbor, warm, balmy, with no fog, a literal winter garden in all the term implies. From the Inn a fine view of the distant bay is had, and by climbing the lofty hill to the west all of Marin seems to be at your feet. To the west rises Tamalpais, and away stretches a maze of hills and valleys telling of the richest dairy

A STREET IN SAUSALITO.

OLD MILL NEAR TAMALPAIS.

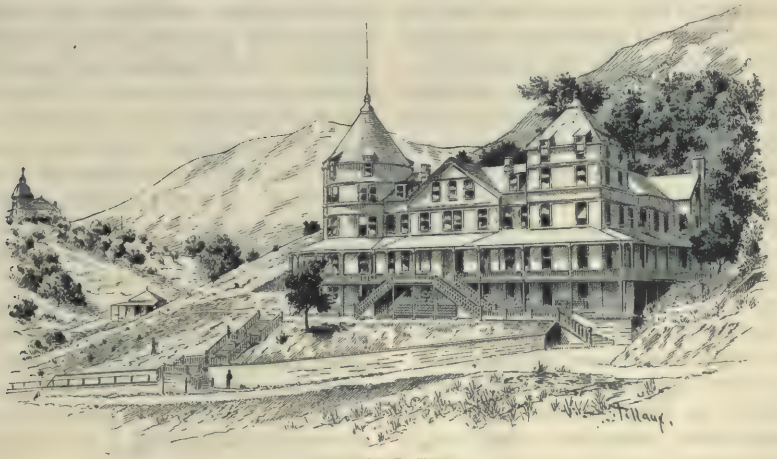
region in California. At our feet a deep cañon sinks away to seeming illimitable distance, so that the air deep in its heart has a delicate opal hue. The sun is pouring its light into its depths chasing out the dark shadows of the night; the leaves, ferns and brakes glisten with watery diamonds; blue shrikes plunge down as we approach until lost in the wealth of greens, and their weird cry comes faintly from far below. Then, descend the hill, following the fine road into the deep cañon with its wealth of flowers and verdure, its well-made trails, its picturesque scenery, all making it difficult to realize that just over the ridge the homes of 350,000 people can be seen, and the city of San Francisco reached in less than an hour. This is the charm of Larkspur; it might be some picturesque nook 500 miles away in the wilderness, yet it is the winter and summer home of scores of business men who go to San Francisco daily. The Inn forms a most convenient starting point for excursions over the fine roads of Marin County. From here the trip to the summit of Tamalpais and return can be made in a few hours, affording one of the grandest views in the county. A good trail has been built up the mountain, and horses and burros are to be had at the base.

As the ascent is made, the real attraction of the country at the base of the mountain appears, new beauties developing at every step, and when the summit is reached, if the day be clear, the view is impressive as well as enjoyable. Away to the east are the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, far across the plain to the north, the hills, valleys of Marin and other counties reach away—towns, farms and fine private places telling of material prosperity. To the west, at our feet, is the broad Pacific, Golden Gate and San Francisco. Out at sea, white-winged ships, Chinese junks and the grim shapes of the Farralones, a fascinating panorama. An attractive ride from Larkspur takes us over a picturesque road skirting abrupt cliffs and along deep cañons, an ideal country road, to Bolinas, Bolinas-by-the-sea, a picturesque and altogether delightful little hamlet on the coast at the foot of the Coast Range. Bolinas is a world in itself, reached only by horse or steamer, and to the lover of out-of-the-way places where perfect rest can be obtained, is a place to know. Here a fine beach stretches away, backed by a bluff and marked by rich veins of bitumen suggestive of other mineral riches. The citizen of Bolinas will tell you that the bathing and fishing are the best on the coast, that the climate is incomparable, that the view from the summit when you look down on Bolinas Bay is more

THE SLOPES OF SAUSALITO OVERLOOKING SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

charming than that at Naples. He will show you gas jutting from the rock on Duxbury reef off shore, and inform you that by touching a match to it Bolinas has a natural lighthouse, with a blaze three or four feet high. The day is coming when Bolinas will be a fashionable resort, and better facilities will connect it with the outer world. The most important town about Tamalpais in point of inhabitants is San Rafael, a delightful health and pleasure resort among the spurs of the Coast Range, and only an hour from San Francisco. In 1817, the Spanish father, Ventura Fortuni, founded here the mission of San Rafael that is now but a memory, it having been almost completely destroyed as early as 1842. Up to 1834 it was an important mission, around which the Fathers gathered their converts (in this case the Jonskionmes Indians) and for a time all went well, and the mission became large and important; but certain tribes determined to drive out the newcomers, who apparently had so much influence over the people, and they finally succeeded not only in breaking up the mission, but in driving the Fathers out of the country. San Rafael is charmingly situated on the hillside, its fine streets lined with handsome villas winding about, and leading the stroller to the vantage points of many attractive views.

Its Court House and various large buildings and its fine hotel are all suggestive of prosperity. The little town has long been famous as a health resort, presenting a strange contrast to San Francisco so few miles away. When it is disagreeably cool in the latter, San Rafael in its protected situation is reveling in a climate not unlike that of Southern California. There is little fog, an almost complete absence of strong winds, while flowers and luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation mark the winter days.



LARKSPUR INN.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

BY HON. F. I. VASSAULT.

A GLANCE at the map of Washington shows remarkable topographical features, which will prove a strong factor in the future development of the State. Running north and south are the Cascade Mountains dividing the State into Eastern Washington, comprising about 50,000 square miles, and Western Washington with about 20,000 square miles. The topographical feature of Western Washington is the great inland sea, Puget Sound, with its hundreds of safe harbors; with waters so deep that an ocean vessel can, in places, sail up to its shores and make fast to the fir trees that grow to the water's edge. With a navigable length of over one hundred miles, and an average width of not more than ten miles, surrounded on all sides by low hills, thickly wooded with fir and cedar, it presents at once a ready means of communication between the cities that dot its shore, and one of the most beautiful stretches of scenery in the world.

Puget Sound divides the northern half of Western Washington into two almost equal parts. Along the west shore and between the sound and the ocean is the Olympic country, wild and grand in scenery, so densely wooded as to be almost impassable, and sparsely populated. With an area of some 5,000 square miles, it has a population of about five people to the square mile; and of this population about one-seventh is in Port Townsend, a city whose prosperity has heretofore depended more upon the commerce of other parts of the State than of the section in which it is situated. Yet, among the wild mountains, there is a wealth in lumber, and when it shall have been somewhat cleared away, vast deposits of iron, copper, coal, gold and silver await the prospector. Communication and transportation conveniences, however, are of the most primitive character, and it will be long before the wealth of this section can be profitably extracted. At present it is the home of the sportsman and the explorer. Thickly wooded, broken by the steep foothills, and the almost impenetrable Olympics, it is not many months ago that this region was almost unknown.

On the other side of the Sound is the home of the boomer. From the town of Blaine, on the northern boundary, to Tacoma on the south there is a fringe of cities, each one of which has had its boom, and not a few owe their existence solely to the work of some land speculator. Some of them owing to the natural advantages of location will live; others will thrive and grow strong; while yet others will remain, as they are now, only names on the map of the real-estate dealer, who desires to inveigle the unsuspecting investor. How thoroughly the building of cities in this part of the State has been overdone, may be readily understood from the fact that, in a population of 122,000, the cities contain 92,000 or seventy-five per cent. This is an element of weakness, for the city must everywhere depend upon the surrounding country for its true prosperity. It must be the distributing point for the supplies of the interior—the market for the products of the country, where they shall be collected and distributed to foreign nations. Commerce and manufactures are the life of the city, but the surrounding country must first furnish the raw material. Were there no probability of a change in this particular, the Washington boom

would have been an advantage only to a few land speculators—a curse to the thousands of investors. But fortunately, there are natural resources, sufficient, when they shall have been developed, to support a far larger urban population than has been gathered in this section of the State.

What most impresses one who begins to study the present condition of Washington is the lack of proportion between its possibilities and accomplishments. Capital to-day is actively searching for fields of investment, and where the natural facilities for production exist in abundance, one expects capital and labor to rush in until something like an equilibrium has been established. But in Washington there is nothing like a balance of the elements of production. True, there has been what is called, in the phraseology of the day, a "boom." There has been a wonderful increase in population during the first eight years of the last decade, composed largely of the better class of young men, many of whom are college bred. During this time railroads have forced their way through the dense forests; the heavy growth of timber has been pushed back to make room for the cities that have sprung up almost in a day along the line of the iron roadway. Towns of less than 1,000 inhabitants have, in a few years, grown into cities of 30,000 and 40,000 people.

The forests, the coal mines and the hop-fields have already furnished enough wealth to keep most of these cities in a healthy condition. Seattle and Tacoma have both grown steadily since the force of the boom was spent. Both are railroad centers and collect to themselves the industry of the outside country. The available lumber of Pierce and King Counties, in which these two cities are situated, is estimated at 50,000,000,000—sufficient to keep the lumber mills of this section working at their full capacity for forty years. The coal output of these two counties is 800,000 tons a year; the annual hop yield is 8,000,000 pounds.

To the north of these cities, and nearly opposite the strait are Anacortes, Fairhaven and Whatcom. One of these cities will secure the business of this part of the Sound—which one remains to be seen. That it will be considerable is undoubted. The country reaching back from these cities is exceedingly rich in minerals. The best quality of coal yet discovered in the State is here; iron in considerable quantities has been found, and the gold and silver deposits are the richest yet discovered in Western Washington. The Great Northern Railway strikes the Sound here, furnishing the nearest outlet for the Okanogan country, rich in minerals, and the Big Bend country, abundant in grain. With the commercial development which must come with the development of the resources of the State, these cities on the eastern shore of the Sound will gain renewed vitality. At present they have gone beyond the surrounding country, and must develop slowly until it overtakes them.

The southern half of Western Washington, from Puget Sound to the Columbia, includes a part of the State that has been settled for many years, and yet the whole section is in a very undeveloped condition. Olympia and Vancouver are among the oldest cities in the State; Gray's Harbor and South Bend are among the youngest. Until 1860, the whole country was covered by an almost impenetrable forest, and then, a road having been opened by slow degrees, a line of stages ran to Olympia, taking nearly the route now used by the Northern Pacific Railroad from Portland. This was the first regular means of transportation overland to the Sound country. The forest is still there, however, and though it has been somewhat depleted along the lines of railroads that have been pushed through the country, it yet furnishes the lumber for numerous lumber mills and will continue to do so for many years. The estimated amount of the

standing timber in this section of the State is 77,000,000,000 feet, or nearly as much as was standing in 1880 in the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. Where the land is clear it has been found extremely fertile, and productive of large crops of fruit and hay. In Shoalwater Bay the oysters form a source of great profit, and here as well as along the Columbia River salmon-canning is a prominent industry.

Some months ago I boarded a Northern Pacific train at Tacoma. It was a bright spring morning, and the sun, already high in the heavens, lit up the blue waters of the Sound, which contrasted strongly with the dark fringe of fir-clad hills. Far to the northwest, the rough, jagged outlines of the Olympics loomed up, fierce and gloomy sentinels of the Strait; before me was Mt. Tacoma, majestic and grand, a monument of pure snow, towering full 10,000 feet above the surrounding peaks of the Cascades. Soon we were whirling through the Puyallup Valley, past the Indian reservation, with its low brown buildings, and its short, dusky denizens, picturesque yet unattractive, and through the hop-fields and orchards that skirted the road on either side.

Then the scene changed again. The dark forest shut us in more closely. Mountain streams dashed beside us, their swift current beating with impotent fury against the huge bowlders that impeded its course. We were ascending the western slopes of the Cascades, and in a few hours came to the Stampede pass. At that time the Stampede tunnel was still building, and we crossed the summit of the pass by the "switchback." With a monster engine at either end, the train slowly wended its way up the mountain side.

When we started on the ascent there had been a slight shower, but we soon passed above it, and then came a light fall of snow. Then began the rapid descent past fields of snow, through the Kittitas Valley smiling with orchards and grain fields, and into the valley of the Columbia. It was noon when we reached the Valley, and all the afternoon we toiled through its dull, unattractive wastes. At dusk we reached Pasco junction on the eastern bank of the Columbia River—our destination for that day.

The extent and variety of productions yielded by the section of the State we had traversed in ten hours' time is worthy of consideration. There were the hop and fruit fields of the Puyallup valley, succeeded by the coal belt, and beyond this iron and copper mines; gold and silver are found not far to the north and south on both slopes of the Cascades; the Kittitas Valley, on the eastern slopes of the Cascades, again brought us into an agricultural country—the dry lowlands of the Columbia Valley being as productive of grain under irrigation as are the lands of Fresno, Kern and Tulare in fruit—and just beyond Pasco, which is at the junction of the Columbia and Snake Rivers, is the Palouse country, one of the most productive grain lands in the world. On every side are vast resources as yet undeveloped, waiting for the advent of capital and energy to yield rich returns.

Eastern Washington, with an area of about 50,000 square miles, presents characteristics entirely different from the western part of the State. The Cascades, cutting off the moist ocean breezes, give it a climate far dryer and warmer. The mean annual precipitation for a number of years, ranging from ten to twenty, for the following stations, shows the still greater variations caused by the topography of the country:

	Rainfall, inches.
Port Blakely	41.59
Spokane	20.08
Fort Colville	28.34
Walla Walla	17.30
Ellensburg	8.97
Dayton	26.76

The rainfall throughout the Sound country is sufficiently like that of Port Blakely for the latter to be taken

as the representative of the whole. In Eastern Washington, on the other hand, the difference in various localities is quite marked. Fort Colville is in the extreme northeastern part of the State, in the mining regions of Stevens County. Spokane is farther south, and Walla Walla is near the southern boundary of the State. Dayton is in the Palouse grain country and Ellensburg is on the eastern slopes of the Cascades.

The Columbia River divides Eastern Washington into its various parts, as Puget Sound divides Western Washington. Entering the State, in the northeastern corner, it flows in a generally southern direction through Stevens County, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. Here it makes a sudden turn to the west, continuing with a great semi-circular bend to the southern boundary of the State at a point not far from Walla Walla. Stevens County, through which the river first flows, and Okanogan County include the whole of the northern part of Eastern Washington, and it is here that the richest mineral deposits in the State are found. Beyond the bend of the Columbia, and extending from the Cascades to the river are Kittitas and Yakima Counties, the higher lands containing deposits of coal, iron and copper; the lowlands being rendered extremely fertile by means of artificial irrigation. Across the river, and on its eastern side is the Big Bend country, and in the southeastern part of the State are the Palouse and Walla Walla countries adjoining each other. Between these last two and the Big Bend country is an arid strip running in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction, which, with irrigation, may be found fertile, but is at present of little value, and certainly very unattractive to the traveler who looks out of the car window in riding from Pasco to Spokane on the Northern Pacific.

The mineral resources of Okanogan and Stevens Counties are comparatively undeveloped. Thirty years ago placer mining began along the Columbia, and on some of the smaller rivers of Stevens County. And in some of these localities placer mining is still productively carried on. But the future prosperity of the country will be the result of quartz mining.

The country is undeveloped, and traveling is extremely difficult. But the prospector has been there, and has found throughout the whole country rich deposits of gold and silver. When communication has been facilitated, and the railroad has come near enough to make the working of the mines more profitable, there will be a mining boom in this country that will outrival the boom of Western Washington. The development of mining has, as yet, been only upon the edge of the Okanogan country. In the two counties there are sixty-five mines now being profitably worked by private mining companies. The mining districts of Okanogan are, for the most part, to the west of the Okanogan River, which, after flowing southerly along the middle line of the county, empties into the Columbia. At the extreme north are the Wannacut Lake and Mount Chapatka districts, twenty mines of which are being worked. An average assay from the mines in these districts shows $100 to $150 of silver to the ton. South of these is a group of districts including the Salmon River, Chloride, Ruby, Mineral Hill and Galena districts, producing both gold and silver. The assays run all the way from $40 to $870 a ton. The other districts are not yet sufficiently developed to give definite information as to how they will hold out, but the assays from samples have justified the expenditure of considerable money in preparing to work them.

On the east side of the Okanogan River is the Colville Indian reservation, from which the prospectors are excluded, but the indications are that this country is equally rich. The northern part of Stevens County, to the east of the Columbia River, is dotted

with mining districts. The part of the county west of the river is included in the Colville reservation, and has, therefore, not been prospected. Twenty mines are being worked in the county between the Columbia and Pend D'Oreille Rivers, and average assay shows 200 ounces of silver and thirty per cent. of lead to the ton.

Turning now to the eastern slopes of the Cascades, we find the Roslyn coal mines, worked by the Northern Pacific Railroad, and showing much the same characteristics as the mines west of the Cascades. The Cle-Elum District has extensive iron deposits of excellent quality. Various mines have been located in this district, but the development of an iron mine is an expensive operation, and the commercially inaccessible location of the mines has deterred the companies from this expenditure. With the growing demand for iron ore on this coast, the time is not far distant when the construction of roads will be profitable, and then this iron will be thrown on the market. It is what is known as magnetic ore, and assays 67.3 per cent. of metallic iron, 5.21 of silica, .04 of phosphorus, and no sulphur. In the same district, deposits have been found assaying sixty-five per cent. of copper and forty-five dollars a ton in gold and silver.

Passing down now from the Cascades to the western valley of the Columbia, we find the irrigable lands, and as to what may be done here the experience of the Moxee experimental farm may be cited. The main irrigating ditch here is eighteen feet on the bottom and carries a depth of three feet of water. Alfalfa produces three crops a year and hops, tobacco, grapes, peaches, apples, pears and cereals thrive. Even surrounding this farm, the land which is not supplied with water is arable and unproductive. The rivers flowing down from the Cascades offer an abundance of water, and already some progress has been made toward turning it to account.

The natural agricultural country of Eastern Washington, however, is that lying along the Snake River in the southeastern part of the State, and the more recently developed Big Bend country. The Palouse country is in Whitman County, to the north of the Snake River. With ordinary cultivation the soil produces twenty to thirty-five bushels of wheat an acre; careful cultivation increases this to forty or fifty bushels without use of fertilizers. A yield of 101 bushels for a single acre is supported by the affidavit of those who measured it, but such a yield is of course exceptional, and the report lacks details as to method of cultivation, location of land, etc., that are needed to give it value. The Palouse country produced, in 1890, a total of 8,000,000 bushels of wheat, and last year the yield was 10,000,000.

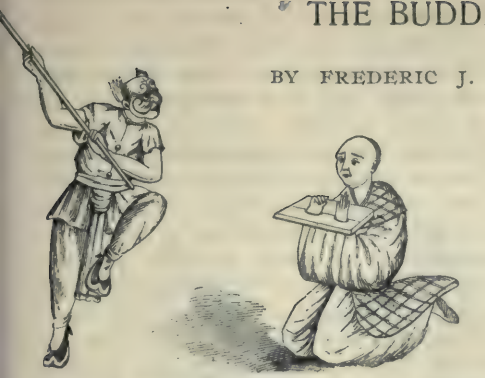
On the south side of the Snake River is the Walla Walla country, warmer in climate than the Palouse country, and almost, if not quite as productive in grains. It is also the fruit belt of the State, and produces fruit of an excellent quality.

The Big Bend country is in the central part of Eastern Washington. It is comparatively undeveloped, only about one-eighth of the available grain land having been cultivated. The yield in 1888 averaged thirty-four bushels of wheat to the acre; in 1889—a dry year—twenty-one bushels, and in 1890, thirty-one bushels. The country is just being opened up by the building of railroads, and two roads will be running through there this spring. One of these, the Great Northern, gives through transportation to the Sound in one direction and to St. Paul in the other.

That the resources of Washington are varied and valuable is undoubted, and that its future will be brilliant, there can be no question. What is needed is a development of these natural resources, and when that is accomplished the future progress of the State will be more phenomenal than that of the past.

THE BUDDHIST HELL.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D. D.



A FIEND BRAINS A PRIEST WHO HAS BEEN FALSE TO HIS VOWS.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

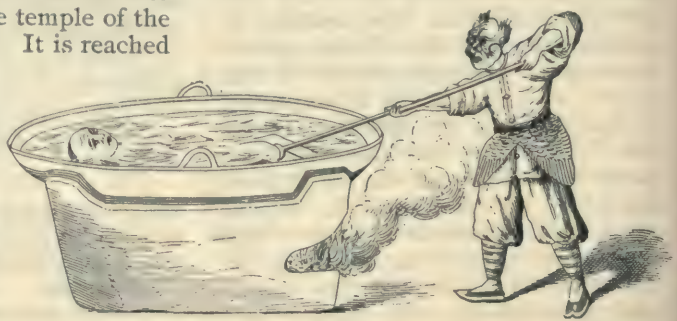
THERE are three great religious systems in China: Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. The two first are of native growth, while the latter is a foreign religion that was propagated in China by Indian missionaries in the first century of the Christian era. The endeavor of Confucian teachers had been to raise morality to that higher level of spontaneous, disinterested obedience to duty. Virtue was to be loved because it was good, and practiced because of its own intrinsic great reward. The teachings of Confucius only comprehended the limits of the present life. The Master recognized no other sphere of happiness and woe than the present world. If he spoke of rewards and punishments, he left them undefined; never offered a hint of the time and place of their distribution, or indulged in any speculation upon a future life. His agnosticism on the subject of a future life is expressed in his reply to the question of Ke Loo: "While we know so little about life, what can we know about death?" As to this life, beyond which his followers were not permitted to inquire, there were so many contradictions of the doctrine that happiness and misery were apportioned according to human merit or demerit, as were sufficient to nullify its value as an incentive to a virtuous life. Confucius overestimated the national character when he expected a Chinaman to do good without pay, or to be deterred from evil because it was wrong. The great mass of men who could only be restrained from vice by vivid pictures of its future penalties, and who could only be made virtuous by promises of eternal reward, found the needed motives in that modified, and more popular form of Buddhism that pictured the bliss of the Western Paradise and the torments of the 160 hells; and which taught that every act of worship, kind deed, good desire, and holy purpose are unerringly placed to their credit in the great ledger of the gods.

Buddhism taught six states of being: gods, men, demons, animals, hungry ghosts and torment in hell. Life is represented as a great wheel with six spokes ever turning—an incessant change from one state of being into another—and to be lifted off this transmigration treadmill into the Nirvana of non-being is the strange prospect held out by Gautama Buddha. Until that goal is reached there is no rest, but an incessant ebb and flow of the tides of life, birth and rebirth into states determined by a man's store of accumulated merit or demerit, either in ascending shapes from man up to Buddhahood, or in descending forms of life from man down to worms and slugs. Sir Edwin Arnold's words come to us:

While turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying place can be;
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes
Go round incessantly.

Whatever may have been the teachings of the earlier Buddhists on the question of a future life, the popular conception of future retribution entertained by the Chinese to-day bears many points of resemblance to that of the Grecian and Roman classics. The Chinese *yam-kān* or *yam-fu* is the Greek Hades, the world of shades and place of departed spirits. Tartarus is represented by *ti-yuk*, or earthly prison. Elysium is represented by the Western Paradise, the abode of the happy dead, while grim Pluto becomes the Chinese Yim Loh Wong, the King of Hades, and ruler of the under world.

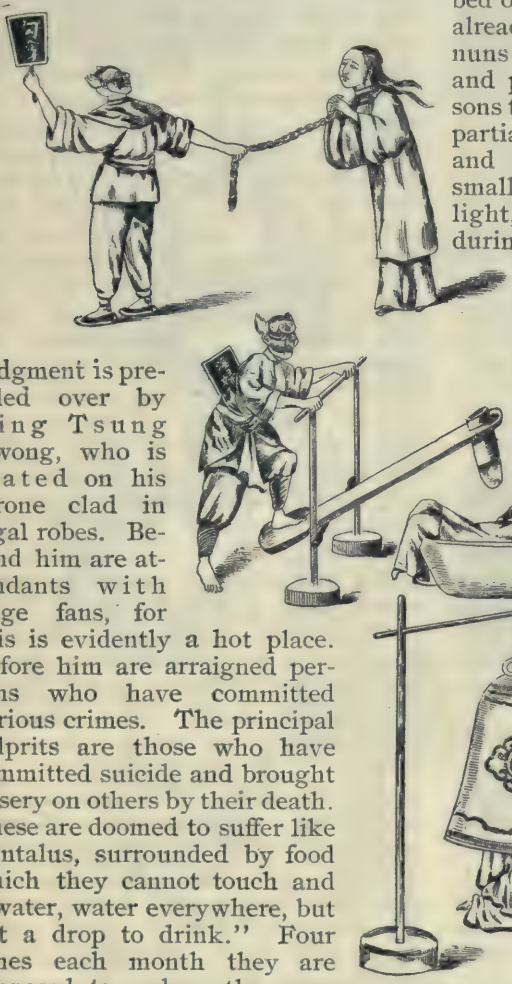
One of the most popular gods in Canton is Shing Wong, the patron deity of walled cities. Travelers will remember an apartment in the temple of this god, called by foreigners "the chamber of horrors." It is a representation of the ten kingdoms of purgatory, containing hideous images standing in threatening attitudes, behind which are groups of small figures in stucco relief exhibiting the pains and penalties of purgatory. Each group has its judge, lictors, criminals and executioners, and its own peculiar forms of punishment. The judges, officials, police-runners and executioners are thoroughly Chinese, and the mode of procedure is that of a criminal sessions and jail delivery in a district magistrate's *yamen*. It is not generally known that San Francisco can boast of a temple of Shing Wong. His temple may be found on Waverly street, between Clay and Sacramento streets, and opposite the temple of the Ning Yeung Company. It is reached by two flights of stairs, and the visitor will find a very courteous temple-keeper ready to show every nook and corner of his sanctum sanctorum, and explain its details to any one who understands Cantonese. There is no chamber of horrors as in Canton, but this is substituted by ten rudely painted pictures that adorn the smoky walls describing the halls of Tartarus and the different grades of metempsychosis. The engraving on page 493 is a reduced copy of a rude Chinese drawing hung in private homes, representing the ten judges or kings of Hades with attendants arranged in groups, while in the center is an illustration of the transmigration of souls, and the punishments inflicted on the ghosts of wicked people. The description of the Buddhist purgatory given in this paper is based upon the drawings and models found in the temples of Shing Wong, and especially the detailed account given in a religious book published in Canton called "Yuk lik chi po pin." These Canton moralists have drawn some very ghastly pictures, though they do not approach the lurid colors and weird imagery of Dante. No heartrending wails and shrieks resound through the hollows and caves of the Chinese Tartarus such as greeted Æneas on the banks of the Styx, or Dante on the shores of gloomy Acheron. A Chinaman can bear pain with calm resignation, and meet torture with stoical contempt. Besides, there is hope left him. No inscription appears over Ti Yuk portals such as Dante writes over the gates of Hades: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." The Buddhist system is purgatorial and remedial. Dante's Inferno, like the Chinese Yam-kan, is placed under the earth.



A FIEND THRUSTS A PARRICIDE INTO A CALDRON OF BOILING OIL.

It is also a singular fact that Dante speaks of ten pits or valleys of torture; but as these belong only to the eighth circle of the Inferno, it is doubtful if they can be made to correspond with the ten kingdoms of the Buddhist purgatory.

The first kingdom with its Hall of Judgment is presided over by King Tsung Kwong, who is seated on his throne clad in regal robes. Behind him are attendants with huge fans, for this is evidently a hot place. Before him are arraigned persons who have committed various crimes. The principal culprits are those who have committed suicide and brought misery on others by their death. These are doomed to suffer like Tantalus, surrounded by food which they cannot touch and "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Four times each month they are supposed to endure the same agonies as attended their acts of self-destruction. After two years their spirits are permitted to return to the place of suicide, and an opportunity is given them to repent. If they are still obdurate, they are brought back for further castigation. Devils lead their wicked manes about in chains or heavy wooden collars; and hold up mirrors before them in which are reflected their crimes and the forms of beasts and reptiles in which they are doomed to reappear in this world. One demon is seen holding a poor wretch by the queue about to hurl him upon a bed of spikes upon which others are already impaled. Wicked priests and nuns who stole offerings for the poor and pocketed fees for masses and orisons that they have never said, or only partially so, are shut up in dark cells and condemned to read aloud from small type and with only a tiny taper's light, those Sutras they neglected during life.



A DOOMED MURDERESS ON HER WAY TO TORTURE—A DEVIL POUNDS AN ADULTEROUS WOMAN IN A MORTAR—A WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN GUILTY OF INFANTICIDE IS IMPRISONED UNDER A HEAVY BELL.

On the other side of Tsung Kwong's throne are represented the good spirits who, during life employed men to destroy obscene literature, to reverently gather up scraps of printed paper from the streets and so prevent the words of the holy sages from being trodden under foot. These come to this kingdom for the reward of their virtuous deeds.

The second kingdom is under the presidency of King Cho Kong. It is situated under the Southern Sea, and has sixteen sub-hells within its territory. The criminals who come here

are priests who have inveigled children away from their homes to make them monks and nuns; men who have decoyed children from their parents and sold them into bondage; persons who have defamed their neighbors or brought evil upon them by false accusation; men who have carelessly maimed others and made no reparation; ignorant physicians and quacks whose malpractice brought their patients to an untimely grave; masters and mistresses who have refused to manumit their slaves when adequate redemption was offered, or who have held marriageable servant girls in bondage beyond the customary age; villainous marriage brokers who have deliberately arranged alliances between healthy persons and those afflicted with leprosy or other incurable diseases; fraudulent trustees and guardians who have squandered estates and deprived their wards of their property. These are cast naked upon the Hadean ice-fields, or thrown into the "black-cloud sand"—a quicksand in which they are slowly engulfed. Rapacious and extortionate officials are thrust into iron cages, unable to move their limbs or stand erect, and wheeled round by hideous fiends. After centuries of torture they will repent and be allowed to return to earth in the bodies of loathsome reptiles.

The virtuous who come to this court for reward are men of humane sympathies—those who have bought and distributed religious tracts, those who have given alms to the poor, medicine to the sick, shelter to the outcast, and the man who often trod aside to spare the worm that crawled along the public path. These are delivered from purgatory and brought back to life in human form. Women who have spent their days in charitable deeds have the unutterable joy of being born again as men—a privilege which is highly appreciated by the fair sex in far Cathay.

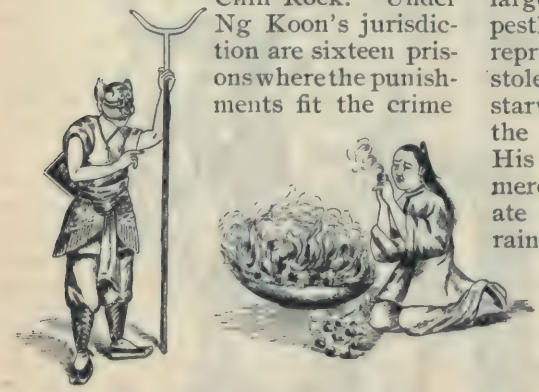
The third kingdom of purgatory is under the direction of King Sung Tae. It is said to be situated at the bottom of the ocean, under the southeast corner of the Yuk Chin Rock, and contains sixteen prisons. Here are brought the disloyal, the contumacious, the unfaithful and disobedient; ministers of State whose treason endangered the government and brought trouble to the State; saucy wives and concubines who defied the authority of their lords; undutiful children, disobedient servants and mutinous soldiers; shopmen who cheated their employers; jail-breakers and runaway convicts, whose escape from punishment involved their guards and wardens in trouble; geomancers who cheated their clients and chose unlucky sites for graves; grave-diggers who, like Hamlet's clown, disturbed people's graves and cast up dead men's bones to make room for another's sepulture; men who neglected their families and forgot where to find the tombs of parents and ancestors; busybodies who spread scandal, stirred up strife and provoked litigation; scribes who forged or altered deeds and tampered with accounts. All these stand trembling, guilty and accursed before the inexorable judge. A legion of foul fiends encircle them about, ready to drag them to the hells where other victims are already writhing in agony. Some are cast into caldrons of boiling oil, others impaled on spikes. Some are torn by tigers and wild beasts, yet never devoured; others are pierced with arrows, yet never slain. Women who killed their husbands are chained to iron posts and disemboweled; others are slashed with knives, moaning piteously for death which comes not to their relief. Traitors and rebels are bound to red-hot furnaces on wheels and drawn about by fiends, "burning continually, yet unconsumed; dying perpetually, yet never dead," and ever cursing and gnashing their teeth because they cannot end their miserable lives.

Under the shadow of Sung Tae's throne are the virtuous who come to

THE TEN HALLS OF PURGATORY—FROM AN ANCIENT PAINTING.

his court for reward. They are the spirits of those who in life spent their fortunes repairing public highways, erecting bridges, and assisting in other public works, and who are soon to return to the world to fill exalted positions in life.

The fourth kingdom of purgatory is presided over by King Ng Koon. It is said to be situated under the ocean, on the eastern side of the Yuk Chin Rock. Under Ng Koon's jurisdiction are sixteen prisons where the punishments fit the crime



A FIEND STANDS OVER A WOMAN CONVICTED OF KIDNAPPING, WHILE SHE SWALLOWS LEADEN PILLS SATURATED IN FLAMING OIL.

Here come traders guilty of using light weights and false balances, of selling adulterated food, marketing sham fabrics and passing counterfeit coin; physicians who administer inferior drugs; niggards who hoarded up a specific which might have cured a suffering neighbor; ruffians who pushed aside the aged and the weak; the rascals who plundered their richer neighbors, and the rich who neglected the poor; the thief who stole oil from street lamps; the man who cast refuse, dead animals, and broken glass and pottery on the public highway; the blackguard who uttered loud-mouthed curses and blasphemies and committed other nuisances on the public streets, (what a pity Ng Koon has no jurisdiction in California) all receive sentence in this court and are dragged off to the caves of perdition.

The trader who sold by short measures and light weights is met by a hideous demon with a huge steelyard, who thrusts a huge hook into the fleshy part of the body, adjusts the weight and holds the culprit suspended in mid-air till he has expatiated his offenses. Those who have sold adulterated goods are thrown into a large mortar and pounded by foot pestles worked by fiends. One scene represents a poor wretch who had stolen food to save his family from starvation. He, too, is thrown into the mortar. He appeals to Heaven. His cries are heard by the goddess of mercy. Kwan Yum—all compassionate is she—appears in the clouds and rains down lotus flowers that so completely cover the man's body as to protect it from the crushing blows. Swindlers are doomed to wear ponderous wooden collars, in which it is impossible to lie down to rest. Thieves are dismembered, dragged over rows of spikes, or submerged in ponds of blood. When their term of punishment has expired, they are allowed to return to earth in the form of beasts, reptiles or insects.

THE EATER OF DOG'S FLESH IS DRIVEN BY A FIEND TO BE BITTEN BY THE ANIMALS WHOSE LIVES HE HAS DESTROYED.

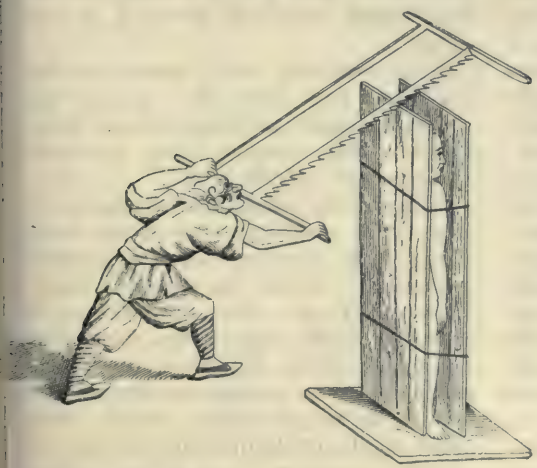
The virtuous who come to this court are those who have provided coffins for the poor, and borne the expense of their funerals. These are

reborn as men and enjoy a life of affluence and dignity.

The fifth kingdom of purgatory is in charge of King Yim Loh. This is the Chinese Pluto who once had the presidency of the first kingdom. The pearly emperor, to whom the kings of Hades hold allegiance, degraded him to the fourth place for permitting the ghosts of suicides, whom oppression had goaded to self-destruction, to return to the earth and take vengeance on those who had done them wrong. Sixteen hell prisons are under his jurisdiction, where are found racks, stocks, mills and other implements of torture. Unbelievers in the doctrines of Buddha, revilers of the virtuous, iconoclasts and incendiaries, men who have broken open sepulchers, or stopped wells and water courses are dragged into these chambers of retribution. At first these culprits are taken to the top of a pagoda, 490 feet high, from which lofty height they are permitted to view afar off their village homes and the scenes of their happy childhood. All the past delights of home, the companionship of wife, children and friends rise up before their vision, and as they gaze upon loved ones so near and yet so far, and behold familiar scenes to which, alas, they can never, never return, tears flow from their eyes, bitter laments escape their lips, vain regrets for the irreparable past, and tearful longings for the happy days that are no more. In the midst of their wails and sobs they are dragged down to the chambers of torture. Some are disemboweled and their viscera devoured by dogs and serpents that bark and hiss at their feet. Some are sawn asunder. Others are compelled to grovel in fire and pick up and swallow red-hot pills of iron. At the end of their torments they are metamorphosed into the bodies of birds, dogs and other animals, and sent back into the world to commence life afresh.

The virtuous are those who have spent their days in almsgiving and charitable deeds, and are escorted by the king's officer to the tenth kingdom to receive the reward of a virtuous life, and promotion to some higher state of existence.

Beneath the Northern Sea lies the sixth purgatorial kingdom under charge of King Pin Shing. Here gather the blasphemer, the profane, the iconoclast and the ungodly. Here are found men who have reviled heaven and earth, murmured against Providence, grumbled at the weather and irreverently uttered the names of the gods. At the bar of justice stand those who have committed sacrilege, injured temples, removed images, broken open the bodies of idols to steal gold and jewels, placed filth in a temple or offered some unclean thing to the gods. Here, also, are found dealers and readers of obscene literature; men who have shown disrespect to written paper or who have torn and defaced the writings of the holy sages; men who have eaten the flesh of the ox and the dog, and those who have wasted vegetable food. Merchants who have made a corner on rice and increased the cost of this and other necessaries of life are disemboweled. The sacrilegious thieves, who have robbed temples



THE FATE OF A BLASPHEMER OF BUDDHA.

are impaled on beds of spikes. Destroyers of good books are hung from the arm of a cross and flayed alive. Blasphemers, defamers and liars have their tongues cut out. The thief is bound hand and foot and made to crawl over red-hot iron filings, while they who have murmured against Heaven are bound within two heavy slabs of wood and sawn asunder by two fiends.

The virtuous who come to Pin Shing's courts are they who have spent Buddhist holy days in fasting, prayer and self-denial, or those who have built, repaired and endowed temples, monasteries and convents. Blessed are these, and blessed are their posterity.

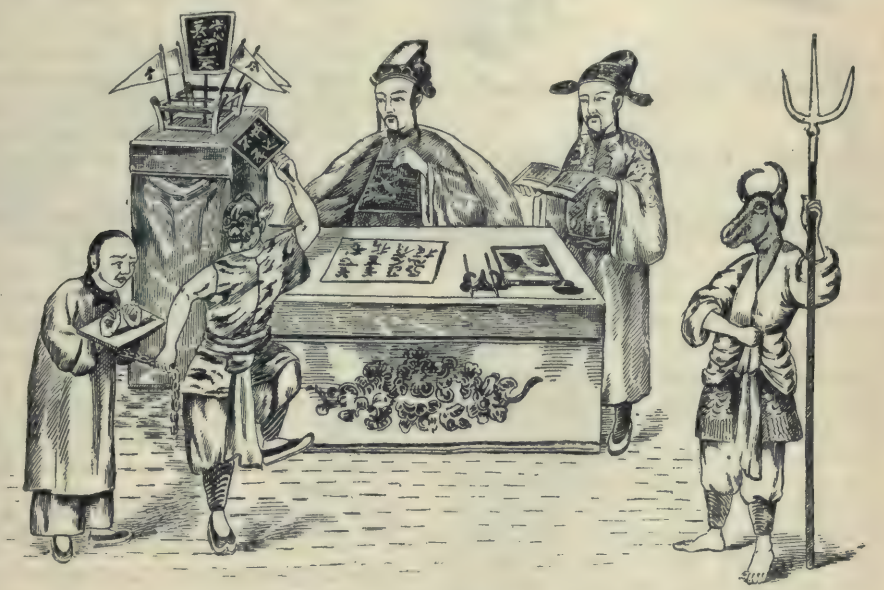
The seventh region of purgatory is in charge of King Tai Shan, under whose jurisdiction are sixteen cells. Those who have used human bones and other portions of the body for medicine, and human flesh for food, or stolen gold and silver from coffins come to this realm. These are bound hand and foot and cast by devils armed with pitchforks into a burning fiery furnace. Here, also, is found the kidnapper of children, those who have sold betrothed maidens into slavery or concubinage, parents who have destroyed their female offspring, and women who have procured abortion to cover other crimes. These are thrown into dens to be gnawed by wolves and dogs. Another group of culprits are those who have traduced good men, men whose cruel slanders have destroyed the peace of households and separated husband and wife; others who tell obscene stories, sing lewd songs, and whose conversation ever turns upon women, are bound to a stake, while a fiend tears their tongues out by the roots. Men who have cruelly oppressed their fellowmen, the master who tortures the slave, the strong who crushes the weak and terrorizes over those who are at their mercy, are brought to a caldron of boiling oil. One fiend binds them and casts them in, another stirs the soup with a spoon, while another pokes the fire and blows the bellows. Men in life are exhorted to repent of these misdeeds and atone for them by purchasing the freedom of captive birds and by buying coffins for paupers. The virtuous who come here are those who gave up their lives to save their parents' lives, or those who submitted to be bled that a feeble and aged father or mother might be preserved by medicine made from their blood.

The eighth purgatorial kingdom is under the presidency of King Tow Shi. Before this awful Rhadamanthus appear crowds of undutiful sons, who have neglected their parents' support and whose heartless ingratitude and cruel abuse made their parents prematurely old and brought their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. These are trampled down by the hoofs of horses, crushed by heavy chariot wheels, and speared by fiends. Men with covetous hearts, extortioners, foul-mouthed cursers, drunkards, adulterers, seducers, gluttons, gamblers and loafing vagabonds are assailed by fiends, armed with spiked cudgels, and driven to a bridge from which they are cast headlong into a river of blood. In this foul stream they ever sink and rise. Their cries for help are answered by some horrid fiend who, with a long trident, strikes each rising head till down they sink again.

The virtuous who come to this kingdom are those who have given alms to mendicant friars, whose benedictions and prayers have procured their salvation from hell.

The ninth purgatorial kingdom is under the presidency of King Ping Tang, and contains sixteen prisons, surrounded by an iron network fence. The court of this department is crowded with malefactors, convicted of capital crimes, and have come down from the upper prisons for further torture. Here are found people who used spells, enchantments, drugs and "devil powders" to bring others under their power; men who have

committed unnatural crimes; printers, venders and readers of immoral literature; painters of obscene pictures; abortionists, and those who have administered aphrodisiacs to women and girls. These are enclosed in brass cylinders over red-hot furnaces, or roasted over slow fires. Those who have defrauded sanctuaries of the funds devoted to religious purposes or misspent money given to publish



KING YIM LO, THE CHINESE PLUTO, AND HIS COURT OF JUDGMENT.

religious tracts, are cast upon the hill of spears. Hunters and fishermen who have wantonly destroyed animal life, are speared by demons with long tridents. The birds they trapped and killed now come in flocks to peck out their eyes, and the fish they have so wantonly netted now wait in the ponds to feed upon their viscera. Those who have sown discord in families, broken off marriages, and embroiled communities, are devoured by wild beasts or gored by wild boars. Ravishers and seducers, swindlers of property and incendiaries are thrown into a mill and ground to powder, surrounded by a crowd of dancing, grinning fiends who mock their every groan.

There are those upon whom Ping Tang smiles with favor. They are the kind-hearted and charitable who, during the cold winter months provided the poor with hot soup, and gave refreshing tea to weary travelers in the heat of summer. Others provided medicine for the sick, while some have benefited posterity by establishing free ferry-boats and bridges. These public benefactors are destined to ride in the sedan chairs of paradise, crowned with blessing and renown.

The tenth kingdom is under the charge of King Chuen Lun, or the king of the revolving wheel. Criminals who have suffered punishment in the other hells are forwarded to this kingdom to be reborn into the world or otherwise disposed of. Some few are represented as still detained in the prisons of this department. Here are those who have neglected their parents, abused servants and slaves, or wantonly destroyed

A BACKSLIDING BUDDHIST PRIEST DRAGGED IN CHAINS TO HELL.

animal life. Here are found lying side by side, crushed beneath huge rocks, the schoolmaster who neglected the instruction of his scholars, and the scholar who disobeyed teachers and heeded not the words of the wise. Witches, nuns, gypsies and old hags who have by their enchantments led astray young girls and lone widows, are cast into ponds to be bitten by water snakes and other reptiles.

In this region all torment is brought to an end. The punishments endured in successive stages of purgatory are not eternal but temporary and remedial; designed only to wash out all those stains of long-contracted filth that remain in the soul, to cure it of base animal cravings and love of life, so that at last, after long *kalpas* of time Buddha's rest and peace are reached.

"For this are various penances enjoin'd
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the dross expires."

In this tenth region is found the mill of transmigration, the wheel of change that turns incessantly; and over against "the five quagmires" of the world are the "bridges of fate," built of gold, silver, jade and wood, across which the souls emancipated from purgatory pass to be reborn into the world whether as man, beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect. Here, also, Chuen Lun determines the duration of each transmigrated creature's life, its measure of this world's happiness and woe and the fate of each.

Upon those who spent their days on earth reading the Sutras, these hells have no power; their names are in the Book of Life; a higher sphere on earth awaits them, and their detention in purgatory is only brief. Before their rebirth, it is said, these souls are taken by the angel Mang to the Kü Mong pagoda, and there made to drink of the broth of oblivion. It is difficult to discover what effect this potion was supposed to have upon the transmigrating soul. Perhaps its analogue is to be found in the waters of Lethe described by Virgil in the passage:

*Whole droves of souls are, by the driving god,
Compelled to drink the deep Lethean flood
In large forgetful draughts, to steep the cares
Of their past labors and their irksome years,
That unremember'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.

But whatever joys await the soul in its loftier transportations, this life is not its goal. Buddhism taught that human life is at its best a delusion, a curse and a bitterness. Till disenchantment came and desire was quenched, there was no hope of salvation. Life's chains and trammels must one by one be broken off. The soul must be weaned from ephemeral joys and evanescent pleasures. And to escape this dizzy whirl of life's ever changing wheel, to find release from purgatorial hells, and from the dreary monotony of successive births and deaths, Buddhism showed but one way. It was to renounce the world, take refuge in "the three precious ones"—Buddha, the Law and the

*Dryden's translation.

Church, to spend one's life in rapt meditation and dreamy abstraction. So shall blessed tranquillity come, the world and all unreal things shall fade away and then comes the end. Just as "the dewdrop slips into the shining sea," so life and being, personality and consciousness shall be absorbed in Buddha and swallowed up in Nirvana. What a contrast to this dreary, hopeless, nihilistic faith of the Buddha, is the gospel of Him of Nazareth that brought life and immortality to light!

BY GENEVIEVE LUCILE BROWNE.

A CALM summer morning spread its peaceful influence over the little town of Rincon, lying among the mountains of Colorado. The air was permeated with that purity and sweetness only known in high altitudes, where the exhilaration of the atmosphere is almost intoxicating, especially before mid-day. The birds were caroling among the branches of slender young trees, planted at regular intervals each side of the streets. Along ditches dug for irrigation purposes, flowed tiny streams of clearest mountain water, while not far away could be heard the dashing and splashing down the cañon of the mountain stream that fed them. Nature seemed to be enjoying a siesta in this quiet spot to-day, and the inhabitants of the town had harmonized themselves with the prevailing spirit of tranquillity.

It was Sunday. The little church bell had summoned the congregation to morning services, though a few late comers were still hurrying towards the consecrated spot. The Sabbath was observed and respected by almost all the residents of the town, excepting Jan Gebheardt. This citizen, despite the pleadings and persuasions of the little parson and different members of the church, refused to close his saloon on Sunday, for upon this day he usually realized his biggest profits. Many laborers from the surrounding ranches, farms and mines spent their Sabbaths and week's wages at Gebheardt's tavern, and the passing traveler was usually sure to rest here over night, if he arrived on Sunday, and this was, of course, another source of revenue for the proprietor. This morning Jan was standing at the door, placidly smoking his pipe and looking away towards the mountains, with a self-satisfied expression. The beauty of the landscape before him might have awakened the soul of a poet or an artist, but Jan was not of a sensitive, emotional disposition. The scene suggested to his phlegmatic mind simply earth, vegetation and air, while in the clear,

propitious weather he discerned alone the promise of extensive patronage.

As he stood thus, wrapped in pleasant anticipations, he heard a faint, low, steady rumbling as of distant thunder. He looked up quickly. There were no clouds in the sky. What could it mean? It was gradually becoming louder and more distinct, and seemed to issue from a large gulch or pass to the west. Jan took his pipe from his mouth and listened. Suddenly a shout, accompanied by the report of a number of revolvers, startled the echoes far and near, and there issued from the gulch a black mass, which shortly resolved itself into a body of horsemen bearing down towards the town. Jan watched them lazily, thinking of the money he would be able to realize from them. Nearer and nearer sounded the clattering of the horses' hoofs, until Jan could almost hear each separate footfall, and presently they slowed and stopped outside his door. Smiling and ducking his head, he wished the visitors good-morning and invited them in. They accepted his invitation, and were soon standing and sitting about the barroom, while the obsequious Jan served them with drink. One of them, a burly fellow, asked him for a certain brand of liquor, and after the keeper of the tavern had taken it from the shelf and turned about, his smile was suddenly transformed to a look of horror, for he found several revolvers leveled at him.

"Mein Gott, chenelmens, fhat you goin' to do?" cried the affrighted man.

"Dutchy," said the burly fellow, "don't you know you're desecratin' the best day in the week by keepin' yer saloon open?"

"Vell, how can I helps it, chenelmens? It's de pest day for peesniss."

"Business or no business, old man, you've got to reform. We're the Salvation Army, we are, an' don't you forget it."

"Chenelmens, chenelmens, don't do nuddings to me," cried Jan, wringing his hands in anguish, as he looked down the bright barrels of half a dozen revolvers.

"Fetch down them bottles from that shelf," shouted the cowboy.

The trembling Jan obeyed. "Now, then," said this strange, avenging angel, "set 'em up across th' room; every one's a bull's eye."

Jan hesitated, but the revolvers compelled obedience. Before the cavalcade moved on, he had been obliged to see the destruction of a large part of his wares, and the unfortunate man was left sitting amidst a confusion of broken kegs, neckless bottles and pools of wines and liquors, wringing his hands and calling down maledictions upon his persecutors, who were now continuing their mad career down the street.

The cowboys soon came in sight of the little church, standing in a lot surrounded by a rough picket fence, while a few small poplar trees seemed endeavoring to cast a little shade about the building. The sweet melody of one of the old hymns floated out to them, and they unconsciously paused and listened, and when it ceased, rode on to the gateway.

"Now for some fun, boys," said Billy, a graceful, lithe young man with mischievous brown eyes, as he reigned up his horse; "you fellows just follow Spot and we'll see something interesting."

Spot, who had been spokesman at the saloon, urged his horse forward and they slowly rode into the yard and to the door of the church.

The congregation was kneeling in prayer, while the pastor, standing in the center of the platform, his arms uplifted, his face writhing in the most ludicrous contortions, was moving his body up and down, keeping time with the shouts he emitted, which were supposed to be prayers for the salvation of the souls of his sinful brethren—at least, so Billy surmised, as he watched him with an amused smile. As the pastor was gathering

force for the culmination of his prayer, the leader turned to his companions, and said in an undertone, "Now, then!" and their horses' hoofs resounded on the wooden floor of the church. The startled congregation, rising with one accord, beheld Spot, the cowboy, riding solemnly up the aisle, followed closely by his companions.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies 'n gentlemen. We're only come t' join in the services, an' 'll trouble you t' sit still till they're over," said Spot, with a smile manufactured for the occasion, as the people seemed inclined to depart rather precipitously. Seeing themselves thus at the mercy of the cowboys, they were obliged to resume their seats, almost overcome by fear and apprehension. "An' as fer you, parson," said Spot, pointing his revolver at the trembling man, "don' stand there snivelin' an' shakin'. You're a purty kind er shepherd! I'll bet there aint one in th' flock as big a coward as you, n' yet you think you kin buy off th' Lord by shoutin' n' pretendin' t' save souls a heap better n' yourn. I'll give you sompin' t' do in earnest. I ain't had no one pray fer me since I was a little kid at my mammy's knee. You jis' git down on yer knees n' pray fer me now."

The parson hesitated, threw up his hands, and rolled his eyes in deprecation.

"There, parson, don't take on like a fool about it, but git down t' business, or I'll give you a lift t' a better land, a service y'd no doubt thank me fer." The little man didn't seem quite ready to depart for the better land, so covered by Spot's revolver, he was obliged to sink on his knees and commence his prayer.

"A BODY OF HORSEMEN BEARING DOWN TOWARDS THE TOWN."

"Oh Lord," he prayed, in a quavering voice, "Oh, Lord—forgive and protect—this poor sinner—"

"See here, now, I don't want you givin' th' Lord no mistaken impression 'bout me. You tell him about

th' benefit I am t' this yere world." And again the revolver figured as a persuader, and the little parson changed the nature of his prayer.

"He's giving Spot quite a 'send off'," said Billy in an undertone to one of his companion, "we're not in it."

The parson prayed for some time, then prepared to arise.

"That ain't enough," shouted Spot, flourishing the revolver; "I'll be hanged ef I'm not goin' t' have enough prayin' t' last me a week, and then here's all these boys ain't been prayed for yet."

So the parson resumed his prayer. Several times he attempted to finish and arise, but every time Spot compelled him to return to his prayer. At last, when he was out of breath, stiff in every joint and sick with fright, Spot condescendingly said, "There, little 'un, that's enough. And now we're goin' t' take up a kerlection. Boys, take yer hats 'roun', n' don't you let any guilty man escape."

Two of the boys, each holding a hat in one hand, a revolver in the other, passed about the church compelling every member of the terrified congregation to give some contribution. Those who had no money were obliged to give a watch, or a ring, or some other jewel or trinket they might have about them, and finally it was all brought to Spot, who turned the collection over to Billy.

"An' now, frien's," said Spot, "we're much obliged t' you fer all this yere stuff, 'n th' parson fer his prayer. We only wanter ask one thing more o' you. We aint no low down thieves. We aint takin' up this yer money n' gewgaws fer ourselves. We're going t' do good with 'em. Now we'll trouble you t' tell us who's th' most deservin' charity in this yer town."

"The widow!" said several voices in chorus.

"And who might be the widder? There ken be more 'n one widder in a town. What's yer widder's name?"

Nobody seemed to know, but he was told where she lived, and the cavalcade of cowboys turned their horses around, and passed from the church into the bright sunlight.

They wended their way down the road, laughing boisterously over their recent escapade, and soon found themselves in the little lane leading to the house of the widow.

Their horses had been trotting briskly, but upon nearing the little, half-decayed shanty standing alone among the sage-brush and wild flowers, their pace was slackened, and they finally came to a standstill before the broken gate.

"Whose a goin' t' take the money n' stuff in t' the widder?" asked one of the boys. They all looked at each other in some perplexity.

"Pears t' me Spot ourter," said another, "he's bin headin' th' gang all day."

"It was Billy got up th' fun," said Spot, "so cordin' t' my min' he ourter be th' one t' do th' charity act. 'Sides, he's a lady's man, an' a talker from way back."

Billy made some remonstrances, but was finally prevailed upon to undertake the commission, and, hanging his six shooter and belt on the fence, he knocked at the door. A feeble voice said, "Come in." Pushing the door open he stood irresolute upon the threshold. The light in the room was dim, and he could indistinctly see a figure stretched on a low couch in the farther corner.

"Will you come in, sir?" said the same feeble, gentle voice; then as Billy stepped in with some embarrassment she continued, "what is your errand, sir?"

He tried to think of a means by which he could delicately and acceptably deliver his message of charity, but finding none he was obliged to make known his errand as simply as possible, trusting to the inspiration of the moment to help him out.

"You are a widow, are you not?" he asked.

"YOU JIS' GIT DOWN ON YER KNEES N' PRAY FER ME."

"Yes," she replied, raising herself hastily on one elbow as he spoke.

"You must forgive a stranger, madam, for coming to you with so little ceremony and asking such a question, but the truth is I—we—"

"Tell me, sir," she interrupted, "do you live in this part of the country? Are you a cowboy from one of the ranches? Excuse me, I am partly blind."

"Yes," he said, "I live here, and I am a cowboy."

"How long have you been following this occupation? How long have you been in Colorado? You were not born in the West, I know, for you have neither the speech nor manners of the people. Where did you come from? Tell me, I implore you."

Billy looked at the form dimly outlined before him in blank astonishment.

"Why, madam, I'm perfectly willing to tell you. My home was in New Haven, Connecticut, God bless it, and I came West eight years ago. Since then I have met with many varied experiences. I've tasted the sweetness of prosperity and the bitterness of adversity. About a year ago I had a comfortable sum of money and was preparing to return to the East, when by an unhappy speculation I lost it all; then I drifted into my present situation. But I mean to accomplish something before I go home again to my dear old mother." There was a charming youthful ring of hopefulness in his voice, which his eight years of trying experiences had failed to obliterate.

The widow dropped back on her couch and was perfectly still.

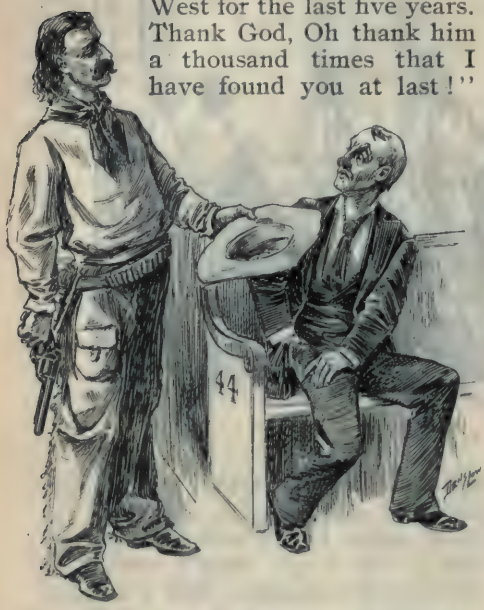
"But I am forgetting my errand," continued Billy. "My friends and I have brought you a little offering, which I hope will be acceptable. It should be, for it is a present from the good church-members of the village, who beg you will accept it with their compliments."

He advanced to the side of the couch, and bent down to place the contents of his hat in her lap. As he did so a ray of light stole through the half-closed blinds, and fell full upon the woman's face.

"My God!" He started back paler than his companion, while the hat dropped heavily to the floor. The next moment he was kneeling beside the couch, clasping the wasted form

in his strong young arms, his frame shaken by violent sobs.

"Willys, dear Willys, I have been seeking you all over the West for the last five years. Thank God, Oh thank him a thousand times that I have found you at last!"



"HOLDING A HAT IN ONE HAND, A REVOLVER IN THE OTHER—"

In the meantime his companions outside were becoming impatient.

"Wonder what's keepin' th' feller so long," said one of them; "he could a gave the widder th' money a hundred times over durin' th' time he's been in there."

"I should think he could. Tell you what, I'll just creep roun' t' th' winder 'n see what he's up t'," said Spot, suiting the action to the words. Dropping on his knees, he cautiously peered between the half-closed blinds. The next moment he had fallen backward, and was soon hastening to his comrades with a curious expression on his face.

"Well, what's up, Spot?" he was asked.

"I du' know," replied Spot, scratching his head; "pears like Billy's gone an' got mashed on th' widder. He's down on his knees 'fore th' bed a holdin' her in his arms."

A hearty laugh went round the crowd. At that moment Billy appeared at the door, with his sombrero pulled well down over his eyes.

"Boys," he stammered, and the strong man's lips quivered—"boys, there's an old lady inside who wants to know my friends. Come in. It's my mother."

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

All men are truest poets at the heart,
Though few are those who have the gift of speech—
Whose lips have caught the power to strive, and reach
The glory felt, and give it shape in art;
For that the lips and soul are far apart,
The music that men know lies in the breast—
A silent song, forever unexpressed,
Save when some master sings; then they will start.
Touched into power by his fine utterance
Their souls yield answering echoes. Nameless joy
Comes like a sudden sea, with surge and swell;
And on the marge of that unknown expanse
They pause a moment in an ecstasy,
Feeling expressed the inexpressible.

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

BY EX-MINISTER GEO. W. MERRILL.

TO a close observer of Hawaiian affairs, during the past fifty years, and one familiar with the periodical cropping out of an agitation regarding the annexation of that group of islands to the United States, coupled with the threat that England, or some other nation, is about to swoop down upon, and gather under its protecting wing the Island Kingdom of the Pacific, the recently published interviews and discussion of the subject in the newspapers of this country present nothing new, and ought not to excite alarm about any European invasion of the American belt.

For many years, whenever there has been a disturbance of the proverbial serenity of the people of these islands, and their political atmosphere has been surcharged with wrathful contentions, a coterie of annexationists have seized the opportunity as favorable for spreading abroad wonderfully magnified accounts of events, and insisting on annexation to the United States, as the only panacea for that country, at the same time endeavoring to instill the people of this country with the doctrine of inestimable advantage to America, and that unless accepted at once, they will be forever lost to us.

Of late, England is specially held up as the red flag, whereby it is hoped the naturally docile Uncle Sam will become maddened and demolish the autonomy of Hawaii, and, in the special interest of a few, sunder the ties of an inoffensive race from the traditions of the past.

In 1842, immediately before and at the time Hawaii was a candidate for admission into the sisterhood of autonomous States, and while, through her special envoys, she was knocking at the doors of the State Department at Washington, seeking recognition from her great neighbor as an independent kingdom, the usual and now oft-repeated threats or innuendoes, that some foreign power was about to add the group as an appendix to its sovereignty, were urged as a reason for immediate action on the part of the United States authorities. The same envoys, while waiting a definite reply to their request for formal recognition, crossed the Atlantic, and presented themselves at the Court of St. James, and the Cabinet Councils of the French King. Then, after the usual diplomatic formalities, it was found that each of these two governments, instead of being the grasping octopus, about to extend its tentacles into American precincts, and, regardless of the Monroe Doctrine, absorb little Hawaii, was willing, and did, on the 28th day of November, 1843, enter into a solemn compact, whereby they not only recognized its independence, but reciprocally engaged "never to take possession, neither directly nor under the title of protectorate, nor under any other form, of any part of the territory." Since which time the attitude of the United States has often been emphatically announced, and is well understood by the nations of the world. In 1842, Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, declared as the sense of the Government of the United States "that no power ought either to take possession of the islands as a conquest, or for the purpose of colonization." In 1843, the then Secretary of State, in a communication to Mr. Everett, then representing the United States at the Court of St. James, stated that the "Hawaiian Islands bear such peculiar relations to ourselves that we might even feel justified in interfering by force to pre-

vent their falling into the hands of one of the great powers of Europe." In 1853, in an official note to our then Minister to England, Mr. Marcy states that "both England and France are apprised of our determination not to allow them to be owned by, or fall under the protection of these powers, or of any other European nation," and again, in 1854, the official correspondence shows that he regarded it as the duty of the United States "to prevent those islands from becoming the appendage of any other foreign power."

The same doctrine was reiterated and re-affirmed by the late incumbent of the office of Secretary of State, when, in 1881, holding the same official position, he had occasion to officially state that "the Government of the United States has always avowed, and now repeats that under no circumstances will it permit the transfer of the territory or sovereignty of these islands to any of the great European powers."

During the administration of Mr. Cleveland, the then Secretary of State, during the domestic troubles in Hawaii, in 1887, while giving the assurance that "no intent is cherished or policy entertained by the United States, which is otherwise than friendly to the autonomical control and independence of Hawaii," reiterated the doctrine of the United States Government, that "no other member of the family of nations has so great and immediate an interest in the welfare and prosperity of Hawaii, on such a basis, as this Republic."

Such being the attitude of the various Secretaries of State, through the several administrations of our Government, by different political parties, and announced and well known to the nations of the world, it must be conceded that in all the governmental circles it is well understood that the people of the United States would not permit the absorption of Hawaii by any foreign power without a fierce struggle, and after a final defeat.

So long as the United States maintains its past and present attitude, there need be no honest apprehension of any European power seriously contemplating exalting its flag in the dominion of Hawaii; and the periodical alarm that England, France, Germany, or some other power is about to assume control of Hawaiian affairs may be regarded as a *brutum fulmen*, raised for the purpose of creating national jealousy, arousing American sentiment, thereby endeavoring to force us to annex, regardless of whether we are in the right, or in the interests of the United States or Hawaii.

I assume, and correctly, I think, that the danger of interference in the affairs of Hawaii by any European nation is so extremely remote that to annex in order to save the islands from the greed of other powers is entirely eliminated. As to whether annexation ought to be desired by the United States, and whether our interests will permit it, even though the consent of Hawaii could be obtained, let us briefly examine the subject. The eight islands comprising the group known as Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands, are situated within the tropics, about twenty-one hundred miles southwesterly from the western shores of the United States, and contain a population of about ninety thousand inhabitants, of which, in round numbers, there are twenty thousand Chinese, ten thousand Portuguese, fifteen thousand Japanese, forty thousand natives, fourteen hundred British, one thousand Germans, and two thousand Americans.

On the authority of a report, signed by the Cabinet Ministers of Hawaii, in 1889, of some of the various industries licensed by the Government, it appears that the Chinese then held one-fifth of the dray and butcher licenses, one-fourth of the wholesale merchandise and hack licenses, one-third of the livery licenses, one-half of the wholesale spirit licenses, sixty-two per cent. or five-eighths of the retail merchandise licenses, seven-eighths of the victualing licenses, and nine-tenths of

the pork butcher licenses; and that in the preceding twenty-three years the Chinese population of the islands had increased from twelve hundred and six to nineteen thousand two hundred and seventeen, and constituted over one-fifth of the entire population. Of the foregoing, the Portuguese and Japanese are termed shipped laborers, and were imported into Hawaii under contracts peculiar to that country. Under these contracts the laborers, on arrival, are distributed, by a governmental immigration bureau, to the various plantations for labor in the cane fields, and for the different vocations to which they may be adapted. These labor contracts are permissible under the laws of the kingdom, which are so framed as to meet the demands of those industries (among which that of sugar is paramount), which require cheap labor, constant care, and for which organized, intelligent labor, with contingent strikes, is ill adapted. Under these laws the contracts of the imported laborer are so constructed that, when the laborer is subleased to the individual planter or corporation, the Government assumes the duty and becomes the power to enforce the performance of daily toil for a term of years, and compels the laborer to be worthy of his hire. These contract labor laws may be, and doubtless are adapted to, and demanded by the exigencies of that particular tropical latitude; but are the people of the United States willing to forget the past, and fondly embrace even a paradise of the Pacific when the conditions are such as to demand the enforcement of labor under a system closely allied to one so lately repudiated at such a cost of lives and treasure? While the effects of the recent tariff law of the United States, in throwing open our ports to the free importation of sugar, may have cast a gloom over an industry of the islands, heretofore protected by reciprocity with the United States, and which has brought large returns, wealth and comfort to the foreign residents there, and might induce those interested to yield the sovereignty in exchange for the sugar bounty, yet I can hardly believe they fully realize that they would not find in Uncle Sam that paternal indulgence and accommodation exercised by Hawaii, as shown in 1891. At that time, after the enactment of our recent tariff law and a free conference between the sugar planters on the one hand, and the Government officials on the other, a reduction of twenty-five per cent of the taxes on the plantations, including machinery, crops and everything connected with the plantation, was made, on account of the depreciation of the value of sugar.

It will be noticed that of the entire population, including Americans, British and Germans, there are only about four thousand who have absorbed the influences of Anglo-Saxon civilization or comprehend the true spirit of republican government, and are racially fitted for full citizenship.

The American Congress, moreover, mindful of a growing sentiment in the United States, is endeavoring to close the avenues of the Atlantic seacoast against the influx of contract laborers, and lock the gates of the Pacific against the hordes of the Asiatic population. Understanding these facts, it is not reasonable to believe that there can exist in the United States any legitimate sentiment, permeating the public, which would demand, or even permit opening the floodgates, and with one fell swoop absorbing into our body politic this heterogeneous population, which must, eventually, be endowed with statehood, and all the resultant rights.

Certainly those capable of prognosticating the future, and who are imbued with sufficient patriotism to desire a maintenance of the principles on which depend the future stability of a republican form of government, can never consent to the adoption of such a variegated element into our political compact, however flattering

to the pride, or enticing the consideration inducing Uncle Sam to extend his protecting arm over the isolated isles of the Pacific.

In case of a foreign war, such a possession would certainly be a source of weakness.

It can hardly be contended with reason that an outpost or picket guard stationed there, over two thousand miles from the main body, would be such a protection of our western coast against sudden attack, as would be recommended by a modern military genius.

It would necessitate moving the larger part of our naval fleet into the Pacific, and surrounding the guard in order to preserve them from harm; for, without such a movement, any nation possessing an ordinary naval force would be able to capture our pickets and levy tribute on the residents of the islands at least a week before any news of such a disaster could reach the shores of America.

What is needed, however, is a harbor and coaling station on one of the islands of the group, and a cable extending from Hawaii to some point on United States territory. With these permanently established, they become adjuncts to our commerce, and the relations of Hawaii to the United States, both political and commercial, are no longer problematical, but are fixed by the immutable laws of trade, on a basis of mutual benefit to both countries.

Under an existing treaty, ratified in 1887, and definitely extending for a term of seven years, and then only terminable upon one year's notice, the United States has the exclusive right to enter Pearl River Harbor, on the Island of Oahu, and establish and maintain there a coaling and repair station. No doubt this grant, of an exclusive right to enter and improve the harbor, might by treaty be extended through a long term of years, as by the license at present granted, there is no subtraction from Hawaiian sovereignty, and, therefore, no legitimate opposition could seemingly be raised by those jealous of the invasion of Hawaiian autonomy.

The land contiguous to the harbor is owned by private parties, and the Hawaiian government has not a foot of land to cede, lease, or convey; and whatever right to the adjacent lands the United States might desire to possess, must be obtained by purchase from individual owners, and under Hawiian laws.

As to cable communication, there is practically a unanimous sentiment in Hawaii in favor of cable communication with the outer world, and a large majority favors a terminus on United States territory, and the government of Hawaii is ready and willing to extend to such project all substantial aid within its power, and which its resources will permit. Such an enterprise, once completed, would greatly strengthen the commercial interests of the two countries, and, by daily contact, firmly cement to the United States the kindly feeling of those who are to control the political future of Hawaii, and largely assist in preserving the autonomy of the kingdom.

With the steamship line already established, and a cable connection with the United States, the people of that Island Kingdom would naturally become imbued with the opinions of their commercial connections, and imperceptibly absorb the sentiments and feelings of those controlling the source of their daily intelligence, thus strengthening what ought to be an indissoluble commercial and political bond. The laying of a cable between the islands and North America I consider no longer problematic. By whose aid, and on what part of the continental coast it shall terminate, is of vast importance to the United States, as by bringing the inhabitants of these islands in daily contact with the world through United States sources would largely and imperceptibly aid the natural gravitation of commerce and political influence to

our country, and would silently yet strongly tend to quiet the periodical unrest natural to a segregated, ocean-bound community.

To any one acquainted with the climatic influences, the simplicity and wants of the native race, the aggressiveness of the Asiatic, the requirements of the staple industries, and the peculiar labor conditions of that country, it must be apparent that the autonomy of Hawaii is far better adapted to the wants of its people than any other condition. While, on the other hand, so long as the United States maintains its present attitude —embracing that group within the Monroe Doctrine—and keeps an eye of its eagle poised in the direction of Hawaii, the harbor privileges, naval station and cable will accomplish for us all that is desirable, without inflicting any injury on a friendly neighbor, or violating the interests of the American people, or shocking the principles of our Government.

A PASSING GLIMPSE OF LAGUNA.

BY LUCILA J. SHAW.

Swart children of the West! In whom the savage
Still holds a dormant sway!
Mingling the garments of your Christian present
With barbarous array.

Strange blending shows in shirt and gay serape
Of what you were and are.
Untutored you—tho' taught—as when the pale face
First saw you from afar.

High up, unchanged in years, your vast pueblo:—
Here—rails of steel wind low.
There—still the past; betwixt which and the present
Both races come and go.

Savant, scribe, poet, traveler or painter
Finds substance for his skill.
Unmoved you see his coming—his departure;
And then—you climb your hill.

When the long trains—fit symbols of the present—
Pause ere they thunder by,
Erect and stolid stands the swarthy Moqui
With calm, unheeding eye.

Low sinks the sun; its level rays regilding
Th'enarchéd chapel bells;
While as if wakened by a golden clapper,
The vesper summons swells,

And mounts the Moqui terrace after terrace—
As if that call sufficed—
To where above the rooftree of his village
Shines out the Cross of Christ.

AMONG THE BLACK FELLOWS.

BY C. M. WAAGE.

A CERTAIN interest and mystery holds regarding the fast-disappearing black fellow, the sable native of the Australian Islands. His home is the land where Doctor Leichardt disappeared without leaving a single trace, where Burke and Wells died with parched lips, where in the silent bush the little mounds every here and there relate to us the sacrifice that thirst for adventure has craved. These savages roamed free and untrammeled until a little more than one hundred years ago, when Great Britain sent as the vanguard of civilized races a number of criminals, who personally, or through their descendants, became the first bearers of the light of civilization to a race which, from that day, became a victim to human brutality, European vice and general oppression.

While nearly forty years ago the last of the natives of Tasmania, Truganini, died in Hobart town, the aborigines of Australia proper are daily decreasing in number, and the day is not far off when the south wind, sighing through the dreary forest, shall murmur its lullaby over the graves of the last black fellows, who were sacrificed on the altar of a spreading Caucasian civilization.

Comparatively little is known about the race. Travelers have made brief sojourns among them, missionaries have after long years gathered just a small handful of followers and picked up imperfect fragments of native language. Those, who perchance knew them best, have died among them, probably slain by their death-bringing weapons.

A few have spent many years in close communion with them and come out unscathed, but they were all convicts, who made their escape in the early days. They were men, whose powers of observation were either of small account or have become dulled by the hazards they have undergone or the contempt which familiarity breeds, and it is safe to say that up to the present no thorough investigation has been made of a race whose languages are as numerous as they are apparently interesting to study; whose habits are singularly primitive, and whose ceremonies to this day are guarded in many instances with a jealousy, which renders it almost impossible for the Europeans to penetrate into the mystery of some of their rites.

It is a common thing among Australian bushmen, by which term is meant the European settlers, to say that the aborigines are the lowest form of human life. This is certainly not correct, although it must be admitted that in many respects they stand very low in the scale of the human race. It is my observation that the most debased of them are those who have come in contact with the settlers, and thus with so-called civilization. Those engaged on the cattle stations or living on the outskirts of the same are certainly inferior to the class found farther inland, which are only met with by the explorer. The former seem absolutely void of any sense of morality.

They will lie, steal, even murder without the least compunction, and perhaps with no other object than to become the possessor of a cake of tobacco or a flask of rum. Where these alluring temptations are not found, the black fellow appears a more dignified being, and in many tribes is far less dangerous.

The aborigines are of a nomadic disposition. Before the advent of the white man, they undoubtedly were in the habit of traveling from place to place, keeping within certain limits in tribes. Their main support would be hunting and on the seashore fishing. They performed the former by means of spears, and the latter was accomplished with *tow-rows*, a kind of fishing net, which they manufactured from straw.

It is, however, not the marsupial, with which their island home abounds in such great variety, that forms their favorite and common food. In the daytime they catch the flying-fox, hanging sleeping from a branch in the thicket, or the opossum in his hole of the hollow tree, while the sugar-bag or wild bee's honey is a great delicacy, but no more so than a grub, which they pick from the bark of the trees. Snakes and reptiles of all kinds also serve as food, and are much relished. Their method of discovering the sugarbag is particularly ingenious. When the bees are swarming they catch one, and, attaching to its body a white straw, let it fly again. Their keen eyesight easily follows the insect in its flight, and thus they track it to its treasure.

Cannibalism is certainly practiced among these people, but I contend not for the purpose of satisfying hunger.

My observation leads me to believe that in all countries, where this revolting practice is exercised, it is more of a ceremony than a craving for food. The captured enemy is slaughtered and eaten to celebrate victory. In Australia the half-cast baby is killed and eaten, as a matter of rite or form. The most disgusting phase of cannibalism, however, is practiced by this race in the feasting on the bodies of those who have died from disease, but this again is a ceremony rather than an act for the purpose of satisfying hunger.

The general appearance of the black fellow is not an attractive one. Their physique, as a rule, is poor, and it is an uncommon thing to see a well-developed man or woman among them. Their mental capabilities are not of any higher grade. Their ideas are few and vague, and I think it may be said with perfect truth that they are absolutely without any religious sentiment. They seemingly worship nothing and nobody.

But if they are void of trust they are full of superstition. The phantoms of ghosts and supernatural monsters float continually before their mind's eye.

The night curlew they call the devil-devil bird, and on dark nights its hideous shriek fills them with terror. Darkness above all things they dread, and they have an unspeakable horror of any locality in which death has taken place among them.

But the greatest bugaboo their confused minds has ever conceived is the so-called *bunyib*. What the *bunyib* really is no one can tell. Sometimes it is a monstrous reptile, rising from the waters of a lone lagoon, sometimes a bird of terrible size and shape that stalks through the silent bush, or it may be some fearful-looking monster, half human, half animal. But at all times the *bunyib* fills them with awe and dismay. They have never seen him but somebody else has, or they have heard him coming through the bush crushing branches and emitting unearthly sounds, and, wherever he has been so known, the black fellow leaves the locality with fear and trembling.

Handicraft is but little known among them. They produce a kind of bag made of straw; it is called a *dille* bag and is principally used for carrying the babies in. It hangs on

TYPES OF THE BLACK FELLOWS—IMPLEMENTS OF WAR, ETC.

1, A NATIVE KING. 2, A BELLE. 3, 4, 5, BOOMERANGS. 6, CHARACTERISTIC HEAD. 7, A YOUNG WOMAN. 8, 9, NOLLA NOLLAS. 10, SPEARS. 11, A NATIVE DANDY. 12, DUELLING. 13, ADULT WOMAN. 14, DINGO, (NATIVE DOG).

the back of the *gin* or black woman, attached by means of a cord which passes over the woman's forehead. The *tow-row* is another manufacture, already mentioned, and in some places they make a kind of skirt for the women, but in most cases, outside the boundaries of civilization, men and women indulge in the airy costume of the early Adamitic period. Outside these few household articles their principal attention is turned to the making of weapons which are very primitive and consist only of the *waddie*, or short club, something like the modern baseball bat, the spear and the boomerang.

One interesting feature in their processes of manufacturing is the fact that in nearly all cases they use fire for the purpose of finishing. By means of fire they color their straw work, singeing it skilfully into various tints, and if they desire to produce any kind of marks or designs on their woodwork they do so by burning it with heated stones, and in order to shape it they char it just so much that they can scrape it into the desired form with a sharp stone.

Their spears are very primitive, pointed at either end, and about six feet in length, and are used, as well as the *waddies*, for attack and defense. The *waddie* is thrown on the ground and propelled forward by a series of *recochettes*, and the spear is thrown from the shoulder, sometimes by the ingenious device of a short, flat piece of wood with a notch at the end, against which the one end of the spear is placed, thus forming an elongation of the arm and adding to the force of the throw.

The boomerang is by far the most interesting product of their limited industry. Although it is looked upon as a weapon, it is not practically used as such, but rather as a means of sport, and in the black fellow's camp the young boys are early taught how to throw the boomerang.

This remarkable appliance varies considerably in shape from the very slightest curve to a curve, which might almost be said to form an acute angle. It is made of red gum or iron bark, perhaps one-quarter of an inch thick, and two inches wide in its greatest dimensions, then tapering in both respects towards the ends, the tips being from twelve to eighteen inches or more, apart. In passing through the bush the black fellow perceives at a glance the branch, which is bent in the curve that will make a boomerang and prepares it for the purpose.

When the boomerang leaves the thrower's hand a most singular effect is produced. Holding its convex side toward himself, the black fellow bends his arm backwards in the elbow joint, and with a quick upward motion sends the boomerang into space.

It pierces the air like a bird with a velocity, which at times renders it invisible for some moments. Moving round like a propeller, at first edgeways towards the earth, it travels a considerable distance at a great height, then describing a curve, it returns towards the thrower, gradually assuming a horizontal position. It rapidly approaches the ground, and the uninitiated would expect to see it drop, when suddenly it rises straight into the air and takes another flight before touching the ground, which it often reaches behind the thrower.

In the mythology of the North we are told of the hammer Mjölner, which, thrown by Thor, always returned to the hand of the God of Thunder. Whenever I have seen the experiment with the boomerang, it has always occurred to me that those, who presented such a remarkable idea as a thing thrown away which returned to the thrower, must have seen the reality practiced, and I have wondered how far back in the history of man lies the epoch, when this phenomenon was known to the, let me say, forefathers of the ancient Norsemen.

In regard to building for the purpose of protecting themselves against climatic influences the aborigines lack ingenuity. They seem to lack any

idea of fastening material together, and therefore do not build proper houses, except where Europeans have shown them the way. Ordinarily they content themselves with a windbreak, which often consists merely of boughs and branches with the foliage left on, or they may be formed of large pieces of bark, leaning against each other, but with the canopy of the heavens for a roof. On the cattle stations they often follow the example of the Europeans and make "*humpys*," or houses, built of poles and bark, fastened together with nails, when obtainable, or tied with grass ropes.

Notwithstanding the primitive condition of this race they have a variety of customs, observances, ceremonies or rites, which are followed with as much consistency as the etiquette or practices of civilized society. Their marriages are only consummated after a severe fight for the bride, but the breaking of a lance, to win a fair damsel, was a common practice among white men only a few centuries ago.

The terrible expression of sorrow upon the death of anybody, when the first few days are spent in loud wailings and crying, are not unlike the Irish wake of to-day. The fact that the women cover their faces with a mask of white clay, during the period of mourning, does not seem much more surprising than that a fair white face should be hidden by a black veil, but they have usages, the analogy of which is not found in civilized life, or at least do not seem so apparent there; and among them should be mentioned the strange ceremonies of initiations into manhood and womanhood.

These initiations take place at certain stated times and under certain conditions, and the persons on whom they are practiced must suffer untold agonies. The practice is not unlike that terrible dance, which is used among some of the American Indians, denoting the transition from the life of a youth to that of a buck. The back and chest of the young men and the back of the women are laid open by means of incisions in herring-bone design. The cut is performed with a sharp stone and the wound filled with some kind of soil or clay, and, when the skin has ultimately closed over the wound, the appearance on the body is very much the same as that of the lines carved on the smooth trunk of a tree, as they appear, when, after many years, they bulge from the same surface in which originally they made an indent.

For the purpose of performing these initiations tribes gather from afar, often traveling for many weeks to reach their destination, and the business of the ceremony having been brought to a close, a series of "*corrobborees*" follow during the succeeding nights, and these meetings always take place during moonlight period.

The *corrobboree* is undoubtedly the most interesting feature in aboriginal life. It represents at once the primitive drama, ballet and opera, and, in addition, always relates a story—maybe an old legend or perhaps some great event which has at one time taken place.

The campfire throws its lurid glare around, blending with the pale light of the moon as it falls upon the glade. The gins sit a little way apart, and chant to the beating of short sticks, or perhaps drum on opossum skins. Suddenly from the shadow the men appear, painted with red ochre, moving along with phantastic, irregular motions. They chant something in a low, monotonous tone, but, as their gesticulations increase in vivacity, the sound grows louder and more piercing. The spectator realizes that the *waddie* and spear are flying in deadly combat; that some well-aimed shaft strikes the hero's breast; that revenge follows; that the battle grows fierce and hot. The motions express the story well; the bodies bend; the arms double; the scene ever increases in intensity as it works up to some dreadful catastrophy. Quicker and

THE BLACK FELLOWS AT HOME.

quicker the motions follow upon each other, louder and louder grow the voices. One hears cries of victory and groans of despair. The action becomes furious; the sound swells to a mighty river of noise, which raises the echoes of the bush and drowns the nocturnal concert of the forest animals with its overpowering volume.

Many years ago a big ship went down off Cape Morton, with all but a few hands. I have seen the Morton Bay blacks depict this scene in a *corrobboree*, which at that time belonged to their *repertoire*, and from this I infer that in their *corrobborees* they have preserved many historical events, which would be of interest, if properly understood.

Among other customs should be mentioned their disposal of the dead. This varies to some extent. In some places the bodies are embalmed and put away in hollow trees, where they have been found tied up in a sitting posture. In other places, by an ingenious process, the skin is peeled off in one whole piece, dried and kept, as it is supposed that by placing it over a sick person, the disease can be made to leave the patient. These human hides, therefore, are considered sacred. The flesh is in many instances removed from the bones and eaten, but the bones themselves are treated with great reverence, and, placed in a *dille* bag, are hidden away often among the higher branches of lofty trees.

The only expression I have been able to extract from the black fellow, concerning his idea of death and what takes place after, is well known to all Australian travelers, and is to the effect that he "dies black fellow" and "jumpee up again white fellow." Whether this is a very ancient idea or not is difficult to decide, but my story of Mr. Davis in the following will prove that it most likely existed prior to the establishment of the penal settlements in Australia.

The languages of these people form a highly interesting study, but are only very little known. The great number and variety of them is perfectly amazing, and they present nearly as much difference as do the Roman and Teutonic languages, having, like these, respectively certain sounds, which pervade them, and among which a nasal *gn* sound is very remarkable.

The structure of most of these languages is very complete and presents many remarkable features, but they are very difficult for Europeans to learn, while it must be said that as linguists, the Australian black fellows stand very high, often speaking six or seven quite different languages.

A very curious fact about these languages is the manner in which they may be spoken and understood at very great distances. Thus, for instance, when a party is leaving camp, they will continue conversing with those remaining, raising their voices as the distance increases, but keeping up the conversation long after any European language would have been understood under the same conditions.

It is a fact that it is hard to teach the aborigines anything useful. They are naturally lazy and indolent, unsettled and of a roving disposition. They will not stay long at any place, and if raised from their degraded position into more comfortable conditions, necessitating the breaking with their natural mode of living, they will almost invariably return to this at their first opportunity, and the same may be said of the half casts, who otherwise are far superior to their sable parent and her relatives.

It is an oft-repeated occurrence in Australia that a half-cast child has been removed, when eight or ten years old, to the surroundings of civilization, has been given an education equal to any white child of the better classes of the community, and notwithstanding this, upon coming into contact with his own race has returned to the black fellows' camp, ignoring book-learning, fine linen, and the comforts of civilized life.

In two capacities the black fellows

have been found satisfactory — as trackers and in the native police. I can only find a correct expression for their power of tracking by calling it instinct. I have been with them searching for men whose every trace had been practically lost, but the black tracker has found them in spite of all. They are more sure than bloodhounds. When the track ceases, through some mysterious agency they seem to know where to go to find it again.

In the native police they are very useful as trackers. This police consists of small troops of mounted, uniformed black fellows under the command of European officers. They act as *gendarmes* in the outlying districts and are principally used for the purpose of bringing marauding blacks to account. It is not uncommon that the up-country blacks spear the cattle on the station, or murder travelers or settlers, and it is principally in such cases that the native police becomes useful.

The manner in which they surprise a camp of savage aborigines is characteristic. Having ascertained that they are near a camp some of them dismount and strip to the skin. Then they fasten their carbines to their ankle by means of a piece of rope or a chain, and, trailing it through the long grass, approach the camp.

The unsuspecting blacks come to meet their sable brothers, when, quick as lightning, the trooper stoops, brings his carbine to a level and sends death and destruction into the camp.

The aboriginal thinks a good deal more of his dogs than of his women. Dogs are always found about the camp in large numbers. They are of a mongrel breed and generally starved to ferocity. The black fellow in most places is a polygamist and his wives are used for carrying everything from their babies to their husband's weapons—including all their camp paraphernalia, rations or whatever else they may wish to transport, while the lordly master marches along with perhaps a *waddie* or a *boomerang* as the only burden to impede his progress.

But if, as in many instances, the blacks be savage, the white men, with whom they come into contact, are no less so.

The life of a black fellow is counted as nothing, and the depredations perpetrated upon them by settlers are numerous and often particularly cruel.

The spearing of a few head of cattle on a station, where thousands are grazing on the runs, has often cost the lives of many black fellows, and I know of several instances where the camp has been raided and the women carried away by white men, while it is a fact that there are settlers who have made it a point to shoot any black fellow found on their vast domains, to avenge some murder committed in the first place by the blacks.

But I have also found in Australia humane men, who, if they had been in the majority, might have bettered the race, and I may mention here the name of Mr. Archibald Archer and his brothers, who belong to the most typical set of Australian gentlemen.

Mr. Archer has held the highest Government offices in the colony of Queensland, and it was under his auspices that Dr. Lumholtz, who is now well known in America, proceeded to Australia and made his valuable researches in the flora and fauna of that country.

I have referred to a man named Davis. When I knew him, some twelve or fourteen years ago, he was a very old man and had an earthenware store on George street, Brisbane. He made his entrance into the colony many years ago as a "lag" or convict, and with a comrade made his escape from the penal establishment on Stradbrook Island. He landed on another island in Morton Bay and was received by the blacks, who were very savage. But one of the women thought she recognized in Davis a son, who had died some years before, and the convict was hailed as one returned from the grave. A few days after, his mate was killed by the tribe,

but Davis was not only kindly treated but was traveled from tribe to tribe and exhibited as a phenomenon, worthy almost of worship. In this wise he spent many long years among the blacks, before he ultimately found himself in a position to return to civilization, and his adventures were many and highly interesting, but this is by no means the only instance of a European meeting with a similar fate.

One of my personal, most curious adventures among the black fellows happened in this wise: I was traveling with a mate, looking for some cattle that had strayed from the main camp, when we struck a black fellows' camp, the holders of which did not appear friendly. Contrary to our usual custom we were unarmed, and the men crowded round our horses, chattering like so many monkeys in a lingo entirely strange to us, and using gesticulations by no means reassuring. My mate and I each had a defect, which art had partly remedied. He had a glass eye and I an upper jaw, full of false teeth.

"George," said I, "take out your eye, and hold it up before them!"

He did so, and at the same moment I removed my plate, and pointing to the sun, said in plain English: "If you fellows don't behave, I will take that out, too."

As a matter of course, they did not understand the words, but our action so impressed them, that probably to this day they are talking of their remarkable visitors, who could remove portions of their own anatomy. At all events they became greatly concerned and showed us where we might find water and let us depart unmolested.

Before drawing this to a close I cannot help remarking upon the gross misrepresentations to which Australian life, and the black fellow in particular, have been subjected by writers, whose imagination is greater than their knowledge. The daily press repeatedly presents Australian yarns, which are absolutely false and give an entirely wrong impression of what they purport to portray; but one of the greatest enormities perpetrated upon the Australian aboriginal that has come under my personal observation is so singular that I must relate it here.

In the city of Oakland, Cal., I came one day, about noon, past a vacant lot on which was erected a canvas tent, after the dime-show fashion, with the regulation pictures outside. A cluster of boys stood close by, evidently waiting for something to happen, and I heard one of them say: "He is coming out to feed now!"

"Who is coming out to feed?" I asked.

"The Australian nigger," said the boy. "He eats grass; he comes out here every day and feeds."

Imagine my surprise when, at the same moment, I saw a gaudily-dressed showman issuing from the tent, leading by a string a human being who walked on hands and feet like a beast. His skin was black, his hair wooly, like a negro's; he was clad in pants and coat, but had neither shoes nor stockings on. This was the alleged "Australian nigger," the black fellow, with whom I had had many a brush and at whose campfire I had spent many an evening hour, while the scent of the eucalyptus filled the air, and the mosquitoes drove away every chance of sleep. The wretched impostor sat down on his haunches, plucked a handful of grass and pretended to eat it, spoke some gibberish to his keeper, who feigned to understand it and drove him into the tent, while I felt myself blushing at the shameful hoax.

In conclusion, the Australian black fellow, with his languages, his customs, rites, ceremonies, unknown history and singular primitiveness, affords many features of interest, and a thorough study of his legends might be full of information and may furnish valuable links in the broken chain of the history of man.

I cannot lay down my pen without making an earnest appeal to those faculties, which look after such matters, to examine closely into all this before it is too late, as yet some light may be thrown upon the gathering darkness, but if this be not done in time, when civilization has won the same victory in Australia as it has in Tasmania, and the act of extermination has been completed, science may mourn, too late, the loss of valuable knowledge, which it might have otherwise possessed.

ON AN OLD MISSION CROSS AT SANTA CLARA.

BY C. HORATIO JESSEN.

Antique memorial of unlaureled worth!
Hallowed by valor—beautified by time!
Still sternly proud, complacently sublime,
Thine ancient form implants congenial earth
And serves at least a memory in the dearth
Of such high souls as glorified the prime
Of progress in the Argonautic clime.
Ungarnished sentinel of heaven-blest birth!
The unrecorded glories of a score
Of Faith's triumphant heroes are enshrined
Deep in thine oaken bosom, whence the mind
Of many a bard has drawn a golden lore
And in the well of inspiration found
A soul-enriching theme that pipe could never sound.

AMONG THE CALIFORNIA GLACIERS.

BY FOSTER M. CARLIN, PH. D.

TWO miles and a half above the level of the Pacific! Two miles and a half aloft with the world beneath our feet! For we are standing on one of old Earth's spires. It is past midsummer, and the far-off plains below us in the San Joaquin Valley are reeking, we know, with heat, while at every step we take, *we* leave our footprints on crisp snow. We know, too, that our less fortunate fellow beings in those dead level stretches are breathing hot, stifling air, which they can see quiver and vibrate above the surface of the ground, wriggling and twisting so much like fire that, as they watch the upward flickering tongues of atmosphere made visible, they can well imagine that they are begirt by a sea of colorless, smokeless flames. But *we* are breathing pure, cold, invigorating oxygen, which exhilarates almost to intoxication; and we are surrounded by an ocean of grandeur that carries our souls on the tide of its immensity to the borderland of the infinite. We are perched on the snow-wreathed summit of Mt. Dana, 13,227 feet above sea-level, and 6,500 feet above the waters of Lake Mono.

It was my good fortune to be one of a party of four who, during the summer of last year, visited the Yosemite; and I use the expression "good fortune" advisedly, inasmuch as it had been my intention to make the trip to that marvelous cliff-girt valley my final excursion before bidding adieu to California. Had that purpose been carried out, I should have missed sights and scenes which have left an indelible impress on the mind, and made me appreciate my good luck in having for companions men who were bent upon seeing more of the sublime beauties of the Sierra Nevada than falls to the lot of the ordinary hasty, globe-trotting tourist. Their enthusiasm affected me and they carried me along with them.

Mt. Dana, taken from the south, is not difficult of ascent, and due preparations for a trip of several days having been made, we found ourselves one morning on the top of that mighty landmark. We were high above the cloud-line of the day, and looked down upon a vast archipelago of white, surging mist, and granite isles—dark spots on a field of whit As the sun rose higher and scattered the vapors with his rays, the scene was reversed; white cloud banks floated over the black surface of the somber earth, and presently breaking up into numerous islets melted away, revealing the whole panorama of rugged magnificence and crumpled splendor.

We were near the center of the longitudinal sweep of the Sierra Nevada, where volcanic force had been most violent, and the upheaval greater than elsewhere in the range. This portion of the Sierra, geologists have distinguished by the name of High Sierra. Rugged and frowning is the aspect; inaccessible cliffs, bristling with peaks, stand over yawning abysses; countless chasms and precipices, cañons and steep, rocky slopes succeed each other, jumbled together in wild and frightful confusion; and high over all, tower snow-capped mountain masses, stern in their austere solemnity. Ages ago the primeval crust of the yeasty planet, as it hardened here, was rent and cracked and tossed about by fierce internal phlogistic action, and when the fire-

KONWAKITON GLACIER, MOUNT SHASTA.

fiend had worked his will, erosive ice, at a much later epoch, cut and slashed and plowed, and rasped and filed the already deeply wrinkled earth, as the glacier pressed onward with the resistless momentum of its ponderous weight.

But while the savage grandeur of this Alpine scenery is so impressive and sobers us with its silent assertion of our littleness and insignificance, the picturesqueness of the views delights us. As peaks and crests are successively touched by the sun rays, they glow with golden halos; and as the valleys and cañons become illumined, their dark and neutral tints give place to shades of bright green and brown and indigo, while the mountains are gorgeous with the splendor of deep, rich colors and innumerable hues and tints.

Rapt in contemplation of the landscape, carried back in thought to the time when the young planet, during the hot passionate struggles of its childhood, raised itself from the low condition of a sphere of reeking, slimy mud to the high grade of a globe of beauty, I was suddenly brought back to self and self's inability to endure what is beyond the narrow conditional limits of man's comfort and existence. The cold was asserting itself, for we were standing on the *névé* of a glacier.

Here had stood in October, 1871,

FOOT OF WHITNEY GLACIER, MOUNT SHASTA.

Mr. John Muir, the discoverer of the Sierra Nevada glaciers, who, a year later, in company with Professor Joseph Le Conte, visited the High Sierra, and examined very carefully these relics of the glacial epoch. Strange to say, Professor J. D. Whitney, ten years later, in his work on "Climatic Changes of Later Geological Time" states that "there are no glaciers at all in the Sierra Nevada proper." Mr. King in his report of the exploration of the fortieth parallel, also ignores Mr. Muir's observations, and it was not until Mr. Israel C. Russell, after his visit to this region, in the summer of 1883, accompanied by Mr. G. K. Gilbert, that justice was done to these pioneer investigators.

Mr. Russell followed the footsteps of Muir and Le Conte, and makes special mention of the work done by his "companion and assistant," Mr. Willard D. Johnson, who made topographical surveys of Mounts Conness, McClure and Ritter.

Few scenes are more impressive and conducive to thought of the past than looking upon these last remnants of a physical power that has been one of the great fabricators of food-supplying valleys and artistic adorners of Earth's surface. Carried back in imagination, I thought that I could see the ice-mass of the glacial period creep onward to its death in the warmer regions below; and seemed to watch its slow process of cañon-cutting and cliff-polishing, carrying with it, the while, fragmentary rocks and depositing its moraine.

Grouped about Lake Mono are many high mountain peaks, and Mt. Dana is but one of numerous prominent points in the High Sierra. Near him stand his companions, Mt. Conness, Mt. McClure, Mt. Lyell and Mt. Ritter, almost his equals in altitude. Nestling below them lies the lake, looking like a mirror in this little-frequented region. Beneath us, belts of silver-fir gird with bands of fringe the stony waists of the hoary-headed giants.

In the mountains of the Sierra Nevada you can look upon much that is rare and much that is very beautiful. Rare, because you are a spectator at a final scene in one of Nature's great dramas seldom exhibited elsewhere in the United States; and beautiful, because there are spread before us panoramas of scenery, that, with their multitudinous shades of coloring, their exceptional diversity of cañon tracery, cannot be surpassed. These scenes, so near to San Francisco, so well within the limit of a short trip, are visited by comparatively few persons. Those who wish to pass beyond the boundary-line of commonplace excursion and spend a week in the mountains of California will carry back with them reminiscences that will gladden their after life.

The glaciers in the High Sierra are not large—the Mt. Lyell glacier, when visited by Mr. Muir in 1872, not being more than a mile in length and about the same measurement in width—and they are wanting in medial moraines. Their terminal moraines, however, are noticeable for their comparatively large size, and in other respects they assert their title to rank with true glacial formations. Not the least interesting are the stone tables of Parker Creek Glacier, supported on their pedestals of ice. Mr. Russell, in 1883, saw one of these curiosities, thirty-four feet long by twenty-three feet wide and ten feet thick, this enormous slab being supported by a column of ice eight feet high and from six feet to eight feet thick. Another curious formation is seen on Mt. Lyell Glacier, on the lower portion of which occur numerous ice-pyramids, varying in height from a few inches to fully three feet. These pyramidal structures are caused by the presence of pebbles and small pieces of granite on the glacier, which, becoming heated by the sun, melt the ice beneath them, and the water thus formed, being frozen again, forms harder ice more capable of resisting the heat than the porous quality of

the glacier-ice, which, thawing more rapidly, is surmounted by these cunningly-wrought pyramids. The pebbles are invariably found lying on the north sides of the pyramids, and by referring to the illustration it will be observed that the structure is concave on the side on which the stone lies.

Passing down Dana Creek we arrived at the Tuolumne River; and up the valley of that stream is the best route to Mt. Lyell. As we stand at the head of the cañon and gaze upon the majestic mountain before us, we acknowledge that our toil and labor is well repaid. The gentle grade along which we have been pursuing our way terminates in a succession of steep obstacles. Terrace after terrace, each with its swampy meadow-ground above, has to be climbed, forming a great stairway to the mountain's summit.

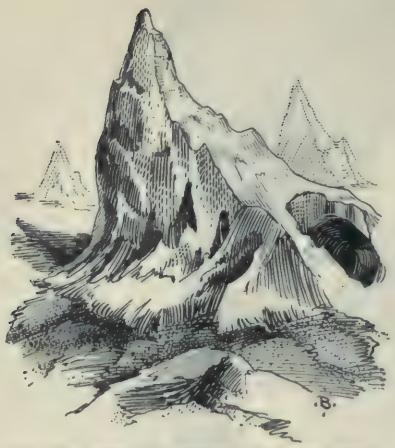
Having threaded our way up the beautiful valley of the head-waters of the Tuolumne, and surmounted, cliff after cliff, the stepping-stones to the giant's throne, we reach the ice and can appreciate the happiness felt by the first discoverers, the pioneers of geological examination of the structure of the Pacific Coast. Cradled on his lofty brow the glacier lies, moving downward with imperceptible pace to the borderland of its metempsychosis. It is difficult to realize the tremendous force of glaciers when we can see no movement in them. It is only by practical contrivance long continued that their motion can be detected. Mr. Muir, in August, 1872, by adopting the method of planting stakes in the Mt. McClure Glacier, and by patient investigation, proved that its maximum pace near its center was not more than forty-seven inches in forty-six days. Standing on one of these ice-streams, and *knowing*, without being able to perceive, that you are moving, you are led to compare this infinitesimally slow motion with the speed of a comet. I left the ground trodden by Muir, Le Conte and Russell, better able to realize their satisfaction when they knew that they were opening another leaf of the book wherein Nature records her work.

Shortly afterward I took the train to Sisson, which lies at the foot of Mount Shasta. Three distinct belts begird this mountain, which is truly a spectacle of imposing grandeur and domination. For scores of miles stretch wild-flower gardens around his base, pansied with their many hues and dotted here and there with dark bunches of coniferous arborage.

Leaving this zone of chaparral, we enter the fir belt, almost exclusively made up of the silver-fir. Then comes the Alpine zone, marked by its fringe of storm-beaten pines, dwarfed and stunted. We have left below us square miles of wild-rose beds, big patches gorgeous with the rhododendron, larkspur and columbine, and have reached the limit of vegetable life.

Mount Shasta may truly be described as glacier-crowned, inasmuch as besides several smaller glaciers, there are five ice-streams which invite especial attention. With the exception of the Whitney Glacier, which was named in honor of the State Geologist of California, all have received Indian names, to wit: Bolan, meaning *great;* Hotlum, *steep rock;* Wintun, the Indian tribal name, and Konwakiton, *mud-glacier.* Clarence King furnishes the earliest account of the Mount Shasta ice-streams, having ascended the peak in 1870, and published his description of them in the *American Journal of Science* in the following year. Speaking of what is now known as the Whitney Glacier, he writes: "Its entire length in view was not less than three miles, its width opposite our station about four thousand feet, the surface here and there terribly broken in "cascades." Continuing their explorations, he and his party discovered a system of three considerable glaciers, the largest about four miles and a half in length and two or three miles wide. Mr. King remarks that "an east-and-west line divides the mountain into glacier-

MOUNT DANA GLACIER.



ICE PYRAMID ON MOUNT LYELL GLACIER.

bearing and non-glacier-bearing halves," and accounts for able scientific observers, like Professor Whitney and his party, having failed to discover the existence of glaciers on account of their having scaled the mountain by the non-glacier-bearing side, the route always, formerly, pursued in making the ascent.

During the season of 1883, Mr. Gilbert Thompson, of the United States Geological Survey, was engaged in obtaining topographical details of Mount Shasta, and furnished Mr. Russell with further interesting particulars regarding the glaciers. The Konwakiton Glacier lies in the basin at the head of a deep and very rugged cañon, into which it discharges a strong stream of water, which falls in a cascade in the upper part of the gorge, forming lower down another waterfall 400 feet in height. Much larger is the Wintun Glacier, estimated to have an area of about two million square yards, and nearly two miles in length. This glacier is interesting as having a terminal ice-wall several hundred feet high; it is dangerous to approach, however, on account of the stones and morainal material that are constantly falling. The ice-foot is seamed with many water-cut channels, which discharge into the gorge below a considerable stream, yellow with mud and silt.

Northward of the Wintun Glacier is situated the Hotlum, which may be regarded as the largest of the Mount Shasta ice-streams, inasmuch as it occupies an area of three million two hundred thousand square yards. It terminates in an arc of moraines, through which hundreds of streams formed by the melting ice work their way, now under, now over, the surface of the *debris*, making it treacherous ground to tread. Perhaps the most beautiful feature of this glacier is the existence of pearl-blue pinnacles of ice in the *névé*, rising fifty and sixty feet in height. They are caused by the flow, through the *névé*, of an ice-stream, which, in passing two buttresses of rock, is crushed and broken up into fantastic forms. Below these rocks are deep crevasses and oval wells of water having a transparent blue color.

The Bolan Glacier is situated on the northern face of the mountain, and to judge by the size of its terminal moraine deposits, more *debris* than any other glacier of the Mount Shasta system. It is about 3,200 yards long, and covers an area of 1,800,000 square yards. Alongside of it lies the Whitney Glacier, which is regarded by Mr. Thompson as the most typical ice-stream on the mountain. It originates in the *névé* lying on the summit, and as it passes the Shasta crater, it is broken up into innumerable blocks and ice-masses, which become reunited as the glacier flows on. With a length of 3,800,000 yards, it covers an area of 1,900,000 square yards.

Mount Shasta is a noble pile, its summit—14,511 feet above the level of the sea—affording tourists a great variety of choice in the selection of pleasure-yielding pursuit. The hunter and the alpine climber, the naturalist and the botanist, can all find a field for diversion in its great range, while the glorious views and extensive landscapes at innumerable points, as you ascend, hold attention and excite enthusiasm.

Questions Of the Day

JAMES G. BLAINE.

WE published an article in the previous issue by Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, who served in the House of Representatives during the six years of Mr. Blaine's Speakership, and who was an intimate, personal and political friend. Blaine had a larger circle of such friends than almost any public man this country has produced.

Mr. Blaine was a native of Pennsylvania. It has nearly always been the case that young men of ambition have followed the advice of Mr. Greeley to go West, but Blaine went East. He married a young lady from Maine, and while on a visit to her friends, he purchased the Kennebec Journal, published at the Capital of that State, and embarked actively in political journalism. In that sphere he was a success, and was early sent to the lower branch of the Legislature of that State, over which he presided for several terms. In 1862 he was elected to Congress, and was continuously re-elected until he was transferred to the Senate in 1876. In 1869, 1871 and 1873 he was chosen Speaker. The Forty-fourth Congress being Democratic, he was retired from that position. He was appointed Secretary of State by President Garfield, but held that portfolio only until General Arthur acceded to the Presidency. He was defeated for President by Mr. Cleveland in 1884. On the accession of Mr. Harrison to the Presidency in 1889, he was restored to the Secretaryship of the State Department, from which he voluntarily retired in June last.

Mr. Blaine was in public life during the most eventful periods of our history. He took an active part in the contest against the slave power, and in behalf of the extraordinary measures which were required to suppress the gigantic rebellion, and also those which related to reconstruction. The changed social and political conditions, and the tremendous material development of the country required new and experimental revenue, economic and financial legislation. To solve successfully all these problems taxed the genius of the leaders of the party in power. During these periods there was greater consideration given to the constitutional powers of the Government than at any other time, except possibly during the first twelve years after the Government was established under the Constitution. They were periods which called into exercise the highest development of statesmanship. From his accession to the Speakership of the National House of Representatives to the time of his second retirement from the State Department, Mr. Blaine was a leading spirit in shaping the policy of the general Government. He comprehended as well as any other man the true commercial interests of this country as well as the financial. He early and clearly saw that commercial and industrial rivalries were not alone with Great Britain, but, to a degree, with all Europe; that we needed to purchase little of those countries, and that we could not sell largely to them except of cotton, unless conditions were exceptional. Also that trade was naturally with countries on or adjacent to this continent—an idea that is gaining strength daily even with leaders of the Democratic Party. In sentiment Blaine was essentially American, not in the sense that foreigners are obnoxious, but that policies should be adopted to the promotion

of our own interests rather than those of other nations. It was his belief that reciprocal trade would be mutually beneficial to the nations on this side of the Atlantic.

Blaine was not a founder of systems of finance and economics, because they were established before he came upon the stage of action. His efforts were in the field of improvement, were limited by circumstances to making changes adaptable to new conditions. No man ever more closely saw the tendency of events, or studied more profoundly the problem of international relations, political and commercial. He not only perceived closely, but quickly. He followed statistics with the utmost assiduity, and recognized the effect and bearing of facts in their influence upon the material interests of his country. When slavery was abolished and reconstruction had been accomplished, there remained no overshadowing institutional or social questions; ever since that time issues have mainly been upon material subjects. He was a practical man, and gave his thoughts and efforts to the settlement of practical questions. While he was a writer and Speaker of fascinating power, he will be best known in history as a cogent elucidator of the principles which he believed should control our industrial, financial and economic policies.

Blaine was a fascinating personality, and, unless it was Henry Clay, no man in our history has ever had a larger personal influence and following. His death has removed the most conspicuous of our public men; it has created a vacancy that will not be easily filled; seemingly, there is no one to take his place. The nation, however, has had such experiences before, and those have speedily appeared who were able to give such direction to public affairs that there has been no appreciable check to our progress and prosperity.

THE SURVEY OF CALIFORNIA.

Any one who has made a study of California must have been struck with the almost complete lack of available information that is met with at every turn. A perfect map of the southern part of the State, showing the mountain ranges, the exact position of river-beds and towns can hardly be had, and a really good and perfect map of the State, good from every standpoint is equally rare. The prime difficulty is that the State has been inadequately surveyed, so that a perfect map is naturally an impossibility. Several of the Atlantic States can now boast of complete and accurate maps based upon complete surveys, and a movement is now on foot which, if given the hearty support it deserves, will result in placing California upon the plane of the States mentioned. The matter is in the hands of a committee of the California Academy of Sciences. The University of California, Stanford University, the Technical Society and the Science Association of the University of California, and their representatives, Joseph Le Conte and Andrew C. Lawson, have issued an appeal to the people of the State which demands attention and undoubtedly will receive it. The following advantages would revert to the State in the estimation of the committee by the completion of a general atlas sheet—the result of a topographical survey of the State: "1.—It would afford a uniform base for the record and comparison of statistical facts, and for the illustration of the State's products. 2.—It would serve for the preliminary planning of public works, such as the selection of routes for roads, railways or canals, by exhibiting all the possibilities and the impossibilities for the special undertaking in hand—in a general way, thus obviating the necessity for many trial surveys, and suggesting possibilities that the trial survey might not discover. 3.—It would aid in the proper understanding and just solution of many perplexing controversies, such as that between hydraulic miners and agriculturists. 4.—It would prevent the development of radical mistakes in complex systems of irrigation, which might eventually necessitate expensive modeling. 5.—It would serve as a base for the rapid, easy and accurate production of agricultural product and soil maps, and for the study of the bearing of altitude (irrespective of soil quality) upon horticultural products. 6.—It would simplify the preparation of real estate maps. 7.—It would facilitate the solution of our forestry problems that are

rapidly growing in intricacy and importance. 8.—It would aid in the planning of better highways for the readier transportation of farm products. 9.—It would greatly stimulate scientific research. 10.—It would facilitate travel for pleasure. 11.—As our last war abundantly demonstrated, it would vastly simplify military operations; and finally (12) it would have a high educational value important, though as difficult to define, as the value of culture in general."

The societies mentioned have begun the work as follows:

(1) examination into the needs of California; (2) inquiry as to what work of similar character has been done in Eastern States; (3) correspondence with the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey and with the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey; (4) personal conference with the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey in regard to the practicability and the terms of a possible co-operative undertaking between that bureau and this State; (5) examination in the field, by certain members of the committee, of similar work now in progress by the Geological Survey near San Francisco, and examination by the full committee, of recently finished sheets of that work; and (6) the careful preparation of specifications for the proposed work, and the securing of agreement to the same from the Geological Survey.

The specifications are as follows:

1. That the map be a complete contour topographical map, based upon triangulation and leveling, and constructed by plane table survey, showing, in addition to the natural features, (1) all existing monuments of township and land grant corners; (2) all railways, canals and public distributing ditches; (3) all public roads, and all other roads in unrestricted use and therefore, virtually public; (4) all country boundaries; (5) all cities, towns, villages, hamlets, prominent mines and other important places, with indication of their buildings, together with all isolated dwellings and public buildings outside of town limits.

2. That in each township at least one permanent bench mark be made, with record of the precise altitude above mean sea-level.

3. That all navigable streams and important water-courses be located by continuous survey of their banks.

4. That salt marsh land, and fresh-water swamp land, and overflow land be distinguished by distinct conventions, and that the boundaries to be indicated be those of the natural limits, not the legal segregation limits.

5. That there be at least three triangulation points to each plane-table sheet.

6. That the field scale be not less than one and one-third inches to a mile, or three-quarters of a mile to an inch.

7. That the publication scale be one inch to one mile.

8. That the size of the atlas sheet be that of a quarter-degree square, limited by the even fifteen-minute lines of latitude and longitude.

9. That the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey be requested to contribute as many triangulation points as possible.

10. That the headquarters for the survey be in California.

11. That the work be done by the U. S. Geological Survey, under supervision of a commission of five persons representing the State of California, of whom four shall be appointed by the Governor, one to be a representative of the agricultural interests of the State, one a representative of the mining interests, one on nomination of the State University, and one on nomination of the Leland Stanford Jr. University; and of whom the fifth commissioner shall be chosen by the others so appointed.

12. That the expense of the survey be divided equally between the State and Federal authorities.

13. That the U. S. Geological Survey engrave the copper-plates for all the map sheets, wholly at its own expense, and that it own the plates, and that the State of California has the right of taking electrotype transfers from each and all of such plates for its own use.

The value of this work cannot be overestimated, and it is hoped that the matter will be so presented to the State and Federal authorities that an early beginning may be made under the most favorable circumstances.

It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or pondered, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.
—*Byron*.

TO all of the fine arts, and in fact to all of the great questions of life, may be applied similar principles of philosophy.

One who is gifted with any great art, and the great soul which comprehends nature in her most elevated and complex moods, even while the expression may come through his executive ability in one certain direction, will usually be found to possess great aptitude for other arts that are on the same plane with the profession which has chosen him for one of its interpreters. In the painting of a true artist, we do not see simply color and tone, but the soul of the artist's thought, the poetry of nature—we almost feel and hear the music of his inspiration. In listening to some great oratory, or other grand conception of the musical genius, we do not hear simply sound, we feel the dreams and fancies of the composer. We see many wondrous shapes and pictures full of beauty and harmony, we are moved by thoughts which alone belong to the soul of the philosopher and poet. And the poet—his verse should be music, his conceptions those of an artist, his philosophy that of the sage. But a poet whose work comprises all these qualifications, and whose faculties are perfectly balanced is very rare, it might be said unknown. Perhaps Shakespeare came as near to this ideal as any one, for he touched every phase and condition of life and humanity with a master hand. Milton sits upon the Heights of Olympus with the gods, and quaffs their nectar, and only those venturesome souls who can scale these heights may sit in company with him. Tennyson represents the culture of poetry which, while often soaring to wondrous heights and touching sublime and mystic depths, impresses but as the tender vibration of gentle, beautiful music. Byron caught the great echoes of the roaring ocean, but despite its beauty and usefulness, he reminds us uncomfortably often that its waters are salt. Walt Whitman's work represents rugged greatness, and crashes like a mountain torrent, then at times is as a broad, deep stream that wanders between rough banks, and in rocky beds through the woodlands, where the sunlight plays upon it, the children of the forest sing about it, the whispering trees shade it, and the great blue sky bends above. To the Pre-Raphaelite school belongs that exquisite music and art in which all the greatness of the higher human emotions, feelings and passions are realized and idealized. Of this school, Dante Gabriel Rosetti is the greatest artist poet, for throughout all of his work his words are so chosen and so arranged that almost every line calls up some rare, wonderful picture. The poetry of Algernon Charles Swinburne is full of rhythmic music. A most wonderful creation of form, and force and depth of passion is his poem of "Faustine"—the wife of Marcus Aurelius, to whom he writes:

* * * * * *

Bright heavy brows well gathered up
White gloss and sheen:
Carved lips that make my lips a cup
To drink, Faustine,

Wine and rank poison, milk and blood
Being mixed therein,
Since first the devil threw dice with God
For you, Faustine.

* * * * * *

You have the face that suits a woman
For her soul's sheen—
The sort of beauty that's called human
In hell, Faustine.

* * * * * *

It is difficult to ascertain what will be the generally predominant characteristic of the poetry of the rising genius of to-day. There have been epochs marked by almost every style, from the grand and stately epic to the simple love ballad. At present there seems to be a strong tendency towards mysticism and allegorical usages, while the thoughts themselves are inclined to be, for the most part, philosophical and permeated

with those ethics that elevate one above the ignoble thoughts, passions and troubles of life.

A little volume, *At the Gate of Life and Other Poems*[1] has lately been issued by Annie S. Page. It is artistically bound in cream and gold, and is a fair example of what can be done by the Pacific Coast publishing companies. The poems themselves are of a sweet, gentle and emotional character, sometimes touching upon deep, philosophical thoughts. One poem entitled "Possession" is broad in its scope of thought and comprehension:

In the measureless realm of mind,
Who can fetter—what can bind?

All the wisdom of the spheres
Gravitates to him who hears.

Dreams are dreamed, and tales are told;
Naught is new, and naught is old.

Beauty, thought, power, will—are free;
As we garner, so are we.

All is ours from near or far;
All to win, upbuild, or mar;

And each gathers, as he goes,
Pearl or pebble, palm or rose.

From the seeker naught lies hid—
To true souls, truth comes unbid.

Life is rich—God's gifts are free,
As we garner, so are we.

The *Songs*[2] of Miss Neith Boyce are daintily printed and delicately and expressively illustrated by Miss Ethelyn Wells. They are full of depth of coloring, fearless expression and graceful rhythm. She has the faculty of appealing strongly to the feeling and emotional nature. One poem which carries you into the very spirit of it is the "Triolet":

Let no bell toll,
When the long day dieth—
Making dole,
Let no bell toll.
The gray night-soul
For its freedom sigheth—
Let no bell toll
When the long day dieth.

Expressive of richness and strength of feeling is "Unbidden."

Put by thy cup, O Love, I will not drink!
Thou can'st not tempt me with those deep sweet eyes
Even to desire—do I not know what lies
Within? Ah, once my lips have touched the brink
Unknowing—I am wise!

And the second stanza becomes almost a passionate appeal:

Put by the cup, O Love! Not yet, not yet!
Though it is sweet! I do not thirst—let be—
When I have made a truce with pale regret
Then will I drink with thee!

[1] Wm. Doxey, Publisher, San Francisco.
[2] Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

A volume especially interesting and attractive is *The Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song*[3] which has been compiled by Charlotte Fisk Bates. She has aimed therein to represent the genius of woman as fairly as that of man, to do justice to neglected poets, and to quote from authors who have been falsely represented by biased criticism. Not only the popular poets of our own country, but also those of Great Britain are given their full quota of attention. The project is ambitious and has been well handled. A criticism that can be offered is the omission of the work of two of America's greatest poets, Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman, without which the volume cannot be considered complete. However, the fame of these two poets is too well established to be affected in any way, and the omission cannot be detrimental to any one nor anything but the volume itself. The volume is richly made and bound, and is in itself a piece of artistry.

Rev. Stopford A. Brooke has written a *History of Early English Literature*,[4] which is devoted to the development of English poetry, from its origin to the accession of King Alfred. The subject has been treated entirely in a literary way, though it is written with the aid of the philologists, among whom the Germans occupy the first place. It was Prof. Grein's translation of old English poetry that first induced the author to begin his special studies, of which this volume is the result. The history and literary features of the poem "Beowulf" are discussed at length, then the author sets forth the development of the influence of Christianity which resulted in the work of Caedmon, Cynewulf and others. An accurate idea of the power and picturesqueness of these old alliterative poems is given in his literal translations, which are metrical and singularly exact. Mr. Brooke intimates that he expects to follow this work by a complete history of English poetry, which he hopes to finish in future years. His reliability as a historian, and enthusiasm over the development of English life and thought, together with his literary skill, is sufficient assurance of the success of such an undertaking.

Studies in Modern Music[5] is a series of elaborate papers by W. H. Hadow on Berlioz, Robert Schumann and Wagner, each being a complete sketch giving biographical

[3] Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.
[4] Macmillan & Co., New York.
[5] Macmillan & Co., New York.

details. He discusses the development of musical genius, and, in an introductory chapter, explains his idea of what should constistute national music. He believes that no great composer can be raised up in England by study of foreign models. In fact, a great composer will be raised up at home or abroad if he has within him the elements of genius. The book gives an excellent idea of the barriers with which custom and precedent surround a man of original ideas. Berlioz is said to be to music what Balzac is to literature, an identity of wonderful depths of impulse. Schumann and Wagner are discussed at greater length. Admirable reviews of their work are given, the author defining the vital essence of Schumann as exquisite melody, the translating of his own sorrow into "an elixir for the cure of others." Of Wagner he says that if music is to take its place with literature as an embodiment of national character, then "in the whole range of its record will be found no greater name than that of Wagner." Wagner is the universal poet of music. There is no range of thought, feeling and passion that he does not cover with his masterful conceptions. This volume is illustrated with several excellent portraits, and should be of particular interest to the musician and student of character.

It is interesting to know that the Russian-Jewish poet, Leon Joseph Gordon, who recently died, composed his poems in the Hebrew language. It is said of him in the Hebrew Journal: "He was by gift divine a poet of Israel, who in classic Hebrew sung the sorrows of Israel, as did the inspired poets of old and the middle age poets of the dispersion."

Admirers and lovers of Ruskin will be pleased to know that this original genius of art and poesy will shortly issue another book, *The Poetry of Architecture*, which will contain a collection of essays. The first part will be descriptive of cottages in England, France, Switzerland and Italy, giving suggestions for picturesque cottage building. The second part will treat of the villas of Italy and England, and conclude with a discussion of the laws of artistic composition, and practical suggestions of interest to the builders of country houses. The text of Ruskin's book will be accompanied by fourteen plates in photogravure from unpublished drawings by the author, besides nine full page and other new woodcuts. We greatly need a practical reformation in the architecture of modern buildings in our own as well as foreign countries. Buildings are usually erected with regard to commercial convenience alone, while the laws of beauty, correspondence and relation are too often entirely neglected. If Ruskin would do for architecture what William Morris did for house decorations, furniture and textures for draperies, practically manufacture the objects of which his brain conceives, we would owe him a debt of gratitude even greater than we do now, for were true artists, in all cases, to model our buildings, in time our cities would become monuments of beauty. We do not realize the importance of surrounding ourselves with objects that are pleasing and that bear some relation to each other and to ourselves, nor how demoralizing is the proximity of awkward, ugly or unrelated objects, for surroundings are but expressions of thought and can either deteriorate or elevate our own standard.

Most of the great poets from time immemorial have seemed to consider the most worthy object in life the ennobling of the human race, the devotion of one's life to the good of others. There has not always been sufficient importance attached to treating one's own identity with equal care and devotion. The "Psalm of Life" distinctly points out the necessity of so doing in its reference to the "Footprints in the sand of time." Walt Whitman's "Sailing the Mississippi at Midnight" is very much on the order of this poem, and is considered by some even greater—

Vast and starless the pall of heaven
Laps on the trailing pall below;
And forward, forward, in solemn darkness,
As if to the sea of the lost we go.

Now drawn nigh the edge of the river,
Weird-like creatures suddenly rise;
Shapes that fade, dissolving outlines
Baffle the gazer's straining eyes.

Towering upward and bending forward,
Wild and wide their arms are thrown,
Ready to pierce with forked fingers
Him who touches their realm upon.

Tide of youth, thus thickly planted,
While in the eddies onward you swim,
Thus on the shore stands a phantom army,
Lining forever the channel's rim.

Steady, helmsman, you guide the immortal!
Many a wreck is beneath you piled,
Many a brave yet unwary sailor
Over these waters has been beguiled.

Nor is it the storm or the scowling midnight,
Cold, or sickness, or fire's dismay—
Nor is it the reef, or treacherous quicksand,
Will peril you most on your twisted way.

But when there comes a voluptuous languor,
Soft the sunshine, silent the air,
Bewitching your craft with safety and sweetness,
Then, young pilot of life, beware.

G. L. B.

FRONT VIEW OF GEYSER HOTEL.

THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

IF THE many Americans who crowd the trans-continental trains and trans-Atlantic steamboats each year for the purpose of visiting "the most aristocratic watering place in Europe," with the hope of deriving some benefit from the famous Carlsbad springs, how many are aware that here in their own country, in this golden western State are to be found springs, if not superior, certainly by no means inferior to those of the great European resort?

This was the question which suggested itself to the writer recently, when, through the kindness of Messrs. H. A. and David Powell, M. D., I stood for the first time at the head of the steaming Geysers of California. It seemed impossible to find a satisfactory answer to the question. If Americans do not visit this most beautiful spot, and if they cannot find sufficient food here for justifiable curiosity and pride, is it because they really do not know of the existence of the Californian Geysers? If so, what can we offer but pity to those who have never heard of this one of the seven wonders of the world, and who have never been privileged to make a tour to a place surpassing in grandeur, in beauty and in climate anything upon the face of the globe. If it is because people, in these days, when travel is made easy, prefer to go "over the hills and far away" with the hope of finding grander wonders and of revelling in richer sights, we can assure them that the journey into a far country will never compensate them for having turned their backs upon one of their own most enchanting and most interesting resorts.

Not the least delightful part of the trip, as we made it, consists in the magnificent drive from Cloverdale to the welcome resting-place at the Geysers, which seems more of a home than a hotel, under the genial man-

GEYSER CAÑON FROM THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

agement of that prince among hotel-keepers, Col. I. R. Bowler. The word "magnificent" scarcely describes this drive; indeed, it baffles description. We have been ravished by Eastern scenery, but we have never been so bewildered with the grandeur of a place as we were upon driving up that rugged mountain. Scene after scene bursts upon one in such rapid and inspiring succession that there is absolutely no time there for meditation. The immense mountain cliff descends with an awful proclivity down many hundred feet to the Pluton River, which now flows peacefully along its pebbled bed, and anon dashes with surprising fury like some wild cascade. The traveler holds firmly to the rail of the stage, like the American on an Irish jaunting car, as the monstrous wagon doubles the sharp curves, and glides swiftly over places where the road seems almost "too narrow."

The courteous driver will keep you well posted in the various legends attaching to each dangerous spot, and suitable names have been found to convey some idea of the various points of interest. It needed but the eagle to suggest the *raison d'etre* of the gigantic bowlder known as "Eagle Rock," after passing which the run is short and swift until an elaborate white archway announces to you the fact that it is the entrance to "Geyser Springs' Hotel." The exterior of this picturesque retreat makes the weary traveler wish he had come to stay; and when, with an appetite little short of ravenous, after that sixteen-mile drive, you enter the house to find all creature comforts awaiting you, the wish becomes a resolve. As we inscribed our names on the register, we could not help looking back to see the names of others who had been favored with a like fortune, and we were not surprised to find that many countries had had their representatives here, and that many a poet, philosopher, statesman and ecclesiastic had resorted thither that his body might be refreshed and invigorated, and that his brain might receive some new inspiration. At this hotel we shall rest for the present, and in a subsequent issue we hope to have something more definite to say concerning these marvelous springs, and to suggest a few facts which even yet may be foreign to the readers of the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. D. H. I.

HIGH LIFE.

I know considerable about high life. I have lived in the second or third stories of desirable flats or modern houses since I was put into short dresses. I have viewed the world from exalted heights, especially when I hung clothes in the garret on wash days, and I am prepared to say that although some people pay extra to live on the first floor front, they miss the very richness of existence. Cream always rises to the top.

I have just moved out of apartments on the second story of a very narrow house, and think the architect who planned the building must have done it with one eye. Its whole width accommodated the width of an apartment of ordinary size, so, instead of the rooms branching off from one another in their usual convenient fashion, they had formed a procession in Indian file from the front elevation to the coal house. If you were in the kitchen you had to go through every room in order to get to the front room. You could n't wander about that house—you could only go through it.

One of the results of large families living in small flats is the folding bed. They lean against the wall, trying to look like a book-case or cabinet organ, but I can always tell them. When I see a piece of furniture looming up like a monument factory, with a kind of nothing-in-particular air about it, then I know that it is a bed in disguise.

Our parlor was situated about midway down the line of rooms so as to connect with the front stairs. Two of us girls had a folding bed in there. We used to arrange vases and photograph holders upon it during the daytime in our endeavors to conceal its identity. Every other room except the dining room and culinary department was the station for a bed, and when we had company to stay all night we used to spread canvas cots in the back hall.

It seems natural to those not accustomed to dressing rooms to take off and put on their clothes in the bedroom, consequently we used to dress and undress all over the house. Any one by simply walking once through our flat in the dead of night could have fallen over enough wearing apparel to have set him up in the clothing business.

There was some inconvenience in this predominance of dressing rooms, especially if any one called in the daytime before our toilets were complete, or in the night time after any of us had retired. We never heard the outside, front door bell ring but its sound smote us with terror. We would fly from all parts of the house and congregate at the head of the stairs to hear if what we dreaded was true—that the caller was ours. It often was. Then the real earnest work began. One of us tore off her apron, tied her shoe, combed out her front hair and scoured her teeth preparatory to opening our then carefully closed door. Others flew down the length of our rooms gathering dress waists, petticoats, bath towels, accordion skirts, nightgowns and the like as they went. We were almost sure to leave a piece of raiment or some toilet article in a conspicuous place. It seemed to be fate.

People coming up stairs to see us always heard a loud crashing and sounds of flying feet, but after they knocked upon the cherry-stained panels all was still. We used to stop just where we happened to be when the knock came.

One time when my basque was hanging on a door knob in the kitchen, when I was in the front room, and two callers in seal sacks were awaiting me in the parlor, I had to hail our grocery man's errand boy as he was going by with a sack of flour and send him around into the kitchen with an order for my basque. I thought delivering basques would come rather natural to one used to carrying sacks. He brought it around to the front of the house, and I fished it up with the gilt cord of our mantel lambrequin.

Owing to the marriage of several of my sisters and the raising of the salaries of several of my brothers, we have fallen into the position where it seems incumbent upon us to live in the style which our income demands, and we have concluded to rent an entire house. From my long experience in flats I know that the ringing of a door bell will always strike terror to my soul.—*Buffalo Express.*

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The roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this summer either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy, ever bloomers. We send instructions with each order how to plant and care for them. Please examine the below list of 20 choice fragrant monthly roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as $1. They are nearly all new kinds.—We guarantee them to reach you in good condition. **The List:—**

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Ballinger, Texas, Nov. 29, 1892.

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"Mr. Hawkins," said she, "I wish you 'd decide a bet between me and Mr. Barrows. He says it is only five hundred feet to the beach, and I say it 's a thousand."

"Well," said Hawkins, "I should say you were both right. It 's about five hundred of Barrow 's feet and a thousand of yours."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Friend:—Did you enjoy your sojourn in Europe?

Relic Hunter:—Enjoy it? I should say so! I cut some gold fringe from the Emperor 's throne in Berlin, hooked a door knob from the Vatican, broke an ear off an old statue in Italy, and clipped off a piece of Shakespeare 's tomb. I wouldn 't take one thousand dollars for 'em.—*Puck.*

An axiom is something which goes without saying. Would that the bores of this world were axioms!—*Quips.*

"Did you say you had a calling acquaintance with her, Dick?"

"Yes, she's in a telephone office."—*Howard Lampoon.*

Pray too long for a blessing, and you will find that while you were praying, some other man went to work and got it.—*Atchison Globe.*

Paderewski has really had his hair cut, and there are women in this country who think this the unkindest cut of all.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Johnnie—Papa, I want to ask you a question. Papa—Well, what is it, my son? Johnnie—If the ruler of Russia is a czar, is his wife a czardine?—*Town Topics.*

On the obverse of the Columbian half dollar Columbus looks as if amid all his reverses he had never met one half as bad as the reverse of this particular coin.—*N. Y. World.*

Bobbins—I will admit that Hartman isn't what may be called brilliant, but he is steadfast. I know of no one who is so wedded to his calling.

Jobbins—So he is, but when a man has been calling on the same girl for seven years it's time he was wedded to the girl.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

It is said that actor Louis James is to take another wife, and that his late wife, pretty Marie Wainwright, will marry Muldoon, the wrestler. As this will be James' second living wife, and Marie Wainwright's third living husband, it is to be hoped they will both be permanently satisfied.—*Richmond Times.*

Theosophical speakers seem to use language that common people may not fully comprehend. For instance, when they proceed to analyze a soul they first shuck off a triple cover which they call material, astral and passional bodies. How much simpler if they would term them the coat, vest and shirt of the spiritual.—*S. F. Examiner.*

The latest theorist whose yearning eye turns towards the north pole proposes to reach the spot by following the wild animals of the Arctic back to Symsonia. An explorer with a firm grasp upon the tail of a polar bear, urging the animal to greater speed, would be something new to science, and, doubtless, in the end, would add much to the happiness of the carnivorous bear.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

"Old Lady—Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?"

Elevator Boy—"Yes'm."

"Is it the motion of going down?"

"No'm."

"The motion of going up?"

"No'm."

"The stopping?"

"No'm."

"What is it, then?"

"The questions."—*Good News.*

A ludicrous mistake occurred at a funeral in one of the cemeteries near London. The clergyman had proceeded with the services until he came to the part which said, "Our departed brother or sister." He then turned to the mourner who stood nearest him and asked him whether it was a brother or a sister. The man, imagining it referred to a relationship to himself, very innocently replied: "No relationship at all, sir; only an acquaintance."—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

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Columbus—Well, De Soto, my year is about to begin, eh? 'Ninety-two's a great year for me.

De Soto—Oh, I suppose so, but after all, it's only time that makes you seem so great. You had the luck to start off before any one else, and you discovered America although there were thousands of natives who knew of its existence before you did.

Columbus—That's all right, De Soto, old man; but it was a good deal of an undertaking, I can tell you, to cross the Atlantic in those days.

De Soto—Nonsense! You didn't walk, did you?

Columbus—Of course not. I—

De Soto—You didn't row, did you?

Columbus—Why, no; but I—

De Soto—And you didn't swim?

Columbus—I did not. But what of it?

De Soto—Everything. You simply stepped on board your vessel. Another man paid your fare, and to use a slang expression, you were blown in—into port. You sailed around until you struck something, you didn't know what. You said: "This is America. I will now discover it." That was the size of your achievement. If you'd swum, walked or rowed over, you'd have deserved all this notoriety; but I must say, as it is, your achievement couldn't equal mine.

Columbus—Yours? You only discovered a river, confound you!

De Soto—Well, it was a great river.

Columbus—But, my dear boy, a great river isn't a continent.

De Soto—No; nor is it a gold watch, or a pair of patent leather boots; but I can tell you one thing, when my river began to get watery and flow down to the sea, there were a thousand miles of your land right square in the way. But it made no difference, my river just flowed over your continent and nearly bisected the thing in two, as they say in Kansas, and if folks'll only let it alone and let it have its own way, it'll gradually wash your old continent to sea, and you'll never be known as anything save a moderately smart prestidigitateur, who made an egg stand up on end before it was old enough to walk. No, Columbus, you're not in it with me, and never will be. I am a man to be proud of.

Columbus—Tut! No one will ever hold a World's Fair over you.

De Soto—No, they won't, and for a very good reason—yours'll be such a white elephant, they'll never have another, and don't you forget it; and I'll bet you one thing right here: I'll wager a gold mine against a tart that you won't even be invited to your great show at Chicago. Oh, I tell you, Columbus, they're on to you. They're going to make a monument of you in oleomargarine, as it is. Tee-hee-hee! Poor old Columbus—

Here the quarreling spirits passed out of hearing.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Last Month

We sold on the Pacific Coast over 70,000 cans of Cleveland's baking powder; that means Cleveland's baking powder has tens of thousands of friends where a year ago it was hardly known and to-day no baking powder is growing so rapidly in public favor.

This has been done not by attacking others in the same business, or by publishing scurrilous notices in the newspapers at so much a line, or by mere advertising (for competitors have spent money lavishly in advertising against us), but by the true merit and value of the article itself.

We believe that our present business is amply an earnest of good things to come, for every thrifty housewife who once uses Cleveland's baking powder is sure to keep on using it, and sooner or later will recommend it to her friends.

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6 35 a. m. Ex.Sun.	7 15 a. m. Ex.Sun.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	9 30 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles
10 30 a. m.	11 35 a. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 00 p. m.

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On theatre nights the 11 p. m. train for Pasadena will wait at Los Angeles until twenty minutes after theatre closes.

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Passengers leaving Los Angeles on the 8 a. m. train for Mt. Wilson can return on the same day.

Los Angeles and Monrovia Depot, East end of First Street Bridge

Leave Los Angeles for Monrovia	Leave Monrovia for Los Angeles
7 55 a. m. Sun.Ex.	6 55 a. m. Sun.Ex.
11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
2 55 p. m.	12 45 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

LOS ANGELES AND GLENDALE

Depots, East End of First Street and Downey Avenue Bridges

Leave Los Angeles for Glendale	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles
6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	6 15 p. m.

Los Angeles, Long Beach and E. San Pedro Depot, E. end of 1st St. Brg.

Leave Los Angeles for Long Beach and E. San Pedro	Leave E. San Pedro for Los Angeles
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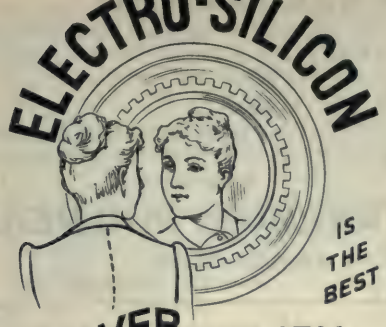

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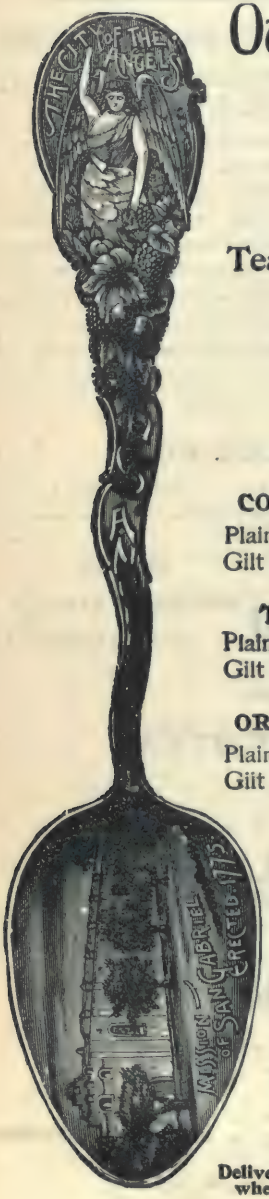

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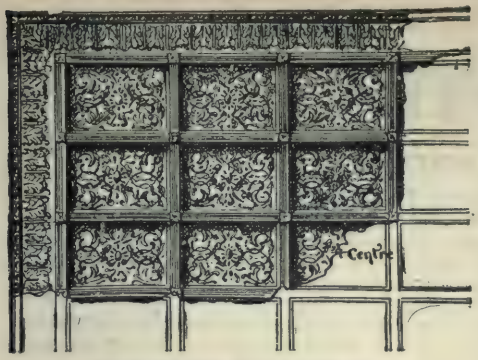

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The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

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As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended; and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings. cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains an l foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

List of colonists and references to our reliability furnished upon request. Address

The John Brown Colony, Madera, California

ON AND AFTER MARCH 1, 1893

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Charles Frederick Holder, LL. D.

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The plate annexed represents the building of **The Mutual Life**, at the southeast corner of California and Sansome Streets, in this city. **The contracts for this building called for California product.**

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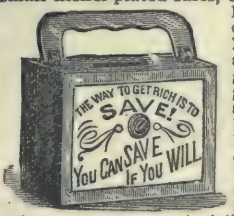
In Germany it has resulted in the hoarding up of millions of marks by the poor people, who call down blessings upon its originator.

The 5-cent stamp system is in full operation at the People's Home Savings Bank, and those who have investigated it are convinced of its efficacy.

About 11,000 stamp-saving books have been issued by the bank to the people of San Francisco. In each book are ten or fifteen deposit cards, and when enough stamps have been purchased from time to time to fill one of the cards, that card is worth a dollar at the People's Home Savings Bank, 805 Market Street, corner 4th. As an object lesson in saving to the youth of the land the stamp system is invaluable.

The People's Home Savings Bank has adopted a very effective plan for accumulating a good sum of money by small savings. The bank has a large number of small nickel-plated safes, oblong in shape and about half the size of an ordinary cigar-box. These will each hold about $35 in silver coin and their use is becoming general in San Francisco. To get a safe, you simply deposit a dollar with the People's Home cashier and take it home, where you drop in an occasional dime or more, and wake up some morning to find that you have $35 of surplus coin on hand. The only way you can get at this is to take the little safe to the People's Home Savings Bank, where the key is kept, and there unlock it. The dime-savers then deposit the money in the People's Home Savings Bank, and thus lay the foundation for a fortune.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*



A special feature of the **People's Home Savings Bank** is the Safe Deposit Vaults; the strongest without exception on the Coast; easy of access, being on the ground floor of the Bank; brilliantly lighted with arc and incandescent lights, and secure and convenient for the inspection of valuables.

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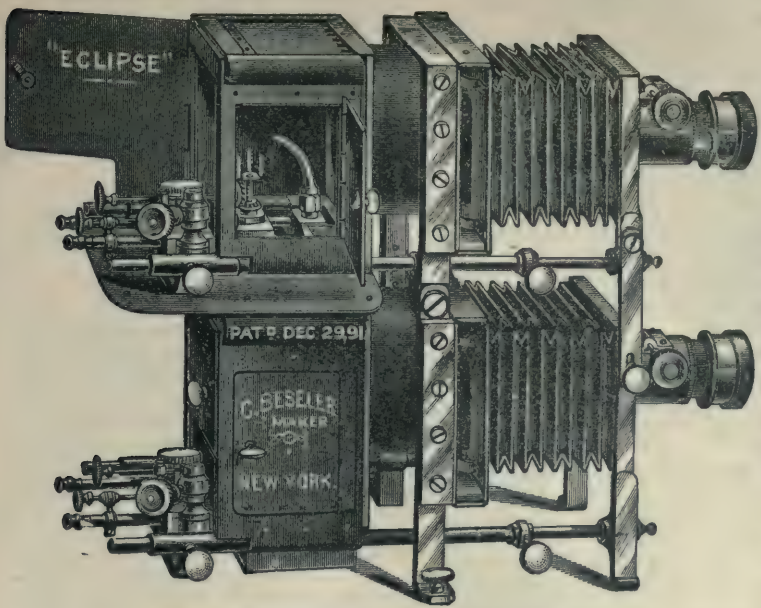

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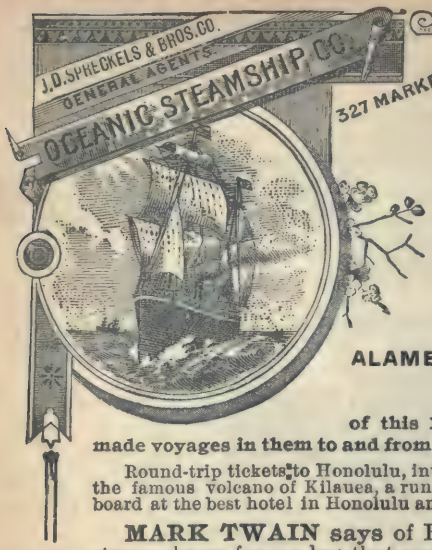

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VOL·3·Nº 5 ·APRIL· ·1893· PRICE·25·CENTS

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THE CALIFORNIAN

APRIL, 1893

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QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII. CALIFORNIA WRITERS.
THE END OF POLYGAMY.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

An Erring Woman's Love.
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Let Him First Be a Man.
The Spanish Treasure.
How She Found Her Soul.
Cumulative Method French Reader.

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Issued from the Press of the San Francisco Printing Co.

Entered at San Francisco postoffice as second-class mail matter.

The Californian for May.

Summer Days in Kashmir

Will be the leading article in the next number of this magazine, and will consist of a handsomely illustrated account by **Francis P. Lefroy,** of a delightful trip on a long-boat down the Sind River and up the Jhelum, from Srinagar into the picturesque Valley of Sonamarg.

Some California Writers.

A thoroughly appreciative article and one of very great interest, on Pacific Coast authors of undoubted talent, but much of whose work is comparatively unknown outside their own State. The article will be accompanied with portraits.

"If," a Poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox,

Contains in a marked degree the intense actuality which pervades most of the work of this gifted woman, and will be welcomed by her large number of readers.

Columbus, Vespucius and Magellan,

Will be a valuable contribution to the history of the three great navigators of the 15th Century, by **Thomas Magee.**

Richard H. McDonald, Jr., will contribute an important paper on the **Nicaragua Canal,** setting forth in a clear and intelligent way the value of such a channel of commerce to the United States, and especially the Pacific Coast.

Caravel, time of Columbus.

The Columbian Exposition.

J. J. Peatfield will give a comprehensive and thoroughly readable description of the World's Fair, with a brief account of former Expositions.

Lieut. L. E. L. Robinson will write of the comparatively unknown archæological wonders of Arizona—its crumbling ruins and ancient system of canals, which are among the most wonderful examples of engineering skill.

Hunting the American Lion.

Charles Frederick Holder will furnish a thrilling and fascinating account of experiences in tracking this remarkably ubiquitous animal to its lair in the wilds of the Sierras.

A Redwoods Idyll

Is a story told in verse by **John Vance Cheney,** in the delightfully quaint and charming manner of one of Nature's truest poets. Fully illustrated.

Flora Haines Loughead,

The author of "The Man who was Guilty," will contribute a story of absorbing interest, entitled **Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of.**

Yda Addis Storke has prepared a delightful account of a boating trip on the **Viga Canal,** which will be picturesquely illustrated, and **Clara S. Brown** will describe the Pampas Industry, which, within the last few years has grown to remarkable proportions.

Subscription Price, $3.00 per Year.

THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

San Francisco, Cal.,	Los Angeles, Cal.,	New York,
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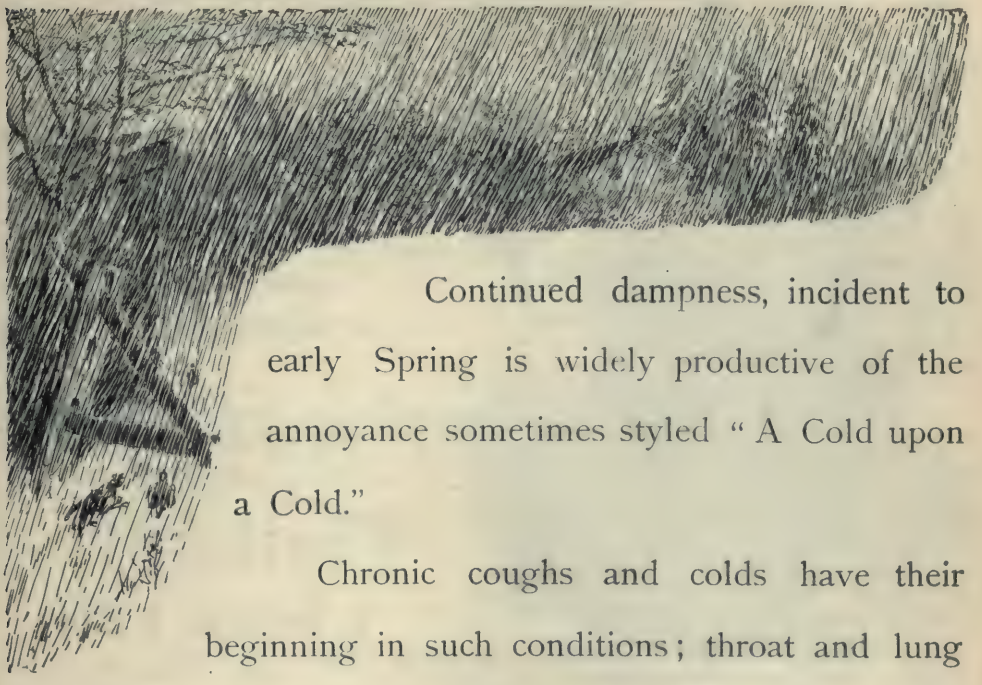

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Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01

Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such Voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

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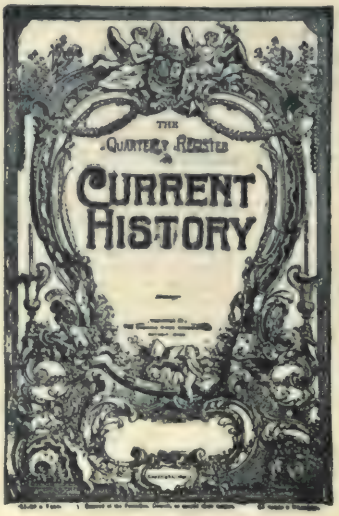

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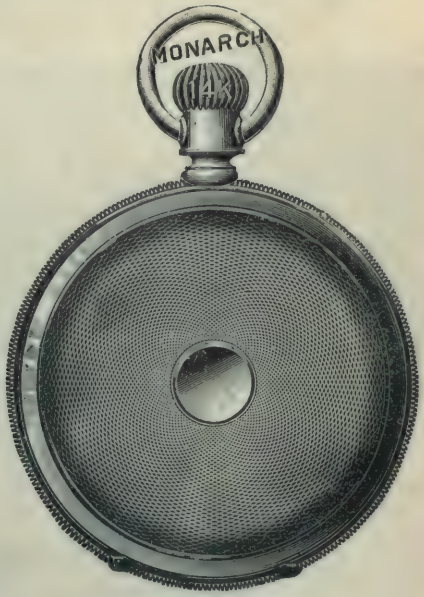

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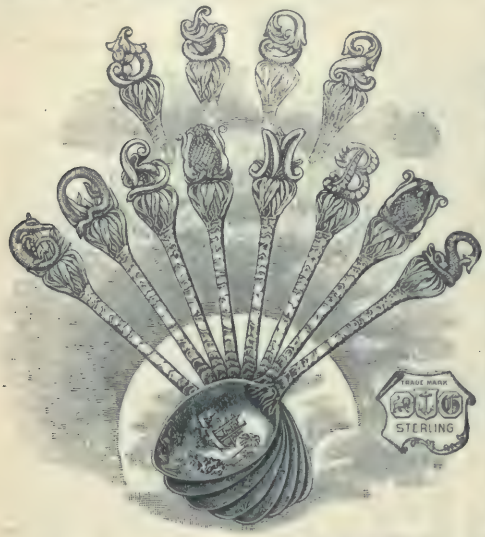

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[SEE "THE GREYHOUND IN SPORT," PAGE 653.]

COURSING—THE TURN.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1893. NO. 5.

THE MARQUESAS ARCHIPELAGO.

BY HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA.

KING KALAKAUA, late Monarch of the Island Kingdom of Hawaii, though a native and descendant of Kamehameha the Great, was a man of culture and refinement, and one whose sober thoughts turned naturally toward intellectual pursuits. In the field of belles-lettres King Kalakaua, despite his dusky skin and Polynesian blood, though perhaps not an adept, was by no means a novice. So much, at least I think is amply supported from the subjoined fragments from his pen. A great deal of red tape was necessarily unraveled before these brief writings could be secured. First, her Majesty, Queen Liliuokalana must give her written consent, and when this was secured, a special meeting of the executors of the late King was called to consider the matter. But as Colonel Macfarlane, chamberlain of the late monarch, stood sponsor for the request, it was in due time granted, or at least partially so. The partly completed manuscript of the late King's book was of course refused. The natives hold this as sacred, and whether of intrinsic value or not, it will probably never be

published. I was able to secure only the two following sketches, but was assured as they were handed to me that I was indeed a favored mortal. The first of these is doubtless unfinished and but the beginning of an exhaustive treatise on the Marquesas Group of Islands in the South Pacific. It is given below verbatim. WILL M. CLEMENS.

The Marquesas Archipelago is composed of two tolerably distinct groups, lying in a northwest and southeast direction, between the parallels of seven degrees fifty minutes, and ten degrees thirty-one minutes, south latitude. They are all of volcanic origin and reach a great altitude. The following is an account of their discovery :

In 1594, King Philip II of Spain sent a letter to the viceroy of Peru, the Marquis de Canetta, recommending the encouragement of enterprises for new discoveries and settlements as the best means to disembarrass the land from its many idle gentry. In the following year an armament of four vessels, with 378 men, was fitted out for the purpose of forming a settlement on the island of San Christobal, one of the Solomon group. Alvaro de Mendana, who had discovered these islands twenty-eight years before, was then in Peru. He was appointed to the command of the expedition, with the title of Adelantadi (nearly synonymous with Excellency). They left Payta in Peru, June 16th, 1595, and on July 21st, only five days later, discovered an island which Mendana took to be one of the Solomon group. He was greatly rejoiced at having, as he supposed, made so quick a passage to the Solomon Islands, and in the enthusiasm he named the island, La Mendelena. In reality, Mendana had discovered a hitherto unknown archipelago in the South Seas, which was afterward known by the name it now bears—the Marquesas Group.

Mendana at first found the natives peaceable and cordial in their hospitality to the white man. It was not long, however, before he and his followers had earned the hatred and contempt of the islanders by acts of licentiousness and brutality which reflect no credit on the character of Medana.

Not many days after their landing the explorers learned that they were not in the Solomon Islands, and on July 28th, at Porte Madre de Dios, the Adelantado took formal possession of the islands in the name of the King of Spain, naming them Las Marquesas de Mendoca, out of respect to the Marquis de Canetta. Mendana's discoveries were limited to four islands: Santa Christina, or Lohnata; La Dominica, or Hiva-oa; San Pedro, or Moho-tani; and Santa Madalena, or Fati-noa. The remaining islands of the group were not discovered until some years later.

Hood's Island or Feton Hongon, which is 1,150 feet high, was discovered by Captain Cook in 1771. These islands, although of volcanic formation, have no active volcanoes, and while there are numerous extinct volcanoes among the group, earthquakes are but seldom felt. The greater part of the mountains forming the axis of the islands are in the interior, though from their ramifications they extend to different points of the coast, forming ravines or valleys more or less fertile wherein the different tribes composing the population are established. The possession of these valleys is one of the causes of the incessant wars carried on by the natives.

The aborigines of the Marquesas have often been described by voyagers, but I will venture upon a slight description of them as they were in former times. Despite their long association with the Spanish, they are very little improved in any respect. The tribes do not seem to have any set form of government, and as the Spanish laws are not enforced as they should be, the natives are ruled much the same as when first taken possession of, each tribe living separately and independently. The only distinction is that of Ariki, meaning chief. They do not appear to have any religion or worship, although

Kalakaua

some of their traditions and customs have evidently some hidden meaning. The law of Tabu is well known and respected and enters largely into their customs. From their lack of general laws or government the only appeal from an injury is to arms, hence the great number of wars and troubles which agitate the community. At different periods various missionaries have engaged to establish themselves there, but they have all failed, not a single true conversion having taken place to the present day.

And this deplorable result is in part owing to the fact that the local government does not enforce the laws established by Spain for the islands. The Spaniards, in their licentiousness and brutality, have themselves set a bad example for the simple islanders. Many deserters from passing merchantmen are also found among the natives, living in the same manner, giving vicious advice, and aiding in their wars and disputes. The natives, although very warlike, are but passionate cowards. Nearly all the islanders are now provided with firearms. Cannibalism, of late years, has almost died out. In former times, after a combat in which prisoners were taken, a fire was kindled and every preparation made for a ghastly fête. Sometimes the victims were roasted alive, and sometimes killed before cooked by a blow on the head. The law of Tabu prohibits women from participating in these horrible festivities. The great distinguishing feature of these islanders now is their unbounded licentiousness. By some tribes the women are elevated to the highest standard of purity and reverence. But these tribes are greatly in the minority, and, as a rule, the native Marquesas women appear to have not the slightest idea of chastity or delicacy. On the occasion of their peculiar marriage ceremonies, fathers, mothers, husbands and children equally unite in the assiduous and undisguised display of their personal charms.

As a rule, the smiling valleys of the Marquesas are formed like amphitheaters, opening upon the sea, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation. They have a tranquil, picturesque and inviting aspect, while the hills in the rear, seen in the perspective, are lightly timbered with the casmarina and other trees indigenous to the soil.

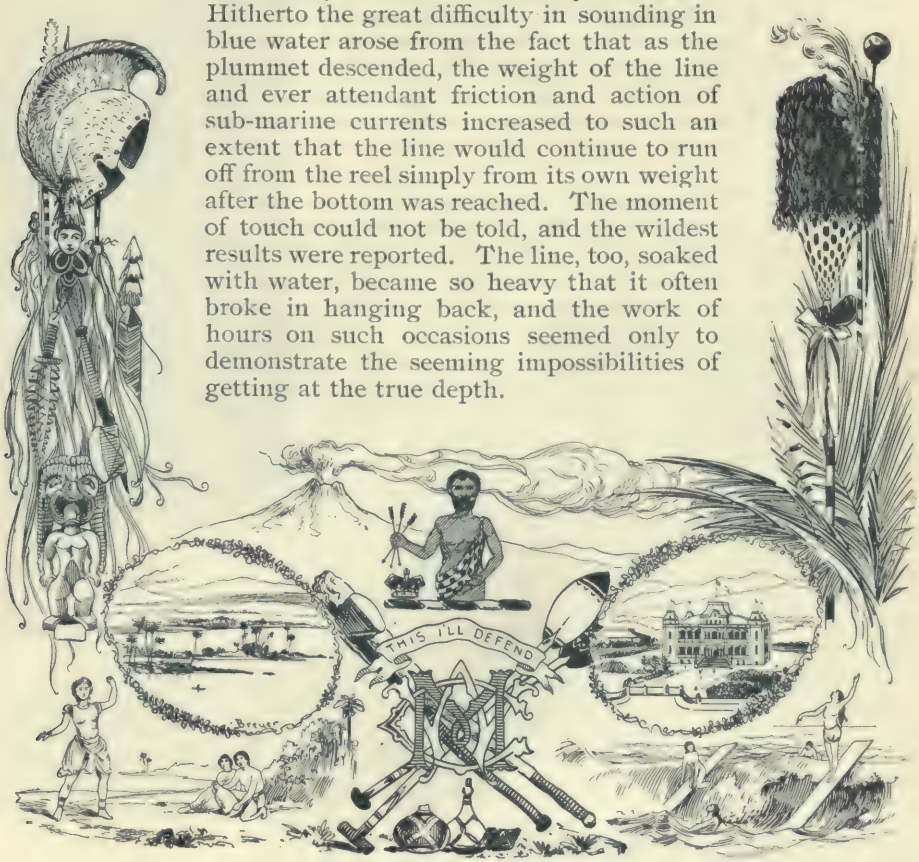
DEEP-SEA SOUNDING.

[This second fragment is evidently but the commencement of an essay on the subject of Deep-Sea Sounding. It is likewise given without the slightest alteration.—W. M. C.]

Perhaps no problem has ever presented itself to the seamen and scientific world which so long awaited a satisfactory solution, as that of deep-sea sounding, and nothing approaching the true depth of the ocean was known until within a period embraced by the average lifetime of man. All previous efforts had been uncertain and unsatisfactory. The impartial student, whether American or European, will award the United States Navy Service and Coast Survey merited prominence in diligent and persistent effort, inventive appliance, and intelligent adaptation of ideas and methods, from whatever source, toward the satisfactory solution of this problem.

It was the good fortune of Sir William Thompson of Glasgow University to conceive the best and simplest means of measuring the ocean's depths, and we must accord due credit to his genius. It is as easy now for the inquiring seaman or scientist to bring back an answer from the depth of miles, as it was formerly from the depth of a few fathoms. The great accuracy is attained in

the dynamometer's action, the stopping of the revolution, the detachment of the sinker, and the bringing up of the bottom soil. In fact, were soundings taken in the air to the earth's surface, from a balloon, the result could be more satisfactory, or more accurately measured. Hitherto the great difficulty in sounding in blue water arose from the fact that as the plummet descended, the weight of the line and ever attendant friction and action of sub-marine currents increased to such an extent that the line would continue to run off from the reel simply from its own weight after the bottom was reached. The moment of touch could not be told, and the wildest results were reported. The line, too, soaked with water, became so heavy that it often broke in hanging back, and the work of hours on such occasions seemed only to demonstrate the seeming impossibilities of getting at the true depth.



THE ANCIENT HAWAIIANS.

BY E. ELLSWORTH CAREY.

ETHNOLOGISTS tell us that the progenitors of the Hawaiian people at one time lived in contact with ancient Jewish or Chaldean civilization. About the first century of the present era they overran part of the East India Islands, and in time—being driven out by the Malays—they invaded the islands of the South Pacific, whence one branch drifted, about A. D. 550, to the Hawaiian group, which was believed until then to have been uninhabited.

The first migration spread over the whole group. They built temples, sustained a priesthood, and preserved,

by oral transmission, their traditions and chronological tables without interruption until about A. D. 1000. At this period another immigration set in from the south under a powerful chief, who established a new dynasty, and whose descendants ruled independently on the different islands until 1795, when Kamehameha, a chief of Hawaii, subdued the other rulers and brought the whole group under one government. This government, with some constitutional changes, has continued until the present time.

STONE IDOL.

In view of the recent revolution, an account of the religion, customs and form of government existing among the Hawaiians previous to this event will be of especial interest.

The account of the creation contained in the myths of the ancient Hawaiians is very similar to the Hebrew narrative of that event.

They believed in a trinity composed of Kane, (pronounced Kah-nay)* the director and organizer; Ku, the builder, and Lono, the executor. They had, too, their fallen angel, Kanaloa, who corresponds to Lucifer. Akea, the first Hawaiian King, is represented in their creed as having founded after this life an island kingdom in the realm of death, or Po. Other important divinities were Olopue, the messenger who conducted the spirits of distinguished chiefs to Paradise, and Pele, the ruling goddess of volcanoes. Besides these Dii Magni, the Hawaiians had a host of minor deities, all of whom received a greater or less degree of reverence.

The Godhead had existed from all eternity—the individuals composing the trinity being omnipotent and all pervading. Before the creation, chaos or night prevailed throughout the universe. Out of chaos light was first brought into existence, and then the world was made. The trinity also created three heavens, a dwelling-place for each member.

OFFERINGS TO THE GODS.

Then followed the creation of angels and man. The Hawaiian Adam was made from red earth, his head being fashioned out of white clay mixed with the spittle of the god Kane, who breathed into the nostrils of the image, quickening it with life. As in the Mosaic account, the next act was the creation of woman from a rib taken from the man while asleep. The Hawaiian Adam and Eve lived in a beautiful garden, through which ran three streams of life-giving water, and wherein grew the "tabued breadfruit tree." There are also legends which contain an allusion to a creation

*In the Hawaiian language, *a* is pronounced as in *father; e* has the long sound of *a*.

anterior to that of the first man, and preserve the names of the pre-Adamite pair who were destroyed.

The similarity between the Mosaic and Hawaiian legends is still further noticeable in the respective accounts of the fall of the first parents and following events.

Kanaloa was a leader in the angelic host that had been called into being to serve the triune Godhead. With ambitious designs he descended into Paradise and ordered the first pair to worship him, which they refused to do. Thereupon he determined to create a new race that would acknowledge him as its deity, and, having succeeded in making an image like the first man, he breathed into its nostrils, but failed to vivify it. Determined to thwart the will of the gods, he crept into Paradise in the form of a lizard (snakes are unknown in the Hawaiian Islands) and by cunning, caused the inmates to transgress some law. Thereupon they were expelled from the garden, a large white bird being sent to drive them out. What the offense was which the first pair committed is not distinctly mentioned in the legends, but there is an intimation that the sacred fruit tree was connected with their fall.

The second son of the first man was killed by the first born, and the legends record the names of the descendants of the third son for thirteen generations, at the end of which genealogical descent the world was destroyed by water. Nuu, the Hawaiian Noah, built an immense canoe, being directed to do so by the gods; in it he preserved his family and a pair of each species of animals. As the waters subsided the canoe rested on a mountain, and Nuu disembarked and offered a sacrifice to the moon, thinking it was a deity. Thereupon Kane descended by means of a rainbow, and after rebuking Nuu for his carelessness, left the bow as an everlasting sign of reconciliation.

Ten more generations bring the

MODERN GRASS HOUSE.

MEETING PLACE OF ANCIENT HAWAIIAN SECRET SOCIETY.

Hawaiian record down to Ku Pule. This personage went into a southern country, his wife being a slave. He instituted the rite of circumcision, and his grandson had twelve children. These twelve descendants were the founders of twelve families, or tribes, and from one of these branches the Hawaiians trace their ancestry. From this point, the Hawaiian legends have no similarity with Scriptural accounts, but continue to give the generations in unbroken line down to the present era.

The ancient Hawaiian community was divided into four classes, namely: the royal or archical; the priesthood; the common people and the slaves. Next in rank and authority to the ruling king stood the priesthood, the head of which possessed powers and privileges almost equal to those of royalty. Hereditary, confined to certain families, it formed a secret society which had its traditions, secrets, symbols and mysterious ceremonies, some of which indicate that phallic worship was not unknown. There were ten degrees of religious instruction, and the priests were divided into sorcerers, prophets, seers, diviners, etc., to whom the king appealed for information respecting the past or future. They claimed to foretell events by means very similar to those used by the old Roman priesthood, and no undertaking of importance was begun unless the auguries were propitious. The prophets and seers were versed to some extent in the magic and mysticism of the Chaldeans and Indian philosophers.

In addition to their religious duties, the priesthood was the repository of the chronological tables, historical songs, traditions and legends. The leading events of each reign were thus preserved and handed down with marvelous exactness, considering that there was no written language.

Stone temples—sometimes of hewn material—were built and dedicated to the deities of the woods, the sea and the air. The largest were constructed inside an inclosure surrounded by a high wall of hewn stone that had

DOUBLE WAR CANOES OF KAMEHAMEHA I.

SMALL HAWAIIAN TEMPLE, 1793.

been worked without the aid of iron or steel implements. At intervals on the top of the walls, images and idols were placed, while within the inclosure a great number of such objects of adoration, fashioned out of stone, were erected. Inside the wall was the House of Sacrifice, a small structure within which a heap of stones was raised in a regular form to receive the sacrifices and offerings. Another small space enclosed by strips of wood, formed a kind of oratory into which the prophet retired when oracular information was sought. The prophets, who were priests of great sanctity, were supposed to speak from inspiration, and there is reason to believe that certain occult operations such as clairvoyance, mind-reading and thought transference, were not unknown in the secret circles of this ancient priestcraft.

Offerings were placed on the altar, and human sacrifices were very common. The first prisoners taken in battle were always sacrificed, being killed outside the temple; their bodies were piled on the altar and left there to decay. On ceremonious occasions when victims were required, when prison pens were empty and criminals were not on supply, draughts would be made from the common people. Women, however, were exempt when these sacrificial raids were ordered. During seasons of protracted famine, drought or pestilence, the altars were heaped with human remains, and numbers would voluntarily offer themselves as sacrifices.

A *tabu* or *kapu*, was a command, law, or order; and the word, which was used in a variety of ways, means, "Obey or die." Everything belonging to the priests or pertaining to the temples was sacred, or tabu, and nothing so designated could be interfered with. A chief or priest of high degree had tabu rights, just as a lord or earl in olden times had privileges not common to those of inferior rank. There were religious tabus and perpetual tabus inherent in certain high families. It was a violation of the tabu for any one who did not possess

tabu rights to cross the shadow of a king, to stand in his presence, or to approach him except upon the knees. The meat of the turtle, squid, and certain birds could not be eaten by the common people.

Upon women fell with heavy and galling effect the operations of this politico-religious institution. Down to the year 1819 no woman in the Hawaiian group could enter the eating apartment of a man, look at a temple, eat bananas or cocoanuts, or the flesh of swine and certain fish, or eat anything whatever in the presence of men. In every family there was a separate eating apartment for the females, and the tabu compelling women to eat apart, applied to the whole sex from the queen to the handmaid. Death was the penalty for a violation of any tabu; in the case of young children who disregarded the law an eye was sometimes torn out.

CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT, KONA HAWAII.

The above tabus were perpetual and binding at all times. The king could impose the tabu wherever he liked—on such places for instance as fishing-ponds and bathing-grounds. This was done by simply erecting a tabu staff—a stick crowned with bark cloth, somewhat like a drum-major's baton. These tabu wands were seen at the dwellings of tabu chiefs, temples, the king's residence and his favorite walks, groves or springs.

General tabus were declared by high authority, and were made known throughout the district by heralds. They were of two classes, strict and common. When a strict tabu was announced there was silence in the land, and no sounds were heard except the noise of the waves, the sighing of the wind and the songs of birds. All human effort ceased; domestic animals — even chickens — were muzzled; no fire was lighted, and every one, the priests excepted, remained indoors. These tabus were announced whenever the favor of the deities was especially besought.

A common tabu was rather of the nature of a festival, the males being only required to attend the ceremonies in the temples, while the time it lasted was observed as a holiday. Special tabus were sometimes in force for a week or ten days. The tabu was the cornerstone of Hawaiian religion and power. Upon the strict observance of it, the existence of the priesthood and the safety of the ruling powers depended; consequently, any violation of a tabu was prompt-

ly punished with death. The doctrine, too, of punishment by the gods for such disobedience was firmly ingrafted into the Hawaiian's mind, and such was his character that, even if an infractor escaped human detection, the stings of conscience would probably cause his death. But escape was almost impossible; for the priesthood maintained a system of espionage over the common people, which was efficient in bringing to punishment the few offenders who had the misfortune or temerity to disobey the tabu.

Probably the most remarkable of the ancient institutions of these islanders was the establishment of "temples of refuge" corresponding so peculiarly with the "cities of refuge" of the ancient Jews. Three and possibly four of these retreats formerly existed in Hawaii. They were inclosed by thick stone walls of considerable extent, and no one, not even the king, could enter the sacred inclosure in pursuit of a fugitive.

In 1823, the Rev. William Ellis, a few years after the destruction of the ancient temples, made a tour of the island of Hawaii, and from him we learn that criminals of all kinds, even murderers, could avail themselves of the protection afforded by these temples of refuge. To these sanctuaries fugitives from the battle-field also fled, and, if they could gain the sacred precincts, found security from their pursuers. All through the islands the sanctity of a temple of refuge was inviolable. They were very spacious and capable of holding a multitude of people; in fact it was the custom in time of war to leave within the protecting walls the women and children and the aged of the neighboring districts, while the warriors went to battle. Mr. Ellis measured one that formerly existed on the southern shore of Hawaii, and found it to be 715 feet long and 404 feet wide, the walls being twelve feet high and fifteen feet thick.

Upon the minds of such a priest-ridden people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made subject was that a man can be prayed to death—a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the success of the tragical death-prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. The efficacy of prayer was terribly illustrated in these cases, and the results prove how deeply superstitious fear was implanted in the Hawaiian's heart. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died.

There is a story current that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I, having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death-prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision, and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the sorcerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion.

Other superstitions, similar to those observable in most countries, prevail. A peculiar one, which still exists, is that the appearance in large numbers of red fish in the harbor of Honolulu predicts the death of some member of the royal family.

Only two volcanoes are now active on Hawaii—Kilauea and Mauna Loa; but in ancient days there were two other seething caldrons of liquid fire. These four volcanoes were a continual source of danger and alarm to the inhabitants of the island, who lived as they do now, in small communities along the coast.

Among all primitive peoples, the phenomena of nature were explained as being manifestations of the deity, or supernatural beings. Under the

circumstances of periodical destruction and devastation by volcanic outburst, it is not strange that so imaginative a people as the Hawaiians should attribute eruptions to the operations of a particular deity. Down in the lurid caverns of the volcanoes the goddess Pele holds her courts. Her realm is a realm of fire. She keeps aglow the everlasting lakes of molten rock, and rekindles with her breath the flames of her forges. Potent to work harm, she is, nevertheless, beautiful in face and form, not disdaining to mingle with the islanders in the guise of a lovely woman and engage in flirtations with handsome chiefs. But she is fickle and unreasonable; and when her anger is aroused, she gives expression to it by sending down streams of lava and pouring forth showers of hot stones upon those who have offended her. Naturally she received a large share of religious respect and a profusion of propitiatory offerings, which were not only placed on her altars but were also thrown into the volcanic craters. As late as 1882, when the village of Hilo was threatened with destruction by a slowly but steadily approaching stream of lava, a public recognition of the power of Pele occurred. Ruth, the surviving sister of Kamehamehas IV and V, declared that she would save the fish ponds of Hilo — "Pele will not refuse to listen to the prayer of a Kamehameha." Accordingly, she chartered a steamer and went to Hilo where she caused a rude altar to be erected, before which she made her supplications to Pele, while offerings were placed in front of the advancing lava. Ruth had timed her intervention very fortunately; for shortly after her supplication the lava ceased to move, and it stands to-day a glistening solidified wall around Hilo. But on the native mind this coincidence has had a marked effect, and a tendency to a renewal of faith in the discarded gods has been the result.

THE FEATHER ROBE OF KAMEHAMEHA I.

The chiefs and priests claimed to be of different blood from that of the common classes, and their fine physique and shapely limbs seemed to sustain the claim. The higher classes were also more intelligent, and possessed in a small degree some knowledge of modern arts and sciences.

It was the invariable custom of the ruling families to intermarry, and in order to preserve the royal blood uncontaminated, even the Ptolemaic rule was stretched, and princes not only married their own sisters and nieces, but even daughters. There is no record, however, of any deterioration either of mind or body, resulting from these incestuous connections. The highest privileges attached to the

male offspring of a chief and his sister and when he went abroad his standing was made known by a herald, and all who were not of high rank were compelled to prostrate themselves as he passed by. A chief born of a prince and his niece was of a sacred order; and a female of this rank was too sacred to endure the rays of the sun.

The lower classes had no rights that the chiefs were bound to respect, and the common people existed only by sufferance of the king. Everything belonged to him—life, property, wife and children. He could require the life of any of his subjects, at any time, without recourse, and without appeal. The temples of refuge were the only checks that existed to the king's power, which was absolute outside of those walls. But this power was seldom wantonly or tyranically used. Many victims, it is true, were slaughtered to supply sacrifices for the altars, but that was a religious duty and excited no resentment in the minds of the people.

ANCIENT HAWAIIAN IDOL.

In the archical families the women ranked with the men and received the same honors, provided they were of equally high birth. The rank of a child depended as much upon the mother's descent as upon that of the father. Polygamy and polyandry were common, and in the latter case when there was doubt as to the paternity of a child, the decision of the mother was final. If a king desired his children to enjoy equal rank with himself, he was required to take a wife who was his peer.

A court of heraldry existed, and a chief who desired to have his rank officially announced, could appear before this body and prove his claim to chiefly honors. The decision of this council decided his rank beyond appeal.

Besides the language of the common people, there was a court language understood only by those of royal blood. This courtly tongue was changed from time to time, as it became partly understood by the lower orders. The priesthood also had a distinct language, and another dialect was used in repeating historical songs. Important political marriages were announced by heralds, throughout the district, but chiefs usually took additional wives without any particular ceremony. The different wives of a family lived in perfect harmony, and jealousies were few. Occasionally, however, the polyandric tendency interfered with the smooth current of domestic arrangements. Divorce proceedings were very simple. A female of rank could divorce herself from her husband or any of her husbands, by simply

HAWAIIAN TEMPLE, 1793.

leaving his abode. A chief could do likewise.

Morality and female modesty were unknown quantities in old Hawaiian society, and acts which in civilized communities are stigmatized as horrible crimes, were ordinary practices. Infanticide was common, and human life was held in little regard. The people delighted in blood, and so fiercely were their wrestling matches conducted that they frequently terminated in the death of one of the contestants. Strong, hardy, possessed of wonderful agility, the men could climb precipices apparently inaccessible, and dash down declivities on their long, narrow sleds at a speed that seemed to the unaccustomed eye to threaten with certain death. Dancing was a great source of amusement, and as swimmers, the Hawaiians, male and female, could probably be surpassed by no other race. Surf-riding was and is a sport greatly indulged in, and the native of to-day is almost his ancestor's equal in poising himself on a board and riding through the heaviest surf on the top of a foam-capped roller.

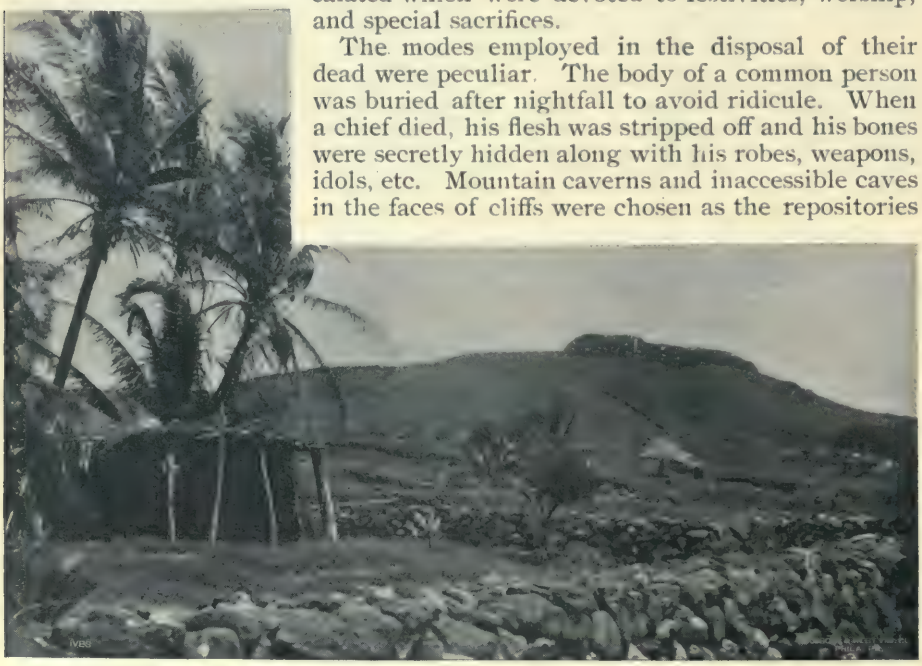
Their food consisted principally of fish, *poi*, and fruits. Poi is manufactured from *taro*, a bulbous plant resembling a large turnip, which is cooked and then pounded into a dough ; this mixed with water formed poi, which has the appearance of flour paste. It is a preparation that has been the staff of life of the Hawaiians, who appear to have been advanced in agriculture, since they understood terrace-farming and irrigation. Remains of carefully-built terraces still exist, each properly graded so that the platforms should receive respectively their necessary supply of water.

Previous to the visit of Capt. Cook, the islanders possessed only weapons of wood and implements of stone ; but they soon learned the value of iron, and the metal was eagerly bought in barter, and stolen when opportunity offered. The feat of unfastening the anchor-chain and stealing the anchor of a vessel during a storm has been

CAPTAIN COOK'S VESSELS ON KEALAKAKUA BAY.

accomplished by these wonderful swimmers. With regard to their own vessels, the indigenous trees of the islands were not suitable for the construction of their large double canoes, or catamarans. For the timber required for those sea-going Argos, the Hawaiians were dependent upon huge drift trees brought to the islands by the currents, and it sometimes happened that, after half a catamaran had been built, years would elapse before the ocean would supply material for the other half.

Their knowledge of astronomy was considerable for a people who kept no written records. All the principal fixed stars were known; the planets, north star, southern cross, the equator, and the tropics were designated by names. The year consisted of twelve months of thirty days each, and between the end of every year and the beginning of the new year, six days were intercalated which were devoted to festivities, worship, and special sacrifices.



REMAINS OF ANCIENT TEMPLE.

The modes employed in the disposal of their dead were peculiar. The body of a common person was buried after nightfall to avoid ridicule. When a chief died, his flesh was stripped off and his bones were secretly hidden along with his robes, weapons, idols, etc. Mountain caverns and inaccessible caves in the faces of cliffs were chosen as the repositories

of royal bones. Mourning was an institution established on peculiar customs; it was not confined to lamentations for the dead. On the return of a friend or relative after a prolonged absence, he was not greeted with acclamations of joy, but was welcomed with wailing and lamentations. Different mourning chants were intoned on different occasions, and sometimes at the present day the heartrending "Molokai Wail" can be heard when a leper is being removed to the leper settlement of that name. Mourning for a dead relative or friend lasted several days, which were spent in alternate wailing and feasting. Sometimes those to whom the departed one was nearest and dearest knocked out several of their teeth, tore their flesh, and shaved portions of the head and chin. On the death of a king, or prominent chief, the wildest display of grief was indulged in for weeks. A Saturnalia of recklessness and license was held. All laws were openly violated and every conceivable crime was committed. The authorities had no control, and were obliged to accept the excuse that grief had temporarily unseated the popular reason, and the people were not responsible for their acts. In all their excesses, however, cannibalism was never practiced in any form among the Hawaiians.

Yellow was the royal color, and red that of the priesthood. The king wore a yellow mantle and headdress, the outer surface of which was composed of small yellow feathers obtained from a little sea-bird. As only one such feather was found under each wing, it required the capture of thousands of birds to obtain a sufficiency of plumage for a single mantle, and consequently those robes were very costly.

Fighting was the delight and principal occupation of the old-time Hawaiians—not battling for conquest or territory especially, but waging war simply for the sake of killing and being killed. They did not fear death, and often an army would suffer total destruction rather than retreat. The battle array was drawn out with considerable skill. Opposing armies had each their center, and right and left wings; and no little strategy was displayed in moving these forces and conducting the contest. Before engagement the soothsayers were consulted, sacrifices were offered to the gods, and particular idols were borne to the battle-field. Just before the conflict the commanding chief exhorted his warriors to "Be calm; be voiceless; be valiant! Drink, my sons," said he, "of the bitter water. Onward to death—for no reason shall we retreat."

Massage was well understood. The women were expert operators, and very skillful in alleviating pain. The bruised and weary warrior from the battle-field, after being manipulated for a few hours, would arise strong and invigorated. Persons operated upon themselves when the services of another could not be obtained, a curved stick being used to rub those portions of the back which could not be reached with the hands. The process of rubbing was called *lomi-lomi*, and the stick mentioned, the lomi-lomi stick.

Until about the time when Capt. Cook visited the Hawaiian group, each island was under the rule of its own king; though sometimes two kings would divide an island between them. The rulers of an island were often related by blood or marriage, but there was no common bond of government, and, notwithstanding kinship, the kings often waged deadly war with each other. When Cook visited the islands, there was living in Hawaii a young chief, who, on a larger field of action, might have figured as another Cæsar. While other chiefs were murdering sailors and stealing boats, he protected foreigners, cultivated their friendship and solicited their trade. He learned the use of firearms; took counsel with his white visitors, whom he recognized as belonging to a superior race, and drew Europeans into his service whenever

it was possible. Of kingly birth, politic, and of commanding presence, he attracted other chiefs to his standard and pushed his conquests from island to island until the whole population, which was not less than 400,000, acknowledged him as king. His last battle was characteristic of Hawaiian warfare. Behind Honolulu, a valley extends for six miles inland, gradually growing narrower until it abruptly ends in a precipice a thousand feet deep. The conqueror's last battle, 1795, began in the lower part of this cul-de-sac, into which he slowly forced his foes before him, until the last remnant was driven over the fearful brink. He was Kamehameha I., the first ruler of the Hawaiian kingdom.

We now come to the last scene in the drama of ancient Hawaii. It was an event in the history of the people unprecedented and unparalleled—the voluntary abolition of an ancient religion. This occurred in October, 1819. During the latter part of the reign of Kamehameha I., the islands were visited by numerous foreign sailors who contemptuously disregarded the tabu and suffered no harm thereby. Their impunity did not fail to impress the Hawaiians and shake the faith of the more intelligent in the efficacy of the tabu and the power of their gods. Strange to say, the high priest, Hewahewa (pronounced Hay'-wah-hay'-wah), was the first to consent to the proposed change, supported by Queen Kaahumanu (pronounced Kah-ah-hu-mah'-nu), one of the widows of Kamehameha I. His successor, Kamehameha II., was finally persuaded to test the virtue of the tabu by openly violating it in its fundamental law. At a feast, he seated himself among the women and thus publicly defied the gods of his fathers. The common people looked on in horror, expecting to see the king struck with death, and when they realized that the daring act entailed no punishment their eyes were opened, and a cry of joy went through the land, proclaiming that the galling bonds of centuries had been broken. The old religion with its horrible tabu and oppressive priesthood was abolished, and the temples and idols were destroyed. Six months later missionaries arrived from the United States, and gradually the whites have gained in power until the present year, when the kingdom was overthrown, the Queen deposed, and an appeal made to the United States for annexation.

WALT.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

IT takes one wild poet to hit off another, and we begin with Whitman by applying to him Joaquin's words anent Walker, the warrior. "He was a brick!" Brick and bard are hardly synonymous terms, but what matter? There are other needed folk besides poets, and it may be that we are just now in a predicament whence we should cry, "My kingdom for a brick!" Such, most assuredly, was Walt's notion forty years ago, and, with slouch hat, and hand on hip, he stepped in.

> Apart from the pulling and hauling stands
> what I am,
> Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, waiting,
> Looking with side-curved head curious what will come next,
> Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it.

Bravo, Walt! We surmised that the book-grub, the dude, the prude, the whole finikin family, would catch it; and they have. Walt is well worth heeding if for no other reason than for his insistence on the forgotten fact that we are not born with our clothes on, and that nature no more than he himself has a predilection for "neuters and geldings." If his language, in dealing with these truths, waxes so emphatic as to strip off the last layer of delicacy, to wipe clean out the last trace of moderation, let us remember that the brick does nothing by halves, and keep up our end. No nibbling at "Leaves of Grass;" we must fall to, ox fashion, whipping up whole mouthfuls. We must take things as they come,—"koboos," "hind shoulders," "mystic deliria," "allons," "space and time," "tough pimples" of alligators, "Ma femme," "libertad," "life and death," "Kneph," "teff-wheat," "fierce-throated beauties" of locomotives, "trottoirs," "tympan of the ears,"—all the infinity of sprigs in Walt's "bouquets of incomparable feuillage." It is tough fodder, but we can grind with a will, since 'tis death to neuter and gelding. We shall get rid of "sich," at least, and those of us that survive will have the satisfaction henceforth of being able to stand up to the rack with good bovine appetite, able to take whatever Pan or Pandemonium may provide. There are two sides to the question of civilization, as to all questions, and it is only fair that the wild side should now and then have its innings. Enough, therefore, if we find two lines in "So Long" made good:

> Camerado, this is no book,
> Who touches this touches a man.

Though this is not the whole truth about "Leaves of Grass," certain it is that first of all we find a robust, unabashed, hearty, enthusiastic, magnetic fellow-creature—a being, indeed, that no man with pulse and stomach can afford to pass by. He "of Manhattan the son," is a figure, a live figure, if not in literature, out of it—somewhere, illustrating the proposition that it is a magnificent thing to be a first-class "human critter." "Well, *he* looks like a man," said Lincoln; and so say we, all of us, as we plunge along behind him through the lusty Grass-leaves.

The finikin class find it a fact in their favor that the highest encomium on our "Kosmos" has come from the superintendent of a lunatic asylum. The finikinese are precipitous, they begin at the wrong end; they are thinking rather of the bard than of

the brick, and they are not quite the witnesses for a brick, anyhow. Let art and chaos have it out, while we hold to the fact that a big brick of a human critter is altogether too substantial a thing to be whisked out of sight by a smart saying. Mind your reckoning, "dulce affetuosos," and see that you try not to be in two places at once. We bide not just now

Where Orpheus and where Homer are;

we are simply with Walt, on the morning side of Manhattan or "ya-honking" with the wild ganders, heaven knows exactly where. Away with your Dante and Shakespeare and Milton; stick we to Walt, while he "lets down the bars to a good lesson" in health, strength, out-and-outness, trust and happiness, in many a good old solid doctrine. While we shall be overjoyed to receive a new Solomon or a new Shakespeare, soon as he can possibly come, make we the most of what we have; and it is doubtful if we have anything better for the nonce than this strapping, yawping boy, pet of the good old Mother of us all.

To behold the day-break!
The little light fades the immense and diaphanous shadows,
The air tastes good to my palate.
* * * * *
Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! earth of the mountains, misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous power of the full moon, just tinged with blue!

Call them dithyrambics if you choose; I choose to call them credentials of the square-backed, thundering son of the ground, stamped with the sign manual of the Mother.

Neither is the stickler for poetry to be wholly disappointed. If the hand be that of the Sons of Anak, the heart is that of the poet. Walt is keen on the poet's trail; he knows where the fat pastures are. The raw material of song—he is always up to the chin in that if a little skittish when it comes to the Pierian flood; and the raw material of song is not a glut in the market. Nor are faith and joy any too plenty. If we find these essential and permanent things, is it not enough? Keally, it should be, and we ought to be glad of a chance to hearten up, and after our Paumanokian "camerado," washing our palate with the clean air as we go, halting now and then to let the bay mare and what not shame the silliness out of us. In sober truth we are a sophisticated lot, and none too tight in the knees; in very truth we need the "flaunt of the sunshine" and some brick of a "human critter" to "blow grit" in us. For this purpose Walt,

Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,

has his place. It is not the niche of him that chiselled the Venus de Milo, or of him that bequeathed us the griefs of Antigone, but it is a niche, and one not the easiest to fill. The "bravuras of birds" and the "bustle of growing wheat,"—these are no mean things of themselves; and when we add to a renewal of our acquaintance with these and their associates a freshened interest in the natural man and, withal, "good heart as a radical possession and habit," we establish a mission few are either prepared or inclined to undertake. Walt does undertake it, and to my notion fulfills it after a fashion. He is the physician for certain disorders—if we can take his doses. His detractors will answer, no doubt, that the "'if" upsets all; that only the iron-nerved and strong-stomached can swallow his heroic potions, and that for these physic is superfluous. Granted; still, the halest are not without their ailings, and Walt may have a busy practice though confined to the weak spots in those that forget that, after all, Achilles had a heel.

The chapter in "November Boughs" entitled "A Backward Glance O'er Travelled Roads" reveals Whitman as a middle-aged man, possessed of a "feeling or ambition" worthy, indeed, of a hero, viz.:

To articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form and uncompromisingly my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual and æsthetic personality in the midst of and tallying the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days and of current America, and to exploit that personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book.

Again he says:

From another point of view "Leaves of Grass" is avowedly the song of sex and amativeness, and even animality—though meanings that do not usually go along with those words are behind all and will duly emerge—and all are sought to be lifted into a different light and atmosphere.

* * * * *

I say the profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect or supply something polished and interesting, nor even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and give him good heart as a radical possession and habit.

Obviously enough, when our mariner of Mannahatta set out mighty waters were launched upon; and if they were not conquered from shore to shore we have only to record once more the limitation of human effort, the balking of laudable ambition, and to be thankful for the success far as it goes. Any personality is no small theme, and Walt's was no small personality. To tally the "momentous spirit and facts" of American life for two-score years—this alone is an undertaking likely to keep one active. But the articulation is to be something more; it is to be poetry,—art. The extent to which, in the writer's judgment, this Titan's task was performed has been indicated. Others go farther, averring that, beyond his personality and nature and the natural man, Walt embodies, as he essays to, "current America" and "democracy" in general, together with many another bit of extensiveness—all this "in the poetic form." As for the real America and the true democracy, not to pursue these particular specialties farther, is not the "tough" somewhat too triumphant; are not the "vivas" a little too loud for the "fancy man and rowdy"; are not the "snag-toothed hostler" and the scavenger somewhat too emphatic? Undoubtedly, the expanse of territory, the prosperity of material interests and the free-and-easy government of our new republic helped on to extremes both in sentiment and diction which would not have been reached elsewhere, still it seems plain to some of us that Walt's writings are so far from voicing these as not to sound clearly even the note of modern times. To-day, "Americanos," with other civilized folk the world over, live in a time, which, for instance, sinks the individual. Imagine our "imperturbe," for whom space is a band-box, and the past nations of the earth mere preludes to his prodigious appearance—imagine him of all men in the rôle of sponsor for such a period! The heart of Walt's strength lies largely in his resistance to his time, in his onslaught of the semi-savage upon the "civilizee." It is less "current" America than the red-man's America—minus the taciturnity. In both spirit and method he belongs back in the simpler, stronger, gladder days. Much at home as he makes himself in the thundering bustle, amid the astonishing conquests peculiar to the period, after all, the secret of his power is to be traced to his kinship with the unsophisticated, able-bodied, believing, joyous early man. This early man, tricked out in modern fashion, he has "exploited"; he has said over, too, in his own way, the good old things about nature; but "current America," the ideal "democracy" as well, it were safer to say, still awaits her articulator.

I have said that the articulation, whatever it be, is in Walt's own way. Is Walt's way the poet's way? Certain critics, certain poets, so affirm. Here some of us must call a halt, and, if such be the poetic form of democracy, cry, Feudalism forever! The superintendent of lunatics, before mentioned, says: "I am myself fully sat-

isfied that Walt Whitman is one of the greatest men, if not the very greatest man, that the world has so far produced."

Mr. W. M. Rossetti adds:

"I sincerely believe him to be of the order of great poets. * * * His voice will one day be potential or magisterial wherever the English language is spoken."

There is nothing faint-hearted about these announcements; and, impossible as one might think it, the honors for courage rest easy between them. While the point raised by Rossetti is, in one sense, secondary, in another it is of prime importance, affecting, as it does, not only Walt, but the art of poetry at large. It is strange enough that, while the great laws of nature, once formulated, are settled forever, equally sovereign laws of art must be set up over and over, lest the multitude, ay, the critics and poets, be led astray. Whitman did not revolt against art, says one that should know, since he was not born in some such regulative realm and reign as that of Queen Anne; being born in America in the nineteenth century, he is "remote from authority." On these terms ours is a free land, indeed. Not all America can rise to this height of democracy.

Some among us find that, at the North Pole, or at the South Pole, or at any station between, two presences have authority over the poet. Calendars and geographies do not affect these; they are indifferent alike to Queen Annes and President Harrisons. The critic forgets this in his treatment of Browning, and he forgets it again in the case of Browning's brother revolter. Poetic truth and poetic beauty—these are present forever, and absolute in authority; and to these Walt does not submit, against these he does revolt. "Of the order of *great* poets"! What is Mr. Rossetti saying? All the great poets together do not number more than a dozen, and Walt is to make the dozen a baker's. What must we have in a great poet? We must have high imagination, great thoughts, great constructive power, perfect form, supernal music and beauty; these, at least, must go into the count. If we are not sure that these are to be found in Tennyson are we to swear that one cannot fail to find them in the thirteenth member of the sovereign circle hailing from "fish-shape Paumanok"? Had Mr. Rossetti exclaimed, "Jabber of Caliban, belch of chaos!" he would have done Walt no more injustice than he has done the art of poesy in the expression, "of the order of *great* poets." With "Leaves of Grass" in one hand and the elementary principles of any poetry, great or small, in the other, one finds the division, "Songs of Myself," what the author styles it,—"yawp;" finds the division, "Children of Adam," eroticism cropped of its first, third and fourth syllables; finds the rest of the volume, in the main, a series of instantaneous photographs, paralleled only by Muybridge's horses in motion.

"Of the order of great art"! The writer is among the modest "Americanos" who do not claim for his country, as yet, a great poet. He thinks, however, that we can make a showing of a few genuine poets; and out of respect to these and to the art they illustrate, he must say that Walt has a seat no further front among them than Buffalo Bill enjoys among the "Four Hundred." Walt may have been a greater man than any of our poets; he may have done a more useful work than theirs—these are other questions, not to be considered here—but the work was done in his own way, which is not the poet's way. I am moved, indeed, on the point of art, to go farther still; to say that in "Leaves of Grass" we have, instead of the inauguration of a new literature, a revival of the raw period before literature was. It is the progress of

> the irregular crab
> Which, though 't go backward, thinks that it goes right,
> Because it goes its own way.

Walt went at his work in his own way, with his trousers in his boots and his shirt-sleeves rolled up; the way, after all, proved commendably effective, successful. Here we should stop; not go on to say that, because he can with one Sullivanic punch floor a dozen mincing "elves," because he calls without ceasing on all with any blood in their veins to stand up, to enjoy themselves, to "loaf," and again to "whack away,"—because he does this and much more of the sort, that he "articulates" *anything* in "poetic form." We should not be done up in the "elves," nor should we be afraid of a brush with the world, of a frisk with the flesh and the devil, but we should insist upon it that there are neither camerados nor cameras in song; that in song last of all can "yawp" be "potential or magisterial"; that we step beyond the boundary line of art the moment we begin to "loaf" or to "whack away." As we look at the noble head in Harper's of April, 1892, we see a king in the realm of physique, an emperor in the realm of comradeship; in short, a giant of his rude, hearty kind; all this, however, and much more with it does not necessitate a poet. The man, the child of nature, the patriot, the author of "Leaves of Grass," red as the blood ran in his veins, "lot" of him that there was, "and all so luscious," was not animated by the ichor that inspires the imperial line of the sons of song. Walt simply held to the apron strings of the wise old Mother when, at the outset, he strode away from the circle of all poets, great and small. It was his initial proposition to break down the barrier between poetry and prose; this in order that he might journey most advantageously in "Texas" and elsewhere in "these States."

Great poetry! Walt's writings are, rather, rude and mutilated reverberations of it, or, better still, bawlings of the half-savage in the twilight primeval. Poetry must be, at least, something better than prose; and "Leaves of Grass," in point of form—that is, for one-half of poesy—falls behind the country-newspaper prose of "current America."

The critics—who, by the bye, make us feel every inch of the way that they know that they are not letting well enough alone—would have us see that Walt's articulation is characterized by freedom and ease; whereas, it is only too plain an illustration of hoppling with the stiffest shackles of mannerism. One hearer detects the note of Solomon's Songs, another the accent of Ossian; now it is Hugo, then Carlyle, again it is Emerson. Out of this amalgam does Walt evolve "poetic form." When Walt commands admiration for what he really was, why this wrenching of elementary laws—for certain of which he stood so stoutly—to say nothing of the uncrowning, the dethroning, of the kings of "holy imagination," in order to set him up for what he was not? It is easy to account for Emerson's commendation; he found Walt "fortifying, encouraging." The same be said of Symonds, who was urged to work, and to love his fellows. It is equally easy to see why Thoreau should say good things of him, and Burroughs extravagant things; these are out-of-doors men, and Walt had a quick eye for and a wondrous sympathy with, nature. Much of this can be accounted for and accepted; but, that any man of culture, outdoor or in, can find him a poet is disheartening enough to the hopes of art. If I have not totally failed in my study of the poets for a quarter of a century, one piece, "My Captain," which is at the farthest remove from the bulk of Walt's writings, and the nearest to acknowledged models, is the only composition in "Leaves of Grass" that may be properly termed a poem.

The pieces, "Out of the Cradle, etc.," and "Lincoln's Burial Hymn," are ranked among the first of Whitman's writings witnessing his poetic gifts. One critic, whose word goes a long way, finds the Burial Hymn

"exquisitely idyllic"; he finds it in the "melodious manner," and gives it a place—I cannot say how near—on a line with Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." Not without hesitation may one question a deliberate conclusion of Stedman's; indeed, I am almost ready to acknowledge myself in the wrong before I begin. However, as in this instance it is unavoidable, let us read the opening four divisions:

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning Spring.

Ever-returning Spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the West,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing, with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

A part is not the whole; but if there be few signs of more than the raw material in the first seventeen lines, there can be neither the exquisiteness nor melody the poets have taught us to look for in the composition entire. Let us read them yet once more:

The last time the lilacs blossomed in my dooryard, it was a season of mourning. One night, gazing on the early star as it went down in the West, I stood, thinking of a friend lately passed away; and now again the three are with me,—the lilacs, the star, and the grief. They are with me now, and they will always be with me at this season of the year, coming together in the spring-time.

This is prose; not peerless prose, but, we will say, respectable prose; and tried by any test or standard, from Musæus down to the present Mr. Lewis Morris, what is there of poetry in the magisterial dithyrambs not in the prose version? What beauty, what music, what atmosphere, what captivating cadence, what anything that other poets exhibit, is present to give the grass-leaves the advantage? Nor can I find more to differentiate the second division from the diarial apostrophes, the capital O's and exclamation points, to be found in profusion at any of our seminaries for young ladies. In the third division we have instances of a good eye and fine sympathy for natural things,—the "heart-shaped leaves of rich green" and the "pointed blossom rising delicate"; but do occasional words and phrases, though of the choicest, insure an exquisite and melodious idyll? Have we but to say over the names of the stars, of the trees and flowers, to win the laurels of a Theocritus or a Tennyson? If nature is to be the poet, she can do her own writing. If man is to be the poet, he must do his own writing; *and* the writing must be more knightly than the pricking of a sway-backed prose hack over a poetic road. All biases of patriotism (by the way, is not too much made of this?) and veneration for gray hairs,—all the prejudice of sentiment, aside; nothing in our minds but the wish to discover the link coupling this composition with any exquisite or melodious poem, yes, with any *poem* of any period or place—with this in mind, and only this, I think it plain that we are in a world, not void, but without form; and without form there is no poetry. I think it evident that the sack of raw material is simply slit and allowed to leak; that the process is simply a spilling, gravitation being the only law of order at work. I find a list of exquisitely idyllic *things*, but the setting! I find occasional felicities of word and phrase, which only

emphasize the fact that they are aliens, strangers in a strange land. It is unnecessary to go through this composition line by line, but, for example, if the line,

> Ever-returning Spring, trinity sure to me you bring,

is song, idyllic or other, we have but to over-accent and twist every-day speech, to spoil our common talk, and Olympus is won.

Another critic finds Walt the "clear forerunner of the great American poet." While this is less startling than Rossetti's dictum, a glance will show how far, in point of poetic form, we are behind even a wild poet of days by-gone:

> As roll a thousand waves to the rock,
> So Swaran's host came on;
> As meets a rock a thousand waves,
> So Inisfail met Swaran.

Or again:

> My love is a son of the hill;
> He pursues the flying deer.
> His grey dogs are panting round him,
> His bow-string sounds in the wind.
> Dost thou rest by the fount of the rock,
> Or by the noise of the mountain-stream?
> The rushes are nodding to the wind,
> The mist flies over the hill.

Vivas for Vinvela! We hope to match her music some day. We hope to catch up with her and Agandecca leaving the "hall of her secret sigh," "loveliness around her as a light," and "her steps like the music of songs." We take courage, but surely, fair beings, the way is long to you from our current American

> Girls, mothers, housekeepers, in all their performances.

Of the critics quoted three are resident on the thither shore of the Atlantic. How much longer will the immediate inheritors of the greatest literature the world has known continue to fly in the face of the genius that gave it them whenever the subject matter considered is an American product? How much longer will the critics brought up on Shakespeare and Milton find the nearest American approach to these in writers at the very farthest remove from them, yes, immeasurably distant from their lesser successors? How is it that our British cousins find such beauty, such grace and charm as we have, first in our abnormal growths; why is it that they fix highest and surest on the roll of fame, just because it happens to appear in America, the sort of stuff that has never failed, in a single instance recorded in literary history, to prove vulgar and ephemeral? Perhaps the English findings in the case of our literature are all based on the "remote-from-authority" theory. No sooner is a writer discovered among us, wildly defiant of all the known laws of song, than he is at once seized on as truly American, our genuine representative, and, the anointed sponsor for his people and time, is emblazoned on the British mind as "of the order of great poets." Whatever the explanation be, the fact remains that when we see one of our poets swinging it roundly about the British Isle, we make short work of the mystery by surmising that things were not quite comfortable at home. Does some enthusiast among us perpetrate so sober a joke as to issue a volume entitled "Gems from Walt Whitman," we smile over the sparkle of the first gem,—

> See, projected through time,
> For me an audience interminable,

and, withdrawing in a body, leave the author in the undisturbed enjoyment of the jewels. But whither shall we flee, where hide our confusion, when the British critic in high place, the critic nurtured in the air and light of the winged Elizabethans, says to us that he finds in Walt's sayings on life and death the accent of such sayings as these:

> I swear 't is better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow;
> * * * * *

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps death his court;
* * * * *
'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest;
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glo ies
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre;
* * * * *
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain?

But England begins to redeem herself; Mr. Watts, in the course of his recent article, "Walt Whitman," in the *Athenæum* (April 2d, 1892) says: "Poetic genius no one now dreams of crediting him with."

It is time for a word of accord. With one finding of the critics I am wholly in sympathy. So far as I have noticed, it is generally recognized that Walt is exceptionally happy in his headings. Happy indeed he is; so happy, in fact, that the table of contents of "Leaves of Grass" would not be out of place in the body of the volume.

To the garden the world, from pent-up aching rivers
I sing the body electric.
A woman waits for me, spontaneous me;
One hour to madness and joy—
* * * * *
O hymen! O hymenee!

Surely this initiatory bit of the contents-table of "Children of Adam" might with propriety find a place in the body of the division; there to suffer neither in point of rhythm nor of consecutiveness of thought.

But really we gnaw the horn searching for poetry in "Leaves of Grass"; we gnaw the horn and we wrong Walt. Let us turn from Walt "of the order of great poets" to Walt, the Wild, and yet the loyal and royal, the chanter of "Calamus." What is it, Walt, that you say about death?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.
All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?
I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die, and I know it.
* * * * *
Through me shall the words be said to make death exhilarating,
Give me your tone, therefore, O Death, that I may accord with it,
Give me yourself, for I see that you belong to me now above all,
And are folded inseparably together, you, love and death are,
Nor will I allow you to balk me any more with what I was calling life,
For now it is convey'd to me that you are the purports essential,
That you hide in these shifting forms of life, for reasons, and that they are mainly for you,
That you beyond them come forth to remain, the real reality,
That behind the mask of materials you patiently wait, no matter how long,
That you will one day, perhaps, take control of all,
That you will, perhaps, dissipate this entire show of appearance,
That maybe you are what it is all for, but it does not last so very long,
But you will last very long.

Shall we recant? We have heard all this before, and couched in terms more winning. Once more we say the same of the articulations on "democracy" and "current America," and, passing on, with a glance here and there, stop, as before, at such places as these:

I will effuse egotism and show it underlying all, and I will be the bard of personality,
And I will show of male and female that either is but the equal of the other,
And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in me, for I am determin'd to tell you with courageous, clear voice to prove you illustrious.
* * * * *
What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me,
Me going in for my chances.

Herein do we see the real Walt; herein do we find him at home, and offering first-hand matter, as is his wont when the natural man and nature are the theme, and as is not his wont when democracy or war, or

death or manual labor is in the ascendant. We find no poems, nothing nearer it than the suggestion of themes, as in the line,

> The youngster and the red-faced girl turn aside up the bushy hill,

or in the marching title,

> "As I walk these broad, majestic days."

"Expecting the main things from you," Walt says to us naively. Nothing could be apter; if we are to have poems we must furnish them ourselves. We find never "the blossom and the fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language," but "roots and leaves themselves alone." We find not the "autobiography of a soul"; we find the word soul, but the *thing* flesh, perpetually, even to the "sweet-fleshed day." Walt had a soul, a great soul, but, as he lost no opportunity to inform us, come what might it would weigh some two hundred pounds and wear a low-cut collar. In short, we find in this last hard look not a poet, but a "brick of a human critter," a bracer, with whom we will "go gallivant":—

> I know I am august,
> I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,
> I see that the elementary laws never apologize,
> (I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by, after all.)
>
> Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
> Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,
> No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,
> No more modest than immodest.

Ay, we will "go gallivant." Have but a dozen superior souls found a fraction of the good reported, every one of us must find something. In heaven's name, and for the love we bear the old Mother, let the poetry go, then, and take the something. Walt says it will be grit. I believe it "clean grit and human natur," blasts of them driven even to the marrow. The poets crowned, wound from top to toe, there is plenty of laurel left in the woods. Nature sees to it her own brows are not stripped naked, and she keeps a sprig, too, for her yawping boy. It is idle to argue with the fond old Mother; "I know," she answers, "*but*, he is my boy." Yes, we will take the old Mother's word for it. Here's for you, Walt; let us go gallivant!

> Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
> You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,)
> You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
> You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
> You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.
> The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The hairy wild bee that murmurs and hankers up and down.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The wet of woods through the early hours.
>
> * * * * *
>
> But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
> Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
> Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The great laws take and effuse without argument,
> I am of the same style, for I am their friend,
> I love them quits and quits, I do not halt and make salaams.
>
> I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things and the reasons of things,
> They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The earth good and the stars good, and their adjuncts all good.
>
> * * * * *
>
> It seems to me that everything in the light and air ought to be happy,
> Whoever is not in his coffin and the dark grave let him know he has enough.

WHO STOPPED THE STAGE?

BY GEORGE CHARLES BROOKE.

OLD Dabbs rode slowly up the trail. The heat of the sun reflected from the baked earth and superheated granite of the hillsides shimmered in waves of shell-like tint all about. The dust raised by the shambling hoofs of the old claybank mustang he bestrode, hung in thick, suffocating clouds in the deadly still air. The silence was intense—not a bird, animal, or insect seemed alive. The whole world was baked into silent indifference, and Dabbs himself was stunned by a shock, the reality of which had never seemed possible to his unsophisticated mind.

Forty years before, he had made his way across the plains to California from his native Tennessee, and cast in his lot, as so many others had done, in that devil's race for gold. He never could keep his when he had any, however, and so in despite of better luck than most of those in the diggings he found himself, when the placers had been despoiled of the cream of their treasure, as poor a man as when he first crossed the Sierras. With his ambition dead he turned his face to the mountains—for he was mountain bred—and sought a spot in which he might build for himself a cabin near a spring, and possess a few acres of bottom land to raise "truck" upon; for the rest his rifle and traps would suffice.

He found such a spot with but little trouble, and in a few years it was known far and wide as Dabbs' ranch. The only thing to complete a home there was a woman, and her he found also, and in the course of years there came to this pair a child—a girl baby. In his secret soul Dabbs thought it the most marvellously miraculous interposition of Providence ever known that he, such a horny-handed, seamed and scarred son of Anak, could be the father of this wee creature with eyes like wet violets, creamy satin skin, spun gold for hair, and limbs molded on the model of a pocket Venus. He worshipped her openly, mourning much at the loss of the mother whose life went out a few years after Starr (for thus he named her) came into the world; but it was more for the child's sake than for its mother's.

Then one of those mining booms that follow the discovery of new gold fields in the mountains, occurred near Dabbs', and as the ranch was on the main trail leading to the mines (and was one of the few fertile spots, with its never failing spring, in many weary miles of desert) it was made a stage station, and the old man reaped a rich harvest from his little orchard and garden. This time the money was hoarded as a sacred trust for Starr, and sent down in the treasure box of the express company to a bank at San Francisco for safe keeping. In a year or so the diggings failed, as most diggings do, and the tide of dusty, travel-worn gold hunters sought other fields; but settlements had sprung up in the country beyond Dabbs', and the stage company still ran a line over the road. The little ranch sufficed still for Dabbs and Starr.

One day, however, the old man learned that the bank he had entrusted Starr's money to had closed its doors, and that he would never see the coin again. The news of the misfortune almost killed him, but he pulled himself together for the child's sake. In a little while he was almost the same

cheery giant he had always been, and now that Starr had become a woman (she was fifteen) he began to make plans for her future. She would marry, of course, but she must be independent, and the little ranch was growing more and more valuable every year; the spring was the only available water supply in many leagues of grazing country, and since by this time the district had been given over to cattle ranching, the old man's income was materially increased from his water right.

But one evil day the stage line cast envious eyes upon the ranch with its spring. They offered to buy it, and Dabbs laughed at them. It was Starr's—all he had to give her. The men argued that the sum they were willing to give would return at interest as great an income as the spring, but Dabbs' confidence in the power of money to earn interest had been shaken by the bank failure, and the spring was always sure—it never closed *its* doors. But the company was determined to have that spring, and the lawyers found ready flaws in poor Dabbs' title. After long, weary months of litigation the courts decided that the spring belonged to some one who was willing to sell to the company, and that Dabbs was a trespasser and must get off the land.

Dabbs was now on his way home from the county town where the trial of the cause had been held. His lawyers had swallowed up all the savings of the years that followed the unfortunate failure of the bank, and he and Starr were "broke"—"stun bruk" he called it.

They were nearing the ranch now. The claybank pricked up his ears and started into a lope. Dabbs pulled himself together with a mighty effort; he would not tell Starr yet. He had a little present for her in his saddle bag; he never came home from town without something—no matter how trivial—for her, and he knew she would be watching for him somewhere along the trail. As the claybank rounded an abrupt corner of jutting rock there was a whoop, the slash of a whip across a horse's flank and Starr was loping alongside on her pony. One might have taken the girl to be a mere child, so small she seemed, but that the delicately rounded curves through the close fitting habit of coarse jean showed a woman, exquisitely proportioned. She sat her blueskin as only one who has lived in the saddle can. A black sombrero, gay with gold bullion, shaded her face; the golden hair was in striking contrast to the black eyebrows; the eyes were of that velvety violet that shades to black, and her olive skin was wind- and sun-kissed to a peachy brilliancy of coloring. She urged the blueskin close alongside her father's pony, and nestled against him as they rode. The old man said nothing, but leaning his massive head and shoulders down to her, kissed her very tenderly.

The ponies were on a walk now, and the two rode in silence for some little distance. Suddenly the girl looked up at Dabbs and said, "Busted, dad?" The old man nodded before he bethought himself of his resolution not to tell her. "Darn them lawyers, anyhow," was her reply to the nod. Her father still silent shook his head as if in expostulation at the mild profanity, and Starr continued, "Never you pester yourself, dad; me and you'll git erlong spite o' anythin', 'n' ef Jim Bulger don't do up sum o' them fellers he need n't cum a sparkin' roun' me no more."

"Yer see, Starr," the old man said, "taint es ef I hed tuk th' stuff ther cump'ny 'd a giv me fer it 'n the fust place; now, we don't git nuthin—dust er lan, er spring—all gone." There was a pathos in the last words that went straight to the girl's heart.

"Pap, yer must n't feel so knocked out," she cried; "I'm yer little gal yet, ain't I? 'n' ez long's we two are lef we've got each other, 'n' I'll never marry Jim—never ez long's yer feel

like this;" and she nestled closer to his side, while he bent and kissed her again. Then with a sudden burst of spirit she cried out, "Cum er long; I'll run yer to ther corral," and the next moment the blueskin and claybank were galloping neck and neck down the hill to the ranch. They were received at the door by "the widder," who had been installed by Dabbs as housekeeper shortly after his wife's death. No one ever knew of whom "the widder" was the relict. If Dabbs knew he never told any one, and he never referred to her save as "the widder." She was a tall, gaunt, colorless female with a weakness for religion and ghosts—a most excellent cook and Starr's slave.

"We're just plum busted, widder," was Dabbs' salutation," 'n' I'm powerful grub struck." The "widder" promptly led the way to the living room where the three sat down to supper. Dabbs had begun to feel an odd sense of comfort stealing over him; he could not explain why, but in some mysterious way he felt that all would yet be right, and he ate with his usual appreciation of the "widder's" art. After he had finished his meal he sat smoking on the little vine-clad porch overlooking the valley. Starr was by his side, one hand in his, the other stroking his face and head while she talked to him and petted him as one comforts a child. As the sun sank behind the range and the western sky blazed with color, the girl's heart was filled with intense indignation that the home her father had wrested from the wilderness should be torn from him in his old age, when it was dearer to him than ever. As the short twilight deepened into night there was a sudden clatter of hoofs down the trail, and a horseman in all the bravery of the cowboy lover dashed up to the horse rail.

"Howdy, Jim," said Dabbs, in answer to his visitor's salutation, "'lite 'n' cum er long 'n' hev supper."

"Hed a gnaw a'ready," returned Jim; "whar's th' gal?" Starr had disappeared at his appearance.

"Oh, here I be," she answered, from the inner darkness of the house; "I'm goin' for a bresh across th' range, Jim, 'n' yer kin cum."

"All rite," was the laconic response; "I'll cinch th' blueskin fer yer."

He returned in a few moments leading the pony and found the girl kissing her father good-bye—something so unusual for her to do that he wondered silently, as they mounted and rode off up the white trail in the dusk. Their ponies loped easily, side by side, and Starr told him of the outcome of the suit for the ranch. Jim was the son of a neighboring stockman and had a tidy bunch of cattle himself. He and Starr had been sweethearts since she was twelve and he sixteen, and they were to have been married the coming Christmas, but the girl insisted that she would not leave her father now. Jim argued, but to no purpose; she would not marry him unless her father could in some way regain the ranch.

"But how kin he?" asked poor Jim, all argument exhausted, "hev yer any plan, Starr?"

"Uv cou'se I hev," she replied loftily; "but yer'v' got to hev lots o' sand ter jine in, Jim Bulger."

"What's yer plan? I'll jine in—never fear," answered Jim.

She bent toward him and whispered close in his ear a few rapid sentences. The man straightened up in his saddle; his face was white and his voice husky as he almost shrieked, "By—yer don't mean it, Starr."

She faced him calm and pitiless, her scornful eyes looking him contemptuously through and through.

"Yer kin bet I *do* mean it, Jim Bulger, but we don't want no cowards 'n' this yer deal, 'n' I reckin I kin count on Pete DeBar ter help me out," and she turned her pony's head as if to leave him. He was at her side in a moment.

"No *man* on th' range dar' say that t' me, Starr, 'n' yer know it,"

he hissed, as his hand caught her bridle close to the bit; "I'm in this yer deal ter th' turn."

"An' I'm with yer, Jim," she whispered, and as his arm went round her, she kissed him full on the mouth.

The up stage carrying two or three passengers, the mails and the company's treasure box, was due at Dabb's at 9:30; but that night it was late, for as it neared the ranch, just at the top of a steep grade, there came a stern voice from the roadside: "Hands up! Throw out that box—both of 'em, dummy and th' right one—no foolin'—drive on"—and the deed was done.

Jim Bulger and Starr returned from their ride just before the stage pulled up at the office, and they led the search for the highwaymen, but there was no trace of them. The dummy lay in the road where it had fallen, but the treasure box had disappeared. The dusty trail, trodden by innumerable hoofs and footprints told no tales, and when the company's detectives came up from the city they were quite as much mystified as anyone else.

The company offered a large reward for the capture of the robbers or the recovery of the money. There had been a large sum in currency in the box that night which was sent up to some men who were buying a great mining property, and the company did not like the idea of making it good. Weeks passed; absolutely nothing in the way of a clue was found, and the company had concluded to write the loss off their books when a very surprising thing happened.

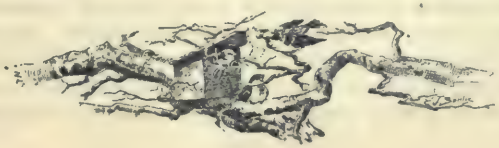
The president of the company sat in his private office one morning, when one of their most trusted detectives entered and asked permission to introduce Miss Dabbs, the daughter of the old chap up country that they had had so much trouble with. The great man was pleased to think that one bucolic mind at least had been impressed with a proper sense of his importance, and he puffed out his chest, buttoned his coat across it and ordered her to be shown in. Starr entered as nonchalantly as though she were accustomed to interviewing bank presidents every day in the week. She took the chair offered her, and placing a small valise on the table, opened it and gave the president of that company a surprise from which he will never altogether recover.

There was the stolen money—every dollar of it!

The girl refused any reward save the return to her father of the ranch, and immunity from publicity. The matter was to be a secret to all save herself and the company—not even Dabbs was to be told of it—and no questions were to be asked as to how the money came into her possession.

The great man willingly promised, and Starr carried away with her a letter to her father which was a promise to him from the company to put the deeds confirming his title to the ranch on record within forty-eight hours.

There was a wedding at Dabbs' on Christmas Day, and the bride's gift from the company was a check for the amount of the reward offered for the recovery of the stolen money. The amount of that check, with interest added, stands to Mrs. Jim Bulger's credit to this day in the company's bank at San Francisco.



THE FIRST EXPOSITION.

BY MAY BIGELOW EDMONDS.

THE first great International Exposition was opened in England, May 1st, 1851. There have been many since, some far exceeding that of Hyde Park in beauty and splendor; but the grand Crystal Palace had the charm of being a new idea—none since have conveyed quite the same impression.

The conception of this vast Exhibition was due to Prince Albert, and it was through his energy that the idea was carried out. He was president of the Society of Arts, and in 1849, he called a meeting of that Society and suggested his plans.

The principal idea was that the exhibit should be divided into four great sections: the first to contain raw materials and produce, the second, machinery and mechanical invention, the third, manufactured articles, and the fourth, sculpture, models, paintings, etc. This idea was at once taken up and spread abroad by the Society of Arts.

Early in 1850, a commission was appointed "for the promotion of the Exhibition of the Work of All Nations to be holden in the year 1851." Prince Albert was appointed President of this commission. Shortly after, a meeting was held to raise money for the Exhibition, when £10,000 was collected, and it was not long before there had been obtained £200,000.

On March 21st, the Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet to the chief magistrates of the cities, towns and buroughs of the United Kingdom to ask their coöperation. Prince Albert addressed them with much success, and set forth the purposes of the Exhibition. "It was," he said, "to give the world a true test, a living picture of the point of industrial development, at which the whole of mankind has arrived, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions."

The expectations, as to the moral influence of this bringing together of the nations is amusing from our standpoint; it was to usher in an era of peace, for it was really supposed that if mankind once met together in this friendly rivalry, they would never again make war upon one another. In the "Vision of the New Year," Punch embodies this sentiment in words:

Before me in a tournament
Of peaceful emulation
In arts, not arms, on triumphs bent
Shall nation strive with nation.

Spread wide for me, ye crystal roofs—
Oh noble strife begin;
With peace on earth, good will to man,
The New Year cometh in.

* * * * *

History repeats itself, and there were as many lively anticipations among the money-getters of London as exist in Chicago to-day. In one of the periodicals we read: "Every lodging-house keeper is expecting to let her lodgings at three and four and five times the ordinary rent. Every house agent is fondling the same beautiful expectations. Every little hotel and coffee-house keeper expects to have the house filled from top to bottom, and is forming most absurd expectations as to the price he shall get for beds, fitted up in sculleries and garrets and dust-bins. Every theatrical manager expects to have crowded audiences, overflowing

CROWDED STATE OF LODGING HOUSES.

Lodging-Housekeeper. "ON'Y THIS ROOM TO LET, MEM. A FOUR-POST—A TENT—AND A VERY COMFORTABLE DOUBLE-BEDDED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

houses, not merely in the playbills, but positively inside the theater every night. Every proprietor of a Panorama, Diorama, Bosmorama, Cyclorama and every other rama, expects to be able to retire next year with the enormous receipts of this season's Exhibition. Every shopkeeper is madly expecting to sell off every bit of his stock this year, and expects if he does not make his fortune, that it will be entirely the fault of not having sufficient goods to supply the demands of his innumerable customers. Every bigotted Englishman belonging to the fine old John Bull school of stop-at-home Englishmen, expects to see every dirty foreigner with long mustachios, long beard and long hair and dirty habits, similar to the class of Frenchmen he has been in the habit of meeting in Leicester Square, and expects that London will be troubled with nothing less than the plague in consequence."

But it must not be supposed that Prince Albert's plan met with no opposition. On the contrary, every ridiculous protest that could be conjured up was raised. Colonel Sibthorp was the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. He was a very eccentric looking man, with uncouth features and huge mustaches. His especial aversion was foreigners and he warned the nation in thundering tones: "Take care of your wives and daughters, take care of your property and your lives!" In speaking of the Crystal Palace, the building destined for the Exhibition, he said he did not wish to see that building destroyed by any acts of violence, but "would to God some hailstorm, or some visitation of lightning might descend to defeat the ill-advised project."

The following conversation quoted from Punch is characteristic of the times:

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

[The friends of the Unprotected Female favor her with their views of the Great Exhibition of Industry and its Consequences, by which she is Brought to the Verge of Despair and Emigration.]

Mr. Smithers (*who is considered eminently cautious in the city*). Well, I don't know. It's a wonderful undertaking, no doubt, but dangerous, I'm afraid—though I don't know.

Unprotected Female (*who has a great respect for Mr. Smithers, and is alive to danger as usual*). Eh? Oh then, Mr. Smithers, you *do* think there's something in the columns and things?

Jack Smithers (*who is unfeeling in his jokes*). A bag of nails, they say, and a piece of sacking found plugging one of 'em up.

Miss Smithers (*severely*). John, how can you? Mrs. Jones means something out of the perpendicular, papa.

Mr. Smithers (*oracularly*). Well, I don't know—there may be, though Paxton* is a very clever man, no doubt; but they say there ought to have been more concrete under the pillars; however, I dare say Cubitt† would see to that. Cubitt is a practical man—highly respectable in every way.

Mr. Jerrams (*with much gravity*). I was sorry to hear they were pumping water out of the building with steam engines after the shower, yesterday.

U. Female. Goodness gracious me!

The Rev. Grimes Wapshott (*who is fond of improving the Exhibition in an uncomfortable way*). It appears to me that awful as the material danger of this new Tower of Babel may be—you'll excuse my using the expression, Mr. Smithers—the spiritual danger is much more awful, Mrs. Jones.

U. Female. Oh, really, do you think so, Mr. Wapshott?

The Rev. Grimes (*making himself up for a burst*). Indeed I do, Mrs. Jones. When I think of the flood of French infidelity it will let loose upon us; the benumbing poison of German rationalism on the one hand, and the groveling mummeries of Italian image-worship on the other; not to speak of the Sabbath-breaking caused by the sale of fruit and articles of confectionery about the building, and its tendency to puff up poor worms of men and make miserable sinners think of their wretched bodies—I tremble, Mrs. Jones, I assure you—I tremble.

Mr. Doddles (*timidly*). I'm told they found three casks of gunpowder, the other day, in the Exhibition.

U. Female. Oh, my dear; only think of that, Gorhambury Gunston. Oh, I dare say, some of the foreign democrats, of course. Serves our precious government right. There'll be a fine row this summer, you'll see.

Mr. Smithers. Those Socialists are desperate fellows, to be sure, but then there's the police.

U. Female (*mournfully*). Oh! but then they're never to be found when they're wanted; I'm sure if it's like Coram street, the Socialists might carry off the statue of the Duke of Wellington himself and never see a policeman from beginning to end of it.

Gunston. I expect it will ruin our trade, innundate us with foreign goods and take all the gold out of the country.

Mr. Doddles. I expect there will be a revolution. You see, there's the French Communists and the German refugees, and the Italian Democrats, and the Hungarian Honveds, and the American sympathizers, and the Chartists, and the Red Republicans, and they're all sworn in a conspiracy I'm told, to upset everything; and of course that will convulse society, unless the police put a stop to it.

U. Female (*who has breathlessly followed this awful enumeration*). Police, indeed! Oh! why don't all well-disposed people go away this instant and emigrate to the Continent, or

* Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace.
† T. C. Cubitt, one of the commissioners.

THE "FEW FRIENDS" ARRIVE AT HEYDAY'S.

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTRY MISTAKES THE CRYSTAL SENT BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE FOR THE KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.

New Zealand, or Australia, or somewhere? What is the good of staying here, to have one's government upset, and one's throat cut, and one's religion perverted, and one's trade ruined? Oh, Good Gracious, Mr. Smithers, what ever ought Prince Albert to think of himself!

Poor Prince Albert was obliged to bear the brunt of all the complaints, and he writes: "The opponents of the Exhibition work with might and brain to throw all the old women here into a panic and drive myself crazy. The strangers, they give out, are certain to commence a thorough revolution here, to murder Victoria and myself, and to proclaim the Red Republic in England; the plague is certain to issue from the confluence of such vast multitudes, and to swallow up those whom the increased price of everything has not already swept away. For all this I am to be responsible, and against all this I have to make efficient provision."

The objections raised were not alone confined to men of Colonel Sibthorp's class. The Royal Commissioners, after pondering over the matter, had decided that Hyde Park was the best place for the site of the Exhibition. A great outcry arose against what was called a desecration of the park. Lord Campbell presented a petition to the House of Lords protesting against using Hyde Park for such a purpose. This petition was supported by Lord Brougham who, in his usual vehement style, attacked the House of Lords for what he said was "servile deference to royalty." "Such facts," he shouted, "only show more painfully that absolute prostration of the understanding which takes place even in the minds of the bravest when the word Prince is mentioned in this country."

The Prince wrote to Baron Stockmar: "The Exhibition is now attacked furiously by the Times, and the House of Commons is going to drive us out of the park. There is immense excitement. If we are driven out of the park the work is done for." The Prince kept up his courage, however, and the affair progressed.

Manager. "Ladies and Gentlemen—a—I mean Respected Individual,—In consequence of the Great Attraction of the Exhibition, or Crystal Palace, I beg to announce to you, that this Ridiculous Farce of opening my Theatre, will not be repeated; and your Order will be returned to you, on application at the Box-Office.

Much thought was expended on the plans of an immense structure to hold the exhibits. Just at the last minute Mr. Joseph Paxton, who then had the care of the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chatsworth, thought of building a palace of glass and iron, which would combine beauty and cheapness. The history of Mr. Paxton's endeavors to design the Exhibition building and have his design accepted is interesting in the extreme. He had risen from the position of a gardener's boy to be a successful landscape gardener. He was first employed in a responsible capacity by the Duke of Somerset, and from thence he passed into the Duke of Devonshire's service, who recognized his ability, and employed him to manage his estates in both England and Ireland. At this time he was a very busy man, and he had been thinking of the Crystal Palace plans for several days before he had a moment to commit them to paper. On the eighteenth of June, 1850, he was seated as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Midland railway to try a pointsman. The culprit stood at the end of the table, upon which was spread a virgin sheet of blotting paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity, and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned to him, saying, "As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence we will take the decision from you."

THE NORTH AMERICAN LODGERS.

"The truth is," replied the Chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. *This* is not a draft for the pointsman's case, but a design for the great industrial building to be erected in Hyde Park." The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details and specifications were completed in ten days.

As soon as the plans were finished he boarded the train for London carry-

SHE HAS A SEASON TICKET.

Mary. "Please, Sir, Cook's gone hout for a Noliday; and Missus didn't say nothing about no Dinner, Sir. Missus went early to the Exhibition with some Lunch in a Basket, and said she should n't be home until Tea Time."

ing his dinner in his pocket. He had not a minute to lose, for the Royal Commissioners were to meet the next morning. Fortunately he met on the train one of the most influential engineers of the day, Robert Stephenson, a member of the Commission. Paxton asked him to look at the plans at once, and Stephenson having carefully examined them exclaimed, "Wonderful! Worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth—a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!" But in spite of immense difficulties, Paxton was enabled to present his plans and they were accepted.

The cheapness of the structure was due to the fact that each part of the building was endowed with more than one purpose. The six rows of columns were not only props, but drains. They were hollow, and into them the glass roof delivered its collections of water. In the base of each column was inserted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage into the sewers. These strong tubes served also as foundation—they were links that connected the whole of the 3,300 uprights together. At the top, each column was fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a pole and pulley in a few minutes, and once fastened, no other scaffolding was requisite for the roof which it supported. Thus, by means of the iron pipes below and the iron girders above, the structure, covering eighteen acres, was held from end to end so compact and fast that it became an immense hollow cube of enormous strength.

The newspapers were not, on the whole, favorable to this World's Fair, and if ridicule could have overthrown the project, Punch would have succeeded in doing it. The exaggerated expectations and the awful prophesies in regard to it gave a fine opportunity for endless squibs and jibes, but in spite of laughter and serious obstacles the Crystal Palace became a solidified fact.

The Exhibition was opened on the 1st of May, 1851, and the royal family were present. The Queen gives an interesting description, which is full of wifely pride:

"The great event has taken place; a complete and beautiful triumph; a glorious and touching sight, and one which I shall ever be proud of, for my beloved Albert and my country. The park seemed a wonderful spectacle, crowds streaming through it, carriages and troops passing, quite like the Coronation Day, and for me the same anxiety—no, much greater anxiety, on account of my beloved Albert. The day was bright and all bustle and excitement. The Green Park—Hyde Park were one densely crowded mass of human beings, in the highest good humor, and most enthusiastic. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did—as far as the eye could reach. A little rain fell just as we started, but before we came near the Crystal

Palace the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all nations were floating.

* * * The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget. I felt much moved. The sight as we came to the middle was magical, so vast, so glorious, so touching, one felt as so many did, whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion —more so than by any service ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the im-

HER MAJESTY, as She Appeared on the FIRST of MAY,

Surrounded by "Horrible Conspirators and Assassins."

mensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains ; the organ, with 200 instruments and 600 voices, and my beloved husband the author of the peace festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving in the extreme, and it was and is a day to live forever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God who seemed to pervade all, and to bless all."

It is scarcely necessary to say that there were no attacks upon the Queen, nor hostile demonstrations of any kind. The foreign press, especially, dwelt upon the orderly behavior of the crowd, and the cut on page 573 in which Punch represents Her Majesty on the 1st of May surrounded by horrible conspirators and assassins, created much amusement.

The Crystal Palace was opened on the eighty-first birthday of the Duke of Wellington, and as he arrived with the notables the customary applause was given him. A buttoned Chinese Mandarin, decked out in magnificent robes, came towards him, made a low salaam and stretched out his hand for an English salute; the Duke put forth his uncertainly, not knowing who had honored him. It was the Mandarin Hesing of the royal Chinese junk, then anchored in the Thames for inspection of the English Exposition. The Duke was an interested spectator of all the departments of the Exhibition, and the sight of him was a great addition to the pleasure of the visitors. Once the Duke was making the rounds, just as a French exhibitor was removing from the case an equestrian statue of his formidable rival, Napoleon. The news instantly spread among the French people, and the Duke was at once surrounded and surprised, for the first time, by a body of Frenchmen. Their politeness prevailed over other feelings, however, and foreign hats and caps were at once raised to the old hero, who returning

LONDON DINING ROOMS, 1851.

Waiter (to Chinaman). "VERY NICE BIRDS'-NEST SOUP, SIR!—YES, SIR!—RAT PIE, SIR, JUST UP.—YES, SIR!—AND A NICE LITTLE DOG TO FOLLER—YES, SIR!"

the salute, passed on. At another time an American was heard to say as he passed by, "There—we have seen the Exhibition, but we wanted still more to see the Duke. It was worth coming all this way."

The collection on exhibition would be hard to describe. It was marvelous, because unprecedented. The great attraction was the Koh-i-noor (Mountain of Light) diamond; it had belonged to the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the chief of Lahore, who at his death, in 1839, left it as a legacy to be worn by the chief idol of Juggernaut. It had been presented to the Queen by the Chairman of the East India Company. The gem was valued at £2,000,000, and was believed to be the largest diamond in the world. It was exhibited with two other diamonds of the first water under a strong cage of gilt iron in the main avenue near the crystal fountain. This was a general meeting place for visitors.

The Exhibition continued to attract crowds while it remained open. Certain days of the week were set aside for the poorer classes and were called the shilling days, when the people came from far and near. An old Cornish woman (Mary Kylernack) walked up several hundred miles to see it. Of course there were a great many articles lost in the Exhibition, but most of them were found and returned to the owners. The most puzzling items came under the head of children—some eighty or ninety boys having lost their friends in the building. All the stray little ones were gathered up, however, and sent to the station-house at Prince's Gate and there reclaimed. One little fellow was kept there all night and slept on a bed made of overcoats, and next morning was forwarded to his parents at Winchester.

Nervous Father. "MIND, MY DEARS, IF WE MISS ONE ANOTHER, WE ALL MEET, AT SIX O'CLOCK, AT THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN."

A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION—THE GREAT KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.

According to Punch, America was very poorly represented. "America continues to represent itself at the Crystal Palace as a large place that is—to adopt an American word—very sparsely occupied; there being plenty of room, which is illustrative of the one,

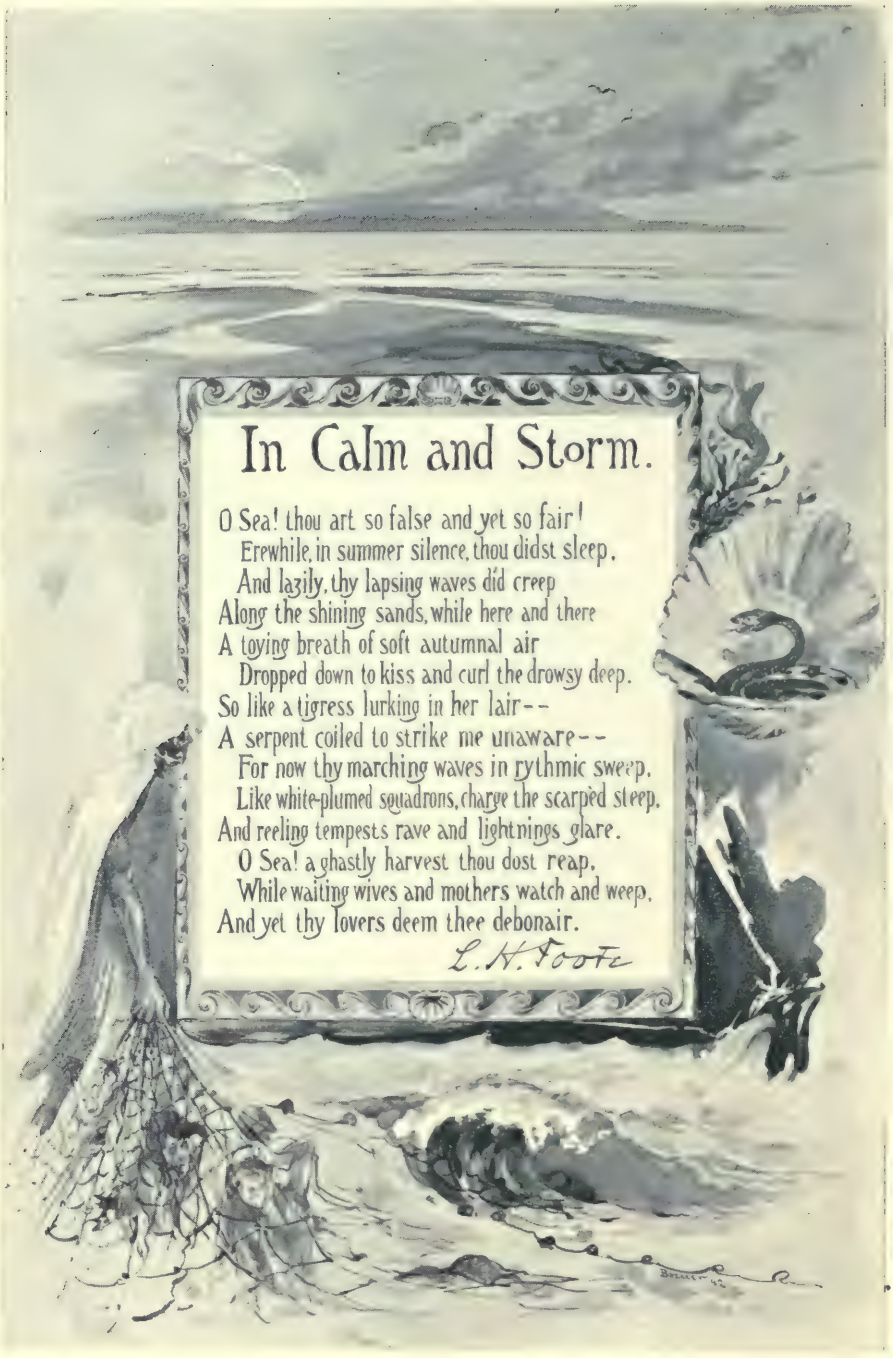
PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER—
THE RESULT!!

LOST BOY.

and there being a poor supply of the other. America in the great Exhibition wants an addition to its inhabitants, and we have a plan for putting an end to the aspect of desolation and barrenness for which the United States —as shown in Hyde Park, are conspicuous. As visitors are now flocking in from abroad and from the country, we propose that America should be allowed to utilize its empty space by letting out lodgings. Why should half a dozen families be crowded into one house when there is a quantity of room in the Crystal Palace itself which might be profitably occupied? By packing up the American articles a little closer, by displaying Colt's revolvers over the soap, and piling up the Cincinnati pickles on the top of the Virginia honey, we shall concentrate all the treasures of American art and manufacture into a very few square feet, and beds may be made up to accommodate several hundred. We would propose, therefore, that the Yankee Commissioners be empowered to advertise America as affording accommodation to those who wish to spend a week in the Exhibition ; and they might describe it as eligibly situated within a few minutes' walk of Austria, Russia, France and Switzerland, commanding an excellent view of the Greek Slave, and immediately opposite the largest looking-glass in the world, by which the process of shaving may be greatly facilitated. By an arrangement with the Commissioners, whose duties must be light, breakfast could, no doubt, be provided for the lodgers before starting on their rounds; and the sign of the Spread Eagle would be an appropriate one to adopt for the hotel department of the speculation."

It was with many regrets that the people of England saw the time for the closing of the great Crystal Palace draw near, while the crowds of spectators increased instead of diminished. The maximum of the number of visitors during any one day had amounted to 74,000, and on the last Monday the number of persons admitted was 107,-815. The Crystal Palace was closed on the 31st of October, 1851. The people wished to preserve it as it was, and convert it into a Winter Garden, but it was finally removed, and out of it was built a palace which still remains on the hills of Sydenham.

There have been many Expositions since. This was followed by one in Dublin, an exhibition of paintings and the art of all nations in Manchester, four great exhibitions in Paris, the International Exhibition in Kensington, one in Vienna, one in Philadelphia, one in New Orleans, and lastly our Great Columbian Exhibition that is to be opened in the near future.



In Calm and Storm.

O Sea! thou art so false and yet so fair!
  Erewhile, in summer silence, thou didst sleep.
  And lazily, thy lapsing waves did creep
Along the shining sands, while here and there
A toying breath of soft autumnal air
  Dropped down to kiss and curl the drowsy deep.
So like a tigress lurking in her lair--
A serpent coiled to strike me unaware--
  For now thy marching waves in rythmic sweep,
  Like white-plumed squadrons, charge the scarped steep,
And reeling tempests rave and lightnings glare.
  O Sea! a ghastly harvest thou dost reap,
  While waiting wives and mothers watch and weep,
And yet thy lovers deem thee debonair.

L. N. Foote

THE GOOD GRAY POET.

(A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.)

BY DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

JUST how or when Walt Whitman became known as the "Good Gray Poet" is a matter of conjecture. His adherents regard the twin adjectives as particularly felicitous, while his detractors claim that the name was foisted upon him in the flush of his early manhood (he was gray at thirty) with satirical intent. The abbreviated appellation of "Walt," which has always clung to the poet was given him in contradistinction to Walter, his father, from whom the boy was named.

It was at West Hills, Long Island, on the 31st of May, 1819, that Walt Whitman first saw the light, and here he was "rais'd by a perfect mother." The country roundabout is one of the most charming sections of this

Isle of the salty shore and breeze and brine,

and well suited for a poet's birthplace. It is easy to picture the boy Walt skurrying across the fields and up to the top of any one of the surrounding hills. How the extended views in every direction and the varied scenery must have gladdened his heart! Along the shore he could see the tortuous harbors and rounded headlands, the salt meadows of waving grass, and the shady villages, whose streets laid themselves out in a charmingly rambling way among the scattered houses; or far beyond over the dancing surface of the sea he could trace the wide horizon line, which, in his youthful imaginings must have seemed the borderland of infinity. When the young dreamer tired of the expansiveness of sea and sky and longed to get closer to the heart of nature, he would seek some favored haunt where

Forth from its sunny nook of sheltered grass—musical, golden, calm as the dawn, the spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.

The Whitmans are represented as a large-framed, hardy race; the Van Velsors, on the poet's maternal side, were of sturdy Holland Dutch descent. The elder Whitman was a serious man, self-contained, given to introspection, and devotedly attached to his wife and nine children. Walt's affections and sympathy found an abundant outlet in his love for his mother, who was of a cheerful, spiritual nature. The feminine members of the village households, where Whitman was ever a welcome guest, came in for a large share of his admiration, and the old ladies of his native town are never quite so interested, or interesting, as when called upon to relate some incident of the poet's boyhood. "Such a handsome lad as he was," said one; "pert in manner, to be sure, but with such a breezy air about him—a real sailor swing of easy independence in his walk." "His dress," said another, "reminded me of a water dog. His collar was always cut low, and his shirt front was usually rolled back, exposing his robust breast. A short sailor's jacket and wide trousers gave him an air of salt water, and suggested a jolly marine out for an airing." Simon Cooper, an old sea captain, used to say, "I can smell salt water ten miles away just on seeing Whitman."

When Walt was a child his parents moved to Brooklyn; the boy's strong love for his birthplace, however, prompted him to make frequent pil-

grimages thither, where he was always sure of a hearty welcome. He now attended the public schools of Brooklyn, and before he was fifteen years of age, he was earning his living in a printing office.*

Some three years later, we find Whitman teaching school in the suburbs, and occasionally contributing to the columns of newspapers and periodicals. Later he edited a weekly newspaper — the Long Islander — at Huntington. Then he went to New York to live; and here began for him the real existence, which was to exert such a marked influence upon his life-work. Man, his character and occupation, was his theme. He studied with pertinacity and delight the dominating traits of his fellows — their longings and ceaseless strivings, the controlling forces that dwell in every soul, freely giving in return of his broad, living sympathies.

He became a "lover of populous pavements;" haunted the shops and factories and attended all public meetings and political gatherings. He visited the homes of the rich and poor alike—was "meeter of savage and gentleman on equal terms"—and the poorhouse, theater, and hospital came in for a share of his attention. Now he was perched up on top of a Broadway stage with the driver, or taking a hand at the wheel in the pilot-house of a Brooklyn ferryboat, and then he was steaming off down the Narrows. He was passionately fond of music and never missed a concert or oratorio that his slender means would permit him to attend. Sometimes, as the fancy took him, he would start off with a towel and a book for a long tramp to the seashore where, far from "the clank of crowds," he could plunge into the surging waves, or read aloud from Homer or Shakespeare as he strode along the beach.

Thus did Whitman absorb what he required of humanity and modern life, neglecting no means by which this end could be gained.

At the age of twenty-eight, Whitman assumed editorial charge of the Brooklyn Eagle. Two years later he made a long tour of the South and West, crossed the Alleghanies into Virginia, and went down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. Here he remained some months working on the Crescent newspaper, and here among the Southern people he found a new field of investigation and study.

A year in the South, and then once more we find him in Brooklyn publishing a journal called the Freeman, in connection with which he opened a small bookstore and printing office. In 1862, just after the first Fredericksburg battle, news came that his brother was severely wounded. At an hour's notice Walt started for the seat of war. He found his brother on a fair road to recovery, but the poet remained to nurse the dying and wounded. Later he worked among the hospitals at Washington and on the battle-field, always with untiring energy and a patience and tenderness that was inimitable. For many months he continued this noble work, writing letters to the New York journals, the while, to defray his expenses.

"When Walt appeared among the cots," wrote John Swinton in the New York Herald, "there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face,

*This experience was of great value to Whitman in after life, for while his penmanship was poor, everything he wrote was legible and well punctuated. He supplied "good copy," which was always a delight to the compositor. In his first issue of "Leaves of Grass," the author assisted in setting the type.

Walt Whitman

and his presence seemed to light up the place as it might be lit by the Son of Love. To one he gave a few words of cheer; for another he wrote a letter home, or received a dying message for mother, wife or sweetheart. He did the things for them that no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every spot as he passed along. And when at last he took his way toward the door, you could hear the voice of many a stricken hero calling out, "Walt, Walt! Come again! Come again, Walt!"

"Poor fellows!" wrote Whitman to a friend; "how young they are lying there with their pale faces and that mute look in their eyes! How one gets to love them, often, particular cases, so suffering, so good, so manly and simple"

Three years of such work, always brave, never flinching, and then his health gave way — his first illness had come upon him and it was one from which he never entirely recovered. He went North until he was somewhat recuperated, when once more we find him at his hospital

work, which, however, lasted but a short time before he settled down in Washington City, having secured a clerkship in the Department of the Interior.

Whitman remained in Washington until 1873, when he suffered a paralytic stroke, and for several years his life was despaired of. His father had died in 1855, after many years of suffering, and now in this critical period of the poet's history, a sad affliction came to him in the death of his mother —that "ideal woman, practical, spiritual, of all of earth, life, love, to me the best."

Walt Whitman was of magnificent physical proportions. He was over six feet in height, with high arching brows, straight, clean-cut nose, heavy-lidded blue-gray eyes, and wore during his latter years a wonderfully soft, long white beard. "There was about him," says one, "a look as of the earth, the sea, or the mountains, and he was usually taken for some great mechanic, or stevedore, or seaman, or grand laborer of one kind or another."

The reproduction on page 580 of a steel engraving was made originally from a daguerreotype taken in the summer of 1854. Of this picture John Burroughs says in the Critic: "The face is strong and serious, and interesting, but the pose, the dress of shirt and trousers, the hat on one side—what shall we say of all this? Has not the man come to shoe our horses or chop our wood, rather than to write our poems? But time and distance will correct all that, and we shall be no more disturbed by it than one would be by seeing a picture of Cervantes in the habit of a soldier, or Michael Angelo with his cap and apron on."

Walt Whitman never married. It is said that he chose the life of a celibate because he could not brook restraint even though held with silken cords. But was not the real reason his inability to find that "right person?" How is it he puts it? "From plenty of persons near and yet the right person not near."

Whitman's life-work — the much debatable "Leaves of Grass"—did not produce, as might have been expected, a whirlwind in the literary firmament, but rather a series of seismic disturbances whose first muttered rumblings reverberated through the years, increasing in scope and violence until the sound was heard in the uttermost parts of the earth. Then at last the nations arose as one man. Without a doubt something had happened—but to what end? Was Whitman a poet or a poetaster? Did he sing with the concord of sweet sounds, or was he shrieking through a calliope? Did he pave the way to licentiousness, or macadamize the narrow path of virtue?

The book had certainly "aroused," as Whitman said, "a tempest of anger and condemnation." A contributor to the London Saturday Review wrote that the author of "Leaves of Grass" deserved to be scourged at the tail of the hangman's cart by the public executioner. Another English criticaster styled the venerable poet the "swan of the sewers."

The London Literary Gazette said: "Of all the writers we have ever perused, Walt Whitman is the most silly, the most blasphemous, and the most disgusting. If we can think of any stronger epithets to use we will print them in a second edition."

Theodore Watts, who continued his virulence even after the poet's death, said of him: "It is not because the leader of a flock of wild geese is a wiser goose than the others, that he flies and cackles at the apex of the wedge. On the contrary he is very likely the most thoroughly equipped fool in the flock. * * * As to his (Whitman's) amazing indecency, that may be forgiven. It has done no harm. It is merely the attempt of a journalist to play the noble savage by fouling with excrement the doorsteps of civilization. In England, to be sure, he would have been promptly run in."

At home the author, with his much traduced volume, was not having an easy time of it by any means. He was dismissed from his position in the Department of the Interior by the Secretary, who declared that he would not have such a man in his place "even should the President himself order his reinstatement." Another official said the volume was so coarse and corrupting in its thought and language as to jeopardize the reputation of the Department!

Whitman was refused admittance as honorary member of the Author's Club of New York, and a bust sent by the poet to the city of Boston was declined with thanks. Publishers refused to publish his poems and book-sellers to sell them. He was threatened by the Society for the Prevention of Vice, and private individuals seriously contemplated having the author indicted and tried for publishing a lewd book.

Dr. Holland could see nothing in Whitman's dithyrambics but the raw material, and the genial Dr. Holmes said that the much discussed "poems" were nothing more or less than "moon-struck prose." Lowell and Mathew Arnold snubbed the writer professionally, and Bayard Taylor and George William Curtis were among the dissenters. Clarence Cook pointedly accused Whitman of plagiarising Emerson. (It was subsequently learned that Whitman had never read a line of Emerson until after the publication of his first issue of the book.)

In the midst of all these furious assaults, unmoved and unflinching stood the author of this far-reaching commotion, saying simply: "If my light can't stand such gales, let it go out."

Meanwhile, here and there, individuals were rising up in the poet's defense, and the feeling of outraged propriety was in a measure placated. Emerson was among the first to strike a blow in advocacy of the book, asserting that "Leaves of Grass" was the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America had yet contributed. Thoreau said, "The poet has spoken more truth than any American or modern I know. * * He is a great fellow."

Mrs. Gilchrist of London wrote: "The poems are so filled with calm wisdom and strength of thought, such a cheerful breadth of sunshine that the soul bathes in them renewed and strengthened." Another writes: "They are to be inhaled like perfume, and felt like the magnetism of a presence." An Irish critic demanded for the author a place by the side of Æschylus, Homer and Dante, and the Boston Herald declared that the suppression of Whitman's poems was like putting the Venus de Milo in petticoats. "If you will give me," wrote William Sloane Kennedy, "an adequate account of a cubic mile of sea water or blue ether, measure the work of the sun, the beauty of the morning star, or the influence of the starry midnight upon the soul, I will give you an adequate account of this man."

Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, a life-long friend of the poet, published a book on Whitman—a voluminous and impassioned protest against the unbridled animosities of the press and public. Tennyson wrote a letter wonderfully cordial and hearty, inviting Whitman to come to England, and Stedman unhesitatingly gives him a place among the foremost of lyric and idyllic poets.

In a late edition of his poems, Whitman alludes to Champollion, who on his death-bed handed to the printer the revised proof of his Egyptian grammar, saying gayly: "Be careful of this—it is my carte de visite to posterity." In emulation of the famous Orientalist, Whitman desires that "Leaves of Grass" may be regarded as *his* carte de visite to the coming generations of the New World.

Whitman's fame in England certainly had a humble origin. His "Leaves of Grass" fell almost stillborn from the press. A few of the 1,000 copies printed found their way

to Sunderland and into the hands of one James Grindrod, a book peddler. Among the purchasers was Thomas Dixon, a cork-cutter by trade, but he seems to have been a man of considerable intellectuality, consorting freely with Carlyle, Ruskin, Mazzini and others. Dixon gave a copy of "Leaves of Grass" to William Bell Scott, whose "Poems by a Painter" by the way, Carlyle made the droll mistake of taking for "Poems by a Printer"—perpetuating the error in print. Mr. Scott was an intimate friend of the Pre-Raphaelite circle, and sent a copy of the poems to W. M. Rossetti, who later published a selection for English readers.

Apropos of Whitman's most persistent defamer, Theodore Watts, the Pall Mall Budget prints the following "explanation" under the heading

WALT AND WATTS.

Wherein consists the fatal fault
That Watts can ne'er forgive our Walt?
'Tis this—he drew "provincial" breath,
Far from the great central Putney heath;
Nor cared (his life-work was so petty)
To play the courtier to Rossetti.

But, had his culture been completer
And had he learned to mew in metre,
And write, for brother bards to see 'em
Snug sonnets in The Athenæum—
Ah, then his fame had known no blots,
And Walt had died bepraised of Watts.

It is hardly possible that Whitman, watched over as he was by devoted friends, actually suffered from the poverty which encompassed his latter days, but he was certainly very poor at times; and while his condition was far from realizing the gay penury of Leigh Hunt, he was hopeful through it all and a liberal dispenser of good cheer.

His house in Camden was a very ordinary two story building, the window ledges of which, many of them, were filled with paper to keep out the wind. He spent most of his time when indoors in a small room which was unrelieved by a single ornament and was without shades at the windows. The room was fairly stuffed with newspapers, magazines and pamphlets which filled the table and chairs, littered the floor, were covered with dust and many of them badly mutilated.

Rumors of the poet's poverty, often wildly exaggerated, were circulated, and subscriptions for his relief solicited. Friends and admirers responded liberally and the Pall Mall Gazette sent him a New Year's check for $400. Then a united effort on the part of the foremost literary workers in New York and vicinity resulted in a public demonstration in the poet's behalf. Arrangements were made for Whitman to read his "Death of Lincoln" at the Madison Square Theater on April 14th, 1887, the twenty-second anniversary of President Lincoln's decease.

It was on this occasion that I saw Walt Whitman for the last time. With slow steps, assisted by a young man, the aged poet walked out upon the stage, which was set with a decidedly bizarre combination of red and gold, and sat down beside a small table. He was evidently much enfeebled, but his face glowed in a marked degree with the old-time vitality, while his white silken hair and beard encircled it like a halo. He was attired in a suit of dark gray, if I remember rightly, and I recall the fact of his wearing low-cut shoes and gray socks, from his habit of thrusting out first one foot and then the other at intervals during the reading. He wore glasses, and read from a manuscript in a deep, resonant voice which penetrated every portion of the auditorium. His delivery was slow and monotonous to a degree, but his magnetic personality held the attention of his audience to the end.

I do not remember that the lecture, as a whole, differed essentially from the oft repeated stories of Lincoln's assassination, but the impressiveness of the speaker when, incited by an emotional impetus which seemed to surge through him, he led up to the culminating tragedy is a living mem-

At home the author, with his much traduced volume, was not having an easy time of it by any means. He was dismissed from his position in the Department of the Interior by the Secretary, who declared that he would not have such a man in his place "even should the President himself order his reinstatement." Another official said the volume was so coarse and corrupting in its thought and language as to jeopardize the reputation of the Department!

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Dr. Holland could see nothing in Whitman's dithyrambics but the raw material, and the genial Dr. Holmes said that the much discussed "poems" were nothing more or less than "moon-struck prose." Lowell and Mathew Arnold snubbed the writer professionally, and Bayard Taylor and George William Curtis were among the dissenters. Clarence Cook pointedly accused Whitman of plagiarising Emerson. (It was subsequently learned that Whitman had never read a line of Emerson until after the publication of his first issue of the book.)

In the midst of all these furious assaults, unmoved and unflinching stood the author of this far-reaching commotion, saying simply: "If my light can't stand such gales, let it go out."

Meanwhile, here and there, individuals were rising up in the poet's defense, and the feeling of outraged propriety was in a measure placated. Emerson was among the first to strike a blow in advocacy of the book, asserting that "Leaves of Grass" was the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America had yet contributed. Thoreau said, "The poet has spoken more truth than any American or modern I know. * * He is a great fellow."

Mrs. Gilchrist of London wrote: "The poems are so filled with calm wisdom and strength of thought, such a cheerful breadth of sunshine that the soul bathes in them renewed and strengthened." Another writes: "They are to be inhaled like perfume, and felt like the magnetism of a presence." An Irish critic demanded for the author a place by the side of Æschylus, Homer and Dante, and the Boston Herald declared that the suppression of Whitman's poems was like putting the Venus de Milo in petticoats. "If you will give me," wrote William Sloane Kennedy, "an adequate account of a cubic mile of sea water or blue ether, measure the work of the sun, the beauty of the morning star, or the influence of the starry midnight upon the soul, I will give you an adequate account of this man."

Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, a life-long friend of the poet, published a book on Whitman—a voluminous and impassioned protest against the unbridled animosities of the press and public. Tennyson wrote a letter wonderfully cordial and hearty, inviting Whitman to come to England, and Stedman unhesitatingly gives him a place among the foremost of lyric and idyllic poets.

In a late edition of his poems, Whitman alludes to Champollion, who on his death-bed handed to the printer the revised proof of his Egyptian grammar, saying gayly: "Be careful of this—it is my carte de visite to posterity." In emulation of the famous Orientalist, Whitman desires that "Leaves of Grass" may be regarded as *his* carte de visite to the coming generations of the New World.

Whitman's fame in England certainly had a humble origin. His "Leaves of Grass" fell almost still-born from the press. A few of the 1,000 copies printed found their way

to Sunderland and into the hands of one James Grindrod, a book peddler. Among the purchasers was Thomas Dixon, a cork-cutter by trade, but he seems to have been a man of considerable intellectuality, consorting freely with Carlyle, Ruskin, Mazzini and others. Dixon gave a copy of "Leaves of Grass" to William Bell Scott, whose "Poems by a Painter" by the way, Carlyle made the droll mistake of taking for "Poems by a Printer"—perpetuating the error in print. Mr. Scott was an intimate friend of the Pre-Raphaelite circle, and sent a copy of the poems to W. M. Rossetti, who later published a selection for English readers.

Apropos of Whitman's most persistent defamer, Theodore Watts, the Pall Mall Budget prints the following "explanation" under the heading

WALT AND WATTS.

Wherein consists the fatal fault
That Watts can ne'er forgive our Walt?
'Tis this—he drew "provincial" breath,
Far from the great central Putney heath;
Nor cared (his life-work was so petty)
To play the courtier to Rossetti.

But, had his culture been completer
And had he learned to mew in metre,
And write, for brother bards to see 'em
Snug sonnets in The Athenæum—
Ah, then his fame had known no blots,
And Walt had died bepraised of Watts.

It is hardly possible that Whitman, watched over as he was by devoted friends, actually suffered from the poverty which encompassed his latter days, but he was certainly very poor at times; and while his condition was far from realizing the gay penury of Leigh Hunt, he was hopeful through it all and a liberal dispenser of good cheer.

His house in Camden was a very ordinary two story building, the window ledges of which, many of them, were filled with paper to keep out the wind. He spent most of his time when indoors in a small room which was unrelieved by a single ornament and was without shades at the windows. The room was fairly stuffed with newspapers, magazines and pamphlets which filled the table and chairs, littered the floor, were covered with dust and many of them badly mutilated.

Rumors of the poet's poverty, often wildly exaggerated, were circulated, and subscriptions for his relief solicited. Friends and admirers responded liberally and the Pall Mall Gazette sent him a New Year's check for $400. Then a united effort on the part of the foremost literary workers in New York and vicinity resulted in a public demonstration in the poet's behalf. Arrangements were made for Whitman to read his "Death of Lincoln" at the Madison Square Theater on April 14th, 1887, the twenty-second anniversary of President Lincoln's decease.

It was on this occasion that I saw Walt Whitman for the last time. With slow steps, assisted by a young man, the aged poet walked out upon the stage, which was set with a decidedly bizarre combination of red and gold, and sat down beside a small table. He was evidently much enfeebled, but his face glowed in a marked degree with the old-time vitality, while his white silken hair and beard encircled it like a halo. He was attired in a suit of dark gray, if I remember rightly, and I recall the fact of his wearing low-cut shoes and gray socks, from his habit of thrusting out first one foot and then the other at intervals during the reading. He wore glasses, and read from a manuscript in a deep, resonant voice which penetrated every portion of the auditorium. His delivery was slow and monotonous to a degree, but his magnetic personality held the attention of his audience to the end.

I do not remember that the lecture, as a whole, differed essentially from the oft repeated stories of Lincoln's assassination, but the impressiveness of the speaker when, incited by an emotional impetus which seemed to surge through him, he led up to the culminating tragedy is a living mem-

ory. He told us of the theater with its brilliant lights and beautiful women, the uniformed officers, the gay decorations, the perfume of flowers, the music of the orchestra, the enthusiasm of the players and then—of the assassin's leap over the footlights, the terrorized audience, the appalling cries of "murder" that rent the air, until the horror of it all thrilled and fascinated every listener.

In the latter part of the year 1891, Whitman was stricken down with pneumonia, and for several months he lingered between life and death, absorbed with the "heavenly nostalgia" of Heine. He died on the 26th of March, 1892, and was buried in Harleigh Cemetery in the suburbs of Camden.

Perhaps the poet's best epitaph is found in his own words:

I will tell you what to say of me,
Publish my name and hang up my picture
as that of the tenderest lover * * *
Who was not proud of his songs, but of the
measureless ocean of love within him
and freely pour'd it forth—

The following lines by Stedman were read at the burial services of the dead poet:

Good-bye Walt!
Good-bye from all you loved of earth—
Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and
woman—
To you their comrade human.
The last assault
Ends now; and now in some great world
has birth
A minstrel whose strong soul finds broader
wings,
More brave imaginings.
Stars crown the hill-tops where your dust
shall lie,
Even as we say good-bye,
Good-bye, old Walt!

PRE-COLUMBIAN MUSICIANS.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

IT was festival time at Bugaba, and the dry season was at its height; the hour shortly after sunset. The great cottonwood trees which grew in the open space in front of the temple were lighted up by the bright glare of many torches and oil lamps which were visible from afar through vistas in the scattering timber as visitors from the surrounding villages flocked to the point of attraction. Beneath the domes of the mighty cottonwoods a vast crowd of the Chiriquians had assembled and was seated in groups around an oval space in which the dancers and musicians were going to perform their parts. Here and there venders of mildly intoxicating beverages and luxuries in the eating line had taken up positions. Gradually the gaps between the groups were filled up until a wide circumference of human forms surrounded the dancing ground. There was no disorder, though thousands were present; no necessity for protective railings or a

police force. The Chiriquians were a happy, peaceful and prosperous agricultural people.

Squatting on the ground sat the spectators, male and female, only those on the extreme outer edge standing up. The musicians occupied the apexes of the ellipse to the number of about fifty at each end. They were divided into two classes according to the character of the instruments on which they performed. The drummers and players on other instruments of percussion with those who shook the rattles and the bells occupied one end, while the performers on the clarionette, the flute, the whistle and other wind instruments, were stationed opposite to them.

At last the signal is given for the performance to begin and with a deafening crash, loud enough to crack the unaccustomed ear, every drum was struck at the same instant. Only a few blows, however, were given, and then the players on the rattles, bells and sounding boards succeeded for a few seconds; and so on for about five minutes the drummers and rattle-players, alternating in excellent time, kept up the din. Then the musicians of the wind instruments took up their part in the concert. If the sound of the drums was deafening, the shrill notes now heard were ear-splitting. Yet in the music there was a notable air unattainable by the drummers, and the performers were evidently skilled in producing notes on instruments difficult to play. The scale of sounds was not wide, eight notes being the limit of the best instruments.

The prelude being ended, the whole vast concourse united in chanting a hymn to their deity. To the cultivated ear of modern times and civilization, this vocal effort would seem monotonous and dirge-like; but it was far in advance of the singing of other peoples of that day, and there was a solemnity and tone of adoration in it, such that, as the voices of the multitude rose and fell and the sounds finally died away in the dark surroundings, the emotion of worship was keenly aroused in the breast.

This ceremonial part of the festivity being ended, the dancing commenced, men and women joining in the Terpsichorean sport. At intervals the dancing ceased, and the musicians performed on their instruments, sometimes all together, though more generally the players on particular instruments performed together. Nor was good cheer wanting; for this ancient people had arrived at the border line of civilization, and the venders of fruits and cakes and pleasant drinks did a thriving trade. The festivities were carried on far into the night, and when the torches and oil lamps, which had often been replenished, finally died out, the multitude dispersed and each household hastened to its peaceful home. The musicians were soon wrapped in slumber near the spots where ere long they were to take their final rest, and where unknown generations afterward their musical instruments were found.

That great attention was given to the musical art by the ancient Chiriquians is evident from the musical instruments found in their graves. The specimens, which are numerous, are all fashioned out of clay, and when it is borne in mind that that material was used in the production of a very small percentage of musical instruments by any primitive people, it is reasonable to conclude that the Chiriquians manufactured such articles very extensively in wood and woody growths, such as gourds and canes. No such specimens, however, have survived the destroying hand of time. Their perishable nature was a warranty of non-durability, and it is from the clay relics alone that the archæologist can deduce opinions as to the importance and condition of the art of music as practised by the primitive Isthmians. The number and variety of the instruments discovered in the tombs lead to the conclusion that the art was assiduously practiced, and that musicians per-

formed important functions on festive occasions and in the observance of religious rites and ceremonies.

The sepulchral relics consist of drums and rattles, instruments of percussion, and whistles and tubular wind instruments of the clarionette type. Among all primitive races the drum was a favorite instrument, and it is possible that it was the first musical invention of aboriginal man. The sounds of percussion produced by striking a hollow gourd or a fallen tree would probably attract his attention and challenge his ingenuity before the rattle of dry seeds or kernels in their shells. The primitive drum was constructed by stretching a sheet of animal membrane over the orifice of a hollow gourd, and later of objects of wood and clay manufactured for the purpose. It would seem that the use of clay in the construction of drums was of rare occurrence inasmuch as very few of them have been found. Their shape is nearly uniform, being somewhat similar to an hour-glass; the upper portion, however, being much larger than the base.

FIG. 1—DRUM WITH PAINTED ORNAMENT.

Fig. 1 represents a decorated specimen of these relics, and though imperfect, a portion of the base being lost, is a fair illustration of the earthenware drums manufactured by the Chiriquians. The shape is elegant, and the painted decorations which encircle the instrument in four zones, two in the upper and two in the lower portion, are exceptionally interesting. Mr. Holmes considers it probable that the designs in the upper portion are very highly conventionalized derivatives of the alligator radical, the meandering line representing the body of the creature and the scalloped hooks the extremities. These decorations are in red and black, the ground color being a warm yellow gray. As in the case of all specimens, the upper margin is finished with particular reference to the attachment of vibrating tissue. In the object described the rim is somewhat rudely finished and is painted red.

Earthenware rattles are so small in size and emit sounds so feeble, that to any one but the archæologist they would seem to be only toys. It is probable, however, that they were used and had important functions in the ceremonial observances of a primitive people. The simpler form of the rattle is that of the gourd, the long neck supplying the handle, and the globular portion the sounding sphere. In length they vary from three to six or seven inches, and are found with painted ornament and relief embellishment in figures and various designs. Fig. 2 represents a specimen decorated in the style of the lost color group. A number of minute orifices appear at the upper portion of the globe for the emission of sound, and the handle being hollow may be used as a whistle—a purpose to which it was undoubt-

FIG. 2—DECORATED RATTLE.

edly applied from the fact that a septum crosses the lower part.

While the use of clay was exceptional in the manufacture of drums, such was not the case with regard to wind instruments. Specimens of this class of musical instruments are found in great numbers, but it is difficult to determine whether their notes were made to conform to an established scale, since most of the pieces are more or less mutilated. The greater portion of these wind instruments are simple in construction and possess little range of musical power. Possibly they were nothing more than toy whistles. There are, however, certain pieces which yield a number of notes, mellow in sound, and of sufficient tone to produce pleasing melodies. "It is not difficult," says Mr. Holmes, "to determine the powers of individual instruments, but we cannot say to what extent these powers were understood by the original owners, nor can we say whether or not they were intended to be played in unison in such a way as to give a certain desired succession of intervals. There are, however, in a large number of these instruments a uniformity in construction, and a certain close correspondence in the number and degree of the sounds that indicate the existence of well established standards."

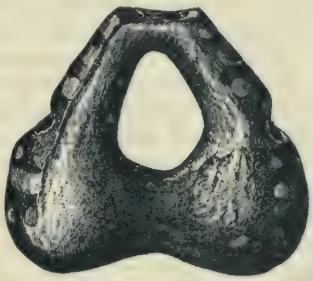


FIG. 3—DOUBLE WHISTLE.

The shapes of these wind instruments exhibit an extraordinary variety and testify to the lively and fertile imagination of the potter. Animal forms prevail, many of which cannot be identified owing to the artist's tendency to indulge in the representation of grotesque and complicated figures. Among the animal forms recognized without doubt are those of men, pumas, jaguars, armadillos, alligators, eagles, owls, ducks, parrots, numerous small birds, crabs and scorpions.

The simplest form of whistle is of double shape, and produces two shrill high notes identical in pitch. Fig. 3 represents one of these specimens full size. The gourd-shaped parts are joined together above and below, the mouthpieces being so close together that they are necessarily blown at once. Small as these whistles are their high, far-reaching note would serve as an excellent signal-call in the dense tropical forests. Figures 4 and 5 represent the side and top view of a remarkable little instrument in which some animal is so conventionalized that it is impossible to refer it to any known creature. The material is a dark clay, and its powers are exceptionally great, it having a capacity of no less than five notes clear in tone and high in pitch. The mouth-piece is placed in what seems to be the forehead of the animal, the vent-hole being beneath the neck. In the middle of four rather flat nodes are four small finger holes. The hole which appears just beneath the node on the top of the head is merely a suspension hole. The lowest note is produced by closing all four holes and the following ascending notes by opening the finger holes suc-

FIGS. 4, 5—ANIMAL-SHAPED WHISTLE, SIDE AND TOP VIEWS.

FIG. 6—DRUM-SHAPED WHISTLE.

cessively one after the other, it being of no consequence which finger is moved first as the pitch of each stop when open alone is identical.

A distinct type is found in a top-shaped form. It is tastefully ornamented in black and red, and justly symmetrical in form. The tones of this instrument are not fixed in pitch, but may be varied two or three degrees by the force of the breath. There is, moreover, an opening at the bottom which when closed changes the notes half a tone, four notes in each scale being the capacity of the instrument. It should be remarked that the capacity for variation caused by changing the force of breath would enable a performer to glide from one note to another. There is a number of shapes outside animal forms which are modeled after other musical instruments or vases. Fig. 6 presents an interesting specimen of a drum-shaped whistle. So carefully has the model been imitated that the skin membrane of the drum head, and the cords and bands of attachment have all been carefully and truthfully represented.

Before proceeding to describe particular specimens of animal forms, I must not omit to call attention to the beautifully modeled pitcher-shaped whistle presented in Fig. 7, the base being prolonged for the mouthpiece. The ground color is dull red, and traces of figure painting are discernible on it. It has a capacity of three notes. The cut is one-third size.

FIG. 7—PITCHER-SHAPED WHISTLE.

Most of the animal forms exhibit a strong tendency toward the grotesque. They are generally small in size, the largest specimen not exceeding eight inches. The air chamber in these figures is within the body, but does not closely conform to the exterior shape of the animal. The modeler placed the mouth-pieces, vent and finger-holes much according to his fancy, but the construction and powers of the instruments were pretty much the same. There are always two finger-holes placed in some cases at equal, and in others at unequal distances from the mouthpiece. The capacity of this class of whistles is three notes only, since the finger-holes being always of the same size produce the same note. The lower note is produced when both orifices are open, the highest when both are closed, and the middle note when one of the holes, it matters not which, is closed.

A novelty in the way of design is shown in Fig. 8, which exhibits a crab-shaped instrument, a back view of the creature being presented. On the opposite side are four small legs upon which the object

FIG. 8—CRAB-SHAPED WHISTLE.

rests. The mouthpiece is in the right arm, the sounding hole being beneath it. The two finger-holes are on the back behind the eyes, and the left claw is perforated with a suspension hole. The ground color is a yellowish gray, and the painted designs are in red and black.

Among the mammals whose forms were often used as models in the manufacture of these instruments the jaguar was a favorite subject. Fig. 9 exhibits a fair representative specimen. The mouth-piece is in the tail; one of the finger holes is on the left shoulder and the other beneath the body. The animal's head is turned on one side and the face has a comical expression that suggests humor on the part of the designer. The decorative painting is in black and red and may be regarded as a typical example of the conventional markings of such animals. Alternate rows of red and black strokes extend from the tip of the nose to the base of the neck; the tips of the ears, feet and tail are painted red; and red panels,

FIG. 9—CAT-SHAPED WHISTLE.

are attached four jaguar heads, one at each end, and one on each side. It has four feet, one of which serves as the mouth-piece, and the finger-holes are placed in the side of the body and near the legs. The decoration is in black and red, and represents conventionally the markings of the animal. Of all animal forms, however, those of the avi-fauna were especial favorites. The cause of this may doubtless be found in the close similarity of the sounds of primitive whistles to the notes of birds. After the adoption of the bird form the original idea which gave rise to it was not strictly adhered to, and other birds than songsters furnished the artist with models. Thus birds of prey, eagles and vultures, hawks and owls, aquatic birds and parrots are all duly represented in the multiplicity of figures which the potter adapted to his use. Moreover, the bird form was a very convenient

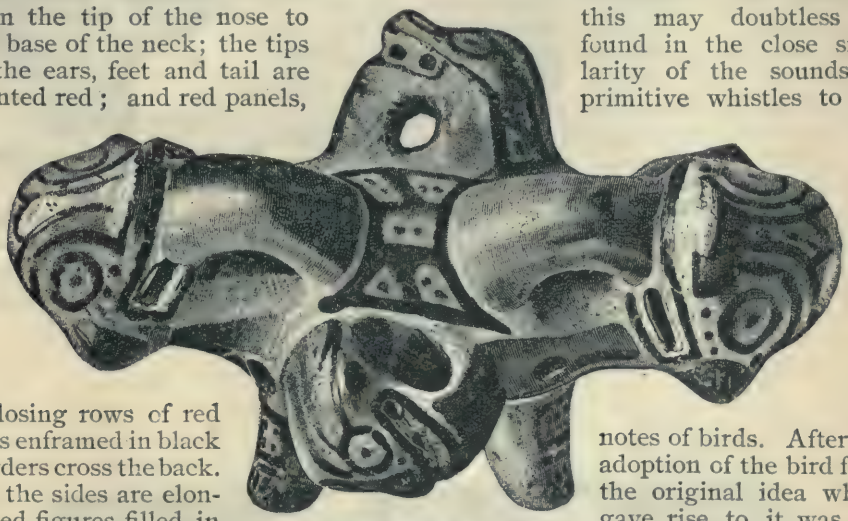


FIG. 10—WHISTLE WITH FOUR OCELOT-LIKE HEADS.

inclosing rows of red dots enframed in black borders cross the back. On the sides are elongated figures filled in with conventional designs. The legs are striped and dotted. A striking form and one which is regarded with interest by comparative ethnologists on account of the treatment of the tongue, is represented in Fig. 10, which is full size. The whistle consists of an oblong body to which

one, the body furnishing ample room for the air-chamber, the tail supplying a mouthpiece, and the head affording

FIG. 11—BIRD-SHAPED WHISTLE.

a suitable projection on which to attach a suspending cord. In this class of whistles the variety is very great, and the specimens vary in size from that of the smallest humming-bird to that of a robin. All the larger pieces represent birds of prey. Fig. 11 is a characteristic example; the head being large and flat. Another specimen is undoubtedly intended to represent a hawk or eagle, and is elaborately finished; all the devices, which are painted in the usual red and black, referring to the markings of the plumage. Fig. 12 represents a bird with two heads, the shape and markings of which leave little doubt that the modeler had one of the smaller song birds in his mind's eye.

Vegetable forms were not copied except in cases in which vegetable material such as reeds, canes and gourds was made use of in the construction of instruments or utensils. Reed-shaped or tubular instruments are furnished with passages and finger-holes similar to those of the other forms. The chamber is open at the end and the finger-holes are situated on the upper side of the tube. The construction of the whistling apparatus is identical with that of our flageolets. Fig. 13 represents a remarkably fine specimen of this clarionette-like class of instruments. It has two finger-holes and is capable of yielding eight notes, four with the end closed and four with the end open. Moreover, by blowing with greater force a second series of notes may be produced, one note being raised two octaves and the others three octaves higher.

FIG. 12—TWO-HEADED BIRD-SHAPED WHISTLE.

The human figure was only occasionally used as a model and in those occasional instances the treatment of it was rude, a peculiar squirrel-like expression being given to the features.

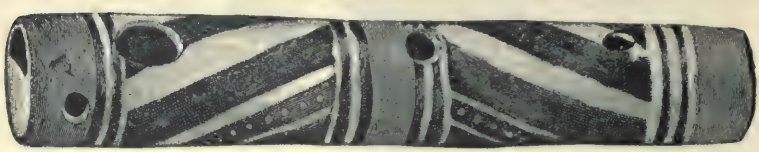


FIG. 13—TUBULAR INSTRUMENT WITH TWO FINGER-HOLES.

Dusk-devils! Messengers of woe
From some dim-distant, unknown world;
Weird, dapple-winged phantom-shades,
Sly, darting mutely to and fro,
Like Hell-born lokis upward hurled
To taunt the soul with masquerades.

Air-urchins in the amber gloom,
Swift sporting with the tribes of night;
Star-spectres, whose strange presence brings
Thoughts of a vision-haunted tomb,
To tinge the mellow waning light
With fancy's forms of ghostly things.

Black prophets of a sadder day,
By Dante's tortured creatures sent
To lure the weary sin-sought heart
O'er Charon's silent stream away;
Filled with a sudden discontent
Through fell enchantment's mystic art.

Here in the twilight's gilded gray
I watch you shyly flitting past,
While vesper shadows creep a-near
And cowled friars kneel to pray—
Dream-elfins from the long-lost past,
Who guard my heart from doubt and fear.

How demon-like your antics seem!
What ghoulish awe your pranks provoke!
Damp incense is your clammy breath,
Chill with imagination's dream
That turns, not passion's fires to smoke,
And brings wild thoughts of after-death.

Why linger longer tempting here?
To dusky sheol take your flight,
Where is your own Elysium free.
Haste, haste! Back to your native sphere,
My soul is dark enough to-night,
Your presence has no charms for me.

Jean LaRue Burnett

ten to a prominent missionary in the Islands to warn the King and natives that on annexation they would be considered as negroes, and that the ruling people of the United States held that negroes should be made slaves. The letter bitterly impressed Alexander and Lot and had powerful effect upon many of the native chiefs. But the generous individual annuities offered in the terms of the treaty presented by Commissioner Gregg, had, on the other hand, great weight. During life the King was to receive $50,000 a year; the Queen, $18,000; Prince Alexander, $10,000, and to succeed to the $50,000 on the death of the King; Prince Lot, his father, the Princess Victoria, and John Young and Chief Pakee, each $8,000 a year; other chiefs and prominent government officers, sums varying from $10,000 to $3,000.

Late in the fall the brig *Zenobia* arrived from Petropaulovski with intelligence of the British repulse at that place, and from California came report of the allied reverses in the Crimea, which much depressed the English and French in Honolulu, and disastrously affected their antagonism to annexation. But the brig *Caroline E. Frost* had also arrived from San Francisco with more than one hundred passengers, among whom was Chris Lilly, a notorious prize fighter and reputed filibuster. Filibustering expeditions on the Mexican and lower coast had already been made from California, and the people of Honolulu were much alarmed in the belief that Lilly had come on a similar desperate expedition. The prompt action of Commissioner Gregg, and the American naval force in the harbor soon dispelled the alarm. Lilly was induced to quickly depart for San Francisco, and most of the passengers by the *Frost* likewise. Annexation was growing more popular.

At length, late in November, Alexander expressed his willingness to agree to the treaty of annexation. The King was first to affix his signature, Alexander was to sign in succession, and the Cabinet was then to complete the convention, to await only the ratification of the President and Senate of the United States. The King appointed Tuesday, December 12th, for the signing of the treaty, to be done at the palace. Meantime a commission of the surgeons of the British frigate, and others in Honolulu, had held an official examination of Consul-General Miller and declared him to be of infirm body and unsound mind, owing to advanced age and incurable disability. It proved another favorable incident to annexation, and the matter was finally considered as definitely determined. Only the ceremony of signing the treaty remained. Dr. Rooke, an English surgeon resident in Honolulu, and father of Miss Emma Rooke, the fiancée of Prince Alexander, protested against the annexation in vain. Miss Emma had reluctantly yielded her assent to the treaty, and she was included in the list of annuitants.

Monday evening, December 11th, the King invited several distinguished residents, American, English and French, to a banquet at the palace. Festivities closed at midnight. At noon the following day, the signatories were to meet at the palace to consider the important business. At eleven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, December 12th, 1854, the report of guns fired from the battery on Punch Bowl hill—an exhausted crater of a former volcano overlooking Honolulu—aroused all to the sad intelligence that the King was dead. The discharge from the battery apprised everybody of the melancholy fact, since the guns were fired only in such an event. It was quickly ascertained that the inattention and remissness of a household attendant had caused the instant death of the aged King as he had completed the morning bath and taken the customary stimulant. Immediately, the father of the prince rode through Honolulu, attended by his staff, and

proclaimed the death of Kamehameha III, and the succession of Kamehameha IV, his son, Prince Alexander. From that hour and until the burial of the dead King, the first week in January, 1855, there was universal mourning and lamentation, wailing and deepest grief in all the islands of the kingdom. Many of the natives actually practiced the ancient custom of their fathers, and with stones knocked out their upper front teeth. The old King was devotedly loved by his native subjects, and they were overcome with honest grief. He had been a good, just, merciful King, a sensible ruler of his island kingdom, beyond the period of the reign of either of his two predecessors.

Alexander IV was ceremoniously crowned early in January, 1855. On the afternoon of his coronation he dispatched an official notification to Commissioner Gregg that the negotiation between the Hawaiian kingdom and the United States with reference to the annexation of the kingdom, was at an end—Hawaii should continue as an independent island power with himself as King. The hope of annexation had departed on the death of the old King, as it was Alexander's chief ambition to be an absolute monarch. Soon afterwards he made Emma Rooke his Queen. The dead project of American annexation has never been resuscitated from the United States Government point of vantage.

Prince Alexander had been persuaded to agree to the annexation during the lifetime of Kamehameha III, much influenced by the handsome annuity alloted to him. Still, he bore very natural resentment against the American people on account of the gross indignity to himself and his elder brother, Prince Lot, when in the United States, in the insulting ejection from a hotel dining-room. As King Kamehameha, he was to receive $50,000 a year during life; but the recollection of the deep affront, now that he was the King, and his proud ambition to rule the kingdom, surmounted every other consideration and impelled him to reject the treaty of annexation.

At the time of his marriage the new ruler was less than thirty years of age, but youthful excesses had incurably sapped his physical powers. He named Prince Lot for the succession to the crown. After a brief reign he died, and Prince Lot was crowned King Kamehameha V. Lot married the widowed Queen, Emma Rooke. She bore no child to either. The attempt to continue her as Queen of Hawaii signally failed. The native chiefs demanded the succession of high chief David Kalakaua as King, and he was duly crowned, 1874. Kalakaua died in San Francisco, 1891, and was succeeded by Princess Liliuokalani, who was deposed by a popular rising of the people of Honolulu, January 16th of the current year, and a provisional government appointed by a mass meeting of the people.

During all these years, since 1854, the conditions of Hawaii have undergone very material changes. Likewise have affairs in the United States, and the conditions of European powers, California, Oregon and the whole Pacific Coast and San Francisco particularly, have been more and deeply interested in the progress and prosperity of the Islands. The public revenue of Hawaii has advanced from below $200,000 a year to nearly $3,000,000; the public expenditures from $50,000 to above $3,500,000 a year; the domestic exports from $300,000 to $14,000,000; the foreign imports from about $1,250,000 to $6,000,000; and a public debt of nearly $4,000,000 marks the contrast to 1854, when there was no public debt. In 1854, the sugar product was only about 1,000,000 pounds a year, and other products barely supplied the wants of the inhabitants. Sugar is now the chief staple of export and the average yearly product is in tens of thousands of tons. In 1854, the total population of 80,000 comprised 70,000 Kanakas and 10,000 foreigners, the

latter of whom were chiefly Americans and subjects of Great Britain. The native population now is less than 35,000, and in the aggregate of not above 80,000 inhabitants about three-fourths are from the United States and British Isles. The remainder are Chinese and Japanese—the chief laborers of the Islands. In 1854, over 500 American whale ships wintered in the ports of Honolulu, Lahaina and Hilo, and a lucrative traffic was the consequence. Since then the whaling industry and traffic has been transferred quite exclusively to San Francisco.

In 1854, American missionaries virtually controlled the natives of Hawaii, possessed the chosen lands and localities of the most favored islands, and largely shaped the administration of the island kingdom. The missionary influence has been supplanted in the interests of local trade, the sugar production and greatly increased commerce. In 1854, only transient sailers—ships and schooners—voyaged to and from Hawaii from San Francisco and Portland, and on the way across the Pacific. Now steamship lines regularly course direct between San Francisco and northern Pacific ports and Honolulu, and make it the chief island station between Pacific ports and Japan, China and Australia.

Since 1854, the German Empire has emerged to a commanding position among the great powers of Europe, and has become an important world-wide naval power. Until the creation of the present empire, Prussia was a formidable military kingdom and without naval grasp in the Pacific Ocean.

The transcontinental railways linking the Atlantic and Pacific, ocean steamers and electricity, have figuratively brought the Hawaiian group of islands 2,200 miles westward, within less practicable distance than separated remote States of the American Union forty years ago, in point of time and communication.

This time the proposition for annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, agitated at present writing, is made from the people of the Islands. The temporary Provisional Government eagerly proffers that which the angered young King, smarting from the individual affront to himself and brother in Pennsylvania in 1850, peremptorily rejected in 1854, when offered by the United States Government. Manifest destiny impels the people of the Hawaiian Islands—they simply anticipate the inevitable. The United States must possess or control the Hawaiian group and the near islands of the continent. The established doctrine of President Monroe promulgated in 1823, is the ordination of the immediate situation. The Islands shall never become owned by or tributary to any nation of Europe; only the United States shall exercise such domination. Sufficient unto the day is the ripening of the fruit and the gathering thereof.

LILIUOKALANI, THE DEPOSED QUEEN OF HAWAII.

MASTERPIECES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

IT is sometimes hinted in the East that true art is not appreciated in the cities of the far West. That this is not the case the fine art collections and masterpieces owned in San Francisco, Los Angeles and other prominent cities of the Pacific Coast will demonstrate. Some of the finest paintings in the world are in the possession of Wm. H. Crocker of San Francisco, among which are masterpieces by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Corot, Rubens, Millet and others. A "Head of a Boy," by Rembrandt is a fine piece of work, characteristic of this artist. The drawing is beautiful, and the coloring delicate but strong. No one has rivalled him in handling light and shade, and suggestive effects, and few in color and character. Most of his paintings are representations of homely but deep sentiments, and are executed with great feeling. He was of the Dutch school and gifted with a style so original that he was absolutely unapproachable by his pupils, who could never fully imitate his felicity of expression. Rembrandt was born near Leyden, July 15th, 1607. At an early age he was apprenticed, for three years, to Jacob Isaacz van Zwaanenberg, a second-rate painter who settled in Leyden in 1617 after studying in Italy. His next teacher was Peter Lastmann from whom he received instruction for six months. Rembrandt never left Holland, and only visited therein Dordrecht, Friesland, Gueldres and perhaps Cleves, which demonstrates the small material area which is necessary for the expansion and development of a great genius. His last days were passed in comparative poverty, despite the reputation he had won, and he died in Amsterdam in 1665. As an etcher and painter, he holds a unique position in the history of art, though, as is usually the case, his work did not receive its fullest recognition until after his death. His paintings may be found in the museums of Brussels and Madrid, the National Gallery of London, and in the great galleries of Amsterdam, Hague and Stockholm, while a number of his works have found their way to America.

Another remarkable painting in Mr. Crocker's collection is by Peter Paul Rubens, who is of the Flemish school. This artist studied at Antwerp with Tobias Verhaecht and Adam Van Oort, and with Otto Van Veen from 1596 until 1600, when he went to Venice. There his copies after Titian and Giorgione attracted the attention of the Duke of Mantua, Vincenzo Gonzago I, who made him his court painter. After this he was received with much favor amongst the noblemen and high dignitaries of Rome, Spain, Paris and Antwerp, and painted heads of several beautiful Spanish women, noblemen, an altarpiece for the Church of the Trinity, which is preserved in the public library at Mantua, and many other pictures, now considered masterpieces. He also modeled a bust of Spinola. Maria de Medicis had him paint twenty-one pictures, now in the Louvre, representing her reconciliation with her son, Louis XIII. In 1624, Philip IV ennobled Rubens, and the Archduchess Isabella made him her gentleman in waiting. One of the interesting circumstances of his life was his intimacy with Valesquez, over whom he seemed to have much influence. He was given several important diplomatic embassies during his association with royal personages, in which he acquitted himself

Owned by Mrs. Zimmerman.

THE HAULING OF THE NET—GEORGE HAQUETTE, M. S. F. A.

In collection of the late Mrs. Fair.

THE RURAL TRIO—EDWARD DEBAT PONSAN.

Owned by William H. Crocker.

THE HORSES OF THE STADTHOLDER—PAUL POTTER.

well and honorably. He has made a great number of copies from Titian, forty of which are in the Royal Gallery in Spain. Outside of these copies he painted many heads and portraits, and antique historical, mythological and allegorical subjects. While in the treatment of figures, particularly those in the elaborate court costumes of his time, there is a certain amount of stiffness, and small details are brought out, perhaps more than is necessary, his grouping and composition are good, and his drawing exquisite. His work is permeated with the same feeling that pervades Tennyson's poems, and he may aptly be called the artist of culture. His last picture was the Crucifixion of St. Peter, which was placed in the Church of Cologne, where it still remains.

"The Horses of the Stadtholder," in the same San Francisco collection, by Paul Potter, is an anatomical study, though treated entirely in an artistic way. This artist seems to have an unerring sensibility for form, though he seldom sacrifices the general effect to details, and his lights and shades are well arranged. Potter was born in Holland, 1625, where he studied under his father and Jacob De Wet, the elder, and died at the early age of twenty-nine from overwork. He studied nature closely, and devoted most of his time to the painting of animals. "The Young Bull" was one of his most famous paintings. Between the years 1647 and 1654 he painted from 130 to 140 pictures, many of which are preserved in the prominent art galleries of Europe, while a number have reached America.

A masterpiece by Corot is the "Dance of the Nymphs," also in the collection of Mr. Wm. H. Crocker. Corot is the idealistic and dreamy artist, and has been called, on account of his peculiar excellence in treating

still water, solitary woods, broad, pale horizons and quiet veiled skies, the Theocritus of landscape painting. His work is eminently suggestive and refined and full of poetical and delicate feeling In a sonnet by an American poet he is well characterized as, "Thou painter of the essences of things." Corot was born in Paris, 1796, and died there in 1875. He was a landscape painter and pupil of Michallon and Victor Bertin. He traveled considerably, and in his observations of foreign art, learned to couple breadth of treatment with careful though not obtrusive detail. At the height of his career he is said to have made 200,000 francs a year by the sale of his pictures, being one of those exceptional geniuses, who, like Rubens, received due appreciation and financial success when it was most needed.

The name of Jean Francois Millet is connected with a series of events which are probably well known to the reader. This unfortunate artist had more than his share of hardships, and was little appreciated until after his death, when the true worth of his genius was suddenly realized and his work commanded fabulous prices.

"The Man with a Hoe," that embodiment of the hopeless stolidity of ages of manual labor, is said to have been bought in Paris in 1891 by Mr. Crocker for $60,000, and is now one of the principal adornments of his private collection. Millet was born of humble parentage at Greville,

Owned by William H. Crocker.

THE MAN WITH A HOE—JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

a little French village. After a short course of study at Cherboug, he was given a small pension by the municipal council of this city to enable him to go to Paris, where he studied under Delaroche. He entered fully into the spirit of pastoral and peasant life, and portrayed it with faithfulness and feeling. In the opinion of many, he was the first French painter of his time. He certainly was the exponent of a new school, which explains the long delay of public appreciation. He did not simply reproduce what he saw, but aimed to infuse into the real, soul and impression. His work is particularly remarkable for the reason that he did not paint from models, but entirely from memory and impression.

Owned by Claus Spreckels.

L'ENTREE AU CONVENT—MME. J. RONGIER.

A notable and finely executed picture is in the possession of Mr. Claus Spreckels of San Francisco. The subject, "Entering the Convent," is remarkable for its strong effects of light and shade. The groupings of the figures and the drawing is also remarkable. This picture took the third-class medal in the *Salon* of 1887. The artist, Mme. Jeanne Rongier, was born in Macon, and studied under Harpignies and Luminias. She is now a member of the Society of French Artists, and ranks among the first woman painters in the world. Some consider her second only to Bonheur. Her *Salon* picture of 1886 was bought by the French Government and hung in the Luxumberg Art Gallery. Most of the subjects of her paintings are of a religious character, which she handles with singular feeling and aptitude. Another painting by this same artist is at the art store of Messrs. Gump of San Francisco. The subject, "Churching," has been treated with the same feeling that pervades all of her work.

"The Gallant Friar," painted by August Humborg, came from the Royal Academy of Munich, and is now in the possession of Mr. Franklin

Owned by Franklin Haywards.

THE GALLANT FRIAR—AUGUST HUMBORG

museum, in which to collect and exhibit paintings and other valuable objects of art. Edward Searles proposes to give the Hopkins mansion, a magnificent building valued at $1,500,000, situated on one of San Francisco's numerous hills, in trust to the Art Association in connection with the State University, for the purpose of establishing an art school and gallery of paintings. At first, it was offered to the Art Association alone, but was declined on account of the inability of the latter to pay the excessive taxes.

The magnanimous offer, as it stands at present, is likely to be accepted. Mr. Searles wishes to reserve the right to make alterations and improvements at his own expense, and to throw open the galleries and reading-rooms to the public on stated occasions. It has been suggested also that at intervals the rooms be open for Art Loan Exhibitions. Five thousand dollars has been offered by this gentleman annually, for a term of five years, towards defraying the expenses of the school, and he intimates that if sufficient interest is manifested, additional sums will be forthcoming.

This is a magnificent offer, and will give the art school an opportunity to expand, develop and increase its usefulness. At present there are classes in charcoal drawing, still life in charcoal and oil, portraiture, landscape painting, drawing from the antique and painting of the nude from life. Preparations are being made to increase the scope of instruction, and water colors, modeling, pen drawing and different branches of decorative work will probably be introduced. This will, in time, aid in the development, and stimulate the growth of art, and also more extensively attract the work of the world's great artists to the Pacific Coast.

ALLEGORICAL STUDY—RUBENS. Owned by William H. Crocker.

ASSEGAI AND SHIELD

BY FRED W. D'EVELYN, M. D.

IT is a trite but none the less true saying, that there is a tide in the affairs of men, a turning point, a culmination—term it what you may—upon which the future hinges, and subsequent events bear the impress resulting from the decisions of those eventful moments. And as this is true of the individual, so, also, is it of a people or a nation. In all truth, as far as the welfare of Natal and the safety of her white population was concerned, the 11th of December, 1878, was one such period; for upon that day the British High Commissioners' Award and Ultimatum were presented to the Zulu King and chief men of the Zulu nation.

It was an occasion fraught with the highest political and historical interest. On one side were the Commissioners, on the other some fourteen elderly, and in many cases, gray-headed natives chosen from among the most trusted elders of the Zulu nation.

The scene itself was unique; the very surroundings pregnant with stirring memories. The Tugela whose tide had more than once been crimsoned with the blood of the slain as it carried oceanward their mutilated remains; the hill-tops of Zululand whose dark sides had so often reflected the signal fires of contending hosts; the treeless slopes in the background whereupon forty years before, in their struggles with native tribes, had perished many of Natal's pioneer settlers—all combined to render the picture as impressive as the occasion was momentous.

Very remarkable was the keen and ceaseless attention paid by the Zulus, as every word of both documents was faithfully rendered by an interpreter. Silence was over all; the very calm of nature seemed lulled into a speechless intensity, and naught save the everchanging faces of the Zulus as clause after clause was explained, told how they realized the gravity of the demands made upon them. At last the interview was concluded, and the fate of the Zulu nation awaited the king's decision. In time it came. It was not proclaimed by "runner," nor made known by ambassador, but its uncertain advent was heralded by shadows ever deepening until they hung dark and threatening over Natal, and proved even to demonstration that the Zulu King and his army meant war. How gloomy and hostile was the attitude now assumed by the king contrasted with that of the Coronation day, a few years

CETYWAYO.

before! "Then," as a young Zulu said, "the king spoke good words; the Zulu heart was glad. A good sun had risen over Kwa-Zulu—the land of the Zulu. How is it now? Has the king listened? Does he hold fast his promises? *Ikono monye bonke pugile.* Not one — they are all broken; now the sunshine has set and dark clouds make no light for the Zulu." And this prophecy was fully realized as the king scorned the white man's intervention for peace, and set at naught the British Ultimatum, an Ultimatum urged to a climax by such facts as the following:

ZULU RAIN-MAKER.

What redress was given when a Zulu chief entered colonial territory, carried off two women, legal subjects, and put them to death? None.

Who was it built a stone wall around his Kraal and pierced it with loop-holes, remarking that he hoped to use it against the white man? Was it not Usirayo, chief of the king's household, officer of the Undabakaombi regiment, and the first to introduce horses into Zululand?

Who lauded Umbellini when he returned, his hands still red with the blood of slaughtered settlers—men, women and children? Was it not Cetywayo the Zulu King?

Who sent an ox hide to the colonial government saying, "Count the hairs upon this, and then you may number the Zulu warriors?" It was the King himself.

No one, however lenient his feelings might be, could interpret such actions as these as uncertain signs, nor ascribe

THE FIRST CHARGE ON THE KAMBULA LAAGER.

ZULU SCOUT.

them to mere savage caprice and playfulness; nay, the contrary, their recognition admitted of only one construction, and only one question remained for the colonists to consider, viz., were they to temporize any longer, allow the enemy to wait for a favorable opportunity and attack at an advantage, or protect Natal and British South Africa by a policy of firmness and consistency? The latter alternative was rapidly chosen, and on the 4th of January, 1879, the civil authorities placed in the hands of Lieutenant-General Chelmsford the further enforcement of all demands.

It must be remembered that the other native tribes of Southern Africa were closely watching and deeply interested in the game played by the Zulus, and had the Zulu *impi* (army) once crossed the border, a general uprising of all the black population was an almost certain result, with a sequence too horrible to contemplate. Durban, the seaport of Natal, was only sixty miles distant, a short twenty-four hours' march from the Zulu border; Pietermaritzburg, the capital, was still more exposed. By sheer force of numbers the blacks could have walked down the country from St. Lucia Bay on the north to the Umzimkulu on the south, an irresistible, devastating horde. Upon our arrival in the colony we found the towns fortified; Government offices were barricaded and private dwellings strongly protected. Points of rendezvous were also established to fall back upon in case of attack. Two colonial ladies showed me, with considerable earnestness, several large bottles of vitriol which they kept in readiness should the black man dare to come too near.

The Zulu nation was well prepared for war; the king had been shrewd enough to see that his people armed only with assegais would be no match for the rifles of the white man. He, therefore, instructed his followers to sell their cattle and purchase firearms, and this they had most faithfully and extensively carried out. When, therefore, we crossed the river, we found opposed to us a people whose deeds of

prowess had been sung in song and story throughout Kaffir-land; a people brave, fearless, unconquered; a people organized into a military system of no mean character. In short, we had before us a nation of warriors 40,000 to 50,000 strong; well officered, steady in their drill and unencumbered with the impedimenta of civilized troops. This well organized and formidable military power of the Zulus had been begun in the days of Uchaka (uncle to the king) and further consolidated by Cetywayo. The army was kept fully recruited by a system of succession as follows:

The boys of fifteen were formed into a regiment; after a year's service these cadets were drafted into a military Kraal. There they received the benefit of their elders' experiences, and as these latter were killed or died off, the young men took their places and kept up the name and prestige of the Kraal. Under this system the Zulu army had gradually increased until it consisted, at the time of our advance, of thirty-three regiments of varying strength, each of which was divided equally into two wings, which were again subdivided into companies of varying numbers. Each regiment had its own military Kraal with a commanding officer and subalterns. Further, a definite regimental dress and distinguishing marks were adopted. The full uniform was in many cases as unique as it was fantastic. For example, the warriors of the Nkobamakosi (the bender of kings), one of the royal regiments, wore as uniform a band of leopard skin round the forehead; two white cow tails raised on dry strips of white cowhide on either side of the head, fastened on by a strip of cowhide across the forehead; two plumes of the Sakabuli finch on either side of the head pointing backwards; ear flaps of green monkey skin, and bunches of white cow tails hanging from the neck, down chest and back; shields, black, red and spotted.

ZULU DOCTOR.

During the late war, however, these uniforms were laid aside, and no difference made save in the color of the shields. The married or "ringed" men carrying white shields; the unmarried, black or parti-colored shields.

Their commissariat and transport departments are very simple—the former consisting of three or four days' provisions in the shape of maize or millet, and a herd of cattle accompanying each regiment, the latter of a number of lads who carry the sleeping mats, blankets and provisions, and assist to drive the cattle.

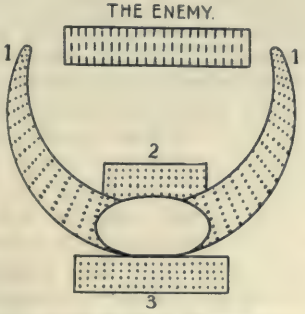
When a regiment on the line of march comes to a river in flood, and the breadth of the stream which is out of their depth does not exceed twelve or fifteen yards, they plunge in in a dense mass, holding on to one another, those in the rear pushing forward those in front; and thus they succeed

CLOSING SCENE IN THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

in crossing, with the loss of a few of their number.

Before going on the warpath the regiments betake themselves to the King's Kraal and perform in his presence certain ceremonies. All the regiments are formed into an immense circle or *umkumbi*, a little distance from the King's Kraal, the officers forming an inner ring, the principal officers together with the King and medicine men being in the center. A "medicated" ox is then killed, cut into strips, powdered with medicine and carried round to the warriors by the chief medical man, each of whom bites off a piece, not, however, touching it with his hands. The warriors are then dismissed; next day they assemble early in the morning, take an emetic and retire; on the third day they again form an *umkumbi*, are sprinkled by the doctors, receive "sealed" orders, and perchance an address from the King. This completes the ceremony, and thus fortified they start on their expedition, fearing no foe nor giving any quarter.

Their formation of attack is borrowed from the head of an ox. Two immense horns or flanking parties are thrown out, whose center rests upon the chest or main body, which is again supported by a heavy "body" of reserves. The horns surround the enemy, the chest advances and endeavors to crush the foe, while the reserves only go into action in case of defeat, or to follow in pursuit.



PLAN OF ZULU ATTACK.
1, 1, Horns. 2, Chest. 3, Reserves.

In possession of these facts, we fully recognized that our campaign was likely to be one fraught with considerable anxiety if not actual danger. In addition, the great difficulty of obtaining any information as to the movements of the Zulu troops, or of the topography of the country; the necessity of advancing heavy baggage trains drawn by oxen, and the almost impassable roads — all combined to render our advance laborious and at times aggravatingly slow.

Our first encounter with the enemy was on the twelfth of January, 1879, when Column No. 3 had, after much difficulty, owing to the swollen state of the river, succeeded in crossing the Buffalo. In passing by the Nkudei Hill, we noticed some herds of cattle being driven up under the krantz near to one of Usirayo's stronghold. The infantry and native contingent going in pursuit, clambered up the steep mountain-sides, drove out the Zulus, burnt Usirayo's Kraal and captured 5,000 head of cattle.

It would be impossible as well as undesirable in a paper such as this, even to refer to the many interesting events which marked the advance of the British troops in their march towards the King's Kraal. Much must, therefore, be left unwritten but not forgotten, in the brief account here given.

Two names are sacredly treasured in the breast of every man who ever drew rein in Zululand—Zlobane and Kambula Laager. Zlobane Mountain is one of those strange hill formations, so common in South Africa, with terraced sides and plateau top, and was a position of importance it was deemed advisable to carry.

About 400 Irregular Horse, under command of Wood and Buller, and as an auxiliary, a large body of the native contingent, left camp in divided sections early on the twenty-ninth of March. At noon Buller halted on the south side of the Zinquin Neck; again saddled up about 3 P. M., and as the troops passed on the south side of the hill some shots were fired, followed by a series of signal fires which were kindled near the summit. We with-

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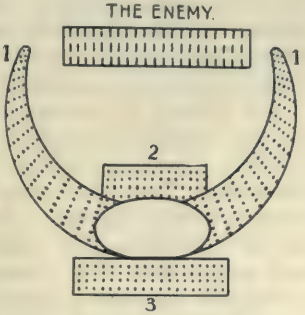

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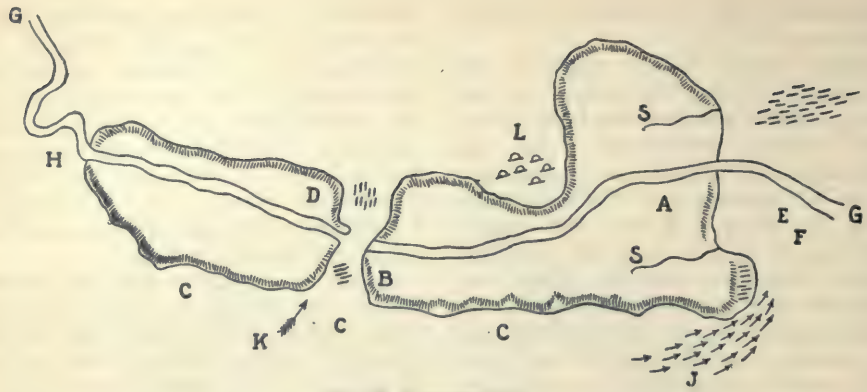


TOP OF ZLOBANE HILL.

A, Buller's first position. B, Uys and Raaf position. C, C, C, Rocky perpendicular wall 300 feet high. D, Buller covers troops on the neck. E, Weatherley cut off. F, Ascent commenced here at daylight. G, G, Passway over the hilltop. S, S, Streams. H, Road too steep to descend. J, Zulu main body. K, Devil's Pass. L, Zulu camp. — — — Zulus advancing.

drew out of range and moved towards the valley, afterwards altering our course so as to mislead the Zulus. Piet Uys, a friendly Boer, whose family had become renowned as Kaffir fighters since the days of Dingaan, acted as our guide. At 4 A. M., the men saddled up and proceeded in forced silence towards the east side of the hill which was reached at daylight, and the ascent commenced. The Zulus kept their fire until the troopers had reached within 500 yards of the summit, when they opened a heavy but not very serious cross fire, only a few men and several horses being killed. The Zulu fire was soon silenced. Buller and Raaff now moved towards the westward end of the mountain where the track divides. During these movements which occupied about two hours, the Zulus had been subjected to a hot fire from our forces which had advanced on the northwest, but owing to the natural caves and stone walls which shielded the natives, our fire was in a measure more harassing than effective. At the end of some five hours the Zulu fire, especially around the pass, was silenced save an occasional dropping shot from some concealed warrior. Just at this issue, a body of Zulus was seen at the north end of the hill, and our men advanced to attack them, but ere half the distance could be traversed, to our horror, it was observed that strong bodies of the enemy were crowding up every available baboon path, with the object of cutting off our retreat from the only two passes by which descent was at all possible. Similar masses of Zulus also appeared on the top of the hill, south and east. The order, "Ride for the pass at the Krantz — ride hard," was hastily given. A race for life now ensued down the Devil's Pass—a boulder-strewn, rock-encumbered pathway, which sloped at an angle of ninety degrees. At break-neck speed, rolled, jostled, crushed, horses and men descended. On came the Zulus, the blood-stained assegai flashing in dreadful rapidity as it descended ever and again into the bosom of some exhausted trooper. Brave Uys was surrounded, fought valiantly, but fell, pierced by many assegais, even as his father and brother had fallen years before under the spear thrusts of Dingaan's warriors. Poor Weatherley, holding his son, a lad of fourteen to his breast, was surrounded, and both were killed. The Zulus had the hill, and ere nightfall many a brave spirit had passed away fighting nobly against a savage but plucky

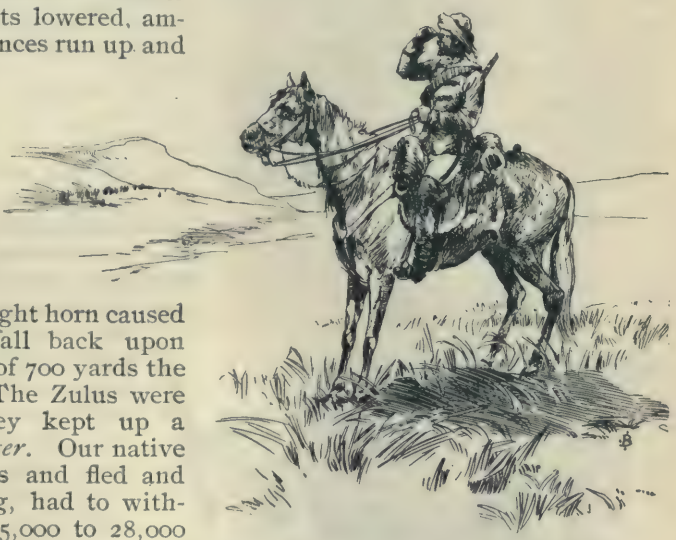
foe. Our Light Horse suffered heavily, and our hearts long mourned those trooper comrades who had struggled so manfully among the blood-stained boulders of the Devil's Pass.

The Zulus had again wet their assegais in the blood of the white man, and flushed with success, they thought to annihilate the *amahlengi umfazi* (the soldiers of a woman), as they scornfully termed us. It was not, therefore, surprising the following morning to discover them amassed in force some distance from our *laager* at Kambula, and drawn up in what is known as the "horn" plan of attack. For four hours they advanced, the left horn leading, and it was not at first evident what their intention was.

About 1 A. M., it was deemed necessary to make preparations. Dinner was hastily eaten, tents lowered, ammunition opened, defences run up and the result awaited.

When about two miles distant, a small body of our horse, amid ringing cheers, left camp to draw the Zulus into action. Shots were exchanged, but the rapid advance of the right horn caused our skirmishers to fall back upon camp. At a distance of 700 yards the attack commenced. The Zulus were well armed and they kept up a heavy fire on our *laager*. Our native contingent forsook us and fled and we, some 2,000 strong, had to withstand the attack of 25,000 to 28,000 Zulus. Severely did they press us in spite of our heavy fire of artillery and infantry. For four hours the fight lasted; thrice did the Zulus endeavor to rush our position, but in vain. A number of them got in among our cattle and endeavored to advance under that cover, but a few rocket tubes fired into the *laager* stampeded the cattle, and the Zulus had a bad time of it mixed up with several hundred infuriated oxen. The struggle was a desperate one, but at last the blacks retreated panic-stricken. With a wild cheer our horsemen started in hot pursuit, and for seven or eight miles the chase was kept up, and before sundown the King's crack *impi* was defeated and our slaughtered comrades avenged.

Each day if not each hour, while on the warpath, is full of novelty and speculation, and no sooner has one event come and gone than another rises and receives its moiety of attention. When the columns first entered the Zulu country, the plan of campaign was to clear a certain belt along the Zulu border on the Natal and Transvaal side, drive the Zulus in a northeasterly direction, amass at a certain point and advance for the final attack upon Ulundi. It was with this object in view that the Flying Column joined the co-operating troops on the first of June. It was a long day's march, and having been actively engaged on special duty it was late in the evening before I had my breakfast, which consisted of a cup of cold coffee and some crackers. Tired out, the men had rolled themselves in their blankets and gone off to sleep.



FRONTIER LIGHT-HORSE VIDETTE—ZULUS IN SIGHT.

It was quite interesting to walk over and among them as they lay in all possible shapes and positions. Some with open mouths and evident strength of lungs gave proof that theirs was no gentle slumber, and many, even in sleep, fought their battles over again; others were quietly breathing, while faint smiles hovered over their sunburnt faces as they dreamed of far distant homes; here and there lay a sleeper with extended arms, uncovered face, and closed eyelids, terribly suggestive that what was now only a semblance might yet prove a reality, and that the moon might gaze upon the same upturned features, cold and still in death.

It is of melancholy interest to relate that at the very moment of which I write, and but a few miles from our camp, lay the dead body of the unfortunate Prince Imperial, pierced by Zulu assegais. In far-off England, the Empress mother, perhaps, was watching the starry sky, her mind filled with thoughts of her only boy, and a prayer on her lips that he might return again to gladden her heart as of yore, and cheer up her sad, widowed life. But alas! the spirit had flown into the Great Beyond.

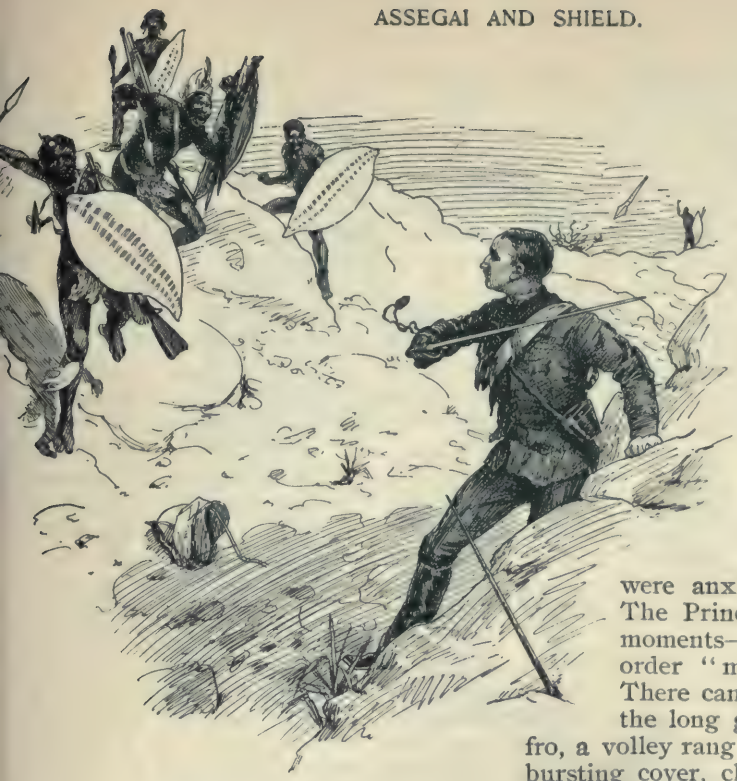
"Why should this fair young life pass out of sight
When looking round about us we behold
The very dregs and sweepings of the earth,
Drag on their mean existence?"

The death of the unfortunate Prince is particularly distressing when it must be admitted that on his own shoulders alone rested that fatal result. Naturally ambitious and daring even to foolhardiness, one can scarce denominate that spirit in the time of war, in the midst of a hostile country, which proceeds independent of experience, rejects advice and sets at naught even ordinary precautions. It is suicidal, and the poor fellow paid a high penalty for his injudicious action.

The Prince left camp on that fatal day, at 9:30 in the morning, to reconnoitre along the advance road for the column, his escort consisting of six of the Irregular Horse and six Basutos (mounted Kaffirs). These latter were late in appearing and the Prince concluded to proceed without them. This was the first fatal step in the tragedy, for in all probability, had those quick-sighted and active natives been of the party the disaster would not have occurred, as they were too keenly alive to the tricks of the wily Zulu to have off-saddled in such a dangerous position.

ZULU WARRIORS.

After riding some distance, a temporary halt was called, while the Prince made some sketches. The neighborhood was infested by a band of Usirayo's warriors, and the Prince after finishing his sketch, pointed out a Kraal a short distance off, where he had been fired upon a few days previously. Mounting again, the party descended the hill in the direction of a Kraal, about a mile further on, which was close to a small river—the Mbazani—where the escort could water their horses



TROOPER SURPRISED BY ZULUS.

and make some coffee. The Kraal consisted of a few huts with a small cattle *laager* and the usual causeway of *umqutu* (baked clay and manure) surrounded the huts, forming an open space. Outside of this space and between the huts and the river grew a coarse vegetation of Tambookie grass, *umbilo* and *amabele*, in some places six feet in height. The Prince ordered the men to off-saddle for an hour. No precautions whatever were taken against surprise; the horses were allowed to wander off in the grass, and in a state of total unconcern the men proceeded to prepare their coffee. Two sides of the position were flanked by a steep hill, a third by the river, while the fourth was formed by a deep and difficult *udonga* (chasm). All was silent as the grave—a few Zulu dogs prowled among the huts, but even these were unheeded. Meanwhile some fifty Zulus were stealthily stalking their prey, and the Kaffir servant while drawing water, surprised a Zulu who made off up the hill. This circumstance was reported to the Prince. Looking at his watch and finding it lacked ten minutes of the hour, he remarked to his troopers, "You can give your horses ten minutes more;" but the men had already gone into the grass to bring back the horses and were anxious to get away. The Prince waited for a few moments—a fatal delay! The order "mount" was given. There came a sudden crash, the long grass swayed to and fro, a volley rang out, and the Zulus bursting cover, charged the ill-fated men. The horses swerved and some broke away. The Prince's horse, a colonial, sixteen hands high, (I had ridden him myself and always found him very nervous and difficult to mount) became so frightened that the Prince was unable to mount. The poor fellow clung to the saddle-holster, as we afterwards found it almost detached from the pommel, but the air was thick with assegais flung by the fleet-footed Zulus. The end soon came, and several of the escort met a similar fate.

Next day the body of the Prince was recovered, pierced by assegais; there were nineteen wounds in all, several of them penetrating from chest to back. The right eye was gouged out, and a huge gash ran the entire length of the abdomen; around the neck, still intact, and held by a tiny gold chain, hung a medal and an Agnus Dei. Full well do I remember that morning of sorrow and mourning. The death of the Prince cast a gloom over all the camp, and every footstep

of the way from the gory spot where ceased his throbbing heart, until he slept in his temporary resting-place on board the ocean transport, was marked with grief, admiration and great respect. To those of us who had known him in life, all was doubly sad, and as we mused amidst the closing shadows of a South African evening, with the muffled notes of the Dead March ringing in our ears, it seemed like a horrid dream that he should be gone. The last inheritor of a mighty name, with goodly promise of a brilliant destiny; and all that now remained lay beneath that flag whereupon rested the empty helmet, the idle sword and the fast-fading wreath of violets—imperial flowers which added their fragrance leal and loyal to the closing scene of an adverse destiny.

No such event had ever occurred in the fitful history of the colony. It stands unique, and to-day as the superstitious Zulu passes the tablet which marks the place where the Prince fell, he pauses and thinks of the *amahlengi umfazi* and the *inkosi kakulu* (great chief) who there died a brave man's death, and won even amongst the warlike Zulus a brave man's fame. But now, *Umkonto pahlaza wa lala umlala wa-futi*—the assegai is broken and he sleeps his last long sleep.

Our column was fast forging ahead, and, owing to the forced marches, heavy work and short rations, many of our horses broke down and were unfit for emergency work; a good horse was at a premium and his owner envied—the latter indeed preferred rather to take up extra work than lend his horse to a stranger. Fortunately I possessed such an animal, a great raw-boned Africander, as homely as a city "hack," but as game as a lion and as enduring as hickory. So the pair of us rode despatches, brought in the wounded, patrolled in mutual kinship many a weary mile through long gloomy nights, when skulking Zulus sought to make us a target for their assegais. The brave old horse never failed; he was sagacious to a degree, and twice when I thought it was all up with me he brought me out in safety. But never did he aid me more bravely than on that memorable night when, from the burning ruins of Ulundi we started on our eventful ride with despatches of the official account of the battle and a list of the killed and wounded. Now through tangled brushwood, and anon over gloomy plains where the wild plover, startled from its nest, made the air affrighted with its weird cry; again down mountain bridle-paths where a false step would have plunged us into the abyss below. On, on through the night, its silence alone broken by the deep, long-drawn breaths that came from his great lungs as he strode bravely forward. Then came a scent of dawn in the air, a straggling sunbeam caught the mountain peak on the gray horizon; soon the hilltops shone in burnished gold and amethyst as the flood-gates of morning opened their radiance and showed us our fort a few miles in front. A momentary halt, a slackened rein, a word of encouragement and the brave animal dashed onward. We reached the fort. The old grey had done his duty; his last despatch had been carried; for him the war was over. A few days later he died, and one heart in camp mourned him as a friend.

The troops were now advancing rapidly in the direction of Ulundi, the great military Kraal of the King, and the Mecca of our pilgrimage. In the beginning of July we were only ten miles distant from Nodwengu and Ulundi; the Zulus were fully aware of our proximity and as we advanced, messengers arrived from Cetywayo, one of whom brought the Prince Imperial's sword. Conditions of peace were dictated by Chelmsford, and a three days' armistice was granted. But long ere its completion, the position assumed by the Zulus gave unmistakable evidence that war and not

peace was their decision. On the third of July when *ihlanga pezulu* (the sun is overhead ; noon), the days of grace terminated, and the obstinate Zulus had to be persuaded by measures which carried conviction even to a bitter realization. A most interesting sortie was made on the same afternoon just to feel (in military parlance) the enemy's position, and we found the position a strong one. Preparations were made accordingly, and on the morning of the fourth of July the troops crossed the river Umvolosi Mhlope—that river over which the Zulu King had said "no white man shall ever pass."

The force consisted of about 5,000 all told, including loyal natives and non-combatants. The Zulus advanced in great numbers. After some preliminary manœuvers our men were drawn up, and a hollow

FUGITIVE'S DRIFT—ISANDHLWANA.

square was formed with Gatlings and field-pieces protecting the angles. The mounted men after skirmishing fell back upon the square, and took up a position with the hospital corps in the center. Silently and stealthily the Zulu army came on ; a shot rang out, then another, and the square became fully engaged. The fire was tremendous, but the warriors of a King with extraordinary bravery and contempt of death press on in spite of the fusilade, right into the jaws of death. The crisis was pending ; let that black wedge enter our midst and all is over. It was an awful moment as they changed their front and concentrated with fierce determination on one side of the square. Not a word was spoken ; every lip was set. Our fire was quickened, the Gatlings mowed a bloody swathe, and rocket tubes cut lanes in the black mass. Seventy yards from the square there came a pause. The Zulu main body hesitated—stopped. We noted their doubt and a wild bugle call rang out. The square opened for an instant, and with a ringing cheer out rushed the Lancers and Ours in full pursuit of the Zulus. The move was well timed. The spell was broken, and the Zulus retreated fighting, until in detached masses the friendly hills swallowed them up. The great army was beaten, the Zulu's heart broken, and the Zulu King an outlaw. Thus in the smoke and flames of the burning palace, there ended the prestige of a warrior race, and its sun which had risen with lurid glare in the bloody days of Utchaka, sank now behind the dark clouds of night to rise no more forever.

The beginning of the end had now arrived. The King was still at large, and I would much like if space permitted, to follow the very difficult pursuit, which was carried forward with untiring energy in the face of almost unheard of dangers and trials, until the King was surprised and captured in the lonely Kraal of Umkozana.

A few months of uninteresting camp routine followed the taking of Ulundi, during which time, all of the sick having been sent down country, I was more at liberty and spent much of my time visiting Zulus at their Kraals, and thus getting considerable insight into native habits and customs.

The orders to return to Natal came in due course and we set out on the march homewards. We rapidly approached the border line of Kwa-Zulu (the land of the Zulu). But I cannot cross that line without relating some facts concerning the massacre at Isandhlwana, many of which were related by Mehlo-Ka-Zulu (the eye of the Zulus) a petty chief and son of Usirayo, whom we had with us a prisoner.

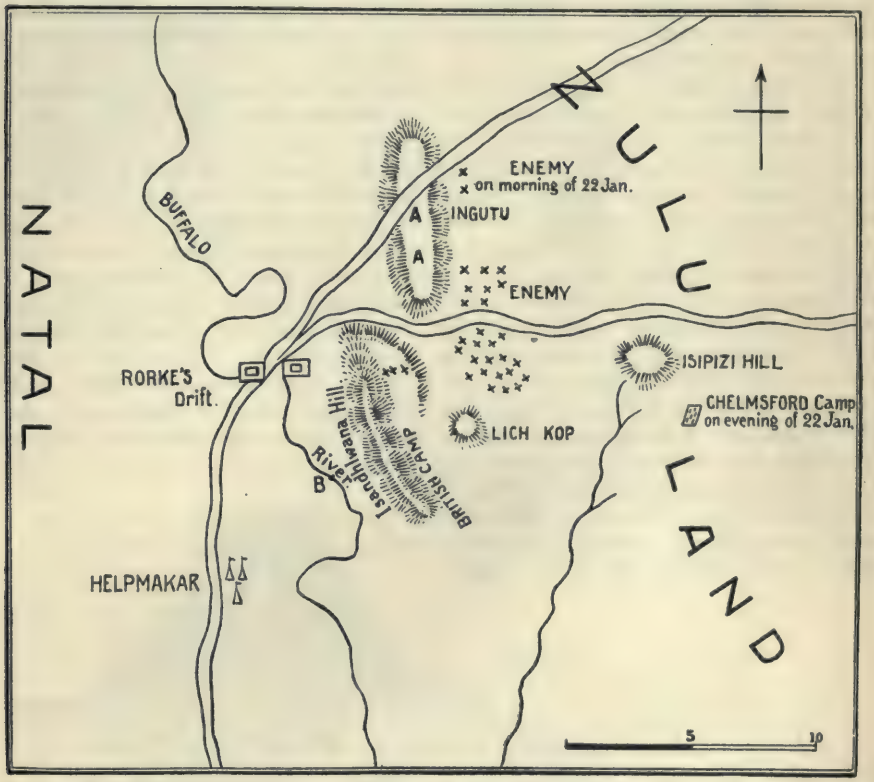
Column No. 3 of the forces in operation had (as already mentioned) early in January, advanced from its base at Helpmakaar on the Natal border, and crossed the Buffalo at Rorke's Drift. Its progress was retarded by the impassable state of the roads and the opposition offered by Usirayo, and it was not until the twentieth of January that the column reached the Isandhlwana (the little hand), and there it halted for the purpose of amalgamating with part of Column No. 2, and thus combined, clear the Equideni forest of the enemy.

The hill is a huge rock formation, fantastic in outline, with precipitous and almost inaccessible sides, and lifts its rugged head several hundred feet above the plain upon which it stands, a notable landmark in the country around.

The Zulu King, aware of the column's advance, concentrated the Undi corps and his crack regiments, about 20,000 strong, and gave them the simple command, "Drive the white soldiers back into Natal." Accordingly on the night of the twenty-first the Zulus were moved to a position about one and a half miles to the east of the British camp. All were silent. The awe of superstition was upon them, for it was the eve preceding the

new moon, and no action dare be taken.

Early on the morning of the twenty-second, a patrol of Basutos fired upon some Zulus who had exposed themselves. The Zulu main body, hearing the firing, rose up on all sides in and there, in little groups, back to back, they fought and disputed every inch of ground. Our prisoner related how a tall man "came out from his wagon and made a big fight. He fired in every direction and so quickly as to drive us back, and all those who tried



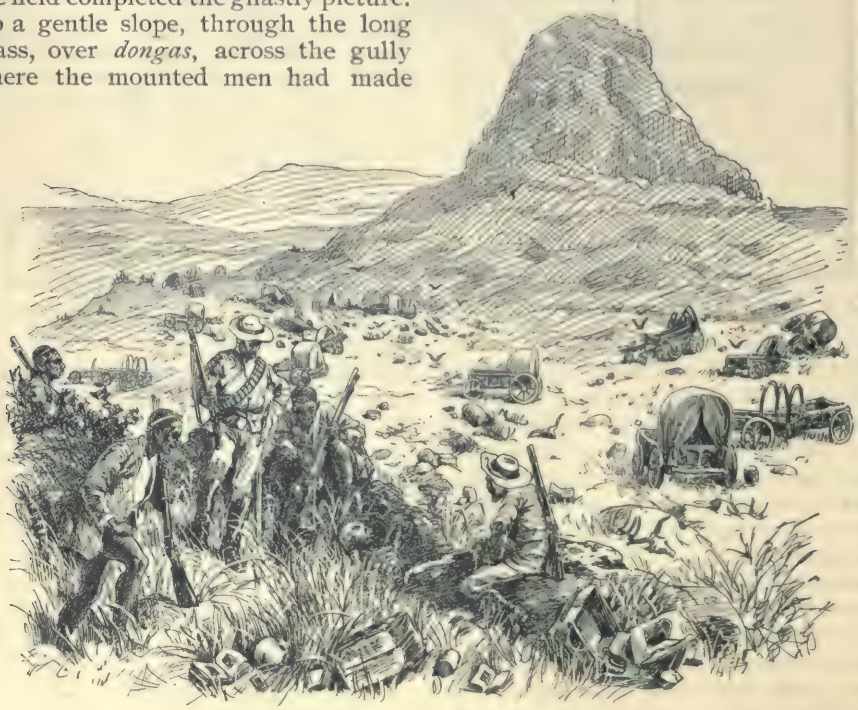
A, A, Position of enemy as first seen from camp. B, Fugitives crossed here over drift. x x x, Zulus.

great force, and one horn pressed rapidly forward. Our mounted men left camp, were beaten back, but advanced and retired four times ere they took up a position. The infantry unfortunately were sent off in companies and broken sections to meet the now advancing Zulus. The Zulu center pressed on—the Ingutu range, a distance of four and one-half miles, being black with Zulus. Our mounted men and infantry endeavored to fall back upon camp but were frustrated; the day was going against them; here to stab him were shot. He killed ever so many, but fell at last and died close to the hill." One square of sixty men defied the repeated attacks of one horn of the Zulu army, and so fearless did they at last become that they challenged the Zulus to come on and see how the white man could fight. Their ammunition at last failed and the gallant little band to a man, fell as they had fought, side by side. Zulus everywhere, on, on they came. The last 300 yards not a shot did they fire, but through

sheer force of numbers, thirty to one, they walked the camp down. From every black throat rung out the victorious war whoop, Usutu! and they rushed the camp. Fearful slaughter now ensued; it was one infuriated mob stabbing wildly on every side. Panic-stricken, those who were still alive sought to escape by flight, but there was no path, no track—rocks and ravines everywhere.

The Zulu reserves closed in, the panting fugitives were pursued with redoubled vigor; no quarter was given, danger and death all around. Horses, mules, oxen, men on foot and horseback, white and black all intermingled in one mad stampede. Many a poor fellow through sheer exhaustion dropped down and awaited a fearful death. Night closed in at last, and as the young moon arose on that fatal twenty-second of January, she looked down upon all that remained of a thousand slain. With this brief retrospect a visit to the field completed the ghastly picture. Up a gentle slope, through the long grass, over *dongas*, across the gully where the mounted men had made such a determined stand, traces were already visible; bones, unmistakably human, were lying around in all directions. Up where the tents had been, the horrid sights crowded with appaling rapidity upon each other. Utter confusion was the predominant suggestion; skulls with their empty sockets glared at one from all sides with a speaking silence—fragments of humanity, black and white, friend and foe, and nature fast reducing to a common dust all that remained.

Here was one of the Twenty-fourth with face downward, a Zulu spear buried in his back; lower down lay a white man and a Zulu, the white man uppermost, locked in each other's embrace; now we came upon a Zulu skull pierced by a bayonet, while the assegai finds its grave in the white man's breast. Here lay a soldier whose shattered skull tells how he had climbed the rock only to be hurled to the plain below; there were



ISANDHLWANA REVISITED.

PILE OF STONES MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE PRINCE FELL.

the huddled remains of the sixty who had fallen shoulder to shoulder. Conspicuous among the debris is a broken transport wagon, the oxen still rotting in the chains, while close at hand lies what was once their driver — his coarse clothing, his shroud, which now, coffin-like, encloses his crumbling bones.

Night was fast approaching, and already the huge rock was growing purple in the deepening shadows, while the early dew caused the reeking ground to give forth a heavy repulsive odor. With a sad heart I retraced my steps to camp.

A few hundred yards to the right front of the field there rises a most remarkable pyramid of rubble stones. It stands on the plain detached, and looks more like man's work than nature's, did not its height contest this assertion. Its name, the Lich-Kop, will to many act as a talisman, and bring to mind those friends who sleep at its base. The Rock and the Kop will ever remain nature's monuments to the brave fellows who there met a soldier's death.

The next day we crossed the Buffalo and once again entered Natal. One and all felt that we had done with war; its alarms were over, though its memories still were ours, and we could not but think of the brave comrades slumbering in lonely graves, which were fast growing green, enriched by the very life blood beneath them, while the sighing wind ever sings its low, sad requiem.

A CHILD OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

O child, had I thy lease of time! Such unimagined things
Are waiting for that soul of thine to spread its untried wings!

Shalt thou not speak the stars, and go on journeys thro' the sky?
And read the soul of man as clear as now we read the eye?

Who knows if science may not find some art to make thee new—
To mend the garments of thy flesh when thou hast worn them through?

'Tis fearful, aye, and beautiful, thy future that may be.
How strange!—perhaps death's conqueror sits smiling on my knee!

SHALL WE HAVE SILVER COINAGE?

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

THE financiers and money changers would have us believe that the ordinary mind cannot comprehend what they deem the abstruseness and mystery which surround the money question. In considering the subject of silver coinage it is necessary to understand what money really is; how, and of what material it is created, and the functions it performs.

Strictly nothing is money that will not pay debt under compulsion of law, or is not a legal tender, and if a legal tender as a matter of course it will be taken in exchange for property or services, and will circulate freely in business transactions. The national constitution confers sole power on Congress to regulate the value of money. No State can coin money or make anything a legal tender but gold or silver coin, of United States coinage; and only to the extent of the value prescribed by Congress.

Nature does not create money, nor has it specially designated the material from which it shall be created. In all ages and countries to the best of his intelligence and judgment, man has prescribed what shall be a medium of exchange or standard of value, and the materials have been such as were thought best adapted to existing circumstances and conditions. Gold and silver were selected in the remote past as the favorite materials on account of their comparative scarcity, their indestructibility, and because they are so divisible that coins of any denominational value can be made from them. Coins of these metals are deemed the best money throughout the civilized world, and as this idea has prevailed so long it is probably ineradicable. It is difficult to say which metal came earliest into use as money. It seems that in some countries it was gold and in others silver, the selection depending upon which was most abundant and available; but throughout the Roman Empire it is certain that silver coins greatly predominated, and the same was true throughout Europe until within a comparatively short period. It is not far in the past that paper money was unknown, and its value, as a rule, rests upon its redeemability in metal money. It is probable that the present state of public opinion will continue, and that the money of the world will be gold or silver, or both, for an indefinite period, with paper as a mere representative.

There is some force in the idea of a single measure of value, as it renders calculations and business transactions more simple, and there need be but one if the material employed existed in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of business. Ricardo, one of the greatest of economists, favored the single standard and thought it should be silver, presumably for the reason that it possessed substantially all the good qualities of gold, and being more abundant in quantity it would more nearly supply monetary wants. Population and commerce of the world have so increased that it has become apparent to people of intelligence generally, that in order to accommodate business wants it is necessary that both the precious metals should be freely coined and put into circulation on a ratio that will reasonably establish parity between them. It is not, as charged by the mono-metallists, to benefit the miners and mine owners merely that free silver coinage is urged. The principal reason is that the country and the world may be amply supplied with a reliable and sufficient medium of exchange. If

there were gold enough for that purpose, bi-metallism would have no advocates. Money value the world over is the creature of the law's fiat, and a standard of value has been created from various materials such as iron, copper and nickel, as well as from gold and silver. The law simply fixes a specific value to quantity or weight, and compels its acceptance in payment of debt, which gives any material the monetary quality. While free coinage of silver will supply more money it will also incidentally benefit silver producers, as it will tend to enhance the price of their products. Silver mining is an industry that is entitled to the fostering care of government as much as any other of equal importance.

Nothing produces so much embarrassment as a deficiency of money. It causes high interest rates, low wages and low prices of property. A generous or ample volume produces the contrary results, under the influence of supply and demand, for so long as money loaned produces better profits than are realized from other uses, it will not be put into enterprises for developing the resources and building up the industries of a country. The interests of the money lender and the masses are in conflict, and the gold standard was adopted at the instance of those who possessed money. It was a British conception, and was adopted by the British government to give the people of that country better control of international trade and transportation upon the high seas. Having achieved a position in which balances of trade were uniformly in her favor, that country resorted to the gold standard because it enhanced the purchasing and earning power of her money. Germany adopted it after the Franco-Prussian war in order to embarrass France, from which she had exacted fifteen milliards of gold as a war indemnity. The other nations of Europe deemed themselves forced to reject silver except for subsidiary coinage, and about the same time Congress unwittingly demonetized silver in this country. The important civilized nations, therefore, are committed to mono-metallism, and are attempting to supply the wants of a rapidly growing commerce with the least abundant precious metal, the production of which is by no means equal to the increasing demands of business. This narrow monetary policy is pursued though population, production and trade are constantly becoming greater. Gold production is not on the increase, and will not be except spasmodically. So far as we know nature is not now creating the precious metals, nor has it been within the memory of man; and as exhaustion of the created stock goes on, production will decrease and scarcity is likely to become greater, though conditions are constantly requiring a larger volume of money.

Too much weight is given to the opinions of bankers and money lenders by our mono-metallist statesmen. Their views as to the best investments of money for profit may be sound, but as to the materials from which money should be created and the volume required, their judgment is no better than that of intelligent men in other pursuits. It is not as good, for they are apt to be controlled by their own interests and to disregard those of the public, but men in other pursuits are freer from selfish motives and can look upon the question more comprehensively and impartially. While the business of the world is being enlarged with almost arithmetical progression, and the production of gold is not increasing, it is incomprehensible that this metal, least in quantity, should be employed almost exclusively as the measure of value. Both gold and silver are employed in the arts and manufactures, but except for subsidiary coinage, silver is excluded from the Mints. That there should be an enlarged volume of the circulating medium in this country and in Europe is hardly gainsaid by the mono-metallists themselves. The gold

advocates seem not to concern themselves with the great reason why there should be free coinage of silver. They denounce our silver dollar as a debased dollar. What makes the gold dollar good? It is the law which says twenty-five and eight-tenths grains are worth a hundred cents, and that when converted into coin, they shall be taken in discharge of debt. And because all possessors of uncoined gold can take it to the Mint and have it coined, it has an unchangeable money value and never a commodity value. The value of gold is determined by weight, and in international transactions more of it passes in bullion form than in coin. Because silver cannot be freely coined and is discriminated against by law, it has no fixed money value, and simply a commodity value. If gold were treated the same as silver, it would have no other than a commodity value, and its price would fluctuate in the markets through the effect of supply and demand for use in the arts and manufactures. If Ricardo's idea had been carried out and silver adopted as the measure of value, the silver monometallists would now be denouncing the gold dollar as a debased dollar; for gold would be treated as a commodity and its value would be measured by the silver dollar. What is the difference whether the law says twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of gold or four hundred and twelve and one-half grains of silver, ten per cent alloy or any other number, are worth a hundred cents and compels their acceptance in payment of debt? Markets regulate commodity value, but the law prescribes money value, and its fiat may be applied to one of these metals as well as the other. The gold advocates tell us that the present silver dollar is worth less than its face value because the price of the quantity of silver it contains, measured by the gold dollar, is not worth a hundred cents in the markets as a commodity, though in our domestic transactions the law makes it worth as much as any other dollar. Divided by twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, the value of the gold production of the world at the present time is fixed at about $120,000,000. The value of the silver production is fixed at the same amount, though in weight it is nineteen times greater, and were the production a hundred times greater, the value, as measured by gold, would still be kept at $120,000,000. Thus this great interest is crushed—an interest more important than that of the other metal as it gives more employment to our people, and larger consumption of the other products of the country. It is crushed to promote the profits of those who possess the favored metal, and to the detriment of the masses of the people through the effect of a restricted and insufficient volume of the circulating medium.

The mono-metallists object to silver altogether except for subsidiary coinage. They are captious over the question of parity between the two metals, and talk about basing the ratio upon cost of production or quantity produced. They do not urge, however, that gold value shall be regulated by either. It strikes the impartial mind as particularly absurd that the volume of the circulating medium should depend upon the quantity produced of any material, or that its value as money should be made to depend upon the cost of production. The value of gold money is not at all regulated by these conditions, the law fixes it at the same, whether quantity produced or cost of production is much or little. If $500,000,000 or $1.000,000,000 were annually produced, the value of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains would not be changed. The cost of production is never the same in all localities, nor for any length of time in any locality. It and the quantity produced vary from year to year. If value were to be regulated by these considerations, coinage laws should be flexible, and recoinage should take place whenever there is any material

change in the quantity produced or cost of production.

The value of gold is arbitrarily prescribed, and the same has been done with reference to the ratio upon which parity of the two metals has been established. Until within a recent period, it has been fixed at one of gold to four of silver. The King of Spain, soon after the vast productions of the silver mines in Mexico and Peru had reached his kingdom, issued a decree establishing the ratio of one to seven. For a long time the ratio in Great Britain was one to sixteen, in France, one to fifteen and one-half, and in Germany, one to fifteen. This ratio was adopted by the first-named nation for the purpose of driving out silver and absorbing gold, as gold money was better for that country, which had gained a controlling position in the world's commerce. France retained the double standard until forced out of it, and the plentifulness of her circulating medium contributed to no slight extent to her unequaled prosperity among continental nations.

Money volume should be regulated as far as is practicable by the legitimate demands of business. Money is a tool like the plow, the harrow, the trip-hammer, machinery and all other implements of farming and mechanical industries. It is not expected that the mechanic or farm laborer will accomplish all within his power without a sufficiency of adaptable tools; without a sufficiency of money, the enterprise and energy of a people are restricted. If the best development of resources and of the greatest amount of wealth are desirable, there must be a volume of money to amply supply business wants. It is the opinion of a vast majority of our people that we are suffering from a deficiency to the extent of several hundred million dollars.

The gold mono-metallists affect fear that free coinage of silver will make money too plentiful. Was it ever known that harm resulted from too much good money? All countries have suffered from "wild cat" money whether the volume was great or small. When the law says silver coins are money and shall be taken for a stated sum, that they are not to be redeemed, that they shall be taken in payment of a debt, they cannot be considered debased money, and depreciated in the hands of the possessors. It is so as to gold, and why cannot it be made the same as to silver? A redundancy of money may give impetus to speculation, which is particularly an American propensity. Those who indulge in speculation are always liable to suffer, but that does not produce alarming shrinkage of values nor general depression of business, so long as money is good and there is enough of it. The world in all ages has suffered from monetary stringency, and it might be a pleasant experience to change to a condition of redundancy. It would be a rift in the mists of an unpleasant monotony. It is not wise to rely too much on mono-metallist theory, and it certainly could do no serious harm to demonstrate by an experiment the effect of an enlargement of our circulating medium.

The oft-repeated assertion that the coinage of silver would produce too much money, has never been proved in our own experience. It is thought by many intelligent men that our growth in population, production and trade, demands an increase of the circulating medium to the extent of $100,000,000 annually. Our present production of the precious metals is not more than $60,000,000 for coinage; therefore, if we make up for the present deficiency, and supply the increase constantly required, we must draw largely from the world's accumulated stock of silver, until our volume of money reaches a magnitude that will amply satisfy public wants. If it were possible that harm could result from a redundancy of good money, the power would remain in the hands of Government to avert it when the danger appeared to be imminent.

It is said that we cannot safely enter upon free coinage of silver unless the leading commercial nations join with us. Few, if any, doubt that if all nations would adopt silver as a standard of value in international exchanges it would be better for this country and for the world. As has been said, Great Britain adopted the gold measure to promote her own interests. Though during the last year or two her exports have fallen off, still balances of trade are in her favor which are payable in gold. The circumstances are not yet so straightened as to compel her to change her policy. She is reinforced in her obstinacy by Germany, and against those two countries no nation of Europe seems to have the courage to take an independent position on the silver question whatever may be its interests or desires. Conference after conference has convened with no apparent gain to the cause of silver—the one just held having proved as fruitless as its predecessors. The question has descended into the domain of diplomacy and cannot, as it seems, be lifted into the region of purely monetary discussion, and upon considerations of the general welfare. It should not be overlooked that the United States is regarded as the commercial rival of all Europe, and this has a strong tendency to combine all the leading European nations against us. If we do not adopt silver coinage till European nations join with us, we shall not get it at all—at least not within the lifetime of the present generation. Some great nation should take the initiative, and none is so well situated to do it as our own. It is high time that we discard the financial swaddling clothes put upon us by Great Britain, and enter upon a manhood policy of our own—one that is adapted to American rather than European interests. Let us abandon the methods we have been pursuing and adopt the Napoleonic policy—fight first and negotiate afterwards. There is encouragement to the adoption of this policy in the growth of bi-metallist sentiment among the masses of the people on the other side of the Atlantic; and especially in England, where popular opinion has a recognized potency.

The gold advocates allege that if we enter upon free silver coinage single-handed and alone, the silver of the world will be dumped upon us. Whether that will result or not depends upon the character of the law. If as under the Bland law the Government were required to purchase the silver, the accumulated stock of the world would be hurled upon us, and as the Government would be required to coin it and put it in circulation very little would find its way to the people. The Bland Bill in that feature was a mistake, and the present law simply makes the Government a hoarder of silver bullion. The law should be such that any possessor of fifty or a hundred ounces or more of silver can go to the mint and have it coined, paying the actual cost of coinage, and take his money to do with it as he pleases. If the foreigner brought his silver and had it coined, he would be compelled, since in other countries it would have but a commodity value, to invest it here, and this would make a larger demand for our surplus products besides increasing our volume of money. It would save the Government the trouble of putting the coin into circulation, and would tend to regulate the volume on the basis of business wants; for unless the possessor could make a better use of his silver as money than in bullion he would not have it coined. There would be no danger of getting too much money, if a redundancy of good money can possibly be injurious.

It is further urged that free silver coinage will drive gold out of the country. Whether that result will follow also depends upon circumstances. If we have nothing to pay abroad, then of course no kind of money will go out of the country. Gold has been going abroad to pay

expenses of American tourists and sojourners in foreign lands, and especially in Europe; but foreigners travel in this country and expend their money here. As there are so many of our people who prefer to live or travel in Europe and elsewhere, rather than to remain at home and gain a knowledge of their own country, it is probable that on that account there is and will continue to be a balance against us. We have been and are paying foreigners a large sum annually for transporting our freight and passengers upon the high seas. That evil can be remedied by the adoption of a policy that will build up our own shipping interests to an extent that will enable us to do our own transportation, or as much for foreign people as they do for us. We are now making considerable strides towards that end. This country until within the last sixteen years suffered from a depletion of gold resources through adverse balances of trade. In the last sixteen years we have not only drawn gold from other nations, but have largely paid off or purchased our securities held abroad.

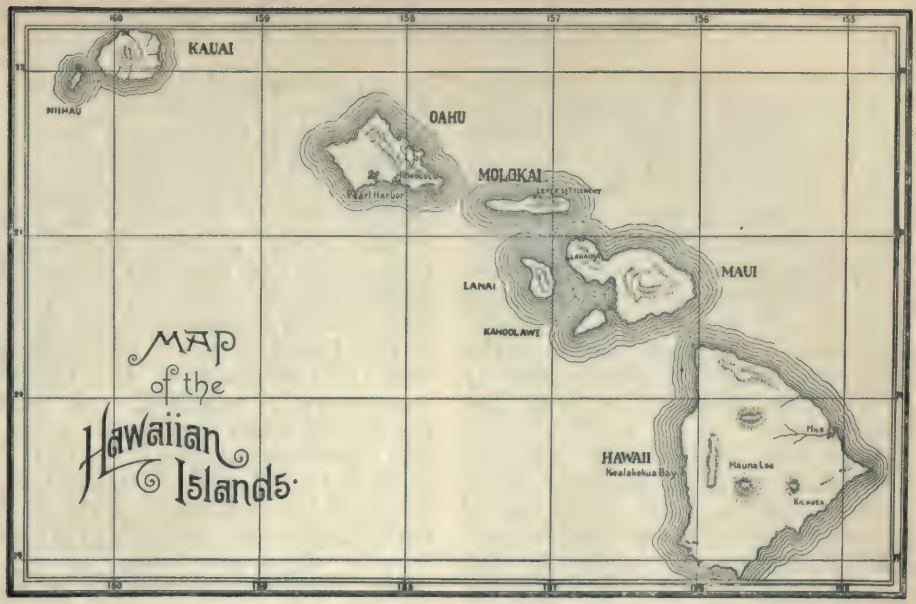
Our financial soundness and the maintenance of a bi-metallic currency depends upon a policy that will preserve trade balances in our favor, and that will enable us to produce to the utmost practicable extent to supply our own consumption. If in the next sixteen years the aggregate of balances of trade is as great as in the last, no American securities will be held by foreigners, or at most none worthy of mention. Americans do not and are not likely to invest to any great extent in foreign property, or in business in foreign countries, and on those accounts there is no probability that gold will be called away from home. The law can make it so that gold will not bear a premium in this country over silver for domestic uses. There is one way in which gold may go out of the country. By keeping up a policy that gives us favorable balances of trade, foreign nations which recognize the gold standard only will be compelled to come to this country and purchase to maintain their financial soundness. Our people, of course, will sell to them if they can get a satisfactory premium, and it will be exacted according to foreign necessities. During the war gold operators had no scruples about putting the premium to any figure, and it cannot be expected that they will be more generous to foreigners than to their own countrymen when the nation was in peril. The very exaction of a high premium will check the purchase of gold by foreigners. They will be glad to return our securities in exchange for gold, and to get them back will be well for this country as it will save an outgo to pay interest. Our policy may be such as to so pinch European countries that they will be compelled to adopt silver coinage to secure a volume of circulating medium adequate to supply their business wants. It only requires an American policy, one not founded upon British theory, nor complicated with European interests, to enable us to sustain ourselves against European rivalries.

The mono-metallists are wont to quote Gresham's law, which is that "bad money will drive out good money." Free coinage of silver need not make bad money. Silver now appears to be such because it is discriminated against by our own laws. The danger of a redundancy of money through free silver coinage is very remote at the worst. Our productions of silver, if it were all coined, is less than the increasing demand for more money, even were it coined on a ratio of one to fifteen; our gold production is not more than $20,000,000 or $25,000,000 for coinage and there cannot be expected any appreciable increase—a decrease is more probable. To give silver a better status may stimulate production for a time, but it will be many years, even if production is increased beyond all expectation, before a sufficiency of the volume of the circulating medium will be

attained. Our foreign trade is less than $2,000,000,000, annually, but our domestic commerce is more than ten times greater; it is more than six times greater than the foreign commerce of Great Britain which is the largest in the world. It cannot be wise statesmanship to adapt our financial policy to the lesser interest and disregard the greater. The want for money is in our home business, the volume of which is growing beyond all precedent, while the increase in our foreign trade is barely perceptible.

If enlargement of foreign trade is desirable, our efforts to develop it need not be directed to Europe, for in the aggregate it is not there that balances are against us. They arise in other quarters of the world. There is little produced in Europe that we need—European nations require more of us than we of them. Large adverse balances of trade arise with countries on this continent, and American countries generally employ silver most largely as a circulating medium. If we are to continue conferences and negotiations on the subject of silver coinage, it would be wiser to have them with American countries with a view to establishing common coinage. If this were effected they would take our silver coins in payment of balances of trade. These countries purchase little of Europeans except manufactures, and we ought to be able to supply them in that line, especially if we had ample shipping to transport to them, as we have the advantage in distance. Let the Pan-American Congress be renewed, for it does not seem that there are insuperable obstacles to treaties that will be mutually advantageous to all the nations on this continent. Until this country indicates a purpose to act on its own responsibility and for its own interests, it will never be freed from the trammels that have been put upon it financially and commercially by European rivals.

The silver question cannot be said to be political. Free coinage has friends and enemies in both of the great parties. Its friends are undoubtedly in a majority in States which have a preponderance of votes in the electoral college, and they can control the Senate and House of Representatives, if they will. The money question is important enough to subordinate all other issues, until a satisfactory solution is reached. So long as the friends of free coinage divide on other questions and act on divergent lines, they need not expect success. If they will unite and act together the contest will be of short duration. When free coinage becomes a *fait accompli* it will remain undisturbed. Then and not until then, its friends can safely divide in their action upon other issues.



THE LATE REVOLUTION IN HAWAII.

BY F. R. D.

THE political situation in Hawaii has long been unsatisfactory to the reflecting portion of the community. The population of 90,000, composed in round numbers of 45,000 natives, 15,000 Chinese, 20,000 Japanese, 4,000 Portuguese, 2,000 Americans, 1,000 English and 2,000 other European nationalities, make such a mixture as to render perpetual independent self-government almost an impossibility. The situation has been such as to invite political upheavals and revolutions and keep the country in a constant state of unrest. Within the past six years no less than five revolutionary attempts have been made. With every political disturbance, annexation to the United States has been suggested as the only rational solution of the difficulties existing there.

The question may be asked, why, with such an overwhelming majority of native Hawaiians, and other nationalities outnumbering the Americans, annexation to the United States should be considered the most feasible mode of settling the difficulties? The answer is that the inevitable destiny of the Islands is to pass into the hands of some foreign power, sooner or later. The Chinese and Japanese do not influence the matter, as they are aliens, and have no voice in the government. The Hawaiians are rapidly disappearing, as other aboriginal races have done, at the rate of 5,000 every decade, and the time will soon come when they will cut no figure in the political situation. Then, if not before, some foreign power must step in and assume control, for the country will be too weak to stand alone.

That power must be the United States of America, because the Islands belong (1) geographically, (2) socially and (3) commercially to her in preference to any European nation. (1) Situated in Lat. 21° N., Long. 157° W., the Hawaiian Islands form the hub of the North Pacific and hold the strategic key of that vast expanse of water and the adjoining coasts. The United

States can ill afford to let them pass into the hands of a European and possibly hostile power. (2) American influence, begun by the early American missionaries, has given an American tinge to the religious worship, to the educational and commercial systems and to the social customs. (3) Fully three-fourths of the wealth of the country is owned by the American element, and nine-tenths of the trade, amounting to $12,000,000 or $14,000,000 annually, is with the Pacific Coast.

With these facts before one, it is not unnatural for the majority of the mercantile element to look, in time of political trouble, toward union with the United States as the most feasible and satisfactory means of acquiring that stability of government which is so essential to the commercial prosperity of any country. It is not strange, therefore, that the subject of annexation should have received from time to time serious consideration. The experiences of the past few years have been such as to again present the subject for study.

The disastrous blow dealt the sugar industry of the Islands by the McKinley Bill placed the country in a very depressed financial condition, to recover from which required stability of government and skillful financeering. Had these elements of success been guaranteed the business men of Hawaii by harmonious action between the Queen and a Cabinet commanding the confidence of the community, all would have been well; but from the moment the Queen ascended the throne it became apparent that her purpose in life would be to regain the power of an absolute monarch, and place the government of the kingdom in the hands of her irresponsible Kanakas.

The conflict between royal aggression and popular liberty began shortly after the opening of the Legislature in May 1892, when her personal Cabinet was voted out of office on a want of confidence, owing to their inability to grapple with the financial situation. As an instance of their statecraft I will mention that the only measure for increasing the revenue proposed by the then Minister of Finance, was a tax of ten cents a pack on imported playing cards. Comment is unnecessary. Her Majesty immediately reappointed two members of the dismissed Cabinet, with two new colleagues from the ranks of the minority of the Legislature. A resolution of want of confidence in this Cabinet was promptly proposed, and when put to vote stood twenty-four in favor and twenty-one against it. The President of the Legislature decided that it would take a majority of the whole of the Legislature, forty-eight in number, or twenty-five votes, to carry such a resolution, so that the Cabinet retained their portfolios for a time. But it was evident that a Cabinet with a minority support was destined to be short-lived, and in the course of two weeks they were removed from office on a second want of confidence. The majority of the Legislature were acting on the principle, and attempting to establish the precedent of constitutional government, that a leader of the majority should be called by the Queen to form a Cabinet. This her Majesty refused to do, claiming it as her constitutional right to appoint whom she pleased as her Cabinet ministers. The conflict was carried out on this line until four successive Cabinets, Her Majesty's Cabinet material, the patience of the Legislature and the country at large was well nigh exhausted. Then, after a protracted delay, she appointed a Cabinet from the ranks of the majority that commanded the confidence of the entire community—sterling business and professional men, who by their intelligence and energy had amassed fortunes and commanded the respect and confidence of the whole country. There was general rejoicing when it was learned that the Queen had finally yielded to the invincible logic of a firm majority, and the outlook for the future under their guid-

ance was more hopeful. Had she been content to abide by the will of the majority to which she had yielded, all would have been well, but she would not. She immediately entered the field of politics, and by methods more worthy of a ward politician than a monarch, succeeded in accomplishing a series of maneuvers that cost her her throne. The story of these movements will ever be an interesting chapter in Hawaiian history.

The first step was railroading the infamous Lottery Bill through the Legislature on Wednesday, January 11th. This iniquitous bill was exceedingly popular with the natives, who were dazzled by the $500,000 bribe offered by the promoters of the scheme, and their vote, with the assistance of that of one white man, passed the bill. The respectable element of the community was shocked and grieved beyond expression on receipt of the news, because when the bill was first proposed, it met with such universal opposition from all classes that it was dropped for the time and the people supposed it dead. The bill was brought up again, however, at the very end of the session when several of the white members were away. After the passage of the bill, and the strength of the Kanakas demonstrated in the absence of white members just mentioned, they, at the urgent request of the Queen, brought in and passed a vote of want of confidence in the lately appointed Cabinet. This step caused general regret amongst the people, for the Cabinet was composed of able men who had, during their short term of office, inaugurated an economical policy for running the government, and had introduced several measures for increasing the revenues of the kingdom. The Queen objected to them because they were not subservient to her, and she could not dictate to them. Such a Cabinet could never meet with her approval. The day following the dismissal of this Cabinet, she appointed a Cabinet of irresponsible supporters of her claims, men of no principle and no personal credit. This move of the Queen revealed to the people her determination not to yield to the popular will in spite of the long, expensive and tedious struggle of the preceding months. The community received the news of the appointments with a feeling of intense disgust. It seemed as though the poor, impoverished little kingdom was being urged on to ruin by those who should have been its salvation. Still it is doubtful if any individual in Hawaii had an idea of attempting a revolutionary act. It was not until the following day after the Queen had prorogued the Legislature with all the pomp and ceremony of a great occasion of state, returned to the palace and attempted her insane coup d' etat of promulgating a new constitution, that the people awoke spontaneously to the imperative necessity of taking radical measures to antagonize royal aggression.

The news of the Queen's attempt spread like wildfire throughout the town. It seems that when she had returned to the palace she received the Hui Kalaina, a native political society that had taken this occasion to wait on her Majesty and present a new constitution, with the request that she immediately promulgate it and make it the law of the land.

This constitution, which the Queen approved of most heartily, differed so radically from the one now in force, that by its adoption the kingdom would have been converted from a constitutional into an absolute monarchy, and would have deprived the white inhabitants or "foreigners," as they are called, of any voice in the government. Inasmuch as nine-tenths of the taxes are paid by the whites, it would have been a more glaring case of taxation without representation than was ever extant in the American colonies in the eighteenth century.

The Queen received the new constitution from the Hui Kalaina, and calling upon her new Cabinet,

demanded their counter signatures to the document. This was more than even they dared to do, knowing well the storm of opposition it would arouse amongst the whites. Her Majesty insisted. They still refused. Then she threatened to appeal to her people who had assembled in masses about the palace. Fearing mob violence if she took this step, they fled from the palace to the Government Building and immediately notified some of the prominent leaders of the opposition of the situation at the palace. An impromptu meeting of leading business and professional men was called, and they sent word to the Cabinet not to yield to the Queen's demand, but to proclaim the Queen a traitor and the throne vacant, and that they would receive the unanimous support of all political parties. By this time the Queen began to realize that she had overreached herself. She thereupon dismissed her native subjects there assembled, with the assurance that at a more fitting occasion she would give them the much-desired constitution.

She then called her Cabinet back, and they immediately set to work to quell the storm that was rising. She issued the following proclamation:

BY AUTHORITY.

Her Majesty's ministers desire to express their appreciation for the quiet and order which has prevailed in this community since the events of Saturday, and are authorized to say that the position taken by her Majesty in regard to the promulgation of a new constitution was under stress of her native subjects.

Authority is given for the assurance that any changes desired in the fundamental law of the land will be sought only by methods provided in the constitution itself.

Her Majesty's ministers request all citizens to accept the assurance of her Majesty in the same spirit in which it is given.

LILIUOKALANI.

SAMUEL PARKER,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.
W. H. CORNWELL,
Minister of Finance.
JOHN F. COLBURN,
Minister of Interior.
H. P. PETERSON,
Attorney General.

But the people were not to be deceived by her retraction. Past experience had taught them to place no faith in her word.

At the impromptu meeting of citizens held Saturday afternoon, a Committee of Public Safety, composed of thirteen public men, was appointed to take such action as they deemed best under the circumstances. They immediately called a mass meeting of citizens for Monday afternoon to discuss the situation.

Monday afternoon came and by two o'clock, the time set for the mass meeting, the large armory building was full of earnest, determined men. No such meeting was ever held in Honolulu before. All the business houses and stores were represented—clerks, professional men, mechanics, laborers, "gathered together with one accord." It was very quiet in the hall, but any one surveying the vast audience would have been impressed with the restraining force that seemed to bind all classes and nationalities together.

The meeting was called to order by the Hon. W. C. Wilder, president of the Wilder Steamship Company, who in an impressive speech, stated the object of the meeting and called for the report of the Committee of Public Safety. This was read by the Hon. L. A. Thurston and is here reproduced:

"On the morning of last Saturday, the 14th inst., the city was startled by the information that her Majesty, Queen Liliuokalani, had announced her intention to arbitrarily promulgate a new constitution, and that three of the newly appointed Cabinet ministers had resigned, or were about to in consequence thereof.

"Immediately after the prorogation of the Legislature at noon, the Queen, accompanied by the Cabinet, retired to the palace. The entire military force of the government was drawn up in line in front of the building and remained there until dark, and a crowd of several hundred native sym-

pathizers with the new constitution project, gathered in the throne room and about the palace. The Queen then retired with the Cabinet, informed them that she intended to promulgate it, and proposed to do so then and there, demanding that they countersign her signature.

"She turned a deaf ear to their statements and protests that the proposed action would inevitably cause the streets of Honolulu to run red with blood, and threatened that unless they complied with her demand she would herself immediately go out upon the steps and announce to the assembled crowd that the reason she did not give them the new constitution was because the ministers would not let her. Three of the ministers, fearing mob violence, immediately withdrew and returned to the Government Building. They were immediately summoned back to the palace, but refused on the ground that there was no guarantee of their personal safety.

"The only forces under the control of the government are the Household Guards and the police. The former are nominally under the control of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and actually under the control of their immediate commander, Major Nowlein —a personal adherent of the Queen.

"The police are under the control of Marshal Wilson, the open and avowed royal favorite. Although the Marshal is nominally under the control of the Attorney-General, her Majesty recently announced in a public speech that she would not allow him to be removed. Although the Marshal now states that he is opposed to the Queen's proposition, he also states that if the final issue arises between the Queen and the Cabinet and the people, he will support the Queen.

"The Cabinet was absolutely powerless and appealed to the citizens for support.

"Later, they reluctantly returned to the palace by request of the Queen and for nearly two hours she endeavored to force them to acquiesce in her desire, and upon their final refusal announced in a public speech in the throne room and again from the upper gallery of the palace that she desired to issue the constitution but was prevented from doing so by her ministers, and would issue it in a few days.

"The citizens responded to the appeal of the Cabinet to resist the revolutionary attempt of the Queen, by gathering at the office of William O. Smith.

"Late in the afternoon it was felt that bloodshed and riot were imminent; that the community could expect no protection from the legal authorities; that on the contrary, they would undoubtedly be made the instruments of royal aggression, and an impromptu meeting of citizens was held, which was attended by the Attorney-General and which was addressed among others by the Minister of the Interior, J. F. Colburn, who stated to the meeting substantially the foregoing facts.

"The meeting unanimously passed a resolution that the public welfare required the appointment of a Committee of Public Safety of thirteen to consider the situation and devise ways and means for the maintenance of the public peace, and the protection of life and property.

"Such committee was forthwith appointed and has followed its instructions.

"The first step which the committee considers necessary is to secure openly, publicly and peaceably, through the medium of a mass meeting of citizens, a condemnation of the proceedings of the party of revolution and disorder, and a confirmation from such larger meeting of the authority now vested in the committee.

"For such purpose the committee hereby recommends the adoption of the following resolution:"

1. WHEREAS, her Majesty, Liliuokalani, acting in conjunction with certain other persons, has, illegally and unconstitutionally and against the advice and consent of the lawful executive officers of the Govern-

ment, attempted to abrogate the existing constitution and proclaim a new one in subversion of the rights of the people;

2. And whereas, such attempt has been accompanied by threats of violence and bloodshed, and a display of armed force, and such attempt and act and threats are revolutionary and treasonable in character;

3. And whereas, her Majesty's Cabinet has informed her that such contemplated action was unlawful and would lead to bloodshed and riot and has implored and demanded of her to desist from and renounce such proposed action;

4. And whereas, such advice has been in vain, and her Majesty has in a public speech announced that she was desirous and ready to promulgate such constitution, the same being now ready for such purpose, and that the only reason why it was not now promulgated was because she had met with unexpected obstacles and that a fitting opportunity in the future must be awaited for the consummation of such object, which would be within a few days;

5. And whereas, at a public meeting of citizens, held in Honolulu on the 14th day of January, a committee of thirteen, to be known as the "Committee of Public Safety," was appointed to consider the situation and devise ways and means for the maintenance of the public peace and safety and the preservation of life and property;

6. And whereas, such committee has recommended the calling of this mass meeting of citizens to protest against and condemn such action, and has this day presented a report to such meeting, denouncing the action of the Queen and her supporters as being unlawful, unwarranted, in derogation of the rights of the people, endangering the peace of the community and tending to excite riot and cause loss of life and destruction of property;

Now, therefore, we, citizens of Honolulu, of all nationalities and regardless of political party affiliations, do hereby condemn and denounce the action of the Queen and her supporters;

And we do hereby ratify the appointment and endorse the action taken and report made by said Committee of Safety, and we do hereby further empower such committee to further consider the situation and further devise ways and means as may be necessary to secure the permanent maintenance of law and order and the protection of life, liberty and property in Hawaii.

After reading the report and resolution, Mr. Thurston made a stirring speech on the necessity of immediate and decisive action on the part of the people.

The resolution was seconded in a pithy speech by Hon. H. F. Glade, Austrian Consul and head of the large commission house of H. Hackfeld & Co.

Other speeches were made by Hon. Alexander Young, President of the Honolulu Iron Works, Hon. H. P. Baldwin, a wealthy plantation owner, and others—all advocating the same prompt and decisive action. The resolution was unanimously adopted amidst tremendous applause.

As soon as the committee had received the support of the citizens, they immediately set to work to carry out the plans they had perfected. They began the work of enrolling a volunteer force of riflemen.

In the meantime, the American minister to the Hawaiian Court, Mr. J. L. Stevens, in response to a request from American citizens for protection of life and property, ordered Commander Wiltse of the U. S. S. *Boston* to land sailors and marines for that purpose. Detachments were placed on guard at the U. S. Consulate and the U. S. Legation, but the main body encamped at Arion Hall, a public building near the Government buildings.

By Tuesday morning between 200 and 300 volunteers were on the rolls.

The plan was to seize the Government building and Treasury and depose the Queen; but it was feared that the Queen, supported by the Marshal of the kingdom with a well-armed force consisting of the police and the household guards, would make a stubborn resistance, and a fierce conflict seemed inevitable.

This was the situation on Tuesday morning, January 17th. The community was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. The intensity of suspense was upon it. None could tell what the day would bring forth, but there was every reason to fear a bloody strife before nightfall.

At 2 P. M., the volunteers began to assemble at the armory. About this time occurred the only disaster of the day. The ammunition wagon belonging to the revolutionists was about to

drive out of the yard of E. O. Hall & Son, hardware merchants, when a native policeman, detailed for that duty, attempted to arrest the driver. He grabbed the horses' bridle and ordered him to halt. A rifleman in charge of the wagon shouted to him to let go, but the policeman continued faithful in his attempt to discharge his duty. Thereupon the rifleman leveled his revolver at him and shot. The bullet passed through the policeman's body, but fortunately missed wounding any vital organ. The wagon was driven rapidly to the armory, the ammunition distributed and the riflemen formed into squads. They then marched to the Government building without molestation, and were drawn up in line in the grounds in front of the main entrance. The keys of the building and of the Treasury were demanded of Mr. J. A. Hassenger, the chief clerk of the Interior Department, and by him delivered to the attacking party. Not a shot was fired—not a move made to oppose the little force.

As soon as the leaders of the movement had secured control of the Government building, they convened the Supreme Court of the kingdom consisting of His Excellency A. F. Judd, Chief Justice; His Excellency R. F. Bickerton, First Associate Justice and His Excellency S. B. Dole, Second Associate Justice. The Court declared the Queen a traitor for having attempted to promulgate a new constitution, after having given her solemn oath to support the one then in force, and the throne consequently vacant.

The Committee of Public Safety immediately issued the following proclamation, establishing a Provisional Government:

"In its earlier history, Hawaii possessed a constitutional Government honestly and economically administered in the public interests.

"The crown called to its assistance as advisers able, honest and conservative men whose integrity was unquestioned even by their political opponents.

"The stability of the Government was assured; armed resistance and revolution unthought of; popular rights were respected; and the privileges of the subject from time to time increased, and the prerogatives of the sovereign diminished by the voluntary acts of the successive Kings.

"With very few exceptions this state of affairs continued until the expiration of the first few years of the reign of his late Majesty Kalakaua. At this time a change was discernible in the spirit animating the chief executive and in the influences surrounding the throne. A steadily increasing disposition was manifested on the part of the King to extend the royal prerogatives; to favor adventurers and persons of no character or standing in the community; to encroach upon the rights and privileges of the people by steadily increasing corruption of electors, and by means of the power and influence of office-holders, to illegitimately influence the elections, resulting in the final absolute control of not only the executive and legislative, but to a certain extent the judicial departments of the Government in the interests of absolutism.

"This finally resulted in the revulsion of feeling and popular uprising of 1887, which wrested from the King a large portion of his ill-gotten powers.

"The leaders of this movement were not seeking personal aggrandizement, political power or the suppression of the native Government. If this had been their object it could easily have been accomplished, for they had absolute control of the situation.

"Their object was to secure responsible government through a representative Cabinet, supported by and responsible to the people's elected representatives. A clause to this effect was inserted in the constitution and subsequently enacted by law by the Legislatures, specifically covering

the ground that in all matters concerning the state the sovereign was to act by and with the advice of the Cabinet, and only by and with such advice.

"The King willingly agreed to this proposition, expressed regret for the past and volunteered promises for the future.

"Almost from the date of such agreement and promises up to the time of his death, the history of the Government has been a continual struggle between the King on the one hand and the Cabinet and Legislature on the other, the former constantly endeavoring by every available form of influence and evasion to ignore promises and agreements and regain his lost powers.

"This conflict upon several occasions came to a crisis, followed each time by submission on the part of his Majesty, by renewed expressions of regret, and promises to abide by the constitutional and legal restrictions in the future. In each instance such promises were kept until a future opportunity presented itself, when the conflict was renewed in defiance and regardless of all previous pledges.

"Upon the accession of her Majesty Liliuokalani, the hope prevailed for a brief period that a new policy would be adopted. This hope was soon blasted by her immediately entering into conflict with the existing Cabinet, who held office with the approval of a large majority of the Legislature, resulting in the triumph of the Queen and the removal of the Cabinet. The appointment of a new Cabinet subservient to her wishes, and their continuance in office until a recent date, gave no opportunity for further indication of the policy which would be pursued by her Majesty until the opening of the Legislature in May of 1892.

"The recent history of that session has shown a stubborn determination on the part of her Majesty to follow the tactics of her late brother, and in all possible ways to secure an extension of the royal prerogatives and an abridgement of popular rights.

"During the latter part of the session the Legislature was replete with corruption; bribery and other illegitimate influences were openly utilized to secure the desired end, resulting in the final complete overthrow of opposition, and the inauguration of a Cabinet arbitrarily selected by her Majesty in complete defiance of constitutional principles and popular representation.

"Notwithstanding such result the defeated party peacefully submitted to the situation.

"Not content with her victory, her Majesty proceeded on the last day of the session to arbitrarily arrogate to herself the right to promulgate a new constitution, which proposed among other things to disfranchise over one-fourth of the voters and the owners of nine-tenths of the private property of the kingdom, to abolish the elected upper house of the Legislature and to substitute in place thereof an appointive one to be appointed by the sovereign.

"The detailed history of this attempt and the succeeding events in connection therewith is given in the report of the Committee of Public Safety to the citizens of Honolulu, and the resolutions adopted at the mass meeting held on the 16th inst., the correctness of which report and the propriety of the resolution is hereby specifically affirmed.

"The constitutional evolution indicated has slowly and steadily though reluctantly and regretfully, convinced an overwhelming majority of the conservative and responsible members of the community that independent, constitutional, representative and responsible government, able to protect itself from revolutionary uprisings and royal aggression, is no longer possible in Hawaii under the existing system of government.

"Five uprisings or conspiracies against the Government have occurred within five years and seven months.

It is firmly believed that the culminating revolutionary attempt of last Saturday will, unless radical measures are taken, wreck our already damaged credit abroad, and precipitate to final ruin our already overstrained financial condition; and the guarantees of protection to life, liberty and property will steadily decrease, and the political situation rapidly grow worse.

"In this belief, and also in the firm belief that the action hereby taken is and will be for the best personal, political and property interests of every citizen of the land, we, citizens of and residents of the Hawaiian Islands, organized and acting for the public safety, hereby proclaim as follows:

1. The Hawaiian monarchical system of government is hereby abrogated.

2. A provisional government for the control and management of public affairs and the protection of the public peace is hereby established to exist until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.

3. Such provisional government shall consist of an executive council of four members, who are hereby declared to be S. B. Dole, J. A. King, P. C. Jones and W. O. Smith, who shall administer the executive departments of the Government, the first-named acting as president and chairman of such council and administering the Department of Foreign Affairs, and the others severally administering the Departments of Interior, Finance and Attorney-General, respectively, in the order in which enumerated, according to existing Hawaiian law as far as may be consistent with this proclamation; and also of an advisory council which shall consist of fourteen members who are hereby declared to be: S. M. Damon, A. Brown, L. A. Thurston, J. F. Morgan, J. Emmeluth, H. Waterhouse, J. A. McCandless, E. D. Tenny, F. W. McChesney, F. Wilhelm, W. R. Castle, W. G. Ashley, W. C. Wilder, H. Bolte. Such advisory council shall also have general legislative authority. Such executive and advisory council shall, acting jointly, have power to remove any member of either council, and to fill such or any other vacancy.

4. All officers under the existing Government are hereby requested to continue to exercise their functions and perform the duties of their respective offices, with the exception of the following named persons: Queen Liliuokalani; Charles B. Wilson, Marshal; Samuel Parker, Minister of Foreign Affairs; W. H. Cornwell, Minister of Finance; John F. Colburn, Minister of Interior; Arthur P. Peterson, Attorney-General; who are hereby removed from office.

5. All Hawaiian laws and constitutional principles not inconsistent herewith shall continue in force until further order of the executive and advisory councils.

Word was immediately sent to the representatives of the foreign powers of the change in the government and requesting their recognition.

Minister Stevens, after having satisfied himself of the truth of the statements, very promptly recognized the new government by the following note:

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
HONOLULU, H. I., Jan. 17, 1893.

A provisional government having been duly constituted in place of the recent government of Queen Liliuokalani and said provisional government being in full possession of the government buildings, the archives and the treasury, and in control of the Capital of the Hawaiian Islands, I hereby recognize said provisional government as the de facto government of the Hawaiian Islands.

JOHN L. STEVENS,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

Recognition promptly followed from the representatives of Germany, France, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Norway and Sweden, Italy, Spain, Mexico, and several South American States.

Great Britain and Japan were the only countries that refused to recognize the new government.

As soon as the members of the provisional government received the recognition of the American minister, word was sent to the Queen's Cabinet demanding the surrender of the police station and the barracks, which were still in the royal possession. A compromise proposition was made by her Majesty's Cabinet, which was promptly refused by the provisional government, and finally the Queen yielded, after having issued the following protest:

I, Liliuokalani, by the grace of God and under the Constitution of the Hawaiian Kingdom, Queen, do hereby solemnly protest against any and all acts done against myself and the constitutional government of the Hawaiian Kingdom by certain persons claiming to have established a provisional government of and for this kingdom.

That I yield to the superior force of the

United States of America, whose Minister Plenipotentiary, his Excellency John L. Stevens, has caused United States troops to be landed in Honolulu and declared that he would support the said provisional government.

Now to avoid any collision of armed forces and perhaps loss of life, I do under this protest and impelled by said force, yield my authority until such time as the Government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, undo the action of its representative and reinstate me in the authority which I claim as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands.

Done at Honolulu this 17th day of January, A. D. 1893.

LILIUOKALANI, R.

SAMUEL PARKER,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.
W. H. CORNWELL,
Minister of Finance.
JOHN F. COLBURN,
Minister of Interior.
A. P. PETERSON,
Attorney-General.

After issuing this protest the Queen left the palace and took up her abode at her private residence, Washington Place. The police station and barracks were occupied by the forces of the provisional government, and the town placed under martial law.

Thus occurred the last and most significant of the many bloodless revolutions that have been so common in Hawaii.

It is the most significant of all preceding ones on account of a single clause in the proclamation issued by the Committee of Public Safety, viz: "*until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.*"

Thus annexation has become no longer a theory, but a practical, diplomatic issue and one that demands a speedy settlement.

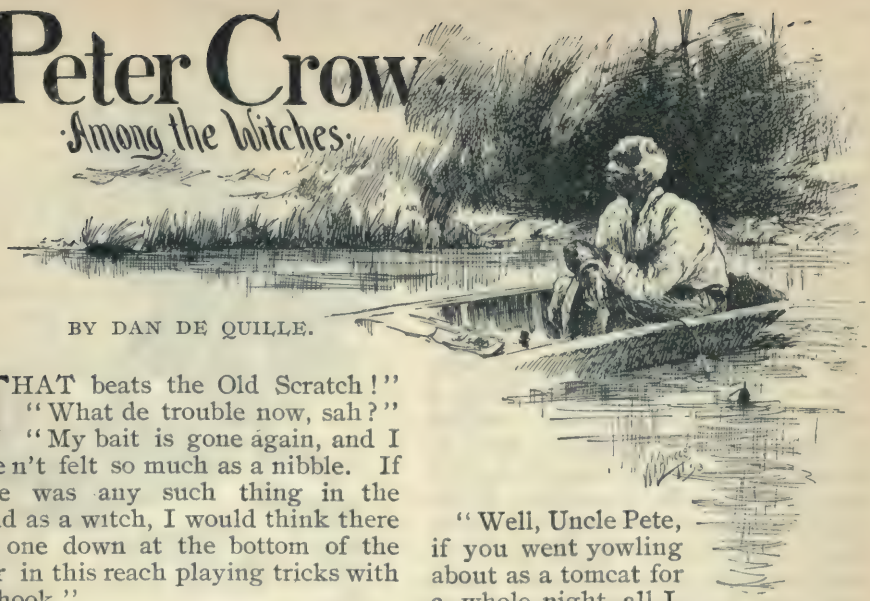
SONNET.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Foul deeds are foulest done in Virtue's name.
Better the loathsome life and stony face,
Than acts and features that would steal the grace
Of honor to give cover to their shame;
These being vile—abiding not their place,
Creeping in Virtue's guise away from blame
To filch from Worthiness its proper fame—
Are more than vilely vile, are wholly base.
A rose that bears the canker in its heart,
A fearful sorrow hidden in seeming bliss,
A subtle snake that creeps that it may dart,
A last farewell sealed with a Judas kiss—
These have within themselves a poison part;
Are from one source and of a kind with this.

Peter Crow

Among the Witches



BY DAN DE QUILLE.

"THAT beats the Old Scratch!"

"What de trouble now, sah?"

"My bait is gone again, and I have n't felt so much as a nibble. If there was any such thing in the world as a witch, I would think there was one down at the bottom of the river in this reach playing tricks with my hook."

"An' why not, sah?"

"Well, simply because there is no such thing as a witch."

"Doan you be too shore 'bout dat dare ain't no mo' witches, sah. Dar's witches in de wu'ld now, jes' same as dar allus wur. Yes, sah, an' in dis yere 'Debbil's Reach' is jist de place for 'em, bekase witches an' de debbil allus runs togedder—dey's bird's of de same fedder and tarred wid de saem stick. Now de time when I wur a cat, I done got——"

"The time when you were a cat, Uncle Pete! What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"Nonsense! Nary a bit o' nonsense 'bout it, sah. Jist as shore as dat we two is settin' hyar in dis canoe on de Sackermento Ribber, I was onct a cat for a whole night. Yes, sah, an' I yowled an' fit wid de best of 'em! Dat wur back in ole Kaintucky, when I——"

"When you went to bed stuffed with roast 'possum and were troubled with nightmare, Uncle Pete."

"No, sah, nuffin' of de kine, sah. I want in bed, an' dar wur no dreamin' 'bout de business. I had a spell wucked on me bekase I was found peekin' in at a witch meeting—I wur hoodooed, sah. Yes, sah, dey done turn me inter a big black tomcat."

"Well, Uncle Pete, if you went yowling about as a tomcat for a whole night, all I can say is, you ought to know the fact."

"Now, sah, you's talkin'! Course I knows de fac'—I've got mighty good reason to know de fac', sah. See whar dat piece is gone out'n de top my right year?"

"Yes—look's like a 'swallow-fork' in the ear of a Texas steer."

"Well, sah, dat piece wur tuck out'n dat air year de time when I wur a cat."

"Well, Uncle Pete, tell me the whole story, then I'll be better able to judge as to whether you were transformed—turned into a cat."

"All right, sah — guess it's safe enough talkin' 'bout de mattah out hyar in Californy, but back yander, I wouldn't like to chance it even now. Well, when dis thing happen was long befo' de wah, sah. Dem times I wur tol'able young an' frisky. It wur in de ole slabery times, an' I belong to ole man Paxton—ole Joe Paxton. He had er big plantation dar in Kaintucky, in Mason County, on Limestone Creek, 'bout ten mile back from Maysville. He raise heap terbacker an' hemp, and keep lots o' fine stock; but I don't wuck in de fields, kase I ain't one de field hands. I wur a stable boy—wuck all de time 'bout de stables takin' keer de hosses. Lordy, Lordy, how well I 'member dem times

an' ole massa Paxton! De jumpin' Moses, but he wur a case—de ole massa! He uster have a little pony what he allus rode dat he called 'Possum.' He'd go down to Maysville 'bout tree times a week an' he nearly allus come home full as a goose, an' jest a-flyin.' When he'd git in 'bout half a mile o' home, he'd begin shoutin' wid dat voice o' his like de whistle of one of de big ribber boats: 'Hello, Pete! Hello Pete! Come an' take keer of Possum, Pete!' When I heerd dat yell a-comin' nigher an' nigher, I'd run out an' open de big gate of de banyard, an' he'd come a-sailin' in on de keen lope; de fat little Possum a-snortin' every jump. Den he'd circle roun' to de hoss-block and light off, takin' off'n de saddle bags, wid de papers an' letters in one eend and his little stone jug of ole rye in de odder; den he'd sing out: 'Pete, take good keer of Possum!' an' den he'd fence-row it along up to de big house."

"But, Uncle Pete, what has all this to do with the witches?"

"Beg you' pardin' sah, I'se comin' to dem. Well, you see 'bout once a month or so de ole massa uster take a trip down to Cincinnati an' be gone two, tree days, maybe a week. Den I uster 'joy myself a little, goin' to frolics an' de like. Down de road toards Maysville, 'bout tree mile, wur a little cross-roads town, an' I uster scoot down dare arter brekfas' an' stay all day, takin' in de scrub hoss races, de shootin' matches, de wrastlin's, de fightin's an' all de odder fun. Well, dis time when I have my quare 'sperience, I stay at de 'Corners' till moas' night. Den I start home, an' as I see the sun 'bout down, I 'clude to take de near cut up 'cross de big bend of Limestone Creek. In one eend of a three-bushel bag I had a piece caliker for one de house gals, pair shoes for anodder, some ribbon for 'nodder, some dog-leg terbacker an' a lot of little traps; in de odder eend of de bag I had a gallon jug of old rye dat wus like de oil of gladness,

"SO I SETS DOWN WITH MY BACK TO A BIG POPLAH TREE—"

an' dat wus for myself, ole George, Tom an' de rest de stable boys.

"When I start on de trail froo de woods I find it is gittin' dark. It bein' de fall of de yeah de leaves from de trees cover de groun' 'bout four inches thick, an' I soon lose de track; but I don't keer much, kase I think I kin keep on de course. Well, fust I know, I'm lost in de big woods. I'm all turned round. So I sets down with my back to a big poplah tree to considdah de course home.

"As I sets dar at de roots of de tree I pulls de con'cob out'n de jug an' takes a swig or two to git de pints of de compass. But I kaint seem to ketch 'em. De win' otter blow from de wes', but it blow from de eas'; de Big Dipper got his pinters a-pintin' to de souf, an' de sebben stars an' Job's coffin all twisted roun'—all wrong.

"Well, sah, while I wur settin' dare a wonderin' what had happen to mix up de hebbenly bodies dat a-way, all

to once I hears de soun' of fiddlin'. It wur a dance tune dat were a-playin' —a reg'lar 'Rake, 'r Down Sall' of a tune. Ses I to myself: 'Dar's a cabin close by, an' a frolic goin' on. Guess I'll jes' marvel along to de house an' shake a leg myself.' So, takin' anodder dram to give me courage, I put de jug in de grain bag and flingin' it across my shoulders started to'ards de fiddlin'.

"De woods was awful thick, an' it bein' only starlight I kaint see very well 'mong de logs an' bushes, but I kin hear de fiddle goin' it like mad an' so kin keep de course. On and on—on and on I goes, froo brush and briars an' over logs an' into holes. I kin hear de fiddle plain as ever, but it seems like it go roun' and roun' and move off furder as I go toards it.

"At last I sees a light. 'Bress de Lord! I'm comin' out'n de woods at last,' ses I. But de light radder dim an' seem long way off; 'sides I don't seem to be comin' to no fence or clearin'. I go on and on—de fiddle a rippin' away an' de light a twinklum —but still I kaint see no house nor 'provements, an' I am gittin' inter underbrush as thick as de wool on a sheep.

'All at once I runs my nose squar agin a cliff o' rocks high as de tree tops. 'De holy pokah!' ses I— 'What is dis?' De light is right afore me—an' in sebberal places—and de fiddlin' is plain as day, but I kain't see no house, no nuffin, but de rocks what I've got my hands on; 'sides I kain't hear de least sound of de feet of de dancers. I stans kinder dazed for a spell, but at last I creeps up to one of de places whar de light streams out. I peeps in froo a hole in de rocks an' I sees a sight dat freezes de marrer in my backbone. Dar in a big cave in de rocks I sees 'bout forty couple of cats up on dare hind legs dancin' fit to kill, while settin' on a shelf of rock above 'em is a cat 'bout as big as a billy goat dat is playin' de fiddle. All de walls of de cave shine like fox-fire an' make de cave as light as any ball-room.

"As I am gazin' in at de dancin', with mouf open and eyes as big as silber dollars, all of a sudden I feels myself grabbed. A thing tall as I am has me in its arms. It has got me from behind. I twis' my head round an' den by de light dat comes out'n de little winder in de rocks I kin see dat de thing looks in de face like a big gray cat. I am so skeert dat I jes let go all holts an' squat— my legs ain't no more use'n two skeins o' yarn. De thing it squats, too, an' wif its two paws on my shoulders looks me in de eyes. As it looks at me dat a-way I sees de face of a woman start and come in de place of de cat face. De thing den twis' my head roun' an' whisper in my year: 'Pete Crow, keep yer mouf shet an' listen. What de debbil brought you to dis place?'

"'De debbil, I guess,' ses I.

"'Well, you's mighty near him dis minit, chile, if yer hear me. Dats him inside playin' de fiddle. Now, chile, you's 'bout as good as dead dis minit. You's seed things as no one but them as has tuck the promise has a right to see, but if yer 'bey me I kin save yer. I'm de big cat dat keeps roun' de Paxton stables—de one you calls Mollie and feeds and pets—an' I've got a likin' for you on dat kount. Now, quick, eat dis and dey can't find you out."

UNCLE PETE IS "KINDER DAZED."

"'What is it?' I axed, feelin' suthin' like leaves put in my hands.

"'Witch hazel,' ses she— 'nuthin' wus. It'll make you invisible.'

"I eat the leaves and axed: 'Am I invisible now?'

"'Yes, as a man,' ses she. Then she riz up.

"I riz up at the same time, and as I did so, I felt suthin' danglin' agin my legs behind. I reached behind

and got hold of a long tail dat I found to be part of me. Den I see dat I wur a big black cat. I wur so 'stonished dat I open my mouf an' let out de biggest kind of er tomcat yowl.

"'Shut yer mouth!' ses Mollie, but it wur too late; I'd been heerd inside and a big yaller cat come to de door of de cave an' says: 'Dance is ober, all good witches now come in an' report!'

"I wur s'prized to see dat I could understan' de cat talk jest same like my own. Mollie den say to me: 'Come in an' keep you's mouf shet. I'll make de report for de Paxton place; so you keep shady. You see we 'uns are all witches dat lives in de families all 'bout here—on Limestone Creek, Lee's Creek an' Lickin' ribber—in de shape ob cats; we finds out de weak pints of all de people for our marster de big fiddler—understand?'

"When we go inter de cave I find dat de big cat done laid down de fiddle an' is settin' up on his tail wif a pen behind his year an' a big book on his knees. He is turnin' ober de leaves of de book. When he finds de place he calls out; 'Marier Mornin,' den a big brindle cat reports on de 'fairs of de Mornin' family, an' so it go for a long time. De cats report all de mean, thievin' doin's of de men, an' all de frolics of de married women an' gals, an' I hear so much rascality, meanness and slippery an' sinful doin's dat I feel like I want to hide my head. I was completely 'stounded wid hearin' of de capers of de wimmin folks of some families what I knowed. When Mollie come to report on the Paxton family, I 'clar' to goodness if de eyes o' me didn't moas' pop out. Good Lord! what a settin' up dem Paxton gals did git! An' ole Massa Paxton—his doin's make de berry air smell ob brimstone. But all dis kine of doin's tickle de debbil; he grin an' his eyes trinkle as he look ober de top de book.

"All to once de debbil fro down de book an' look sirious. He say he omit de rest ob de roll-call for dat night, kase he find dat dar's pressin' business down to Maysville. He den splain dat dar's a mighty big rich man down to Maysville dat's 'bout to make a will leavin' all his property to his chil'un an' pore relations, an' say he goten be on han' an' put it inter his head to give ebberyting to build some kine of public instertoutions. 'Dat a way,' he say 'dat prop'ty be some use ter me—den, 'sides, I got'er do suffin for my frien's, de lawyers.'

"Den de debbil take up his fiddle an' says: 'All take pardners for de 'cludin' dance.' Mollie grabs me an' I'm jes' as wild as any ob de cats for dancin'. Sich wicked fiddlin' I never heerd. It jist lifted me an' I could see de fire fly at ebery rake ob de bow acrost de fiddle strings.

"When de dance is ober de debbil says: 'All dat want special powers for de comin' week will kiss de snake as usual'. At dis a mon'sus big snake let himself down by de tail from de roof ob de cave an' hung wid his head among de dancers. Sebberal go an' kiss de mouf of de ugly ole sarpint, an' Mollie 'mong de rest. Den de sarpint say: 'Now, my good child'n, scatter for mischief, till de break o' day!' An' by de woice I know dat de snake is de debbil himself.

"Mollie froze onto me for her pardner for de night's work an' we sot out for de nearest settlement. 'Fore long we come to a cabin, an' Mollie tole me to watch outside for dogs an' she'd slip in an' tend to a bit o' business. After she'd been in some time I heerd a fearful scream from a woman inside. Jist then Mollie come flyin' out an' we tuck to the tops of the fences across the fields, wif a great barkin' of dogs and yellin' behind us. Soon as we was safe, Mollie tole me she had sucked the bref of a chile in de cabin and left it dead. When I hear dat I feel like I want'er suck the bref of a chile, too, an' I ax if it wur good. She say: 'It's good for dis—now I myself git for my life all de years dat chile would have live if let alone.' Den I say I want to do de nex' one, but Mollie say dat if I'm goin' inter

de business of bein' a witch, I got'er begin wid makin' cows give bloody milk, tyin' knots in hosses' tails an' de like. Den she tell me I otter kissed de snake and made a wish, for den I'd git de power to take any shape I please an' do all kine of things.

"Nex' we come to de double log cabin of Jim Sipples, and dar wur a light burnin' in one part. Mollie left me outside sayin' dat dis time she wur goin' to do different business. She wur so long inside dat I jumped up to de winder of de room dat had de light in it and looked in. Dar I seed a young woman layin' dead in a coffin, wif an ole woman settin' asleep in a cheer in de nex' room. As I look I sees Mollie climb onto de coffin an' begin bitin' at de face of de corpse. Dis make me feel like I want to do de same, and de fust I knowed I give an awful yowl. In half a second a real cat, an' a mighty big one, jumped off'n a shed an' lit onto my back. We had it rough and tumble for a time, den come de dogs for boff of us.

"I flew up a tree to git away from de dogs, but no sooner was I out of dare reach before Sipples come tearin' out of de house wif a gun. He blaze away at me, an' for half a second it 'peared like my whole head was shot off. Runnin' out onto a limb of de tree I jumped to de roof of de smoke-house an' from dar got on de top of a big rail fence, an' soon got out de way of de dogs.

"In de nex' field Mollie came to me. I up an' ax her 'bout her doins in de house, an' she 'splain to me dat by tastin' de flesh of de corpse she kin take de same 'pearance an' look no older dan de young woman was when she died. 'Already,' says she, 'I feel young an' strong. I wur pretty ole las' ebenin', but now I 've got 'er young body agin; 'sides I 've got all de years of dat chile, an' dey may be a good many, but dat I kaint tell.' Den she notice dat de whole top my right year bin shot off. 'De debbil!' say she, 'dat ar Jim Sipples is a man we goter look out for—dat wur a silber bullet jes as shore as I 'm a witch! If de bullet bin lead it wouldn 't hurt you bit more dan so much smoke.'

"By dis time it wur gittin' long toards de break o' day, so we strike out fo' de cave whar my sack of things wur left when I wur turned inter a cat. When we got dar Mollie went to a bush an' got some leaves. Tellin' me it wur 'wahoo,' she made me eat some, an' dat minit I was back to my nat'ral shape.

"UP ON DARE HIND LEGS DANCIN' FIT TO KILL."

"The fust thing I did wur to take de jug out 'n de sack an' take a big swig. By dis time Mollie had tuck on de shape of a woman, an' was as nice lookin' a yaller gal as I ever sot eyes on. She wouldn 't 'hit de jug,' but seein' a piece of blue ribbon dat I'd bought for one of de gals, she tuck a notion to it; so I tied it roun' her neck in a double bow-knot and stuck inter it a brass breast-pin dat had in it a green glass diamond. Den I give her some taffy 'bout her good looks dat she tuck mighty well; so I says: 'Now, gal, why in de name of de Lord'———

"No sooner do I mention de name of de Lord, dan de gal give an awful scream an' jump inter de cave. All wur dark in de cave, but I kin hear

in dare some ter'ble screamins. Nex' come a whisper from de cave in a voice dat I knowed wur de gal's sayin' to me: 'Run, Peter Crow! Run for you life, Peter Crow!'

"I slung de sack on my back an' charge froo de brush like a bull in a cane brake. I run till I kain't run no mo' an' fall down in a dead faint.

"How long I lay dat a-way I don't know, but when I come to it is daylight, and I am sittin' at de root of de big poplah. De jug is settin' 'longside me wif de con'cob stopper out, an' beside it is layin' de sack of notions. How I come to steer my way back to de berry tree whar I wur de ebenin' befo' when I fust heerd dat fiddle, de Lord only knows, but dar I wur at de foot of de big poplah.

"Well, sah, takin' a light swig at de jug, I shoulders de sack an' gittin' my bearins strikes for home, whar I has de luck to slip inter de stables 'fore dar is anybody a-stirrin'. Now, sah, arter hearin' dat 'spearience you gwine for to tell me dar aint no sich thing in de world as witches?"

"I think, Uncle Pete, that all the witches were in that jug."

"Dats all berry fine, but hear to some mo'. At breakfas' time I tuck de sack up to de quartahs to 'stribute the tings I had bought. When all was done, a gal puts out her lip an' says: 'Pete, whar's dat blue neck-ribbon ob mine?' 'Shore nuff,' ses I, an' I looks in de sack an' turns it inside out, den says: 'Its done got loss somewhar'—but I knowed well nuff whar.

"Arter breakfas' I goes out to de stables an' de fust thing I hears is a 'miow.' I turns an' dar stan's de big cat what I calls Mollie. She looks at me in a smilin' way and gives anodder pleasant 'miow,' an' may de debbil ketch me dis minit ef dar roun' her neck wasn't de double-bow-knot blue ribbon wif de brass pin stuck in de front ob it. Now, sah?"

"Well, Uncle Pete, I suppose the old cat had been prowling about hunting birds and squirrels, and finding you at the tree had stopped long enough for you to decorate her; then —being pretty full—you dreamed all the witch business, mixing Mollie up in it."

"Dats all berry fine, but hear to some mo'. When I sees de ribbon an' de pin, and knows what for critter de cat is, I kaint stan' de notion of havin' her 'bout de place, so I gives her a kick an' says: 'Clar out from dese stables, you child-killin', corpse-eatin' ole witch!'

"De cat look at me wid green eyes, make a sabage face, squalls at me like a painter, an' den turns an' goes away wif all de har on her tail an' back stickin' straight up. I don't see her no mo', an' for sebral days I am in hot water, kase I 'm shore she's gwine to git even some bad way.

"One day one de field hans' dat had bin down to de 'Corners' comes home in de ebenin' an' says dar's a big 'citement down dar 'bout a murder. Dey 's got a black boy name Bill Teeters 'rested for shootin' an' ole nigger woman. It seemed dat it wur a clar case agin de Teeters boy. People comin' an' goin' 'long de road had seen him raise his gun and fire; dey had heerd a woman scream, and hurryin' up had foun' an ole woman layin' in a fence corner shot froo de heart. Bill Teeters wur still stanin' in de middle of de road wid a smokin' gun in his han'. He deny shootin' de woman an' say he see cat on de fence an' shoot at dat. Den he hear a woman holler an' see her tumble down, an' dat's de fust he know dar wur a woman in a mile of him. De people dat see Bill shoot won't believe his story, so dey take him 'long down to de 'Corners.'

"Airly de nex' mornin' Massa Paxton send me down to de 'Corners' to git more news of de affair. I find dare is still a big hurrah 'bout de murder. Dey say de ole woman dat was killed was a stranger in de settlement—nobody 'pears to know her. Some said she look like an ole woman dat once uster live alone in a little

cabin up at de head ob Lee's Creek, an' some reckoned dey'd seed her in odder places.

"I went inter de cooper shop whar de dead woman layed, to have a look at her. Dar I seed a black woman dat 'peared to be 'bout sixty year old. Seemed like I'd seen de face somewhar befo' and havin' some 'spicions, I raised de chin an' dar I seed on her neck de blue ribbon wid de brass pin an' glass diamon' in it. It make de cold shivers crawl up my back. De face was de one I'd seed come in place of de cat face when I wur squatted befo' de cave.

"Jim Sipples was dar, havin' been sent for. He said he loaned Bill Teeters de gun to go huntin' wif, an' ef he shot at a cat an' killed a woman she wur a witch, for de gun wur loaded wid a silber bullet, a sarkumstance he forgot about when he let Bill take de gun.

"When Jim Sipples tell dat my han' go up to my right year afore I know what I'm 'bout, but I ses nuffin,' kase I'd bin 'tarred wif de same stick' as de ole woman. Well, when dey hold de 'zamination dey let de boy Bill Teeters off on de groun' dat de shootin' was an accident, but I wur sure dey all were satisfied in dare hearts dat de ole woman wur a witch. I tell de squire to ax de boy if he seed anything on the neck of de cat he shot at. He say yes, he seed suffin' dat look like a blue ribbon, Den I say: 'Now, go look on de neck of dat ole woman.' Dey tuck a look an' all dar eyes bugged out at what dey seed. De squire say—'De pris'ner is dishcharged.' Now, sah—what now, sah?"

"Uncle Pete, I give it up. There certainly are witches in the world; and listening to your story, with your right ear before me, I'm ready to believe that you are one of them yourself—a big buck witch."

"Tank you, sah. Now lif' up you hook an' see what de witch down in de bottom de ribber bin doin' wid it. Maybe she's put a fish on it dis time."

"Yes, there does seem to be a fish on my hook. Hello! Why, as I'm a living sinner, I've got a big snapping turtle on my hook!"

"Yah, yah! Dat's de ole witch dat's been stealin' you's bait, sah. She's done come up jist for to show you dat for de las' half hour you's been 'sputin' agin reason, sah!"

"I suppose you wouldn't have been at all surprised, Uncle Pete, if she'd come up with your blue ribbon and brass pin on her neck?"

"Not de least grain, sah. De fac' is I feel it in my bones some times o' nights dat I got'er see dat critter agin in some shape. I 'magines some nights dat I hears 'bout my shanty a woice callin' dat's a mighty sight like Mollie's. When she comes an' squats on me, dat gwine ter be my las' night."

BALLOT REFORM.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

AGITATION of this question has reached almost overshadowing proportions. The evils of a great variety of election frauds have existed in many parts of this country for a long series of years, and as is natural, they have grown in proportion to their toleration. As a rule, they have more largely prevailed in the large cities, but frequently they have appeared in smaller towns and occasionally in the rural districts.

The first fraud that attracted national attention was committed in Louisiana in 1844. To be a voter in that State at that time, it was necessary that a man should be the owner of real estate. A political manager purchased a tract of land near the Gulf, called swamp land, which was totally uninhabitable. He laid out a town, divided the tract into small lots and conveyed them to hundreds of men in New Orleans, who, after they had voted in that city, were sent to the Parish of Plaquemine where they again voted, showing their deeds to prove they were real estate owners. In this way that State which was Whig, was carried for James K. Polk.

The Plaquemine fraud became historical.

The next fraud which attained national notoriety was committed in the city of New York in 1868. In some of the wards of that city the votes cast outnumbered the whole population. Through this fraud Hoffman became Governor of the State, and its electoral vote was cast for Seymour for President. These successful frauds gave impetus to similar practices in many parts of the nation. They became numerous all over the South, and alarmingly prevalent in several of the large cities. Not only were voters bribed, repeaters employed, ballots miscounted, ballot-boxes stuffed, and returns forged or falsified, but intimidation and violence became common, especially in the South. The fact that all these acts were committed is not the worst of it. The perpetrators were rewarded by the beneficiaries of these crimes, and not infrequently lionized. There were those who aspired to notoriety through these proceedings, and thought themselves heroes if they could be spoken of and pointed out as those who had carried elections. We have heard of men who held the votes of a city, and even of a State in their pockets. Such men prided themselves upon being bosses. It is a very apt and suggestive designation. A boss is not one who persuades, but one who coerces—one who drives a gang whose bidding is obeyed. The boss is never potential where elections are honest, but he achieves his greatest power where corruption and crime are least obstructed by popular antagonism.

Efforts in behalf of ballot reform at the present time are mainly directed to so surrounding the ballot-box that there can be no bribery, no stuffing of boxes or miscounting of ballots, no forgery or falsification of returns. The brains of the reformers are racked to devise ways for protecting the voters against the influence of the perpetrators of election crimes. Such efforts are well enough, indeed they are useful and produce good results, because they tend to make the commission of crime more difficult and detection more certain. It is interesting and instructive to study the evolution that has taken place in legislation for the government of elections. At first the laws were very simple, and few acts were denounced as crimes or misdemeanors against the ballot,

and the penalties imposed were of a comparatively mild character. Our grandfathers were unable to conceive that any free American citizen, endowed with the power of the ballot to preserve his liberty and promote the common welfare in which his own was involved, would think of destroying or impairing the potency of suffrage by any crime or irregularity. They supposed the right of suffrage would be regarded as the most precious of all rights and would be treated as a holy thing, and for a time they were not mistaken. The election defrauder in those days was quite unknown, and when a Judas did appear, he had no escape from public opprobrium except in going out and hanging himself. It was not necessary that the laws should be complicated, comprehensive and severe. As misconduct made its appearance, inhibitory and penal laws were enacted, statutes were enlarged to meet contingencies that were probable, and their probability grew with the loss of regard in the minds of individuals and the public for the sacredness of the right of suffrage. The legislative reform of the ballot has gone on until our election statutes have become the most conspicuous of any relating to public offenses. No statute has yet been so ingeniously constructed, or so severe in penalties, that it has not been successfully evaded or defied, and all have been quite as often boldly defied as cunningly evaded. The race between legislators and rascals, the one to circumvent election crimes and the other to devise schemes to avoid the law has been an interesting one. The genius of the legislator has not as yet surpassed the skill of the election rascal. Each statute that has been enacted has been deemed amply comprehensive to prevent every possible election crime, but all have proved inadequate.

The Australian law is now supposed to be a product of human wisdom that will secure honest elections beyond a peradventure. The ballot reformers are bending their efforts to secure its adoption in all the states. It is a law of many merits and may be justly regarded as the best that has ever been devised. It probably will prevent bribery, as the bribers will not dare trust the voters to carry out their bargains, and it prevents intimidation immediately at the polls. The timid is shielded from assault, because it is supposed that no one knows how he votes. There are safeguards against ballot-box stuffing. The law is not stronger than some other laws against false counting and falsifying returns; nor is it absolute proof against repeating, though it is more perfect in that respect than any of its predecessors. But as perfect as it is, it affords no protection against intimidation or violence away from the polls, and it must not be assumed that it will not be evaded or defied. Election crimes are more frequently committed, or connived at, by election officers. No law can make men honest, and it cannot be safely presumed that none but honest men will be chosen to conduct elections. The illiterate can be assisted in stamping their tickets, and as they cannot read, they must rely on their assistants. It may, and probably will be the case that those disposed to defraud in elections, will fasten upon these aids to the illiterate to have their foul work done. It need not be surprising if it should transpire that this law will be evaded or defied.

The question will be asked, can any law be made that will put a stop to election crimes? Every criminal statute that has ever been enacted has been violated; none has ever totally suppressed crime at which it was aimed. Then is there no complete remedy? There is none that the law alone can supply. The efficiency of a statute is not in its language or in its sanctions—all depends upon its administration. It is a great gain to have public sentiment so developed as to secure the enactment of comprehensive and stringent laws, but efforts should not stop there. They must extend to their faithful enforcement. The duties

of the good citizen never end. It is not enough that the political rascal is punished; he must be boycotted socially, and regarded and treated as a social outcast. The really good citizen will not be disgusted and not go to the polls, or otherwise refuse or neglect to perform his political duties, because crimes and frauds are committed by bad men. In such cases there is the greater necessity for vigilant and vigorous action. The mere theorist reformer will never revolutionize conditions; that can only be accomplished by putting theory into practical and successful operation. To tie the hands of rascals by legislation is good so far as it goes, but no law is automatically executory.

There are and always have been classes who advocate limitation of the right of suffrage as a panacea for election crimes. One class would have a property, and another an educational qualification. These limitations are inconsistent with the fundamental idea of popular government, and the tendency is to enlarge rather than to restrict—to enfranchisement rather than disfranchisement. Limitation of suffrage is the very essence of class government. It is the rule in monarchies and aristocracies and the results have never been beneficial to the masses. If popular government ever advances beyond the experimental period, it will be under the influence of the broadest suffrage. If it fails as the best means of promoting the general welfare, or proves less beneficial than some other form, the institution of a class government will not only be tolerated but cheerfully accepted. The property qualification existed in this country for a considerable period after the constitution was adopted, but it had to give way to the conviction of its impropriety under our system. Dr. Franklin put the cases of two men, one of whom could vote because he was the possessor of a jackass, while the other was deprived of the right of suffrage because he did not own such an animal. "The question," he said, "was whether the right of voting belonged to the man or the jackass." Men with or without property must obey the laws relating to business or regulation of the social relations; the only difference between them is that one pays taxes and the other does not—one is interested in having a good government as much as the other. The non-possessor of property should have the right of ballot to protect himself against the power of the property owner. To restrict the right of ballot on this basis is not ballot reform.

There is more reason, however, for imposing the educational qualification, as participation in public affairs is intellectual rather than physical. The theory seems reasonable, but the difficulty in prescribing the line of demarcation renders the application of the theory impracticable. Scholarship is no proof of good judgment or honest purpose. Election frauds and crimes are not committed by the unlettered, but by the intelligent rascals. The ignorant are not more easily bribed than the learned. They may be deceived. It would be quite as well to base suffrage limitation upon moral qualification if it could be done, but it cannot be, nor can any just rule be inscribed on the subject of intelligence. The way is to let suffrage be as little restricted as possible, and trust to time, tolerance and education, for they are forces that will ultimately remove the evils that result from errors of judgment or defects of understanding. The advice of honest, intelligent men will be taken by the ignorant sooner than that of the unprincipled and unintelligent. If the former class will be as active and earnest as the latter there will be immensely less evil resulting from the illiteracy that prevails in this country.

Ballot reform is agitated more especially to prevent frauds in manipulating ballot boxes and returns. There is comparatively little said of the wholesale deprivation of the right of

suffrage by force or intimidation. The man whose vote is not counted, is cheated out of the exercise of his rightful power in shaping the policies of government; if it is counted for the opposite side he is doubly wronged. The same is true in case of forgery or falsification of returns. All these are no worse, or not as bad even as the use of violence, or intimidation to deter men from voting. Force and intimidation have frequently been resorted to to prevent large classes from voting on the ground of prejudice against race, religion or nationality, and sometimes to promote partizan or personal success. The consequences of preventing the exercise of the right of ballot by any unlawful means may be of a most fearful character. If one class is thus deprived, it constitutes a precedent for depriving another. True ballot reform includes not alone the prevention of too much voting or counting, but also enforcement of the exercise of the right in behalf of all who are entitled.

THE GREYHOUND IN SPORT.

BY SAMUEL HUBBARD, JR.

"Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'er holt or hill there never flew—
From leash or slip there never sprang
More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

THE amusement of coursing originated with the Gauls, and is discussed by Arrian who flourished A. D. 150. Zenophon, who lived 350 years before Christ, has left many observations upon hare hunting, but the sport he describes was practised by the Greeks, who used slow hounds to drive the hares into snares or nets set by the sportsmen.

Arrian says that the most luxurious and opulent of the Gauls used to send out good hare-finders early in the morning to those places where it was likely to find hares sitting; the men returned with an account of the number of hares found, when their employers mounted their horses and took out their greyhounds for coursing. Not more than two greyhounds were to be run at once, and those were not to be laid in too close to the hare, for while the animal is swift, when first started, she is so terrified by the hallooing and by the closeness and speed of the dogs, that her heart is overcome with fear, and in the confusion very often the best sporting hares were killed without showing any diversion. She was therefore allowed to run some distance from her seat before the dogs were set after her. The true sportsman did not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of seeing the contest between them, and was glad if the hare escaped, which was never prevented by disturbing any brake in which she might have concealed herself after beating the greyhounds.

Those who had not the means to employ hare-finders, went out in company on foot and horseback. The company was drawn up in a straight rank, either horse or footmen, and proceeded at certain distances from each other in a direct line to a given point, when, wheeling round that they might not go over precisely the same track they beat the ground regularly back. On starting a hare the greyhounds were let loose after her. A person was appointed to take command of the sport. If there were many dogs out, he gave orders that such and such dogs should be slipped according as the hare took to the

right or left, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

It is a singular fact that after the lapse of so many centuries, the mode of beating for a hare in coursing, and the conducting of the hunt should be to-day exactly what it was then. As we shall see later, a description of a meet on the Merced plains in the present year is a counterpart of the hunts of the Gauls in 150 A. D.

In Persia, greyhounds are used for coursing hare and antelope, but as the speed of the antelope is greater than that of the greyhound, the Persians train hawks for the purpose of assisting the dogs in this kind of chase. The hawks, when young, are fed on the head of a stuffed antelope, and thus taught to fly at that part of the animal. When an antelope is discovered the hawk is cast off, and fastening its talons in the animal's head, the bird impedes its progress, thus enabling the greyhounds to overtake it. Greyhounds were also run after the ghoo-khur, or wild ass of Persia. This animal inhabits the mountains and is very shy, and shows great speed and endurance. The dogs were held in relays at different points so that when one pair gave out, a fresh pair was turned loose. Even with this advantage, so great was the endurance of the wild ass that the chase would sometimes last all day. In ancient times the deer and fox were coursed as well as the hare, but the two former are not practised at the present day.

The laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and to all intents and purposes they are the same now as then. The Virgin Queen was a keen sportswoman, and it is related of her that when she was not herself disposed to hunt, she was so stationed as to see the coursing of deer with greyhounds. At Cowdrey, in Sussex, A. D. 1591, the Queen, one day after dinner, saw from a turret "sixteen bucks, all having fayre lawe pulled down with greyhounds in a laund or lawn." Sir Philip Sydney refers to the sport of coursing on the Wiltshire downs over 300 years ago.

So on the downs we see, near Wilton fair,
A hasten'd hare from greedy greyhounds go.

The origin of the greyhound is shrouded in mystery. He is undoubtedly a creature of evolution. He is probably a descendant of the great Irish wolf-hound who seems to have sprung from a cross between the shepherd dog and the mastiff. The famous dog of Llewellyn was of this breed, which is now extinct. These dogs were fierce, swift and strong, and were used in hunting wolves, wild boars and bear. As these animals gradually disappeared before the encroachments of civilization, the dogs were bred on finer lines, particular attention being given to speed. They were used in coursing deer, foxes, etc. We find their living descendants in the Scotch deerhound, the Great Dane and the Russian Borzoi. From these came the English greyhound, which of all the dogs we possess is the most helpless and the most artificial. An old English couplet describing the points of a greyhound is still in vogue:

Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat.

A good greyhound was considered very valuable, and in King John's time was received by him as payment in lieu of money. A fine paid A. D. 1203, mentions 500 marks, ten horses and ten leashes of greyhounds; another in 1210, one swift running horse and six greyhounds.

It was but natural that a sport so popular in England should find its way to America, and especially to California, where the conditions, if anything, are more favorable than they are in the mother country. In fact, many who have seen the sport in both places assert that the Merced

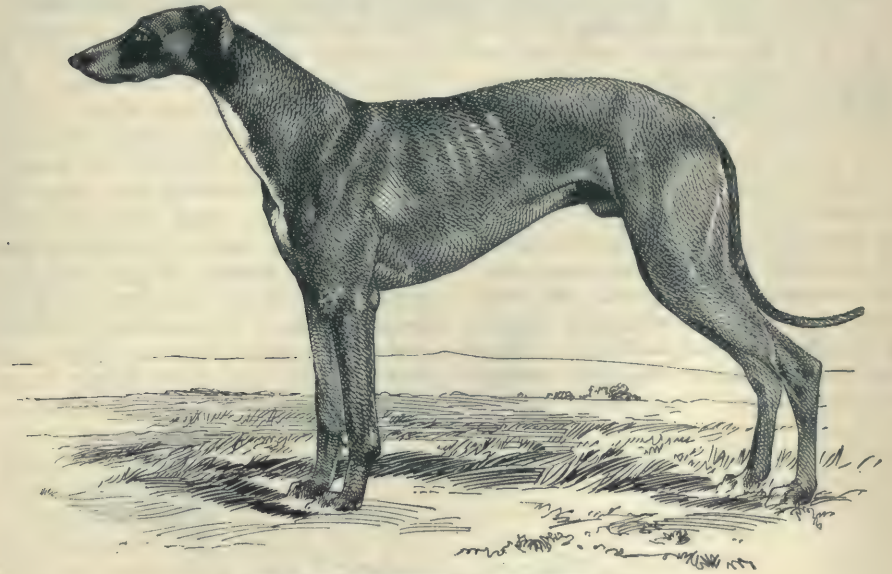
plains are the finest coursing grounds in the world.

It is probable that some greyhounds were brought here across the plains, but the best dogs came on English vessels direct from the old country, while one celebrated dog named "King John" came from Australia. His descendants are some of the best dogs of to-day.

The first coursing club on the Pacific Coast was organized in February, 1867, by Mr. Clem Dixon. It was called the "California Pioneer Coursing Club," and had the following charter members: J. Adams, Wm. Robinson, M. H. Kelly, C. L. Place, Geo. Bird, H. Buchman, C. Dixon, T. E. Marks, T. E. Ruffley, T. Bird, N. Curry, R. C. Saufley, and J. K. Orr. They met where the Nevada block now stands. Mr. Dixon sent to England for the rules of coursing and modified them slightly to suit our California conditions, but in all essential particulars they are the same as the English rules.

In those days plenty of hares were found in Oakland, San Leandro and San Lorenzo. Sometimes they went to Suisun, Pacheco or Stockton. Judging from the accounts of some of those meetings, there must have been rare sport. There was no entrance fee, as each member paid so much per month. The prize was usually a cup.

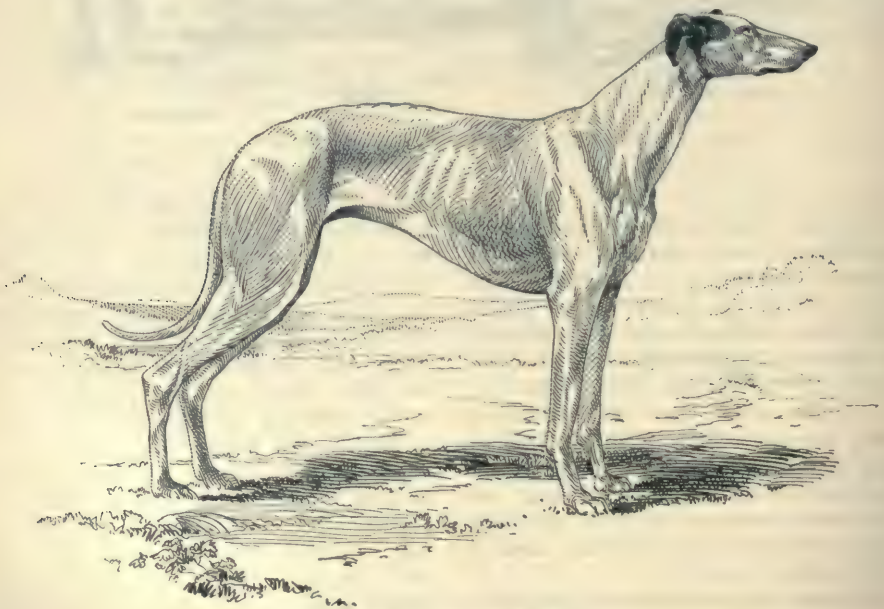
Owing to the scarcity of hares at the places above mentioned, it is now customary to hold the annual meetings at Merced. This has been done for the past four years, and the meetings have been well attended and successful in every particular. A special car, usually filled to overflowing, is run from San Francisco for the accommodation of the sportsmen and their dogs, and the people in Merced, many of whom own hounds, extend a right royal welcome to visitors. The meet is usually on some ranch five or six miles from town, and in the morning of this eventful day a long string of teams, filled with enthusiastic sportsmen, hurries over the level plain to the meeting place. Here may be found men on foot and on horseback,



JOE McAULIFFE—WINNER THIRD PRIZE, $100.

and in all kinds of wagons from a hay cart to a four-in-hand. The field officers who are busy organizing the hunt and getting things in readiness for the start, consist of a slip-steward who has general charge, a judge and three field stewards, all mounted. The slipper who handles the dogs, goes on foot, while the flag steward rides in a vehicle, slightly in advance of the beaters.

The dogs have already been drawn against each other and their names printed on a card—those on the left, red flag; those on the right, white flag. The slip-steward calls the two dogs at the head of the list to the slips, when the slipper takes them and walks ahead. The spectators follow in a long rank about forty yards behind the slipper, and act as beaters. The field stewards ride just ahead of the beaters and endeavor to maintain the line and keep the too eager spectators from crowding on the dogs. The judge rides just ahead, at one side of the slipper, and holds himself in readiness to follow the dogs as soon as they are loosened. All is expectation and eagerness, even the horses entering into the spirit of the hunt. A glance ahead shows a vast field of unfenced stubble as far as the eye can reach, with an occasional farmhouse or a man plowing with a mule team, to break the level monotony. The two keen, graceful hounds, with their sharp ears thrown forward, and their bright eyes glancing right and left, are the pictures of eagerness. Suddenly a shout goes up that a hare is on foot. The dogs make a rush and pull at the leash, but the slipper, who must be a man of cool judgment, concludes that "puss" is too far away, so he restrains the dogs. The hunt proceeds as before, when without any warning a hare jumps from her form, not ten feet ahead of the hounds. There is no checking the dogs this time and they drag the unwilling slipper into a run. Dogs yelp, spectators howl, horses plunge, and all is confusion. When the hare has her proper "law," the hounds are slipped and the course begins. The eager drivers whip up their teams to get into favorable positions, while the



MOLLY S.—WINNER FIRST PRIZE, $400.

THE MEET AT MERCED.

frantic field stewards yell themselves hoarse trying to maintain order. All this, which takes so long to relate is accomplished in a few seconds. Meanwhile the dogs seem to fly rather than run, and the hare appears to be a little brown speck—a mere fluff of thistle-down floating along in the breeze in front of her white-fanged pursuers.

Some one shouts: "Hurrah for Skyrocket!" "Look at him go!" "He scores first turn." And poor "puss" in order to escape that terrific rush, adroitly doubles and takes another course. Now we see the chase in profile against the dun brown of a plowed field. Skyrocket still leads. Suddenly a louder shout than ever goes up for the blue-grey dog who all this time has remained behind, but now seems to awaken. With a few wave-like bounds, he rushes by the favorite as though the latter was a post and crowds the hare to desperation. In vain the hunted animal twists and turns and doubles; her pursuer is always close behind. At length with a rush, the dog places his long, thin muzzle under the body of the hare, gives a slight toss of his head, and "puss" flies into the air. Two shining rows of ivory close with a snap on a bunch of brown fur; then a crunch, a shake and all is over!

The judge who has followed close behind the hounds, now returns and orders the red or white flag displayed as the result of the chase determines, at which the winners look happy and the losers, glum. The slip steward now orders the next pair of hounds to the slips and the hunt proceeds as before. When the card is run out, those dogs which have lost, drop out, while the winners compete against each other in the first ties. The losers again drop out as before until there are but three left. These then compete for first, second and third prizes, which were entered this year at $400, $200 and $100 respectively.

The American hare, misnamed jackrabbit, is found west of the Mississippi from Canada to Mexico. He easily adapts himself to his surroundings, for on the great plains in winter time he turns nearly white; in California he is dun brown or gray, and Mr. Bryant of the Academy of Sciences, found some on an island in the Gulf of California that were almost jet black. The only cover on this island was a black volcanic rock, so

GILE—WINNER SECOND PRIZE, $200.

Nature with her wonderful care for the preservation of her children, turned the hares black in order to make them less conspicuous to their enemies. There is no other way to account for this remarkable transformation, as the hares on the mainland are all gray, well adapted to the prevailing color of the soil.

The Merced hare is smaller and swifter than his English cousin. He will average about five and one-half to six pounds, while the English hare will average eight, and sometimes reaches eleven pounds. The English hare feeds on green and succulent food and is therefore soft and juicy, and a great delicacy for the table; the Merced hare, on the contrary, is dry and hard and grain-fed. Owing to the lack of moisture in his food, he travels long distances to water, and thereby keeps himself in good running trim. Another reason why the jack-rabbit is swifter than his English cousin, is because his powers of endurance are continually being put to the test by his natural enemy, the coyote, who is a fast runner himself. And when two coyotes combine, the second one taking up the chase where the first one leaves off, it requires a lively hare indeed to make his escape. The consequence is, the slow rabbit gets caught and the breed is maintained by a race of prize winners. In other words, it is a clear case of the survival of the fittest. Hares breed two or three times a year, and bear from two to three young ones at a time. The young hares are born with their eyes open and fully furred, while rabbits are born without fur and do not open their eyes for nine days. An experiment was made in England to see how fast hares would increase if undisturbed. A male and a female were placed in a walled garden and were not disturbed for a year. At the end of that time fifty-seven hares great and small were found in the enclosure.

This wonderful fecundity accounts in a great measure for the numbers of

LADY BARTON—PRIZE-WINNER, '89, '90 AND '92.

these animals found around Fresno, Tulare and Bakersfield. The bounty on coyote scalps allows the rabbits to increase undisturbed, and necessitates rabbit drives for the protection of the farmer.

With swift hares it naturally follows that it takes swift dogs to catch them, and California makes no idle boast when she claims to possess the swiftest greyhounds in the world. All the imported English dogs sent out here have been invariably beaten.

Two years ago six dogs were sent to the Merced meet from the East. Three of them were English bred, one being a half brother and one a half sister to Fullerton, the winner of the Waterloo cup in 1892. Only one of the foreigners won a course. The same year Mr. Cronin sent two dogs, "Chicopee Lass" and "Kathleen," to the Great Bend meet in Kansas. Chicopee Lass won the stake, beating the best dogs in the United States, while Kathleen won four courses and came in third. At the last meeting three dogs were sent from the East and they were all beaten, though J. Herbert Watson's "Drytime" came in for twenty dollars, having won three courses.

Singular accidents sometimes happen to the dogs, owing to their courage and the velocity of the course. It has several times happened that dogs have run into each other and both have been instantly killed. Several instances are on record while coursing on the downs in England, where both hare and hounds have run over the edge of a chalk pit, and all three been found dead at the bottom. An instance illustrating the grit of a greyhound occurred many years ago in England. The course led near a sharp fence of split pickets. The hare being hard pressed attempted to leap the fence, but the hound sprang after her and caught her before she fell on the other side. In the struggle the hound fell on the pickets in such a manner that two of them pierced his flanks and held him sus-

pended. When the huntsmen arrived on the scene they were astonished to find that the dog still held the hare in his mouth, refusing to let go of it until released from his painful position.

Some years ago at Merced, while a pair of dogs were in the slips, a rattle snake sprang from the grass and bit one of them on the lip. Sheriff Meany drew his revolver and shot the snake from his horse. Almost immediately a hare was started and the dogs loosened. When the dog that had been bitten came back, his head was swelled to twice its natural size and he dropped dead in his tracks. On another occasion at Merced a bitch who was running a hare made a rush to catch it. She missed the hare, but ran headlong into a small bank and broke her neck. In February, 1800, a brace of greyhounds in Lincolnshire ran a hare from her seat to the death, a distance upwards of four miles—in twelve minutes. During the course there were a great number of turns, which very considerably increased the space gone over; and the hare ran herself dead before the greyhounds touched her. This extensive course in so short a time is a strong proof of the strength and swiftness of the hare.

In February, 1798, a brace of greyhounds coursed a hare near Carlisle in Cumberland, and killed her at Clemmell, seven miles distant. Both greyhounds were much exhausted, and would have died, except for the aid of some medical men who were on the spot. The hare weighed eight pounds and eleven ounces and had often been coursed before.

In October, 1792, a hare, after a chase of sixteen miles by the Seaford hounds, took to the sea near Cuckmere, in Sussex, and swam a quarter of a mile from shore before she was overtaken by the dogs. The writer, while sitting on the banks of the San Joaquin River, near Fresno, saw a hare enter the water of her own accord and swim across to the opposite shore.

Enclosed coursing is practiced in California more or less. There is a park at Ocean View, about six miles south of San Francisco, where hounds are run nearly every Sunday. There is another park at Newark, on the narrow gauge line to San Jose. The sport does not compare to that on the open plains, as the hares are often confused with their new surroundings and do not know which way to run.

In conclusion it may be said that there are very few field sports so full of intense excitement as coursing, while the conditions in California are peculiarly favorable to this pastime. What could be more delightful than for a party of ladies and gentlemen to go to the Joaquin plains in the spring time when the whole country is carpeted with grass and flowers, and, mounted on eager horses, follow the hounds. In Southern California this is the fashionable sport—the famous Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena keeping its pack of greyhounds for the purpose, and having a membership of over a hundred ladies and gentlemen, including some of the finest cross-country riders in the State.

Questions Of the Day

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

THE press of the world has for several weeks been filled with matter relating to the little group of islands that constitute the halfway house between America and Asia, and between America and Australia.

The desire for annexation was apparently so universal that the CALIFORNIAN, the first magazine to treat the question, was the only publication that took a conservative view and pointed out, in a paper by Ex-Minister Merrill, the objections to annexation—facts that were telegraphed to every paper of importance in the East from the advance pages of the CALIFORNIAN.

Mr. Merrill pointed out numerous objections that were not known or suspected, and his statements so widely distributed over the country had much to do in preventing the movement for immediate action that seemed to have inspired the Government and the people. Movements for annexation are a part of the history of Hawaii, the story of which is told in the present number, and it is undoubtedly true that under proper conditions an alliance between these islands of the Pacific and the United States would be mutually advantageous. But the precipitate action cast suspicion upon our good judgment — the question being one that demands careful consideration. That the time has come for the United States to establish a new precedent, and revoke its long held policy of non-interference with outlying countries, there can be little doubt, if public sentiment passes for anything, and were the question of annexation put to popular vote, it would undoubtedly soon be settled. But there are other questions at point. Our national honor is at stake, and the United States can hardly afford to take possession of the islands without giving the natives, the original owners and their representatives, a fair and respectful hearing. That this will be done, there can be no doubt, whether it should prove to the best interests of all parties concerned to establish protectoral power or annexation.

The situation on the islands is this: The natives, who are in the majority, are virtually children, and hardly more responsible than the Southern negroes were at the time of their emancipation. If the natives have the right of elective franchise, the men who really own the land, and who have given Hawaii its actual commercial prosperity and standing, will be powerless; hence the latter suggest some form of government in which the United States shall be the controlling and office-appointing power, the right to vote being withheld from all. This would appear to be a just and honorable solution of the problem, if the United States decides to interfere—a question that in all probability will not be decided for some time.

CALIFORNIA WRITERS.

Among the many plans to give California adequate representation at the Columbian Exposition is that of Ella Sterling Cummins, of San Francisco, to make an exhibit of the works and productions of the writers and authors of California.

This attempt is rendered all the more interesting from the fact that it is reported that certain citizens of the State have announced that California has no literature worthy the name, and that such an exhibit can only bring down ridicule upon the State. That Mrs. Cummins, who is laboring under the auspices of the World's Fair

Association, has not been discouraged by this remarkable announcement, is shown by the Catalogue of California Writers, issued under the auspices of the San Francisco Woman's Literary Exhibit Board.

In this interesting and voluminous pamphlet, we find a list of 265 authors, representing 473 books, which it is presumed represents the literature of California, or at least is so claimed by the managers of the exhibit. In this list are found many names distinguished in the world of letters, and many more synonymous with genius and the literary gift. The moral effect of this exhibit can only be productive of good, and we doubt if there is a State in the Union that in the same number of decades, can make a better showing.

California, in the productions of Harte, Miller, Stoddard, Twain and others, has given the world a more distinctive and characteristic literature than any other State in the Union. The words of its writers well reflect the glories of the land of the setting sun.

There is no section of the American continent that possesses the individuality of California. Its hills and valleys, its grand mountain chains, its sharp contrasts, its winters fanned by the breath of tropical summer, its moods and phases have no counterpart in the world, and all this finds and has found rich expression in the writers of California who sing in prose and verse. If these writers have not been effected by their environment, if the conditions of life and Nature, which hold here have not influenced them, then they are not Californian writers.

No State is so indebted to its writers as California, and no State has been so rich in suggestion to its poets and writers of verse. The bond is of mutual obligation, and as a result we have a distinctive California literature. Its melody rings out from the verses of Miller to the prose of Harte and Twain, finding expression in some way in all these writers, from the poets of the Humboldt region to Van Dyke of San Diego, whose rare descriptions of Nature in California are among the Western classics.

True our writers and authors may not have been born in the State. Few laymen can boast the privilege, but to say that we have no Californian literature, with this most abundant feast before us, would seem more than strange. Any writer who has lived in a locality long enough to obtain enduring inspiration, and whose works reflect the impression, may be justly claimed by the State.

The Literary Exhibit at Chicago will be especially interesting and valuable, and will take its place among the great educational movements that have risen with the Columbian Exposition.

THE END OF POLYGAMY.

The fight against polygamy in the United States has been no less remarkable than that against slavery, and it is interesting to record that during the past month the President has issued a proclamation of amnesty to all Mormons who have been convicted of polygamy, and who agree to give up the custom and live hereafter according to the laws of the United States. In looking back at this question of Mormonism it presents a most interesting study—that of a small body of people successfully defying the nation at large on the ground that in this free land, toleration and complete religious freedom are among the rights. In this instance polygamy was claimed as a part of their religion, and the Mormons were taught that it was right for them to resist the laws of the United States. It took years to break down this sentiment, but the strong hand of the law succeeded, and this proclamation of amnesty may be considered the end of the offensive features of Mormonism.

"There is an education which in itself is advancement in life."—*Ruskin.*

FICTION or story writing is a great literary art. There is no other prose in which every faculty may be as fully employed, and in as many different ways as in this. The broader the general knowledge of the novelist, the greater success he will attain, providing he is gifted with that peculiar genius which enables him to study and fathom human nature truly, and portray his accumulated knowledge in an acceptable form. For this last purpose he must know the class of people for whom he is writing, and, while not descending from his own plane of thought, bend his mind, as it were, expressing himself in a way that will be most generally comprehended.

The true novelist should be one of the greatest educators. Having an extensive knowledge of human nature and events, he should give to those, who are not capable of studying these things out for themselves, the benefit of his labor and knowledge, which, clothed in the agreeable garb of fiction, is not recognized as an educator, and, therefore, more readily accomplishes its purpose. There is a large amount of fiction on the market which seems to possess no definite purpose save that of gratifying or creating a morbid taste for sensationalism. This sort of literature is more harmful than such books as Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," or some of Balzac's or Zola's best works, which are forbidden the family circle as unclean and immoral, but many of which point to infinitely higher and stronger purposes of morality and spirituality than the highly spiced sensational novels that are flooding the market.

Unfortunately, many readers do not look beyond the mere words or actions described, to the ideas and motives underlying, and the lessons which they are intended to convey, a result, perhaps, of the constrained laws and conditions that society has taken upon itself. Ella Wheeler Wilcox speaks of the unfortunate result of the unbalanced condition of some of its laws in *An Erring Woman's Love.*[1] She says:

> More women fall from want of gold
> Than love leads wrong, if truth were told;
> More women sin for gay attire
> Than sin through passion's blinding fire.

When the heroine of her story conceives a strong, pure love for a man who seeks her for her truer self, she awakens to the sorrow she has brought upon herself through her own missteps, the greatest sorrow one is capable of suffering. It is thus strongly and pathetically described:

> The mighty moral labor pain
> Of new-born conscience racked her brain
> And tore her soul. She understood
> The meaning now of womanhood,
> And chastity, and o'er her came
> The full, dark sense of all her shame.

Being a woman, her agony is fruitless, for the world makes the careful discrimination of never forgiving her, and, unable to bear the realization of her ostracism from the general scheme of society, she kills herself. One of the ideas intended to be conveyed is that the enormity of sins under parallel circumstances cannot be increased nor mitigated in one case more than another, but should be equally reprehensible or pardonable in either sex.

A special author's edition of Richard Realf's poems will shortly be issued in book form. To Miss Ina Coolbrith belongs the credit of making the first move towards gathering the poet's scattered fragments of thought, and others have materially aided her in bringing the undertaking to a successful issue.

"The Story of the Files," by Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, of San Francisco, is now in press. It is an exhaustive review of California writers and literature, and is written with rare discrimination, promising to be one of the most important works ever issued on this coast.

A fanciful and sensational novel is *The Spanish Treasure,*[2] by Elizabeth C. Winter

[1] Lovell, Coryell & Co.
[2] Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

(Isabella Castelar.) It contains a legend of an avaricious but handsome young Spaniard, who comes to America with Columbus and marries an Indian Princess. He discovers a mine of great wealth, in seeking which he is destroyed. He has previously killed the Indian girl who became his wife, leaving the child of the union an orphan. He also has a wife and child in Spain. Several centuries afterwards, two of his descendants meet, one a young girl of high principle and nobility, the other an unscrupulous man who makes it a business to contract and break engagements with young women for financial purposes. He also personates and assumes the title of a young English nobleman whom he has murdered, and to whom he bears a remarkable resemblance, for the sake of inheriting his estate. He afterwards goes West to seek the hidden treasure of his ancestor. When he has almost secured it he meets his death. The treasure, of course, then falls into the hands of the deserving young girl, who is on the point of marrying a nobleman, the true heir to the very estate the usurper was trying to acquire. The book is flavored throughout with strange coincidences, improbabilities and impossibilities.

Topson Faircliff and the Fools of a Day and *How She Found Her Soul*,[1] by Alto Ventura, are both rather clever stories. The former is somewhat of a satire on human nature and the present conditions of society. Such interesting characters as Mr. Much Experience, Mr. Wealthy, Mr. Ill Luck, Mr. Honorable, Mr. Lucky, Mr. Success, Mr. Unfortunate, Mr. Millions, Mr. Tact, Mr. Fortunate, Mr. Combat, Mr. Defiance, Mr. Mint, Dr. Peace, Mr. Diplomacy and Mr. Wilde are introduced, while an extremely pleasing and precocious little boy restrains those about him, his mother particularly, from making mistakes and getting into trouble, and Topson Faircliff, the philosopher and general benefactor, devotes himself to rectifying these mistakes when they are made. He says: "Trust no one that would induce you to any evil—no one can afford it; there are not enough friends to save you. * * * Simple pity may even do harm; to bring forth the highest acts of justice and industry in some capacity best suited to the individual, and to stimulate all noble feeling—that is to my mind the duty of each person who has any mind." Thus he sums up the great law of justice and discrimination.

"How She Found Her Soul" is not quite as strong as "Topson Faircliff," though it is permeated with the same good philosophy. The principal character, Isis Flamerton, is an interesting study. The story demonstrates the necessity of striving towards the development of all the higher qualifications of man before one can approach fullness and completeness of nature.

An interesting and instructive treatise on development and education is *Let Him First be a Man*,[2] by W. H. Venable, LL. D. The author dwells upon the importance of education and its benefits in every case, even in that of genius, saying, "Though Pascal learns geometry by intuition, and Burns sings spontaneously as a bird, and Mozart's baby fingers know, untaught, every secret of the clavier, it does not follow that education is wasted on Pascal, Burns and Mozart." He goes on to prove the importance of the equal development and training of the physical and mental faculties. He says a great part of practical education is that which enables a person to maintain bodily health, strength and comeliness, to command his own muscles and nerves, to employ his organs of sense with accuracy and effect, to adapt himself to outward physical conditions, to subdue unruly appetites, to compel the material world to yield the most benefit at least expense. These are the true principles of economy. The school teacher, he says, must be strong, self-possessed, just, sympathetic, firm, keenly sensible to all that is going about him, yet never perturbed. He must also be anticipative. In short, he must understand every variation of child nature before he can well handle or develop it. Too often peculiar natures, or those of marked individuality are ruined by careless or misguided training, for they are ordinarily regarded with disapproval and even fear by parents and school teachers, who hasten to crush the individuality, or train it in the only way to which they have been accustomed, and the result is, sometimes, a wayward, desperate, frayed genius, whose life is incomprehensible to himself and almost every one else. Mr. Venable believes in the utility of the ideal. He believes the imaginative faculties should be encouraged in a child, and that the development of its love for the noble and beautiful should be part of its education.

There are so many ways in which the acquisition of education may be made at-

[1] Dibble Publishing Co., Chicago.

[2] Lee & Shepard, Boston.

tractive. Mr. Dreyspring, Ph. D., has done much in rendering the study of languages simple and agreeable to young scholars. His *Cumulative Method French Reader, Illustrated*,[1] which has lately been issued, is a fair example of his work, in which he relates an interesting little story with vocabulary, grammatical reference and synoptical tables. Dreyspring's method is about as satisfactory, perhaps, as any that has been employed, for besides being instructive, it engages the attention and interest of the scholars.

Another very important factor in all educational systems is the careful selection of teachers. Outside of some specialists, more of them than we would care to confess may be classed among that cast-off element whose natural abilities are so mechanical and so lacking of creative force that they are unfitted for any other profession, when they should be chosen from among our most comprehensive and intellectual men and women.

One of California's poets, Charles Edwin Markham, is principal of a school in Oakland, California. Gifted with the "divine light," he chooses to disseminate it among the young minds he is educating. One of the important points of his system of education is to teach his pupils to think and reason, and not acquire their knowledge and skill mechanically. If teachers were always sufficiently compensated to attract more such men to the profession, our children would receive more thorough and lasting educations both mentally and morally.

Our poets are usually obliged to wrap the mantel of reserve about them, and retire to some solitary nook where they may, without interruption, trim and train their beacon lamps. An ideal home for a poet is that of Joaquin Miller. It is situated high on the hills back of Oakland, where from a great distance, may be seen the immense cross formed by rows of trees on the hillside. Roadways wind up through his grounds bordered on either side by luxurious growths of roses, while other flowers of every description throw forth their fragrance. Down rocky beds and under rustic bridges course streams of crystal water which is in some places caught in quiet pools. In these are varieties of fish and clusters of tall lilies. The grounds are tended by a careful gardener, and healthfulness seems to throb and course through the veins and fibres of every living thing.

[1]American Book Co. N. Y., Cincinnati and Chicago.

The poet's study is very unique. It is a small, primitive, frame room, lined with fur rugs, and papers and pictures pinned upon the walls, all of which have some personal relation to him, and from which, could the spectator but understand, might be read a rare and interesting history. From the center of the ceiling are looped three cords, and to the ends of each is attached a bear's paw. If the guests are sufficiently favored they will be ushered into this *sanctum sanctorum*, and the poet may ask if any one of them is sufficiently versed in the magic of incantations to accomplish a desire through their means. As, usually, no one is and all eyes are turned in startled inquiry upon him, he will probably look grave and say, "Well, as this is a very bright day, I think we need a little rain to lay the dust and refresh the flowers. Now each one of you take hold—" and he will hand the bear's paws to three of his guests —"and now all please face the east." He then draws down the shade and retires to the corner. In a low tone he commences a weird Indian chant, which gradually swells into a wild incantation. His listeners are impressed. They stare hard at the eastern corner of the room. He then stamps his feet and claps his hands violently. Suddenly there is a faint pattering on the roof. Stronger and stronger it grows until at last the rain seems to be pouring in a heavy shower.

"Well," says the poet, throwing aside the blinds and opening the door, "we have brought on quite a shower." His guests turn and behold the rain and the myriad colored bow arching through it, in amazement and perplexity. Presently it ceases to fall and they wend their way homeward in a puzzled state of mind.

The poet loves his home, his flowers, his friends, and in fact all mankind, and will not allow even his enemies to be spoken of disparagingly in his presence. He says:

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

* * * * * * *

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

* * * * * * *

[The following poem has appeared anonymously in current newspapers, and is presented herewith in the hope that the author of the lines, which are so full of homely pathos, may emerge from his obscurity and claim his own.—Editor THE CALIFORNIAN.]

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out on de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

Oh, den says de hirelin shepa'd
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

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Baldness.

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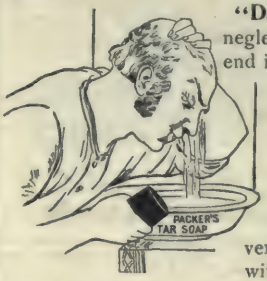

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A TRACT OF SOME 4,000 ACRES

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Flowers, fruits and vegetables flourish and mature on ARLINGTON HEIGHTS every month of the year.

Riverside is famed for her churches and schools, and ARLINGTON HEIGHTS boasts of one of the finest of the latter.

The main line of the Santa Fe R. R. between Chicago and San Diego runs parallel and adjacent to ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, affording three stations.

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For map and pamphlet accurately describing these lands, address,

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FUN IN RHYME.

Mary had a little lam,
She got it from her mother
For stealing cookies, cake and jam—
She doesn't want another.
—*New York Herald.*

Your friend neglects to write, you say,
Here's a suggestion subtle;
Try criticism! You will get
Ten pages of rebuttal.
—*Puck.*

Blest be the girl that's kind
Enough to wear a hat,
That'll let a man that sits behind
Know where the stage is at.
—*Elmira Gazette.*

"My theatre hat is large," said she,
"But 'tis better that way, I find,
It stops the odor of cloves, you see,
That is wafted me from behind."
—*Washington Star.*

A WOMAN'S LUNCHEON.

She sat in a dry good's restaurant,
And, pulling up her cuffs,
Ate two éclairs, a piece of pie,
And a couple of big cream puffs.
—*Puck.*

A NEW DISEASE.

A limp in the tongue is the latest thing out,
It is called St. Christopher's cramp,
For it seems to come from licking the gum
On the big Columbian stamp.
—*Beebe Crocker.*

"We are short of bedclothes," the landlord began,
"And the nights are cold and damp,"
"I'll tell you my plan," said the traveling man,
"I'll carry a Columbian stamp."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Oh, what are the new stamps good for?
Ask the critics of to-day;
Oh, what are the new stamps good for, sir?
Can you tell us that, we pray?
The stamps they are fit—and they're very fine—
To be used as bibs when the babies dine,
Though of course that isn't their main design,
Ye critics bold of to-day.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

The platter's always sure to slip,
When father carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck!
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy in our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
When'er he carves a duck.
—*Boston Transcript.*

THE HOOPSKIRT.

I remember, I remember, the hoops my best gal wore
When first I went a-sparkin' her, way back in '54—
For when I'd see her home o' nights I allow 'twas kinder rough
To stump along the gutter, 'cause the walk wa'nt wide enough!
I wonder, oh, I wonder, if this the truth can be,
That the comin' hoopskirt's bigger than the ones I us' to see,
An' if it's so I want to live just long enough to glean
How the young folks nowadays are goin' to tackle crinoline.
—*New York Sun.*

She's my sandwich,
I'm her ham.
She's my Lillie,
I'm her Sam.
Soon I'll annex her,
You may bet;
Little Hawaii
Will be my pet.
—*Defiance News.*

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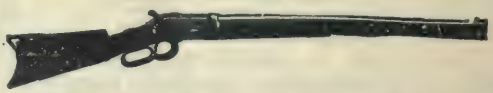

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About Women.

Of the teachers of this country eighty per cent. are women.

Thirty-seven thousand women are employed as telegraphers in the United States.

Over 6,000 women in the United States act as postmistresses.

The Queen of Italy is at the head of an industrial college for women, founded by herself.

Medical journals say the young women of to-day are far better developed physically than the young women of one hundred, or even fifty years ago.

There is a large carriage manufactory in New York, in which the chief art decorator is a woman, Caroline Kilby, who has twenty women employed in the department which she controls.

Miss Margaret E. Williams of Baltimore, has recently received the Peabody diploma, granted to the musical composers by the Peabody Institute. This is specially interesting in view of the fact that a number of wise men have recently devoted much time to articles intended to prove that women cannot compose good music.

English dealers in toys are rejoicing mildly over the boom which has been given to the doll trade by the discovery of the 130 dolls with which Queen Victoria whiled away her childhood hours. These toys had been gradually going out of fashion. Now they are more popular than ever, and large doll families are in order.

Miss Ada A. Brewster, the California artist, belongs to the line of Brewsters who proudly claim kinship with Elder Brewster of *Mayflower* fame. While a student at the San Francisco School of Design, she won a gold medal for her proficiency, and has since then had charge of the art department in Baldwin University, Kansas. She has made an especial study of the flora of the South and West.

Caroline Eschard, one of the leaders of the movement for school suffrage in Ohio, pays more taxes than any other person in the county where she lives. She is a director of a bank, and is connected with nearly all the important things on foot in her locality.

Dr. Susan Janeway Coltman, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, owns a unique collection of cats, which she values at $5,000. There are twenty-two of her pets, and among them are included Skye, Zanzibar, feather-tailed Turkish cats, tailless Manx pussies, white Maltese, yellow Persian, and English tiger-cats. All are remarkable either for beauty or pedigree. Since she inherited her father's fortune in 1883, Dr. Coltman has not practiced medicine.

Mlle. Virginie Mauvais, who died recently, was the oldest and one of the most successful teachers in France. As a girl she was trained according to Rousseau's theories, and did not learn to read until she was eighteen. She retired from her position as teacher at the age of forty-five, having amassed a fortune of half a million francs. She left everything to charity, and desired that she should be buried with a laurel wreath upon her coffin as a token of her life-long fight against fanaticism and ignorance.

Mrs. Barber of White Oaks, New Mexico, must be a wonderful woman. She lives on a large ranch, and manages it entirely. She owns 8,000 cattle, buys, sells and transfers them, directs the men who work the farm, and is prospecting a valuable silver mine on her property. She lives in an adobe house which she built with her own hands. In addition to these sterner accomplishments, she is said to play the piano and guitar, to sing delightfully, to paint and embroider. Her house is beautifully furnished, and she entertains a great deal, and is reported to be a graceful dancer and to excel in leading the german. She has been married twice, and is now a widow.

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OUR PRIZE WINNING COLLECTION Of 20 Chrysanthemums for $1. PREPAID BY MAIL.

The Chrysanthemums we offer in this collection are all prize winners. Some of the flowers measure 12 inches in diameter. They embrace a wide range in color and of every shape known in this beautiful flower. This is a wonderful bargain. We guarantee them to reach you safely. **The List**—

Nymphea, white (water lily fragrance). **Mrs. Levi P. Morton**, silvery pink, whorled. **Mrs. W. Sargeant**, light lemon yellow. **Miss M. E. McCowat**, white striped and tipped rose, elegant. **Jessica**, ivory white, very pure. **Mrs. Irving Clark**, a solid pink. **Louis Boehmer**, The Pink Ostrich Plume, beautiful. **Mrs. Langtry**, large fluffy white. **Robt. S. Brown**, rich royal purple. **W. W. Coles**, bronze color, the largest chrysanthemum grown. **Kioto**, golden yellow, incurved, extra. **Moonlight**, clear white of largest size. **Lillian Bird**, beautiful shrimp pink, quilled. **Aquidneck**, the best of all pinks. **Triumph Marseilles**, old gold and straw color. **Ada Spaulding**, the winner of **Mrs. Harrison's Silver Cup**, white, tipped pink. **Marvel**, white, rich wine colored centre, distinct. **Timbale de Argent**, anemone white. **L. Canning**, the best white grown for all purposes, dwarf growth. **Cullingfordii**, the richest crimson variety, superb.

For $1 we send a sample collection of twenty choice named varieties of EVER-BLOOMING ROSES, suitable for planting in the open ground, or for Winter blooming. They are easily grown, and produce their lovely buds and flowers continually through the Summer and Autumn. No garden can be complete without a few of these "Queen of Flowers." By planting out these Roses in your garden you can have lovely buds and roses throughout the season; and if well protected from frost during the Winter they will live and bloom for years. The twenty Ever-blooming Roses offered in this collection are especially adapted for a succession of bloom. Every variety is distinct and each a gem in its own way. All are of vigorous habit and cannot fail to satisfy and delight all lovers of fine rose buds. Try them and be surprised.

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TO PASS THE TIME AWAY.

The man who most deserves a monument does not need it.—*Ram's Horn.*

"They may say what they please," said the vinegar to the oil, "we mingle in the best society."—*Life.*

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but in literature it hasn't as high a market value.—*Boston Courier.*

Watts—How do you spell "whisky"—"k-y," or "k-e-y?"

Potts—"K-y." Same as Kentucky.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Wife—What would you donate to the insane ward in the Charity Hospital if you were in my place?

Husband—A crazy quilt.—*Truth.*

LOOKS ARE DECEPTIVE.

"Hit doan do," said Uncle Eben, "ter take too much 'count ob de fac' dat er man looks good natured. De crocodile hab be broades' grin on record."—*Washington (D. C.) Star.*

"He's a tyrant. Why, he makes his wife cook his meals."

"And does he eat them?"

"He does."

"That's not tyranny. It is blind heroism."—*Harper's Bazar.*

FISHLIKE.

Uncle Jake—Some men, Ike, is like sharks, werry owdacious; an' some is flat, like floundahs, only flattah. But dere's one thing wharin all men is like some kinder fish or anuddah. Man keep he mouf shet, he safe. Same wid fish.—*Puck.*

A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE.

Mrs. Strongmind—Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—Please, mum, I made a solemn vow, twenty years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid th' same wages as men.—*New York Weekly.*

"Soy, Phalim, phat's a ventriloquist?"

"He's a lad phat stands on one side av th' room an' talks to himself from th' other."—*Yale Record.*

HE NEVER CAME BACK.

Clara—Why has Fannie Finnimaker's wedding been postponed?

Maude—They sent the groom down town to match the wedding ribbon.—*Judge.*

Dingle—Well, which side won in the football game?

Mr. Clovertop—I reckon the game was postponed, for I never had a glimpse of the ball, and there was a big fight going on out in the field when I left.—*Inter Ocean.*

Now they are charging the women of bleeding Kansas with having caused all the trouble. That has been the way ever since that unfortunate apple episode in which woman and the devil played a prominent part. Man has always been the victim—the poor cuss.—*Fresno Republican.*

Science announces that cholera bacilli do not live long in the body that has been properly buried. This may be of interest in a general way, but the habit of flourishing in the body that has not been buried, and is opposed to being buried, is what has made the bacilli so unpopular.—*S. F. Examiner.*

The first man to introduce a bill in a State legislature against the wearing o' the crinoline provoked a laugh. The second got only a smile. The third had to be content with a solemn and noncommittal ignoring of his wit. The fourth received a look of stern disapproval, and the fifth was howled down as an ass for dragging the mangled remains of the jest into view again. There are forty-four State legislatures, with at least one clown in each, and if the crinoline resolution is to worm its way into every legislature, somewhere along the line there will be adjournment for a lynching bee.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Last Month

We sold on the Pacific Coast over 70,000 cans of Cleveland's baking powder; that means Cleveland's baking powder has tens of thousands of friends where a year ago it was hardly known and to-day no baking powder is growing so rapidly in public favor.

This has been done not by attacking others in the same business, or by publishing scurrilous notices in the newspapers at so much a line, or by mere advertising (for competitors have spent money lavishly in advertising against us), but by the true merit and value of the article itself.

We believe that our present business is amply an earnest of good things to come, for every thrifty housewife who once uses Cleveland's baking powder is sure to keep on using it, and sooner or later will recommend it to her friends.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

P. S. In using Cleveland's baking powder, be sure to remember that it is stronger than others and less of it is required for the same baking. For the best results, a rounded teaspoonful does as much as a heaping teaspoonful of others

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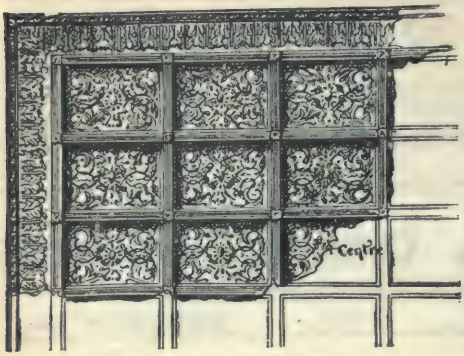

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Leave Los Angeles for Pasadena	Leave Pasadena for Los Angeles
6 35 a. m. Ex.Sun.	7 15 a. m. Ex.Sun.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	9 30 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles
10 30 a. m.	11 35 a. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 00 p. m.

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11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
2 55 p. m.	12 45 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

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Depots, East End of First Street and Downey Avenue Bridges

Leave Los Angeles for Glendale	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles
6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	6 15 p. m.

Los Angeles, Long Beach and E. San Pedro Depot, E. end of 1st St. Brg.

Leave Los Angeles for Long Beach and E. San Pedro	Leave E. San Pedro for Los Angeles
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A question of great importance, but one which has as yet received but a small measure of the attention it demands—the necessity for improved methods of raising revenues and of taxation, is ably discussed, especial prominence being given to the questions of taxes upon incomes and upon inheritances.

The great evil and the immense cost of the liquor traffic is set forth, and a large amount of testimony is given from prominent men and officials of several States, showing the success and benefit of enforced prohibitory laws. That proposed remedy for the evils of drink, nationalization of the liquor traffic, whiskey at cost, is also considered.

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PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

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The 5-cent stamp system is in full operation at the People's Home Savings Bank, and those who have investigated it are convinced of its efficacy.

About 11,000 stamp-saving books have been issued by the bank to the people of San Francisco. In each book are ten or fifteen deposit cards, and when enough stamps have been purchased from time to time to fill one of the cards, that card is worth a dollar at the People's Home Savings Bank, 805 Market Street, corner 4th. As an object lesson in saving to the youth of the land the stamp system is invaluable.

The People's Home Savings Bank has adopted a very effective plan for accumulating a good sum of money by small savings. The bank has a large number of small nickel-plated safes, oblong in shape and about half the size of an ordinary cigar-box. These will each hold about $35 in silver coin and their use is becoming general in San Francisco. To get a safe, you simply deposit a dollar with the People's Home cashier and take it home, where you drop in an occasional dime or more, and wake up some morning to find that you have $35 of surplus coin on hand. The only way you can get at this is to take the little safe to the People's Home Savings Bank, where the key is kept, and there unlock it. The dime-savers then deposit the money in the People's Home Savings Bank, and thus lay the foundation for a fortune.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A special feature of the **People's Home Savings Bank** is the Safe Deposit Vaults; the strongest without exception on the Coast; easy of access, being on the ground floor of the Bank; brilliantly lighted with arc and incandescent lights, and secure and convenient for the inspection of valuables.

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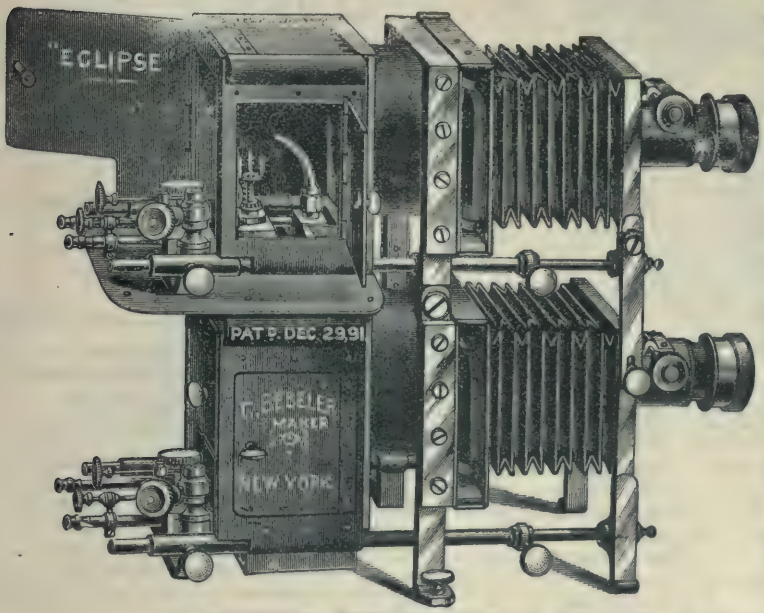

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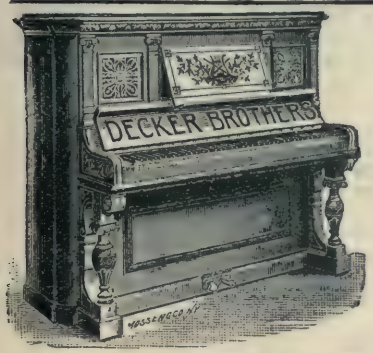

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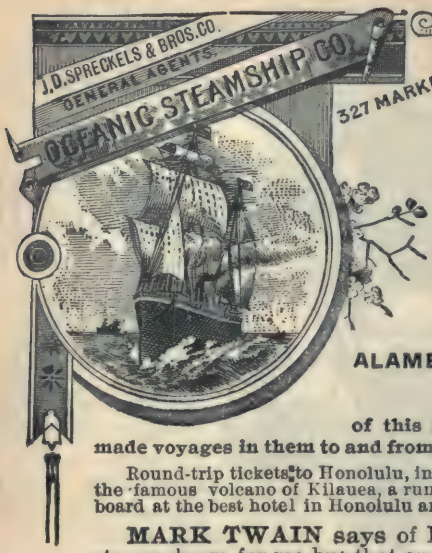

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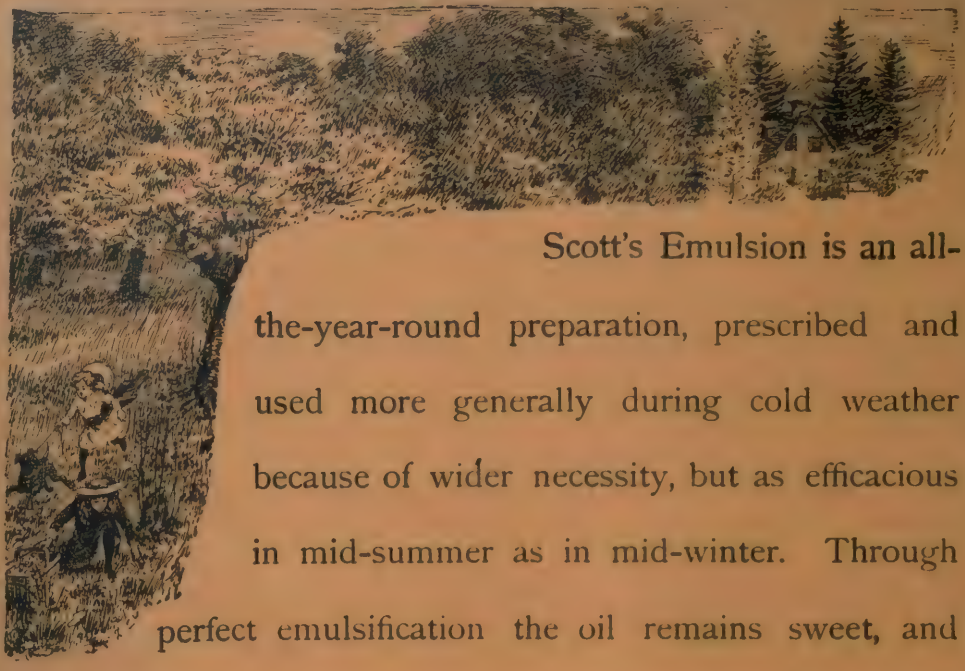

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THE CALIFORNIAN

MAY, 1893

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Surplus		15,168,233 94

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Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

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For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

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Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

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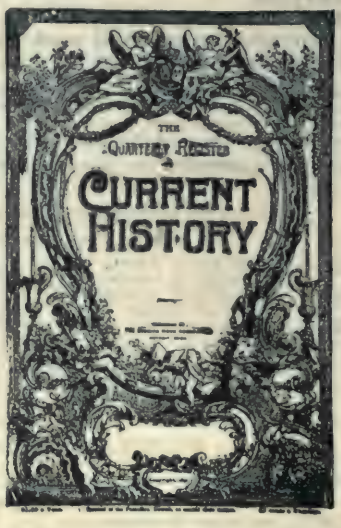

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. III. MAY, 1893. NO. 6.

"IF."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

'Twixt what thou art, and what thou wouldst be, let
No "If" arise on which to lay the blame.
Man makes a mountain of that puny word!
But like a blade of grass before the scythe
It falls and withers, when a human will
Stirred by creative force, sweeps tow'rd its aim.

Thou wilt be what thou couldst be. Circumstance
Is but the toy of genius. When a soul
Burns with a god-like purpose to achieve,
All obstacles between it and its goal
Must vanish as the dew before the sun.

"If" is the motto of the dilettant
And idle dreamer; 'tis the poor excuse
Of mediocrity. The truly great
Know not the word, or know it but to scorn;
Else had Joan of Arc a peasant died,
Uncrowned by glory and by men unsung.

Summer Days in Kashmir.

BY FRANCIS P. LEFROY.

VISITORS to Kashmir are never contented to stay long in the same place. They are holiday making, and the country is so full of rival attractions in the way of scenery, climate and occupation that people wander from place to place in the most casual way. The little bungalows which are put at their disposal in the beautiful Munshi Bagh, a short way from the native part of the town of Srinagar, are not so roomy and luxurious as to make it much of a wrench to exchange them for tents, and as the furniture consists of the camping outfit of the occupant, he is quite as well off in this regard under his own canvas.

By the middle of June the European quarter of this "Venice of the East" has quite a deserted look. It cannot be that the weather is too hot, for the thermometer in our room, with the windows wide open, has not yet gone above 76° Fahrenheit. But the flies certainly are becoming a nuisance, and people say that the superabundance of water about town is unhealthful in summer. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that we are among the last of the summer visitors left in Srinagar.

So we, too, decide to go a-wandering, and pack up our belongings for a start. Gulmarg, the "Field of Roses," is the favorite resort. Here those on social pleasure bent betake themselves. Gymkhanas and polo, dinners and dances, picnics, tennis and golf may be indulged in here to the heart's content. But there is another very tempting nook, we have been told, high up in the mountains, on the opposite side of the "Happy Valley" from Gulmarg. The name of it is Sonamarg; and after due deliberation, this valley, nearly 9,000 feet above sea level, is fixed upon for our summer home.

The start is conveniently made in boats, which is the usual mode of exit from Srinagar, so we engage two long-boats, disposing ourselves and a portion of the baggage on one, and our servants with the remainder on the other.

These Kashmir house-boats on which, in one form or another, a considerable number of the population of the valley lives, are long, flat-bottomed barges, a little suggestive in the distance of huge gondolas. Their two ends slope up out of the water so that they may run well on to the bank, and allow their occupants to get in or out with ease, and each boat carries a little house made of dried reeds.

A visitor's house-boat naturally pre-

sents a much neater appearance than one let out for hire, but even this is the only home of the boatman and his family, whether in use or not. Visitors naturally prefer the boats of men who have small families, but there is always one wife or more, and at least two children on board. The wife and children, if the latter are old enough to be of the slightest use, help in the management of the boat.

The average boat is about six feet wide in the center, narrowing almost to a point at either end, and its length is between fifty and sixty feet. The boatmen pole the boat along, in places where the shore does not admit of its being towed, walking up and down the bow or stern as may be most desirable. This is the rule when going up stream; when following the current they are quite content to sit down and urge the boat forward in a desultory way with their primitive little paddles. About two-thirds of the "house," which is made of dried reeds and has a sloping roof of thick matting, is given up to the temporary occupants, and it is strange to think how comfortable one can be in so small a space. A single cot, perhaps, is put up, another bed being made as required on the floor of the boat; or if people are disposed to be luxurious, room is found for two bedsteads, a table, and a couple of chairs. The sides of the little house are made of a number of mats, each three feet wide, which hang from the roof. These roll up easily, and on the shady side of the boat we keep them tied up all day, thus securing an uninterrupted view of the beautiful green valley and its encircling wall of snow.

At night all the mats are let down; others are arranged at the end to separate our little room from that of the boatman in front, and we are left to ourselves. Between 6 and 7 o'clock next morning a voice is heard outside the matting announcing that "the little breakfast is ready for the Sahib," and a tray with tea and toast is introduced. Behind our apartment is another smaller room, also enclosed in matting, where the family of the

BRIDGE ON THE DÁL CANAL, SRINAGAR.

SRINAGAR ON THE JHELUM.

boatman generally cook and live, though the traveler can sometimes arrange to secure the room, if desirable. The servants' boat follows close behind ours, and when we require our bath, or breakfast, or other attendance, this boat is brought alongside, a square or two of matting on each is rolled up, and the servants come and go with facility from one to the other. The guard-rail of the boat is only eighteen inches above the deck floor, which is itself about on a level with the water, so there is no difficulty in stepping over.

Indian servants are numerous, and accommodate themselves easily to circumstances; and the fact of their being on board a long-boat is no excuse for carelessness, either in cooking or attendance. So we float away down the broad stream, under the seven curious bridges; past all the rickety-looking red brick houses, and the mosques with silvery domes, (they are covered with the sides of old kerosine tins) past the men and boys and babies in bathing, and out among the beautiful green meadows which are plentifully sprinkled with herds of small black and brown cattle. The latter are grazing and growing fat on the luxurious pasture, but not one must be killed within the territories of the Maharaja, under pain of imprisonment, if the sacrilege has been committed by a native, or of a heavy fine if the deed was done by an Englishman. The Royal family of Kashmir, unlike the great majority of the people, is of the Hindu race and faith, and to them the cow is a most sacred animal.

When tired of sitting still, we go ashore. Much of the ground along the river banks was covered with iris plants a month or six weeks ago, and must have been exceedingly beautiful. Every shade of iris, from snow white to deep blue and purple abounds in Kashmir, and they are of all sizes, from the largest garden plants to small flowers. They grow on any land which is allowed to lie waste for awhile, and we see them in the greatest profusion in the little Mohammedan graveyards, on the outskirts of the numerous villages dotted over the valley. They are evidently encouraged to grow here, as we noticed several planted on newly-made graves.

The river Jhelum, or the Vwet, as the natives call it from the old Sanskrit name *vedasta*, takes its course through the valley as though it loved to linger in it, and put off as long as possible its hurry-skurry down the mountains. If a landscape gardener had been trying to make the most of a small and precious stream, he could not have led it along more numerous and graceful curves than this broad river has chosen to indulge in. Its winding course affords fine opportunities for admiring the beauties in every direction as we go along, and we are constantly coming across the two very curious hills between which Srinagar lies, in unexpected quarters.

A most interesting sight is that of the nullah, or valley, in the mountain range, down which the Sind River comes to join the Jhelum, and up which our road lies for Sonamarg. Looking first at one thing of beauty and then at another, the three hours of daylight, which were before us when we started, soon slip away. Then comes dinner, and when we reach the mouth of the Sind River our boats stop for the night. On the Jhelum, boats often continue their journey throughout the night, but the Sind is very swift, and besides we are in no hurry.

The next day an early start was made about four o'clock, and by the time we woke we were well on the road to Dudurhama, where we were to leave the boats. By half after nine we found ourselves walking along the river bank in search of a good place to pitch our tents. There was a splendid row of plane trees at the point from which we were to start on the following morning, and we were strongly tempted to remain here, especially as our boatmen wanted us

RUINS OF HINDOO TEMPLE AT MARTUND—A. D. 600–800.

to stay, but a little closer scrutiny showed us that the ground was damp, and that just on the other side of the great trees was an iris-covered native graveyard.

After a loud-voiced consultation between those of our retainers who had followed us ashore and those remaining in the boats, we were informed that by returning on our course as far as a certain branch of the river we had passed not long before, we could reach an island on which there was excellent camping ground. So we re-embarked, not without a tinge of regret on the part of one of us that it was not thought advisable to defer the choice of a camping ground till after breakfast.

In a short time we found ourselves in the vicinity of a bit of land, somewhat elevated, free from objectionable features of any kind and plentifully supplied with stately plane trees. Breakfast, which had been prepared on the boat as we came along, was now brought to us and placed on a camp table under the shade of a large hawthorn tree.

As we were to start early the next morning, we decided to sleep on board the boat again that night; so we had but one tent pitched for shelter during the day and to dine in. Even this tent was hardly needed, such excellent shelter did the old planes afford us. And here, let me remark, that Moore gives a very wrong impression of the shape of a chenar, or plane tree, in "Lalla Rookh," where he speaks of their "tufted heads." It would be difficult to find an expression less apt for describing the luxuriant wealth of foliage of the giant plane trees of Kashmir. They are abundantly supplied with large green leaves, and their habit more nearly resembles that of the elm or sycamore than the palm, which the "tufted head" suggests.

During our day on the island, we read and wrote awhile, and then our Munshi gave us a lesson in Hindustani. When this was over we were treated to a curious form of diversion in the rites and revelries preceding a native wedding. The ceremony occurred among the villagers living in the thatched boats, which we had noticed a little distance from us, and which lined the river bank for a hundred yards or so.

As in other more pretentious revels, noise seemed to be the chief object, but in every other respect the performance was decidedly unique. The bridegroom, richly and gaudily attired, sat in the middle of an uncovered boat surrounded by a crowd of men, who stood up and shouted while two of their number fired off guns at intervals to accent the cheers of their companions. This curious boat-load was propelled by nine or ten men, bare to the waist, who plied their paddles with remarkable vigor. The bride did not appear at all, but as this craft passed and repassed the thatched boats moored to the shore, all the women belonging to the latter ranged themselves in a line on the river bank and sang a dreadfully monotonous sort of chant, which they continued for what seemed to us an unnecessarily long time after the boat had gone on. For an hour or more the boat made wild rushes up and down the river and round the island, the bridegroom and his supporters alighting occasionally, when they were joined by important looking personages from the neighboring villages. At one time they all sat down on the ground in a ring and held a prolonged confabulation. Probably this was to arrange the terms of settlement.

Our Munshi had such a profound contempt for the whole proceedings

A SUMMER CAMP IN KASHMIR.

because the people concerned in it were "very poor," that we could not induce him to add to our store of information. Besides, the Munshi's English, though a little better than our Hindustani, is not a strong point with him. He says he knows Persian and Arabic, besides Hindustani and Kashmiri; so if his English is not very fluent, as a linguist he is not to be sneered at.

Upon awaking the next morning, we found that our boat had already brought us to the place where our line of march was to begin, and the river bank presented an animated scene.

There were some dozen and a half small ponies and about an equal number of coolies standing about, while our servants were busy transferring to the shore such of our possessions as were ready for the road. The presence of the ponies was the result of a message we had sent the day before to the head man of the village, who is compelled by the authorities to furnish transport for travellers. Of course this constitutes a species of forced labor, but some such plan is absolutely necessary in a country where there are no public roads.

While we were discussing breakfast under the trees, two of the more presentable ponies were saddled, and the work of loading the others was begun. Fortunately our head servant was a most capable and energetic man, well accustomed to traveling in Kashmir, and we were speedily mounted. Two men accompanied us, one to look after the ponies and the other to carry a large luncheon basket and rug.

Our route this day led for some distance through extensive rice fields, which were beginning to be covered with bright green shoots which nearly concealed the muddy water in which the plants were growing. In the more backward fields parties of men and women were wading about nearly up to the knees in mud, apparently engaged in weeding. The rice grows at a very considerable elevation up this valley. It was not until our third day's ride that we got beyond the rice land and then we must have been more than 6,000 feet above sea level. Rice is the main product of the country, and while it is difficult to see at the low price for which it is sold, where the profit accrues, land suitable for its propagation commands a much higher price than that on which any other grain is grown. One hundred and seventy-two pounds of unhusked rice can be bought in Kashmir for a rupee (worth now between thirty and thirty-five cents). When the railway into India is built, existing conditions will naturally be changed.

"The road between the river and Sonamarg"—which, however, is not a road, but a path—"is the principal trade route between Kashmir and Central Asia." So the guide-book tells us; but if so the trade must be of the minutest dimensions, for we saw nothing of it. This route, like other much frequented ways in Kashmir, is divided into so many marches. That is to say, there are recognized stopping places at equal distances apart, or roughly approximating thereto, and the intervening distance between any two of these is called a march. The payment for ponies and coolies which is all fixed by the government, is determined by the march. There is nothing to prevent a traveler doing two marches in the day if he so desires, but people who have plenty of time at their disposal are generally contented with one. The servants, who have to go to work as soon as they get in, at unpacking, putting up tents, and preparing meals, are quite satisfied to stop at the end of one march.

The burdens carried by Kashmir coolies are often enormous. The recognized load for a coolie in India proper, is between fifty and fifty-five pounds. In Kashmir they often carry double that amount without complaining, and this at the rate of four annas a march, which sum is supposed to be equal to twelve cents, but at the present rate of exchange is worth about eight cents of our money.

Our first march, to Kangan, was eleven miles long. At one time we rested for half an hour to take a little refreshment on a pleasant grass-covered plot, shaded by large walnut trees. We seemed by this time to be quite above the plane trees, but splendid old walnuts, of which we saw a great many on this march and the

VIEW ON THE DÁL CANAL, SRINAGAR.

CHENAI BAGH, SRINAGAR—THE MAHARAJAH'S PERINDA.

next, filled their places very acceptably.

The second day's march of fourteen miles, brought us to a camping ground called Gund. The valley was now closing in around us, the mountains were covered with green of many shades, and the snow-capped peaks ahead were wonderfully beautiful. Several of the mountains are over 14,000 feet in height and one is nearly 17,000. It should be remembered that we ourselves were about 7,000 feet above sea level.

At this time of year when the snows are melting, the Sind River is very muddy and rushes down the valley with such speed that the water becomes a mass of foam on which the sunlight through the trees often flashes with great brilliancy of effect. The wildflowers were beautiful, especially the roses, of which there were great quantities growing in clusters like the favorite banksia of California. The single flowers, however, were much larger, opened wide, and were of a very pure white. There were pink roses, too, and yellow and white jasmines, and among innumerable other shrubs, the wild indigo, which grew in great profusion, and which in the distance suggested heather, but when riding through it was found to be five or six feet high. The path was very pleasantly shaded by low growths and by fine mulberry and walnut trees. Mulberries are very common throughout the valley, and form an important article of food both for the people and the fish. They are the most effective bait for small trout, and the missionary doctor in Srinagar informed me, as a proof of the real poverty of the people, that the children are always much fatter and better looking at the end of the mulberry season than at any other time.

At Gund we rested a day, and a very pretty and attractive place we found it. The commissariat had been supplied with ducks at Dudurhama and chickens at Kangan—a large crate containing these birds and tied on a coolie's back, having been brought from Srinagar for the purpose. The difficulty of obtaining supplies is the great drawback to Sonamarg. Milk

and eggs are the only provisions to be had there. At Gund, a lamb was added to the larder. Indian servants feed themselves, which simplifies matters in most ways, though it has its drawbacks, especially in warm weather, when an entire animal has to be eaten by two people. However, the Kashmir sheep are for the most part very small, and the lambs proportionately diminutive, while the prohibition to kill beef removes all difficulties in that direction.

On Monday morning, soon after six, we started from Gund for our third days' march. There were only two marches left between us and Sonamarg. These were short distances of not more than about nine miles each, and the first of them, though rather a steep ascent, led over a beautifully shaded road. We came to the end of it soon after nine o'clock in the morning, and feeling sufficiently invigorated to do a double march, we determined to push on for Sonamarg. This seemed the more expedient as the weather, which so far had been nearly perfect, looked somewhat threatening. So we breakfasted and then waited for the servants and baggage to come up. Our hardy bearer, who as usual headed the procession, approved our plan, and we instructed him to give directions to that effect. We were soon attracted by loud and excited conversation on the part of our retainers. We observed that the coolies were considerably exhausted, which was not to be wondered at considering the heavy loads they bore, and we came to the conclusion that they were protesting against going any further that day.

COLUMNS OF PORTICO OF HINDOO TEMPLE AT MARTUND. 600–800 A. D.

Knowing that it was not unusual to cover two marches in one day, that these distances were short and the weather comfortable, I resolved to harden my heart. So I called the bearer and asked him as sternly as I could what the noise was about. He replied that a bridge had given way the night before on the road between us and Sonamarg.

The situation was decidedly awkward. The river, even at our present height is wide and rushes with tremendous violence, allowing no possibility of a ford. On a little reflection, however, we decided that if things were as bad as they were represented, we should have been informed earlier. Very likely the story was improvised on the moment by the men who were unwilling to undertake a second march. If there really was a bridge down it was quite as likely to be one crossing some fordable tributary instead of over the Sind itself; so we were on the point of deciding that in any case we would go on and see for ourselves, when a rough looking old man who, from his appearance as well as that of the beast he bestrode, might have come from anywhere up in central Asia, came slowly down the path. The bearer was immediately sent to make inquiries of the new arrival. The latter said he had come through Sonamarg the same morning, and that while it was true that a bridge had given way there was another road available. The difficulty now being settled we set off at once, leaving directions for the others to follow when they should have had their necessary rest.

The last march before reaching Sonamarg, though not so long as some of the others, is by far the least enjoyable. The way lies through a very narrow gorge between mountains of great height, and there are many bowlders and big rocks in the path. Then there are very steep ascents and declivities to be surmounted. Often, too, the path is very narrow, and we had to make our way along a ledge from which we looked straight down to the cold, rushing Sind far below. The man who was responsible for our luncheon basket kept volunteering the information that it was a "burra krab rasta," "very bad road," and very long, but we went on as determined as ever.

On reaching the broken bridge it was apparent that if we could have crossed there, we should have escaped a wide bend of the river, which must now be followed. The pony drivers and coolies, who, with the more active of the servants had passed us on the road, evidently hoped that when we saw the condition of affairs we would command a halt, and they were all waiting about when we came up, the ponies making the most of their opportunities amid the long grass, and the men lying about in wonderful postures. They looked at us entreatingly, but we pushed on with resolution.

The first obstacle we encountered was a tributary stream too strong and deep to ford; but with considerable relief we discovered a bridge a little higher up. The bridge, if such it must be called, consisted of two long trees across which a number of posts and split rails had been thrown. Many of the latter were quite loose, some were decayed, while the two trees looked as though they might give way at any moment. It need hardly be said that we preferred to dismount and walk over this noble specimen of man's handicraft. So we turned our ponies over to our servants and were relieved when at last we found ourselves safely on the other side of the stream. By this time the baggage had come up, and it remained to be seen how the thirteen ponies, eleven of them heavily laden, would get over. It was all done in a wonderfully quick and business-like manner. As each pony reached the bridge, a halter was thrown over his head; then one man took hold of the rope and walked in front, while another, with a firm grip on the animal's tail, walked behind. In

this way, prepared for any emergencies short of the bridge coming down, (which fortunately did not occur) all the ponies were one after another safely marched over.

Soon after this our way led up a steep grass-covered hillside and became very narrow, a mere trail in fact, so that with the river running far below it, riding was out of the question for one not fortified with strong nerves. As the foremost baggage ponies were already in possession of the track, we allowed them to get well ahead and then wearily followed. We were now able to look across the river at the large and beautiful valley in which we hoped to pass the next two or three months and we could see the stream for some distance in front of us, but no bridge or village was visible.

RUINS OF HINDOO TEMPLE AT WANGAT IN THE SIND VALLEY.

A little further on our bearer was to be seen clambering along the track, which appeared even narrower and more difficult than before. He was making his way along very slowly, testing each step, and leaning against the almost perpendicular slope above him. Before long he came back and informed us that the path beyond was so broken away it would be impossible for laden ponies to pass over it. This was a cheerful piece of news to greet us when we were so near the end of our long and tiresome march, but there was no disputing it, and our tents were pitched at once by the river side. Then a messenger was dispatched to the village of Sonamarg to secure a sufficient number of coolies to carry our baggage along the precarious road, the first thing in the morning. A good night's sleep consoled us for our disappointment, and in the morning we scrambled over the difficult path as best we could. A few houses of black-looking wood and mud combined, which formed the poor little village, soon came into view.

We had reached our destination at last and were well rewarded for our toil. Anything more charming than the region upon which our eyes feasted that day can hardly be imagined. A large rolling valley lay before us, carpeted with wild flowers, picturesquely broken by fir-covered ridges, and walled in on all sides by towering mountains; while around two-thirds of it ran the river. In some places great precipitous crags rose straight and forbidding from the water for many thousands of feet. Elsewhere grassy slopes, which looked almost perpendicular, but were dotted here and there with graceful fir trees, stood high above us, and above these again great walls of limestone cut the clouds.

REGATTA ON DÁL LAKE.

In one direction were wooded hills which half shut out from view the snowy range behind them, but fully compensated by their wealth and variety of green for all the grandeur they might conceal, and on one side was all that can be imagined of magnificence in mountains and snow.

One of these mountains is a huge monster with glaciers and errant cloudlets nestling between its snowy peaks. Its lower slopes are covered with a rich, vivid green, and rise so abruptly as to seem directly above us.

And so with the great mountain hanging protectingly and lovingly over us, with the cool breezes from the ice-fields to fan our cheeks, we pass the days of our summer encampment in the valley of Sonamarg—"the field of gold."

AMONG THE PAMPAS PLUMES.

BY CLARA SPAULDING BROWN.

SOME years ago, I was visiting the home of a sea captain on the coast of Maine, and in a vase on the mantel I discovered three tall, cream-colored, feathery objects, unlike anything I had ever seen. The host explained that they were pampas plumes that the captain had brought from California, where they "grew right out-doors, the same as any other grass." They were great curiosities, and sold for one dollar each to the fortunate few who were able to possess themselves of the latest device for parlor decoration. "It is the unexpected that always happens," and shortly after making the acquaintance of "the king of grasses," I found myself in that portion of California which produces nearly if not quite all the pampas plumes known to the markets of the world. It has been interesting to trace the growth of the industry. The *Gynerium argenteum*, as pampas grass is botanically termed, is a native of the plains of Southern Brazil and of those bordering the La Plata River in South America. It derives its generic name from the fact that the plumes of

the female flowers are furnished with long hairs. It was first cultivated in England from seed obtained at Buenos Ayres in 1843. The plants were introduced in this country about 1848, and for many years thereafter were valued as much for the beauty of their long, narrow, gracefully curving leaves as for their blossoms. They could not endure severe northern winters, and the few planted in lawns during the summer were taken up and carried in tubs into the cellar with the first frosty breath of autumn. They grew from four to six feet in height and threw up forty or fifty plumes, or flower-stalks on each plant.

The honor of introducing the pampas industry to the Pacific Coast belongs to a resident of Santa Barbara, Mr. Joseph Sexton, a florist and nurseryman who planted seed in 1872, and in two years had several hundred pampas plants which bore plumes. The variations in shades and fineness were marked, for the seedling growths of pampas are as uncertain as those of peaches or apples, and many of the plants were sold to Californians for purely ornamental purposes. In 1874 it was discovered that if the plumes were not permitted to remain on the plant until they burst from their close-fitting coverings, but were cut when only a few inches of their tips had emerged (leaving the sheaths to be pulled off by hand) exposure to the sun would cause the female plumes to expand, while the male blossoms would hang heavily like oats. Until this time the difference in sex had not been observed.

Mr. Sexton saved some of the female plumes on account of their beauty, and sold them in Santa Barbara and San Francisco in the autumn of 1874. Samples were sent to Peter Henderson, the eminent florist of New York, with the result that 300 were ordered at once, and the following day instructions were received to double the order. This was the first lot of good pampas plumes sent from California to the East. There are now nearly 2,000,000 plumes harvested each year, 1,000,000 of which are raised in Santa Barbara County. Mr. Sexton has 5,000 hills of the grass, and expects to have a crop of about 250,000 plumes this year. There are several other large plantations in the county.

The plants are set ten by sixteen feet apart in good valley land which has been plowed deep and cultivated. Owing to the unreliability of seed, the grass is propagated by dividing the roots of the best female plants, choosing the younger hills or the outside roots of old hills—the center roots being nearly worthless. One hill will make six good plants. There will be a few small plumes the first year. The hills often measure sixteen feet across, and will produce from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty plumes the second and third years; afterward the number will be smaller but the quality will be as good or better. All dead portions of the plants are trimmed or burned away. In Santa Barbara, no irrigation is necessary, as water lies near the surface of the ground.

Early in September the grass which cuts like a knife unless it is carefully handled, is trimmed, so as to facilitate the gathering of the crop, and when the plumes begin to burst from their coverings it is the signal for great activity on large plantations. A laboring force sufficient to handle the plumes as they reach the required state each day is engaged, and the harvest is finished within four weeks. After the sheaths or husks have been removed, the plumes are laid upon the ground in an open, sunny spot and kept there three days and two nights. They are next packed away smoothly on wide shelves in sheds to remain from ten days to two weeks, until the stems are thoroughly dried. In preparing them for shipment, three grades are made—the best grade measuring from thirty to thirty-six inches in length. If they are to go by express, they are packed in bales of 2,000 plumes, covered with burlap and protected with wood at the cor-

ners. For freight, boxes holding about 3,000 plumes are used. When they are carefully laid, no harm results from tight packing, as the plumes can be restored to their original beauty by exposure to the sun and a gentle shaking.

In the beginning of the industry, the plumes sold for $200 a thousand. The price gradually decreased until in 1886 only thirty dollars a thousand could be obtained. In 1887, they were in demand at forty dollars, and in 1888, they were very scarce at fifty or even sixty dollars. Prices were low in 1890 and 1891, and to this circumstance is partly due the present widespread interest in pampas plumes. The chief demand has been from European countries, notably England, Germany, Russia, France, Italy, and Belgium, although many plumes have been distributed throughout the United States.

In the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino and Orange, but few pampas plants are cultivated for anything more than lawn decoration. They are commonly seen in front yards, their soft silken plumes swaying gracefully in the breezes, but no special attention is paid to the curing of the plumes. Los Angeles County now produces nearly half the crop of Southern California. The pioneer of this county in the industry was Mr. J. M. Stewart, of Los Angeles. Pampas seed was planted as an experiment by the florist, L. J. Stengel, and among the many plants which grew from them only a few were of any value. Twelve years ago Mr. Stewart secured these, which proved to be an unusually fine variety, and not only stocked four acres of his own with them, but in course of time furnished plantations for several other large growers in the county, among them Mr. S. J. Mathes and Mr. W. R. Barber. The "Los Angeles seedling" still has the best of reputations.

PAMPAS GRASS IN LAWN DECORATION.

There are several varieties of pampas, with differences that an expert can detect. Each blossoms uniformly in quality though varying in size. A

A PAMPAS FIELD.

poor plant will always be poor, and a choice variety will not deteriorate.

Mr. Stewart's plantation has yielded to the encroachments of a rapidly growing city and is now divided into lots and covered with houses. As $2 600 were taken in one year from the four acres, and prices were not at any time poor, Mr. Stewart was well satisfied with his returns from the industry. He states that the pampas does best on a rich, sandy loam, such as the orange requires, and that wherever orange trees grow without irrigation, pampas will also thrive.

Mr. W. C. Holman, of Downey, began to experiment with pampas ten years ago, and last season harvested

SHUCKING PAMPAS PLUMES ON A RANCH AT GOLETA, CAL.

BLEACHING GROUNDS—RANCHITO DEL FUERTE.

200,000 plumes. He will have ten acres in bearing this year and says he would not exchange them for an orange orchard. Cultivation is easy, there are no pests to contend with, and the profits are usually satisfactory. His hills are ten by twenty feet apart; between the rows he raises barley for pasturage. As Downey is in the moist Los Nietos Valley, irrigation is not a necessity. Mr. Holman could not see that the plants which he irrigated thrived any better than those which received their moisture from the soil or winter rains. Apparently the pampas does not bloom so early here as at Santa Barbara, for the second year a few plumes only were produced, and the third year but half a crop. After the fifth year, Mr. Holman thinks it best to cut or burn down the plant in the fall. They will soon put forth a verdant growth, and the next spring will be of good size, (they are known to grow twenty feet tall) and will bear some blossoms. He does not allow his plumes to remain out drying over night. Fortunately the weather in Southern California is certain to be warm and clear during the pampas harvest, and at Downey one day is sufficient for them to lie on the ground.

The heat of the soil will dry the under sides of the plumes, while the sun's rays are making "fluffy" the exposed sides. At night they are gathered up and stored in a tent with the stems placed outward, where they remain until the whole crop is in—by which time the stems will be cured. They are then placed on shelves in an airy, wooden house until packed for market. Before the curing was as well understood as it is now, the plumes had an objectionable habit of shedding their creamy corollas, but that is entirely avoided by cutting them early, and not allowing them to dry too long. The husking is done by women, who work by the job; good hands can earn one dollar and fifty cents a day. Boys usually lay the plumes on the ground and gather them in.

Mr. Holman has applied for space

to make a competitive exhibit at the World's Fair. He is not afraid that the industry will be overdone, because many persons think it a hazardous undertaking to raise anything that has no utility except for decorative purposes—a fancy" crop; and because the capabilities of pampas for decoration are only beginning to be known throughout the world. It is a non-conductor material, and samples have been sent to Mr. Edison to ascertain if it can be made useful in that direction. The leaves are of a linty nature, and ought to make a fine quality of paper. The suggestion has been made that the plumes would be good for filling beds and pillows, since exposure to the sun each day would renovate them.

One bright, beautiful day in autumn, just at the close of the harvest, I visited the five-acre pampas plantation of Kendal and Howe of Pasadena. Here was demonstrated the possibility of conducting this industry on the high ground at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, as well as in the valley. At this altitude there was

A BEAST OF BURDEN.

the advantage of almost perfect freedom from the fogs that sometimes hover over the valleys in the morning, and which, if too persistent, would turn the plumes black. The field is irrigated in May, June, July and August—once each month. Harvesting begins the first of September. Drying occupies from twelve to forty-eight hours, according to the condition of the atmosphere, and requires the greatest care; experience alone can insure perfect success. At first the proprietors thought it was necessary to turn the plumes, but they soon found that the almost unfailing breeze of afternoon would do the work for them as the plumes became puffy. The plants were three years old at the time of my visit, and the five acres yielded 40,000 plumes, which were to be disposed of at Kansas City and St. Louis.

One of the most striking instances of what a woman can do in this era of woman's emancipation is the energetic and brainy action of Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, a pampas grower near the town of Whittier, California. Through her remarkable enterprise, together with large expenditures of money in traveling about the country in the interest of the business, the pampas industry is now experiencing an impetus, the results of which will, no doubt, be felt for years to come.

Mrs. Strong has a ranch of 320 acres on the southern slope of the Puente hills, which was purchased years ago of Ex-Governor Pio Pico, who still lives at a venerable age but in remarkably good health, in the city of Los Angeles. It was a part of the Governor's Ranchito, or "little ranch," which was small only in comparison with other immense estates at that time belonging to him. The Strongs, playing fancifully upon their name, called their home the "Ranchito del Fuerte," (little ranch of the strong.) At that time a treeless mesa, it is now a lovely semi-tropical estate, covered with orange, walnut, fig, olive and other fruit trees, its cottage embowered in foliage and surrounded by choice flowers. Four years ago Mrs. Strong

PRIZE CARRIAGE—FLORAL CARNIVAL AT SANTA BARBARA.

decided to plant pampas grass between her rows of young walnut trees, and procured choice stock from Mr. Stewart, of Los Angeles. In 1890, she marketed 134,000 plumes in Philadelphia, at from thirty dollars to sixty-five dollars a thousand. Last year her crop amounted to nearly 300,000 plumes, and a harvesting force of sixty-three hands was employed for seventeen days, beginning the last of August.

From early in May until the middle of August, the plants are irrigated every fourteen days. After the keen-edged grass has been cut away by men who wear masks and gloves for protection, the plumes are removed, as fast as they show signs of maturing, to shaded places where they are shucked at the rate of 3,000 a day by experienced hands, many of whom are women. The plumes are then of a soft green color, but after lying a few hours on the smoothly rolled earth, they become white and fluffy and are carried to the curing house. Here women and girls with expert touch manipulate them in a way that develops a superior silky finish and richer tone. The process is an invention of Mrs. Strong's, and the secret of it is not imparted to the public. From first to last, the plumes are handled thirteen times.

Prices reached their lowest notch in 1891, and Mrs. Strong, having a large crop on hand, surveyed the situation with a comprehensive eye and set herself to work to improve it. She spent four months in the largest cities of the Eastern States, working up the United States market. One of her first steps was to decorate Wanamaker's great store with the plumes, thereby illustrating their effectiveness when artistically used, and attracting the attention of thousands of people to the beautiful grass. She followed up this politic movement by untiring interviews with the Republican National Committee at New York, having with her a device of her own invention for the use of Republicans in the Presidential campaign.

It consisted of three pampas plumes, one of the original creamy white, the others dyed red and blue, and all mounted in fan shape on a staff of polished wood similar to a torch stick. The National Committee finally recommended the adoption of this highly ornamental emblem by the Republican clubs throughout the country. The emblem was carried to the Minneapolis convention by the California delegates, and was used in the ratification procession by Los Angeles Republicans.

Mrs. Strong had not yet exhausted her resources. She invented an emblem for the Democratic party, using three white plumes bunched triangularly on a red staff and surmounted by a blue ribbon. Here the national colors were presented in a different but equally beautiful combination. The patriotic lady also provided the Prohibitionists with plumes enough to

decorate their convention hall at Cincinnati. Thus the graceful pampas plume will wave across the breadth of the continent—a distinctly American emblem of more than political significance. Mrs. Strong has renamed it the Columbian plume, in token of its national character and its proposed display at the forthcoming Exposition.

She has secured space at the World's Fair for a palace to be built entirely of plumes. The imitation tile roof will be of red plumes, the upper part of the walls will be white and the lower part blue. The floors will be carpeted with pampas; a flag, rugs, friezes, dados, etc., will be worked out in the same delicate material. Plumes will be on sale in this exhibit, and the proceeds will be devoted to establishing a fund for Queen Isabella Colleges maintained by the "Ladies' Business League of America." Mrs. Strong deprecates the ignorance of women on business matters, and is interesting ladies of prominence throughout the country in a scheme to educate girls in this direction. She generously gives her plumes for a first step in the good work, believing that once started, ways and means will evolve as needed.

New uses for these pampas blossoms are continually being developed, and it is expected that next year's great exhibition will serve to largely increase the future sales in all countries. Half a million plumes were sent to England last season, where it was a fad to use them in simulation of Prince Albert's coat-of-arms.

There are many ways of grouping them effectively, and special designs may be made for such occasions as weddings, balls and receptions at private houses, or entertainments of a public nature. They are an unexcelled wall decoration; friezes and dados of wire in elaborate designs may be covered with the pampas stripped from its stem, and tapestry hangings are a possibility from skillful hands. They can be dyed any color, and used in connection with draperies to give each apartment a tone of its own. Fringes are easily made from them for bordering mantels and shelves, and for rugs. Ceilings may be ornamented with festoons made the same as evergreen ropes, or with a feathery beading. There is almost no limit except that of expense in their use as a decoration.

PAMPAS HARVEST AT DOWNEY CAL.

California has, among other laurels, the distinction of being the only State in the Union which cultivates pampas grass on a large scale; and of creating through one of her intelligent residents a new and extremely graceful emblem for the nation.

LOST RACES OF ARIZONA

BY R. E. L. ROBINSON.

AMONG the interesting features of Arizona, the vast field it offers for archæological study and research is of paramount importance. During the last few years the scientific world has devoted much more attention to this branch than formerly, and everything in any way calculated to throw light on the identity of the Pre-Columbians has been examined and discussed. Every evidence of what history once erroneously called "The Moundbuilders," the ancient burial places scattered throughout the Eastern States, and the prehistoric development of the copper mines in the region of the Great Lakes has been subjected to the closest scrutiny of science, and many theories have been advanced respecting this people and the probable extent of their civilization. Few, however, who were scientifically qualified to pass an opinion upon such a deep and weighty subject, have investigated the innumerable evidences of this race which abound throughout Arizona. While the scientist, and especially the antiquarian, usually stops at nothing that would be an impediment to block other investigation, it is true that the inaccessibility of the country and the many dangers to be met and conquered after reaching it, have so operated that as yet its many archæological wonders are comparatively unknown to those qualified to investigate them.

That the valleys of the Salt and Gila Rivers were once the center of a population and civilization that extended over all the Pacific Coast, and to which the Eastern States were a frontier, is beyond question with those who are at all acquainted with the apparent facts.

Both hills and valleys are covered with the crumbling ruins of towns and cities, many of them immense in proportion, and all the level lands are crossed and recrossed by a network of canals, the remaining evidences of which show the system to have been much more perfect, and in the ratio of five to one, more extensive than that of the present day. As it is impossible in any reasonable space to give even a meager description of the many relics unearthed by the spade of the antiquarian, much less the plausible theories that attach to each, I will confine myself in the main to the system of canals by which the valleys were irrigated, many of which, during the course of my investigation, I have re-surveyed and mapped. After

all I am of the opinion that in them we have the strongest clew to the age of this habitation, and the scope of civilization, unless it be in the system of hieroglyphic writings found on the cliffs, in the mountains and on slates in ruined buildings.

The largest, and likewise the best preserved of these waterways was taken out of the Salt River on the south side, near the mouth of the Verde, and is a marvel of engineering skill. For three and one-half miles it passes through an artificial gorge in the Superstition Mountains, cut out of the solid rock to a depth of one hundred feet. After the mountains are passed it divides into four branches, the longest of which measures more than forty miles, while all four aggregate a length of 120 miles, independent of the smaller ditches by which water was distributed over the soil. Except in rare instances, these smaller ditches have been filled, and in that portion of the desert are obscured by the sandstorms that prevail; but the larger one is perfectly distinct, and measures sixty-four feet in width with an average depth of twelve feet. Through this way the water for the support of the cities between the Salt and Gila Rivers was conveyed, and 1,600 square miles of country, now destitute of all vegetation except the *Sahuara* and an occasional *palo verde*, was irrigated by it.

This canal reached to within a short distance of the Gila River, and the water was taken from the river Salt, for the apparent reason that at this point the north bank of the Gila was so high that they were unable to reach the current with a canal, and they evidently knew of no way to raise the water to the level of the surrounding country. This part of the desert is covered with ruins, and must have been at one time the residence of a teeming population.

Immediately south of this region several large canals were taken out of the Gila, and they extend quite a distance into the valley, one of them supplying the city which contained the Casa Grande—the largest, best preserved and most noted prehistoric ruin in the United States. It was first discovered by Cabeza de Vaca in 1538; Coranado thoroughly explored it on his way to the Zuñi pueblos of New Mexico, and one hundred years later, Father Kino, the founder of San Xavier, preached to the Pimas within its roofless walls. It is 420 feet in length by 260 in width, and after withstanding the suns and storms of centuries, stands to-day more than four stories in height. The walls, like those of all the valley ruins, are built of a kind of mortar, and are six feet in thickness at the base. The outside was coated with a fine white cement which is in many places still unbroken, shining as bright and perfect in the sun as it did the day it took form under the hands of the ancient masons.

PREHISTORIC SLATE.

No reasonably correct theory has ever been advanced as to the exact age in which this work was done, though some have put forth the assertion that it could not have been further back than the twelfth century; this, however, cannot be substantiated and was doubtless made without a thorough investigation, for after two years actual research I cannot believe it to have been less than 1800 years ago, while it might have been of a more ancient date.

On the other side of the Salt River there are more waterways, though they are not of such length. Here, also, was their principal city, twenty-eight miles in length by twelve in breadth. It contained many large, and what must have been handsome

INDIAN WOMAN—MODERN TYPE.

PAINTED VESSELS, WAMPUM, JEWELRY, ETC., FROM THE SALT RIVER RUINS.

buildings, though they are now little more than shapeless mounds of stone and mortar. All the wooden portions of these structures have been totally destroyed by the ravages of time, and even the joists where they were protected by the stone and mortar have decayed, leaving only the vacancies they once filled.

Near Phœnix, in one of the ruins which are evidently those of some public building, the walls and roof appear to have been crushed together with great force, forming a huge pile of debris, yet standing to a height of twenty feet. The wooden beams in the structure, some of them eight inches in diameter, were bent, broken and thrown across each other in great confusion. In this position, the broken stone and mortar settled around them, and in the course of time the mass hardened again, so that when they finally decayed, they left holes the size of the timbers, and in our recent investigation we were able to insert our crowbars to a distance of ten feet without difficulty. When we consider the fact that rain seldom falls, and that cold and dew are conditions entirely unknown in the valleys, it is apparent that ages must have elapsed while this process of decay was going on.

The grade of the canals was perfect, and the Arizona and Maricopa, two of the most extensive modern ones, run for long distances through the old excavations.

In some distant age, but more recent than the habitation of these people, the Bradshaw Mountains have been in eruption, and large quantities of lava have found their way out through the Black Cañon and the valley of the Verde, though it seems that the Salt River has acted as a barrier that stopped this flow, and none is found further south than its pres-

LA CASA GRANDE, 1892.

ent channel. At a later period in the geological history, some great deluge has swept over the McDowell Mountains—their granite sides were segregated, and a granite wash was deposited to a depth of three to five feet over the entire northern portion of the valley. To this is due the fact that many of the canals are filled up and partly obliterated, though the formation is such that their courses are still easily traced; and by digging down a few feet and breaking through the sheet lava, the searcher finds the bottom upon which a sediment of lime had formed during the years of constant use.

These deposits were made at different periods, and while it is impossible with any degree of certainty to name the time that elapsed between them, the lava was evidently thoroughly cooled when the wash was placed upon it. Every one is aware of the great length of time necessary for the cooling of a large body of lava, and as the surrounding gorges and cañons are lava wastes, and show no evidence of the action of water upon them while they were yet hot, I think I am safe in assuming that many years must have transpired between the two.

It is a settled geological fact that the now extinct craters have not been active during the last 2,000 years, and as the matter from them is found in these canals, it must be that the people lived before the last eruption and consequently the ruins are as much as 2,000 years old.

One of the errors into which writers upon this subject have fallen, is the belief that the builders of these ruins were contemporaneous with the cliff-dwellers, evidences of which are found throughout all the mountain ranges, especially in the northern part of the territory. There were undoubtedly two eras of inhabitation, that of the cliff-dwellers being the more recent of the two and perhaps as long after the valley races had become extinct as our age is after them. Many facts tend to prove this, but the most conclusive of all is found in Montezuma Well in Yavapai County. This bottomless pit—no one has ever been able to find its depth—is filled with water to within about 100 feet of the top, and from that point upward the walls are very jagged and rough. This was one of the principal craters of the volcanic era and from it came the great flow of lava that inundated and scorched the region about the Agua Fria, filling and concealing many of the canals. After the flow had ceased and the crater had cooled, the cliff-dwellers built their houses in its rugged sides, lived there until destiny worked their doom and then passed away leaving their ruined dwellings to prove to us that they existed.

As yet there has been no theory advanced by which we can so much as approximate the age of the cliff-

PUEBLO BOY—MODERN TYPE.

dwellings. Their builders were rude and more unsettled than the inhabitants of the valleys, and lived by war and the chase, as is proven by the weapons found about their abodes. On the contrary, the people of the valley lived peaceful lives, built magnificent temples, to a certain extent encouraged the fine arts, and tilled the soil with a system of irrigation equal to that of the most prosperous days of ancient Egypt.

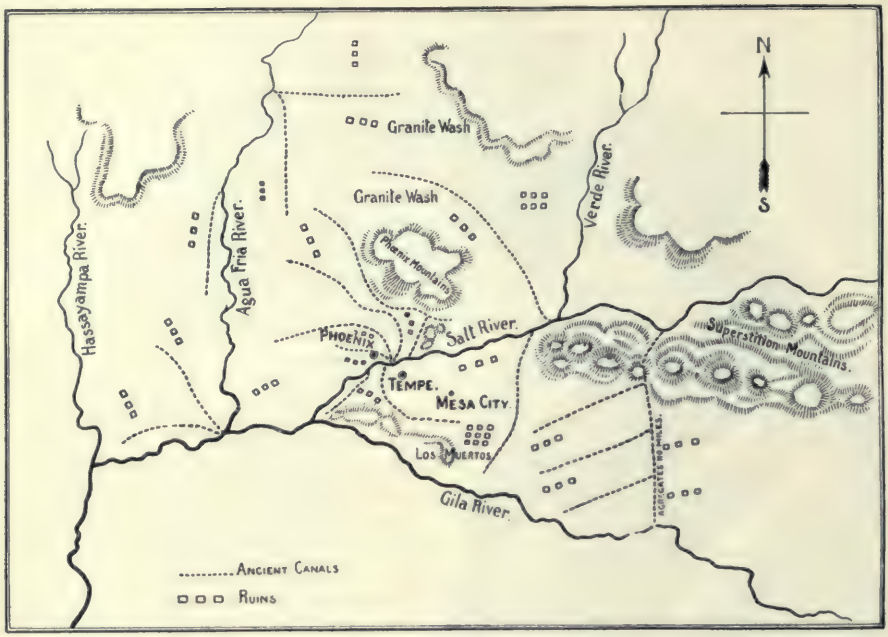
The idea that they were nomads and wanderers cannot be sustained in the light of facts. Where they had 297 miles of canals in what is now the county of Maricopa, we have only about 155; and when we consider the size of their houses and the large number of people that lived in each, it is not at all improbable that the one city before spoken of, contained a population of fully half a million. The entire county has now about 12,000.

The present surveys prove that at one time not less than 3,000,000 acres of land were capable of irrigation from the canals then in existence, while now we have only 337,000. The population must have been enormous, and in the absence of any evidence of walls as fortifications about their cities, the conclusion arises that either they had no forts or were so numerous that no other race dared attack them.

Men who have investigated the pueblos and prehistoric remains of New Mexico very wrongly associate these with them. It is not at all improbable that the builders of Acoma and the cliff-dwellers lived in the same age and they might have been the ancestors of the Zuñis and the Moquis; but the walled towns of the crag, the people of which lived by the chase and were in constant fear of extermination at the hands of stronger tribes, could certainly have had no connection with the staid, agricultural races of the valleys.

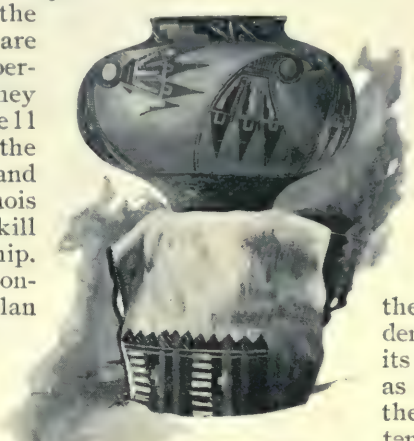
The extent of their civilization is not so much enveloped in mystery as is their origin, or the cause of their

PUEBLO INTERPRETER.



MAP OF THE GILA AND SALT RIVER VALLEYS, SHOWING SITE OF ANCIENT CANALS AND RUINS.

total destruction. Hundreds of implements used by the artisan and farmer, have been unearthed, and the vessels used for culinary purposes are symmetrically and tastily fashioned. Many of them were painted in a manner evincing a considerable knowledge of art, and the figures, though they have for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years been subjected to the chemical effects of the alkali in the soil, are yet as bright and perfect as the day they were drawn. Shell bracelets found on the arms of skeletons, and other jewels of turquois and bone, show skill and fine workmanship. Their houses were constructed on a plan adapted to ease and comfort, and the capacious hallways with their stone floors and cement walls were peculiarly fitted for this half torrid climate. Their knowledge of engineering was so perfect that our centuries of practice and discovery in the science of mathematics have not enabled us to improve upon the grade or location of their canals, and the modern builders have saved thousands of dollars by using their old surveys and excavations. Hundreds of plumb bobs used in building, and on their surveying instruments have been found, and they are as perfect as those in modern use, only they are made of stone like everything else yet discovered. No metallic substances are found in any of the ruins, and they evidently knew nothing of its use. Knowing of it, as we have since before the beginning of our written history, makes it all the more difficult for us



PAINTED OLLA.

to conceive of a civilization without such a knowledge, though such must have surely existed. Numerous caricatures on the rocks prove that they knew of and owned beasts of burden, something unknown to either the Zuñis or Moquis. That they had a language written by hieroglyphics is unquestionable, and for miles at a stretch throughout Arizona the faces of the cliffs are covered by these mysterious characters. Slates found in the ruined dwellings and temples are engraved with the images of animals, persons, and these emblematical figures, though so far no attempt has been made to decipher their meaning.

While the savants have been delving into the mysteries of Egypt, we have had and still have a country at home more mysterious, and which in all probability will unfold, under the investigation of scientists, a history as old and as replete with incident as any of which Africa or India can boast.

RUINS OF CASA GRANDE IN 1852.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

"AND you are happy in your new life, Eleanor?"

"As happy as the average married woman, I presume."

"I am sorry, very sorry. I had hoped"—

John Dean checked himself, then walked to the window and looked out upon the street, where a light mist was falling. Some note in his broken speech impressed her. She looked after him curiously. This was the first time that she had spoken with him since he had pronounced the words that had made her a wife, nearly a year before. He had no time for social calls—this young priest, whose work of reformation among the lower classes was the talk of the city. She had known him since her early childhood, and he had always been a mystery to her; diffident but stout-willed in boyhood, silent and strong in his manhood. It was said of him now that he could no more preach a sermon than any timid schoolboy, but he had been known to silence a mob with a half-dozen wise and fearless words, and no one who sought his counsel ever found him lacking in wisdom or eloquence. She remembered her husband's look of amusement when he had tripped and blundered in repeating the marriage service. His church and congregation were insignificant—a mere handful of earnest people who met in a hall in an obscure street, too obscure and far away for her to go thither, if, indeed, her husband would ever have consented. John Deane's work, so large and so far-reaching, was a labor

of week days rather than the Sabbath.

He came back from the window and stood beside her, pained and careworn, and with a contracted look about his eyes. She had seen the same look on his face once when in his boyhood he had come upon some little ruffians tormenting a bird that they had caught in a trap, but she recalled the incident without connecting it in any way with the present.

"Eleanor, does he treat you ill?"

"He does not strike me, if that is what you mean," she replied, with a little laugh. "Gentlemen do not do such things, do they? They are always polite. They torture in nice, refined ways. They would not hurt the body for worlds. They torment and harrow the soul."

"Of course you do your best," he said.

"No, I do not!" she flashed back, fierce indignation at what she was suffering flaming in her heart. "How can a woman do her best, when it is her best thoughts and most sacred purposes that are most ridiculed and condemned? If I had no interest in life beyond self gratification and pleasure; if I saw no use for money beyond spending it for pretty clothes, showy furniture and amusements, Harvey Leighton would be much better pleased with his wife."

She began bitterly, but, although her words pointed to a discord that could not be healed without apostacy to her own best nature, the gentle manner in which she spoke robbed them of their sting, and she concluded with a deprecating little smile and a conciliatory remark—a loyal wife's instinctive defence of her husband.

"He is 'a man of the world.' He sees things in a different light," she said.

She had been betrayed into this confidence to her old friend, partly because her burden was becoming too heavy for her to carry, and partly because she so needed advice and guidance. It surprised and disappointed her that he had no counsel to offer. For some moments he stood apparently wrapped in deep thought, looking into vacancy. When the silence grew insupportable, he held out his hand and took her own in a friendly clasp.

"Good-bye, Eleanor. Do your best," he said.

She watched him as he walked down the street, until he was lost to sight in the crowd. His face was still grave and overcast, and he did not appear to recognize people who greeted him in passing.

"I ought not to have told him," she said, reproaching herself. "That is always the way with him. He makes other people's troubles his own. The fact that he performed our marriage ceremony will lie heavy on his conscience."

She was glad that she had told him so little; glad that the worst indignities to which she was daily subjected were still her own secret. It was easier to bear sorrow when there was nobody else to be made unhappy by witnessing it, and in these days she thanked heaven with a dreary gratitude that her parents were dead, and that a married sister, her only living relative, dwelt in a distant town.

Although her husband had destroyed every vestige of love that she had felt for him, she still rendered him a certain tender faith, and was deaf to the hints that came to her ears, the innuendoes and veiled allusions coupling his name with that of a popular little actress.

One day she saw him going into a restaurant of infamous repute, in a cul-de-sac leading off from a public street, the actress on his arm, bending over her with a lover's devotion. She hurried home, feeling that shame had been publicly branded upon her. Her husband was late to dinner that night, and when he presented himself had little appetite, pleading a headache in justification, and toying with knife and fork.

"You're getting terribly off your

looks, Ella. You ought to touch up a little with cosmetics, like other women," he said petulantly.

"It is a pity to disappoint your eye. You are a connoisseur of woman's beauty, are you not?" she said, coldly. He gave her a quick glance of suspicion, reading discovery in her eye.

"Well, yes, I think I do know a pretty woman when I see her," he returned, blandly.

Sitting in her room that night, grappling with the problems that beset her, trying to adjust her new burden, hungering for counsel and guidance, she remembered with humiliation that John Dean had pointedly avoided her since the day on which she had made him a partial confidant of her troubles. There was but one way in which she could interpret his behavior, and she smarted under the implied rebuke. It was weak and unworthy to complain of the lot which fate had assigned her. Henceforth she resolved to meet destiny with an unflinching front. When at length she laid herself down to rest, she felt herself the loneliest being in the world, destitute of all human help or sympathy.

That night the neglected wife had a strange dream. She thought that she went to her pastor's house to ask his help in her extremity. Leaning upon his calm strength, she had been smitten with a sense of her own sefishness and the self-seeking of the multitude of others who brought their wounds to him for healing, and she had cried out:

"And you, John Dean—you, who are always so ready to help other people in their troubles—is your own life as tranquil and unclouded as it seems? Have you no burdens of your own to carry?"

She had no thought of the depths that she was probing, no faintest suspicion of the secret she was uncovering.

He turned his face away and bowed his head for one terrible moment. Then he faced her. A soul in anguish was bared to her gaze. Tumultuous joy and sorrow swept over her. She buried her face in her hands with a moaning cry, exalted by a great happiness, sorrow-born.

Then she felt his arms around her, his lips on her forehead.

"Only this once, Eleanor," he had seemed to say. "We must bear it together, my darling. God will give us strength, dear. This love, which has come unbidden into our lives; this love which is stronger than we, must never shame nor degrade us, but shall uplift us. Let us do our duty, and lean upon the memory of this moment in the troubled days to come."

They had looked long into each other's eyes, strangely happy in the moment of renunciation, and she had gone away with a heart no longer starved and fainting, but with new courage, new strength for the weary conflict she was to wage. But as she walked along the pavements that bore her from his door, the stone blocks changed into a carpeted floor, a rift of sunshine came through her bedroom window, and she awoke to the sound of the breakfast bell, and the harsh voice of her husband outside her door. Nervous and fretted after a night of dissipation, he was eager to be through the morning meal and out upon the street. When she came to the table clothed in a soft, gray morning gown, with a pearl brooch at her throat, he looked at her in open wonder, noting the pink flush on her cheeks and the light in her blue eyes.

"Ella, what has come over you? You're pretty as a picture this morning. I retract all I said about the need of cosmetics."

Was it the look of gentle appeal she gave him, the memory of his carousal of the previous night, or the subtle atmosphere of purity in which she seemed to be wrapped, that kept him from sullying her lips with the kiss he had risen to give her? He lingered a little over his breakfast, charmed by her happy face and cheerful manner. But it was only the charm of a new sensation that held him, and when he had tired of it he betook himself down

town for another day of sordid absorption in money making—another evening of gross pleasure.

To Eleanor Leighton her experience of the night before had not been a dream but reality. The veil of one of the mysteries of life had been lifted. Although she was by no means a visionary woman, she was as certain that in her sleep her soul had held converse with John Dean's soul, as that the sun shone and the flowers bloomed and all the world was beautiful. One resistless purpose possessed her. As soon as breakfast was over and her husband was gone, she would go down to the part of the city where John Dean lived and labored. He would know why she had come. Perhaps she would not betray herself at first, but in the course of conversation she would put to him the question that she had asked him in her dream, and he would understand. She would see a wonderful light come into his eyes. For one glad moment she would be folded close in his arms. For only one moment. Her starved heart pleaded for this blessed certainty, lest by and by her reason should discredit what her dream had brought. The memory of this instant would sustain her through the loveless years. They would sit together for a little time and talk over the strange, glad experience of the night, together scan the future with its clouds of perplexity and care, and then part nobly as in their dream, without a word or act that could sully the conscience of either. Life was good. God was good to give her this wonderful knowledge. But she must have a tangible assurance of its reality. This longing for each other's presence, which she knew they were both feeling, should be innocently gratified.

She was on the steps of the humble tenement where John Dean had his home. A sign of "Lodgings to Let," hung in an upper window. A weary-looking elderly woman came to the door. She was used to receiving the minister's callers, and there were many women among them, but she looked at this one in surprise. Eleanor differed from the usual type. She was handsomely dressed, and her face was aglow with happy expectation.

"Mr. Dean went out half an hour ago. A man fell from a building in X street, and was dying. They sent for him."

She saw the look of disappointment that came over the bright young face.

"Won't you come in and wait for him, ma'am? He may not be gone long," she added.

Eleanor passed through the hall, carpeted only with a single length of spotless oilcloth, and was shown into a small room with two windows, so bare of ornament and destitute of comforts that it might have been the cell of a self-denying acolyte. Left alone, she stood in the middle of the room, looking about her with eyes shining and wet, and a joyous sense of proprietorship. Here was where he lived and worked for his fellowmen. She went to the window and looked out. Here he stood every morning and looked down with love and pity upon the medley of dingy tenements and the little neglected children. Here were his few books. She stooped and read the titles of each one, that she might know his friends among authors and share them with him hereafter. Here was the chair he sat in. She laid her hand on the back with a caressing touch. She sat down in it and laid her flushed face on the desk where he wrote, and where his dear hands, consecrated to holy tasks, had worked but a half hour before, for an unfinished letter was lying there. Oh, for strength to bravely meet the glad ordeal that was coming, that it might be a source of joy in coming life, darkened by no shadow of repining or regret.

She sat there long in a happy reverie. They would never meet again in this way. After this morning's confidence their lips would be forever sealed, but she should claim the right to share his work, as far as she might. She had a little fund of her

own. It should be sacredly devoted to relieving the poor whose wants he knew. Sometimes they might meet by the beds of the dying, or in stricken households to which they brought comfort, and she would help him in his work of rescuing little children from misery and vice.

As she dwelt upon these possibilities she found that the purpose with which she had come was growing weak. Her courage was failing. A distrust of herself had come over her, a fear that to see him that morning might awaken in them both an anguish that could not be healed. She clasped her hands in supplication and wrung them in doubt and dread. It might be better to wait a little while. If he thought it right and best he would seek her. Springing to her feet she passed swiftly from the room and out through the narrow hallway. The old woman, scrubbing the front steps, looked up in surprise.

"Then you will not wait?"

"No. Not to-day."

"Won't you leave your name or some message?"

"No. It is unnecessary."

All that day and the next she waited for him. The third day she knew that he would never come. Yet her faith in the dream did not fail.

"He is doing his duty. I must do mine," she told herself.

There was a new tranquillity about her from this time; a measured sweetness of speech, a gentle patience which her husband observed but could not comprehend. The bright color that he had admired faded from her cheek and did not return; but his home was very peaceful. She never, by word or look, upbraided him for his shortcomings. Better than all, she no longer sought to influence his opinions or to convert him to her own straightlaced principles, which he abhorred. It surprised him a little when he found that she was holding to her part in various philanthropic enterprises which he had scouted and forbidden her to engage in. But he reasoned that if she left him free to gratify his own tastes he would be equally tolerant of her; and so she went her way and he went his, serving his dual fetich of money making and pleasure with unhampered zeal.

It may be that she was in error in not taxing him with his open violation of every moral obligation. A little wholesome reproach is sometimes an efficient agent in reform. It is not always well to so efface self that one's rights are ignored and sin is made easy for the one who would trample them. She might have been a better and more praiseworthy woman if she had indignantly accused him and denounced him; but there are some natures framed for endurance rather than resistance.

From time to time in these active and useful years, she met John Dean. There were periods when she was beset with the doubts and uncertainty that she had dreaded, and she was sorely tempted to slide back the bolt in memory's barred door; to ask him the question which had unsealed his lips in her dream:

"You who are ever lifting the burdens of others—have you none of your own to bear?"

Many times the words were on her lips, and she saw herself awaiting the answer in solemn expectancy; but as often as she resolved to speak them, her heart and courage failed her.

Her husband and John Dean, each busied with different duties and in different circles, rarely met.

It was in the fall, more than six years after her marriage, that they first noticed that little cough. The family doctor was the first to observe it, while attending Leighton for some light ailment, through which she was faithfully nursing him. The old physician asked her a few questions, listened to her breathing, thumped her chest and listened again, and cautioned her to take more rest and not to go out in the night air. All that winter she kept closely at home, and Leighton, to give him due credit, spent a

number of dull evenings with her, and found a certain pleasure in waiting upon her in little ways. In the spring she seemed decidedly better, and he shook off his bonds very willingly and gave himself up again to the low pleasures that he enjoyed. In the summer they went to the seaside, after their custom. He returned to the city a little earlier than she, and when she rejoined him he was startled by the change in her.

"She can't stand another winter here," said the old doctor gloomily. "Better get her off to some milder climate at once; Florida or the Pacific Coast."

"Our firm has some business out in California that needs looking after. We were just about to send out a man. I'll go in his stead," said Leighton.

Eleanor assented to this plan, as she assented to everything in those days. She even manifested a little interest in the preparation of her wardrobe, and looked over guide books and discussed the route they would take, with some animation. Her elder sister joined them on the way, to Leighton's great relief. They reached San Francisco in the warm days of early November, but the chill weather that followed fast sapped the invalid's strength.

To Leighton the constant care of a sick wife was becoming a great bore. The business he had come to transact was soon completed, and the Western city offered him many pleasurable temptations. His wife was in good hands, and he was free to follow his own will. Coming out of the hotel office late one day, he met a man who had arrived on the afternoon train to attend a national convention of charities.

"How are you, Dean? Just arrived, eh? Gay place. Lots of fun going all the time. Pity you wear the cloth."

John Dean's face was very sober.

"How is Eleanor?" he asked.

"The climate doesn't seem to be doing her much good, poor girl. Better go up and see her. She always thought a good deal of you. She can't last long. Now don't be shocked at my plain speaking, old fellow. In cases of this kind where one wastes away for so long, we get accustomed to the thought of their going, as we do to any other calamity. Of course, it's awfully hard on me. Billiards? All right. Be there in a moment."

His last words were addressed to a fashionably dressed young fellow, who stopped for a moment and then passed on.

John Dean went directly to Leighton's apartments. Eleanor's sister Diana met him at the door. She caught his hands, as one by instinct turns to old friendship in time of trouble, and he saw that her eyes were wet. She answered his mute inquiry in a whisper.

"The doctor has just gone. He says she cannot live twenty-four hours. She is very quiet and easy."

He went straight to the bed where she was lying, pale and shadowy, propped up on pillows, and he clasped the little wasted hand and looked down upon her, but he murmured no conventional word of sympathy or regret.

A long cherished purpose gathered strength in Eleanor Leighton's mind. She fixed her shining eyes upon his face, speaking in a voice so low and faint that he had to bend down to hear.

"And you, John Dean. You, who have always so nobly helped others. Do you carry—no—burden—of—your—own?"

He did not turn away and bow his head, as in her dream. He looked her full in the face—the poor, wan, faded face, with all its beauty gone. There was triumph in his voice, and in his face a radiant joy that dazzled her tired eyes.

"I have carried my burden, like other men, but I am about to lay it down," he said. "The woman I have loved for years will be my own before to-morrow night."

Still holding the little wasted hand,

he knelt beside the bed and bowed his face upon it. Seeing him in this attitude of supplication those in the room reverently withdrew. Soft footfalls passed through the corridors, and through the open windows there arose from the street below the din of many vehicles and the clamor of a multitude of voices, woven by distance into a weird harmony, but no sound or movement broke the peaceful silence of the room where Eleanor lay.

An hour passed by. Diana Kershaw lifted the curtain of the alcove where she had been sitting. John Dean had not changed his position beside the bed. The level rays of the setting sun crept through the shutters, wrapping the figure on the bed in a mellow light, rounding sharpened outlines and tinting with a semblance of life and health the still features which seemed wrapt in a slumber like that of a happy child. The sister gave a quick exclamation:

"She is better!"

John Dean arose, and the look on his face answered her. Silently he crossed the white hands over the heart whose pain had ebbed into everlasting joy.

Eleanor Leighton had entered into the fullness of life.

* * * * * *

A year and a half later, two men met on the veranda of a southern hotel. The one recognized the other with a cordial greeting:

"Why, Dean, how are you? Let me introduce you to my wife. Mrs. Leighton, this is my old friend, the Rev. John Dean. Dean and I were college mates together, but we've been in different lines since. I put in for Mammon, and he struck out for righteousness. Ha, ha, ha!"

The little blonde on his arm, whose face was as vacuous as his own, and who was clothed after the latest and loudest Parisian fashions, nodded a smiling acknowledgment of the introduction.

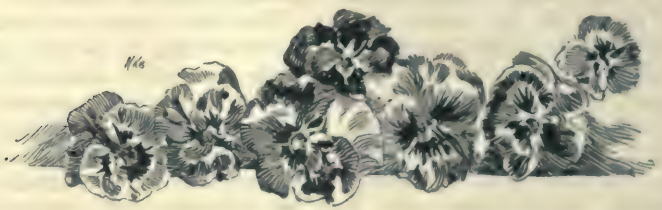
"Don't say anything about poor Eleanor," cautioned Leighton, in a whispered aside. "She's awfully touchy. Second wives are apt to be." Then, aloud:

"Charming little place, isn't it? But awfully slow. We've been spending our honeymoon up here. Had such a jolly good time we've prolonged it into several moons, ha, ha! Hope we'll have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Dean. Of course you've brought your wife along."

"There is no Mrs. Dean."

"Not married? By Jove! Why, I thought Diana—Mrs. Kershaw, told me, that last time we met, in San Francisco, you know, that you were going off to be married the next day, or the next week. Jove! My memory is playing me queer tricks."

"I have never thought of marriage," said John Dean.



Columbus, Vespucius and Magellan.

BY THOMAS MAGEE.

THE anniversary of the sailing of Columbus on his first voyage of discovery, 400 years ago, is an appropriate time to speak of the men who figured in that great epoch in world history—an epoch in which men's intellectual powers, geographically and otherwise, were expanded in a marked degree.

Columbus was not perhaps the most prominent figure of this period, either as a navigator or explorer. The work done by Americus Vespucius, a Florentine, and by Magellan, a Portuguese, surpassed that of Columbus in many important particulars. Nevertheless, after all the belated credit given Vespucius (until recently he was believed to be an impostor) and Magellan, it still remains true that the great Admiral was "fearless and first," in his work, and upon it the seal of sovereignty will always remain stamped. He, more than any other explorer, had fitted himself by the most diligent and protracted study, and service before the mast, to act in his own person as geographer, pilot, navigator and naturalist. That his knowledge in every one of these capacities was obscured by errors and absurdities, does not in the least lessen the importance of his work. He possessed himself of the best information attainable, of which, however, it may be said that it was in many points as mythical as the fable of the Anthropophagi, whose heads were said to grow beneath their shoulders.

To review the work of Columbus, without referring to that of Vespucius and Magellan, would leave the story of new sea and world discovery disconnected and incomplete. This will be patent when it is remembered that, though a believer in the rotundity of the earth, it was not Columbus, but Magellan, who first physically demonstrated that fact by circumnavigation. And Magellan might have failed but for the previous work of Vespucius. The latter had explored the Atlantic Coast of South America farther south than any of his predecessors, and the South Atlantic Ocean eastward to the islands of South Georgia, nearly to the parallel of Cape Horn. By this journey Vespucius demonstrated with a considerable degree of certainty that the strait which had for some years been looked for, leading to the elusive unknown sea that bounded the eastern coast of Asia, was not to be found through the new lands of the West, north of fifty-four degrees south, at all events. The mouth of the Amazon, the bays of Rio Janeiro and of the La Plata had been explored and were found to contain fresh water, so that through none of these could an entrance to the unknown sea on the further west be found.

The first voyage of Columbus even yet continues to be referred to as one made for the discovery of a new world. This is altogether erroneous. Columbus was not in search of a new continent, but of an old one, and of old trade by a new route. Two Franciscan monks had been sent by Pope Innocent IV. and St. Louis of France, one in the year 1245 and the other in 1253, on missions to Mongolia. These men were both very intelligent. They destroyed many old myths about

China—then called Cathay. They learned and proclaimed that that country fronted an eastern ocean, and was not barred in that direction by vast swamps, as Ptolemy had asserted. So far they were correct, but they were wrong in claiming that this ocean was open to the western shores of Europe. Columbus, accepting their information and much more of a delusive nature, believed that by sailing westward he could cross that ocean direct, and land on the shores of India or China. After leaving the Canaries he aimed for the coast of Cipango—that is, Japan. His calculations were based on the rotundity of the earth, a doctrine first taught by two of the ancients—Aristotle and Eratosthenes—and subsequently by Ptolemy, who partially atoned for the grossest astronomical errors by adhering to this truth. Ptolemy asserted and Columbus believed that the circumference of the earth was only about 18,000 miles at the parallel of the Canaries. The latter also found a verse in the favorite book of Esdras, which he understood to say that one-seventh of the circumference was water; he therefore estimated the distance from the Canaries westward to Cipango at about 2,500 miles. Most fortunate it was that the information within the reach of Columbus, either of his own or ancient times, fostered this error. Had he or his patrons, Ferdinand and Isabella, been aware of the truth—that is, of an intervening continent, and of the little wealth they would derive from the voyages of Columbus, it is not at all probable that they would have expended the money they did on his first equipment. Neither is it certain or probable that Columbus himself would have set out on a voyage of exploration only. The Portuguese had not yet discovered the route to the Orient by the Cape of Good Hope, but were gradually pushing further and further south along the coast of Africa. Spain was prohibited from exploration there. In the Peace of 1479, she foolishly admitted the right of Portugal to the monopoly of trade on the coast of Africa. The final circumnavigation of Africa by the Portuguese under Vasco da Gama, in 1497, resulted in their securing the trade of India and other Oriental countries. Columbus fully believed that this trade might be secured for Spain by the Western Atlantic, which he asserted was much the shortest route to Asia. This was the main prize held out to Spanish cupidity. A new world was not in Columbus' thoughts, and maritime discovery was but a subsidiary object. He not only was not looking for a new world, but was not aware up to the hour of his death that he had discovered one. This knowledge came gradually, and was not complete for more than a hundred years thereafter. There was in the case of the first voyage of Columbus, as in the crusades, religious sentiment for the extinction of heathenism, and the prospective glory of converting nations to the religion of the true church. Nevertheless, while Columbus talked of, and held out to Spain as the most stimulating prize, the wealth he believed would flow from the opening of a new route to Asiatic trade; and although he made it a strict condition that one-tenth of the profits should fall to himself, he was not, as might appear on the surface, working for wealth except as a means to an end, and that end a religious one. He was necessarily an enthusiast in many senses, but religious enthusiasm was uppermost in his nature all his life. The wealth he hoped to acquire was to be spent in military conquest in the Holy Land, in an effort to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels—a work which all of the crusades had failed to accomplish; a work in which neither Spain nor Portugal, too busy with domestic enemies, had ever taken any part.

When, therefore, Columbus on his first voyage, landed first on the Bahamas, then on Cuba, and finally on Hispaniola (Hayti), outlying the great new western world, he looked

everywhere for Asiatic people and Asian shore lines. The islands of Japan (Cipango, as they were called by Marco Polo) were the shores he expected to reach first, and when he failed on either his initial or subsequent voyages, he was at his wits' end to make any of his discoveries fit; his conclusion, however, being that he was on the coast of Asia, but at some point too far north. He never dreamed that he had opened the ocean highway to a new continent, and revealed a new world of resources and greatness far exceeding the wealth of all Asia and its outlying islands.

None of the voyages of Columbus resulted in much pecuniary gain to Spain. His discoveries were therefore finally jeered at by his enemies, particularly as colonies founded under him or others became scenes of unending quarrels. Constant annoyance to the home government resulted, for which Columbus, directly or indirectly, was always most unjustly held responsible. To these facts may be ascribed the neglect into which the great admiral finally fell, dying as he did in poverty and practical exile at Valladolid. He was on the whole the greatest explorer and the greatest man of his time. If he had a real competitor in these points, that competitor was Magellan, as we shall see. The discoveries of Columbus and the subsequent discoveries and conquests of others were made for a nation unworthy of them. They first proved dire misfortunes to, and finally resulted in the extinction of the gentle, hospitable and innocent native inhabitants.

These discoveries, therefore, were a source of weakness rather than of strength to Spain. The stamp of Spanish misgovernment still rests upon both sides of nearly all of this continent, from the northern Mexican line to the straits of Magellan, although all of that country has long thrown off its allegiance to Spain. The very policy which did so much to make a pauper of Spain at home—the slaughter or expulsion of the Moors and Jews—was announced to be the work of merit for which God had rewarded her by the discovery of new countries. When the first baptized native died, it was said that he was the first "Indian" who went to heaven. He was, however, far from being the first or last who went to hell, if slavery, torture, stripes, massacre and hunger in this world may be called going to that region. And yet God was not left in the new world without a witness, nor Spain without some noble sons—representatives of a later and better age. Las Casas was the brightest star of this small constellation. With the eye of a seer he saw, and in the words of a prophet he foretold the judgments that would fall on Spain for the horrors perpetrated on the wretched aborigines.

Columbus did more probably for the Renaissance than any other one person, Shakespeare alone excepted. And it may well be asked, I think, whether Shakespeare would have been possible without some Columbus. Columbus, in unconsciously discovering a new physical world, vastly expanded man's mental world, along the new borders of which Europe, through its best minds, had for about a century been groping. These minds then and since have found more solid wealth in the world of literature and science than the new continent or its islands have ever yielded in material treasure. Almost illimitable, too, as the new continent proved, it was pent up beside the extent of the new mental world, the limits of which no one is even yet rash enough to pretend to foretell.

While thus giving full credit to Columbus, in whom faith and perseverance were the most prominent characteristics, let us not forget his faults. The most prominent of these was the determination forced upon him to make the new world yield to his sovereigns something like the pecuniary returns he promised when he returned from his first voyage.

He had promised, because he had believed, extravagantly, and also because he well knew that the mere discovery of new countries, if there were not money in them, would not satisfy his patrons, and would put an end to

QVI RATE VELIVOLA OCCIDVOS PENETRAVIT AD TIDOS
PRIMVS ET AMERICAM NOBILITAVIT HVMVM
CHRISTOPHORVS COLVMBVS LIGVR INDIARV PRIM INVEN AN 1492
ASTRORVM CONSULTI ET IPSO NOBILIS AVSV
CHRISTOPHOR TALI FRONTE COLVMB ERAT

PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS, BY JEAN THÉODORE DE BRY.

any additional outlay for further explorations.

On his second voyage he was accompanied by a small army of adventurers, who were all laden with the most absurd hopes, and sailed in the most airy expectations. Nothing natural or supernatural could have been presented to their mental gaze that they did not expect to realize. They were high-born aristocrats, and bristled with a sense of national pride and their own importance. Yet from that day to this no company ever set out on an expedition doomed to more certain failure. No matter what country they had gone to, or what advantages or wealth it possessed, they could not have realized these advantages, because it was not in them to develop the wealth. Hard, personal, physical work and patience were needed to pick diamonds in Golconda, or to wash the most auriferous

earth which the California of '49 ever revealed. And these two qualities were not then found in the Spanish Hidalgo. Naturally, then, in countries of limited resources they failed painfully, and, of course, at Columbus' door the blame for this failure was laid. He was, too, a poor administrator; he was also cruel to the natives, being amongst the very first to enslave and send them to Europe for sale, as a means of profit. Columbus, in short, was of his age; when in stress and storm he rested in prayers and took refuge in vows, and this is now called superstition. But it was a superstition to which all the Christian world was then subject. The greatness of Columbus in the points which have made his name famous cannot be dimmed by the existence of these weaknesses. The greatest men of history, secular or divine, are but human. The gold of humanity has ever been mingled with, and largely preponderated by ordinary clay. The panegyrist, looking only at one side of the character, pronounces the image all gold; the yet more unjust iconoclast, looking only at faults and weaknesses, and dragging the unfortunate subject of his criticism from the shield and shade of an age of darkness and superstition into the full light of the nineteenth century, pronounces the image to be all clay. Both are nearly equally wrong. Swimming always in head seas, and always heavily weighted, the progress Columbus made and the example he set, must place him on lofty heights among the heroes of history.

And yet the continent was not named for Columbus, but for Americus Vespucius, who, for 300 years, was pronounced a charlatan discoverer and an impudent impostor. His landing on the continent itself in 1497 was denied, partly because it was confused with a second voyage made by him in 1499. His great abilities as a navigator were derided, his explorations of the coast of Brazil and in the south and east to the South Georgian Islands in 1502, was ignored. Above all he was charged with impudently fastening his name upon this continent. The best authorities, even Las Casas, the most reliable and charitable, and the noblest historian of Columbus and of the new discoveries, was indignant that America was not called Columbus. He connected Vespucius with what he reckoned this foul injustice. Nearly all historians have since added fuel to the heavy fire of this injustice and abuse—the majority of them, too, without a pretence of consultation of the authorities. The facts now show with what injustice Vespucius has been treated, and prove that he who said that he had dropped history and had gone to novels for his facts, was not wholly indulging in cynicism. Vespucius, in a letter to a Florentine friend (Soderini) spoke of being at a point on the coast of Mexico, near Tampico, which he called "Lariab." In a subsequent Latin translation of this letter, this word was transformed into "Parias." The two points were 2,400 miles apart; Parias, on the Pearl Coast, was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage, in 1498. Had the fact been kept in mind that Vespucius gave the correct latitude and longitude of Lariab, the blunder of moving it to Parias could not have been made. But Vespucius was held to all the consequences of the translator's blunder. It made his first voyage inexplicable, and, therefore, it was concluded that the whole account of it was a fabrication. Facts recorded by him in the letter referred to, however, cannot be explained unless some one made such a voyage in 1497, and his worst detractor has produced no other candidate for that wonderful exploration. Not one of his defenders, so far as the writer knows, has thought of this fact—that no reason had been or can be given why Vespucius should have lied. Had he referred to the four voyages described in his letter with the object of making a claim for pension or other reward,

or for the honor of having America called by his name, then there would be an excuse, though a base one, for his fabrications; but he evidently had neither object in view. He was simply writing, not an official or precise letter to King, Council or Board of Pilots, but a picturesque description only to a friend of his first four voyages.

Many facts brought forward by the eminent Brazilian historian, Varnhagen, have made it practically certain that the voyage of 1497 was made, and this conclusion has been further confirmed by Prof. John Fiske, from the remarkable map made for Alberto Cantino at Lisbon in the autumn of 1502, and now preserved in the Este Library at Modena. In June, 1497, Vespucius landed, not on the continent of South America, but on North America; and not on the Pearl Coast, but near Cape Honduras, exploring the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico and Florida, and thence northward to Chesapeake Bay, or some point not positively identified.

These explorations were made a year before Columbus on his third voyage first reached the mainland, and perhaps a week or two before Cabot discovered the continent on the north in the vicinity of what is now Labrador. The fact has been strongly dwelt upon, that Vespucius' name is nowhere mentioned in any national archives in connection with his first voyage; but this is due to the fact that one of the Pinzons was its commander, Vespucius being only the pilot. He was not the official commander of any of the six voyages he had made, although in most of them he was by knowledge and experience —as a calculator of latitudes and longitudes especially — their real head. On his third voyage he was made commander in the latter portion of the trip. He was among the very first of the great navigators of the time of Columbus. He made more voyages and explored more unknown seas and coasts than any other explorer or navigator whatever, Magellan alone excepted, and he, more than any one else, was the forerunner of Magellan in the dark, stormy and icy South Atlantic. He was not the first to explore the Western Ocean, and to throw physical and mental light over its Cimmerian darkness, but as second in the work he far outdid Columbus. The latter, it should be remembered, never passed the equator.

It was through crossing the equator and exploring the southern Atlantic that Vespucius, in his third voyage (May 1501, September 1502) made the discovery which seemed for the moment more remarkable than that of Columbus. Exploring the Brazilian coast as far south as the river La Plata, he revealed land of continental dimensions in an unexpected direction. No explorer had ever visited such a coast, and there was no name for it. As a matter of theory, however, the two ancient geographers most read in Vespucius' time, agreed in imagining a great unvisited continent south of the equator. These two geographers were Pomponius Mela, who wrote about A. D. 50, and Claudius Ptolemy, who wrote about a century later. In 1500 these two were regarded as the greatest authorities on all geographical questions. Ptolemy imagined that the unvisited continent was joined to Asia at Malacca, and stretched southward to the pole, enclosing the Indian Ocean. Mela thought that the unvisited continent lay to the south of Africa and Asia, with open sea between. A common name among geographers for this hypothetical unvisited continent was *Quarta Pars*, or the Fourth Part; Europe, Asia and Africa being the first three parts. When Vespucius in a letter to his friend, Lorenzo de Medici, in 1503, described this voyage, he did not put forth any theory as to what this long stretch of southern coast might be, but simply called it *Mundus Novus*, or "a New World," because it contained so many plants, coasts and wild men (to say nothing

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.

of the strange skies) never before described.

But it was not long before this Brazilian coast was identified with the *Quarta Pars* or unvisited southern continent imagined by Ptolemy and Mela. A young man named Martin Waldseemüller, professor of geography in the college of St. Dié, in the Vosges Mountains, was preparing a new edition of Ptolemy, in which all the latest discoveries were to be incorporated. For in these days of timid, undeveloped science, it was customary thus to pour new wine into old bottles. In an introductory treatise, Waldseemüller spoke of the three known divisions of the world, Europe, Asia and Africa. "And now," said he, "another, a fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius, wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it Amerige or America, the land of Americus, after its discoverer." He, like Americus, was talking only of what we now know as Brazil; in this and in another passage he expressly declared the identity of America with Mela's hypothetical southern continent. This was in 1507. The suggestion was gradually adopted, but it was Gerard Mercator who finished the business. In 1541, he first placed upon a map the name of America across the whole Western continent. This continent was there laid down in anything but correct shape, however. With all of these events Americus had nothing whatever to do. Nor had Columbus or any one else any reason to complain of Waldseemüller, since he gave the name America only to a region which Columbus had never visited. Fernando Columbus, a natural son of the great admiral, had a copy of the letter of Vespucius to Soderini, with Waldseemüller's suggestion of the name of America. This copy with his marginal annotations, is still in existence. He found no fault with Vespucius' use of the phrase "new world," nor with Waldseemüller's idea that Ptolemy and Mela's "fourth part" should be called America. Vespucius and Columbus were the best of friends. The latter once gave Vespucius a letter to his son, Diego, in February 1505, in which Vespucius is called a thoroughly good and honorable man, and a staunch friend of the aged and dying discoverer. In this letter he tells his son that fortune had not rendered such rewards to Vespucius as his labors deserved.

If any one was definitely to blame for calling all of this continent America, it was Mercator, who first put that word on a map of the whole of it. It should be remembered, too, that Vespucius had explored more thousands than Columbus had hundreds of miles

of the mainland ; that he discovered it before Columbus ; that all of Columbus' voyages were made in tropical seas, while Americus was the first to experience the cold and horrors of the South Atlantic in the vicinity of Cape Horn ; that he there discovered the South Georgian Islands, which Cook rediscovered 273 years afterward. That great navigator was there in midsummer, and yet even then he said of that region that it was the most wretched he had ever seen in all of his voyages. For a day and a night Vespucius' ships (he was then in full command of this, his third voyage) were driven along within sight of that dreadful coast. "The sailors, with the blood half frozen in their veins, prayed to their patron saints and made vows of pilgrimage."

Fate had apparently decided that this continent should not be called after Columbus. If the name of the great admiral was not to be bestowed on it, then the next most deserving name was undoubtedly that of America ; for Americus after Columbus was then the greatest and most extensive navigator of his time—his work, too, having all related to this continent. Had Vespucius really been guilty, as he was so long charged, with trying to supersede the more worthy claims of Columbus, the world would deeply regret his base success ; but Vespucius was wholly innocent of any such intention. He used the phrase "new world," not in its modern meaning, but only in the sense of new land south of the equator that had not previously been seen or described. He, however, first revealed the vast extent of the new land and prepared men's minds for the idea that they lay between Europe and Asia, and that navigators must go around them or find a strait leading through to the Indian Ocean, for as yet no one knew of the Pacific.

Vespucius died in 1512. During the last four years of his life he held the most important maritime office in the gift of Spain, that of Pilot Major. This is abundant proof of what was thought of him as an experienced astronomer, geographer, explorer and navigator. And yet, despite all of these facts, Vespucius was not entitled to rank second to Columbus. That honor belongs to Magellan. The witches' salutation to Banquo—"Thou lesser than Macbeth, yet greater"—

FERNANDO MAGELLAN.

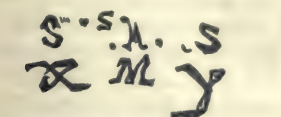
might have been made to Magellan, comparing his work with that of Columbus. The first voyage of Columbus was easy beside that of Magellan, in the latter's long exploration of the then wholly unknown Pacific. Columbus on his first voyage sailed over smooth seas all the way out, and was only thirty-three days from land to land—that is, from the last sight of the Canaries to the first sight of Salvador; while thirty-eight days were spent by Magellan in winding his way through the cold and dangerous straits of which he was the first explorer. He had just emerged from wintering at Port Julian, where he had suppressed a widespread mutiny. In the mutiny, one of the captains of his five vessels was killed; he executed another, and a third was left ashore with a rebellious priest. One of his vessels was lost during this wintering, and while in the straits which have since borne his name, another vessel stole off and put back to Spain. The passage from Spain to Port Julian consumed 191 days, much exploration being done on the voyage along the Southern Atlantic coast of South America. Mutiny hung over Magellan during all of that time. He had been warned a few days after leaving Spain of the threat made by his captains that if they had any trouble with him they would kill him. Being Spaniards, they were jealous of him as a Portuguese.

The winter at Port Julian was spent in one of the most gloomy, cold, and forbidding climates. The subsequent trip through the straits can best be illustrated by the assertions of old sea captains that, even now, with modern ships and appliances, and the guide of complete charts and directions as to winds and currents, a sailing vessel is not justified in going through these straits, even with the most competent handling—that only a steamship can make the passage in safety. The passage around the Horn has not nearly so many dangers, yet Magellan *did* go through these unknown straits, despite natural and all other obstacles. As he entered the Pacific (he was then fifteen months out from Spain) he told those who still wanted him to turn, that he would go on and reach the Spice Islands even if they all had to take to eating leather off the ship's yards; and as a matter of fact they had to do that very thing. Between starvation and scurvy, with which latter disease nearly all of his crew were afflicted, nineteen men were lost in the apparently everlasting sailing over the vast ocean, which, from its smoothness he called the Pacific. No land but two desolate rocks were seen by the course he sailed from the western end of the Straits of Magellan to the Ladrones, a distance of at least 8,000 miles. Ninety-eight days were consumed on this passage, which, of itself, was one of the most trying, from doubt, fear, starvation, sickness, and hope deferred, ever recorded.

The straits connecting the Atlantic and Pacific are called after Magellan, but his name is set in the two clusters or constellations of stars in the southern heavens—the Magellanic clouds. Thus, immeasurably above the earth, his name and fame are forever set amongst the stars. It is deeply to be regretted that Magellan was killed in a fight to make religious converts on one of the Phillipine Islands, and that he therefore did not complete the circumnavigation of the earth. He had, however, fully demonstrated its rotundity. One of his lieutenants, and he was one of the mutineers, finished the voyage, on the only one of the ships that got back to Europe. He was allowed by Charles V. to adopt the motto of "I first encompassed thee." But it was Magellan, and not his man, Elcano, who really first put the circle of navigation around the world.

No voyage ever made by any of the early western explorers was comparable to that of Magellan, in the distance sailed over an utterly unknown ocean, the hardships endured, the difficulties overcome, the courage and determination exhibited, and the strong but just hand with which a wide-spread

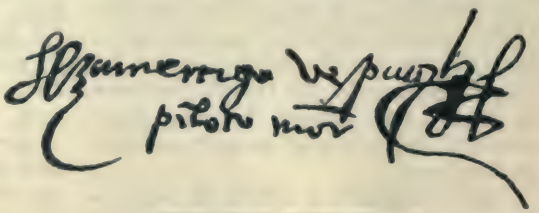
mutiny was suppressed. Never was a kingly manhood more nobly illustrated than by Magellan in the various and always excessively trying stages of this the greatest voyage of exploration ever made in this world. It demanded vastly greater resources of faith, courage, knowledge and determination than were called for on even the first voyage of Columbus, chiefly because of the vastly greater time over which Magellan's voyage was stretched out.



AUTOGRAPH OF COLUMBUS.

Was Magellan, then, a greater man than Columbus? As a sailor, navigator and conqueror of far greater opposition on the part of his comrades, his endurance of cold, storms, hazards, long-protracted sailing in the Atlantic, a winter's idleness (one of the most trying of tests) and over three months sailing over the unknown Pacific—yes; but in the chimerical and therefore greater terror-inspiring obstacles overcome—no. Men were as brave in the face of daylight physical dangers in the time of Columbus as they are now. But they were then immeasurably more ignorant and superstitious, and therefore vastly more subject to imaginary fears, which are far harder to encounter than real danger.

The unknown Atlantic was then peopled, both by authors and tradition, with monsters of the deep, with demons, flying dragons, whirlpools, storms more furious than mariners ever experienced in traversed waters, and with unbearable heat and everlasting calms in the south. In these calms the sea was said to rot. It was beset with everlasting storms, hail, snow and darkness on the north. This unknown ocean was called the Sea of Darkness. Composed as it was of such horrors, man was apparently refused entrance to its waters. The Arabs, forbidden by the Koran to represent the image of any animal, put a black hand, crooked, which, issuing out of the depths of this ocean, was in the act of seizing a ship and dragging it down into the black abyss. No stronger evidence can be evoked of the fears which Columbus' undertaking created than the extreme dread of it in a seaport like Palos, where all the inhabitants, as soon as they were old enough, looked to the sea for a living. Some of its inhabitants were among the most adventurous of navigators. Columbus had an easy task in piloting his ships over the physical obstacles of the unknown ocean compared with the work of dragging—that use of the word the facts fully justify—his officers and men with him in his far western and dreaded course. To man the ships, jails had to be emptied of debtors and criminals, and, naturally, they were anything but picked specimens of humanity for pluck or seamanship. Men and ships were forced to go with Columbus by royal decree. No man had ever before gone out on a voyage so utterly alone, in a mental sense, as Columbus when he left Palos, nor had anyone ever probably set out on an undertaking in which his mental and physical powers needed to be more constantly and keenly under arms, day and night. Pinzon as a navigator was a companion, and, but for his aid



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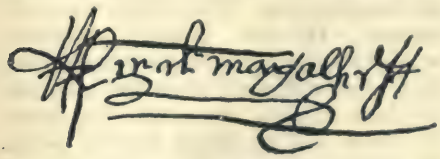


AUTOGRAPH OF MAGELLAN.

and example, Columbus could not have got together the requisite ship's company at Palos, but he soon showed that he and his chief were moving on utterly different lines in the end and aims of the voyage.

Nor does all that has been here said yet do full justice to Columbus, as a man of almost infinite courage and faith. It was not on his first but on his fourth and last voyage that successive seas of trouble dashed almost continuously over him. On that voyage of thirty-two months' duration he experienced almost unprecedented trials and hardships, through calms, storms, furious tides, hunger, dangers from savages, sinking ships, mutiny, the basest ingratitude, and from old age, blindness and rheumatism, besides eight months of weary waiting as a castaway on the shores of Jamaica for help from Ovando, the ruffian governor of Hayti, who hoped that the great Admiral would die of hunger, neglect and old age.

There is hardly a record in world's history of a man standing up under such a storm of unceasing hardship, ingratitude and neglect as that which Columbus withstood during the last five years of his life. It may seem a strange assertion, but it is true, that he endured all this because he was one of the greatest enthusiasts and dreamers on record. He had visions of God's presence repeatedly, which he described minutely and so rhapsodically as to justify the belief that, from watching incessantly, by night and day on ship-board, and from want of sleep and proper nourishment, he was more than once perilously close to utter physical and mental prostration; and yet it was when he was thus most exhausted that he had most comfort and peace. His visions, dreams and rhapsodies then seemed to lift him above the earth, and to render him almost impervious to all trials and troubles. He then penned much that was wild and extravagant, yet, on the other hand, he still continued to exhibit the clearest sanity and good sense as a pilot, navigator and observer of all natural phenomena of winds, coasts, tides, currents and of atmosphere, sea and sky. When his vessels were in most danger, all on board trusted most to him for their extrication. In his last voyage he was looking for the strait through which he believed he could pass into the Indian Ocean. And it is a remarkable fact that, though more than 12,000 miles distant from the coveted Malacca, he was yet close to that Isthmus where nature had most nearly come to making a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

Wonder and admiration at the work of these old navigators is perhaps not so much elicited by what they did, wonderful as that was, as by the absurdly inadequate instruments with which they accomplished their work. Their vessels were small, and with poor sailing qualities because of their shape above the water and their lines below it. They were unable to sail close to the wind. Their height out of water forward and aft, great weight of top-hamper and wretched arrangement of sails were also all against them; while the instruments used for finding latitude and longitude were rude and unreliable, especially in the latter point.

Before Columbus got to sea at all, he was nearly worn out in weary efforts for eighteen years to convince first Portugal and lastly Spain that the world was round, and that the people at the Antipodes would not fall into the sky because they were apparently standing upside down. He had also to convince bigots that neither the Scriptures nor the fathers of the church had ever forbidden western navigation. When all of these facts are remembered, it will be seen that, great as Magellan was, Columbus was still greater. He first robbed unknown seas of their most dreaded terrors, and first demonstrated that the majority of these terrors were pure bugaboos. He thus did as much for the peace, freedom and expansion of the human

mind as for the opening of ocean navigation and the discovery of a new world.

The nature is not a noble one that can contemplate the lives, trials and triumphs of these men—working constantly in weakness, both as to means and knowledge, but with neither fear or trembling—without feelings akin to what is called hero worship. Those who most admire are the persons most likely to imitate them, in some of the heroic mental qualities with which their work was most strongly characterized. Each of them in work and study was an "Admiral sailing the high seas of thought," before he developed into an admiral in geographical discovery. Spain and Portugal, in their decline and comparative senility, can never have their greatness wholly effaced, while it is remembered that they either gave birth to or developed such heroic wrestlers with ignorance and obstacles—such men of men, such kings of discovery. Thoughtful men, not recognizing in the production of material wealth the greatest end of life, would find it hard to say which was of the most value to the world—the wealth of the new seas, continents and islands these men gave to it, or their imperishable record of patience and perseverance in the face of obstacles that were held to be insuperable and were nearly always appalling. They went out as explorers; they came back conquerors. Nature stamped them as kings, and the universal verdict of mankind is that their imperishable deeds place them in the world's niche of fame and greatness. There they must remain while time lasts and true greatness elicits admiration.

THE FIRST AMERICANS.

THE FLOWER AND THE BIRD.

BY C. P. NETTLETON.

We had said, "In the flower
There can linger no power,
Its petals are fragile and weak."
Yet it lifted a soul
From the abyss of dole,
To the splendor of purity's peak.

We had said of the bird,
"It will never be heard
In a song that will soothe sorrow's smart."
Yet a poet thanked God,
As he bent to the sod,
That its singing had opened his heart.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

IT is not my purpose to discuss the engineering problem involved in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. The route has been investigated for quite a half century by the ablest and most experienced of the engineers' profession, and not alone by those whose work has been under private employment, but by engineers detailed at different times by the government. Several routes have been examined, and the Nicaragua has been pronounced the best of all. The route is feasible, and in every point of view the enterprise appears to be practicable. It seems to me that this point has passed out of the arena of debate.

The cost of the work has been variously estimated; the latest I have seen, and I believe it to be the highest, is $87,000,000. The company engaged in its construction proposes to raise in some way $100,000,000—an excess of $13,000,000 above the estimated cost—to pay interest till the canal is in operation, and to provide for contingencies that may arise. The sum is not large if the patronage the canal shall receive proves to be any-

thing like what is predicted and seems probable. There are differences of views as to how the canal shall be constructed and controlled when in operation. As it will prove most advantageous to our own commerce, and as under public control excessive profits will not be made on the money invested, there is a prevailing sentiment that the Government should build it, and manage it after it is built; that it should be free to American shipping, and a tax imposed on foreign patrons only to an extent that is necessary to pay the expense of management and repair and a reasonable income on the cost of construction. The Government has built the Des Moines Canal, improved the channels connecting the great lakes, blasted the rocks at Hell Gate in the harbor of New York in order to facilitate navigation through Long Island Sound, jetteed the mouth of the Mississippi River, narrowed the channel and revetted the banks of that river at many points from Cairo to the mouth, and has expended immense sums during the last seventy years in improvement of rivers and harbors in every part of the nation. To build the Nicaragua Canal out of the public moneys would be in accord with the policy that has so long prevailed, and is clearly within conceded constitutional authority. In some quarters, however, it is held that this cannot be done on account of existing treaties with other powers; or that consent to this cannot now be obtained from the State of Nicaragua, as the Government of that State has granted the necessary privilege to build the canal to a corporation chartered by Congress. The proposition pending is for the general Government to indorse its bonds to the extent of $100,000,000, on such terms and restrictions as will give the Government control of the management of the canal, and secure it against loss. If this is the best that can now be done, the aid of the Government in the way and to the extent proposed had better be granted, as control of such a channel across the Continent cannot be permitted to a foreign nation or a foreign corporation. Such a channel in time of war —a possibility that should not be lost sight of even in these "piping times of peace"—will be of the greatest importance to this country. Hence, assistance by the Government seems to be defensible on the grounds of good policy, if not of absolute necessity. The people of this country will insist, however, that government control shall go to the extent of preventing unreasonable tolls being levied upon the commerce that shall pass through the canal. The value of such a channel of commerce to the people of the United States will become greater as time advances.

Our country is very large territorially; productions are varied, and the wants created by civilization are so extensive that an interchange of commodities has become enlarged, and a necessity to the highest human happiness. There are comparatively few necessaries or luxuries that this country does not produce, and our people are so accustomed to their consumption, that not to be able to obtain them in the widest range would be a great deprivation. General wealth is so much greater in this than in any other nation that what would be regarded as luxuries elsewhere, are here deemed necessaries of life. Our people consume more per capita than any other, and our rapidly increasing numbers and wealth render essential certain requirements which in former times would have been regarded as artificial. Demand for consumption stimulates production, and where production is most abundant consumption is greatest. We are the greatest producing nation in the world. Our domestic commerce has reached such gigantic proportions that it is now more than six times greater than the foreign commerce of Great Britain—its most important channels being from east to west, between the sections adjacent to the Atlantic and Pacific

Coasts. No section of the nation is so rapidly increasing in population and wealth development as that which comprises the Pacific States. The trade between the people of the East and West has already grown to immense proportions, and the increase in future will be in arithmetical progression. The products of California are of such character that they will be in the future, as they are now, demanded largely in the East, and if they cannot be obtained here in sufficient quantities to supply that demand they will be sought for in foreign countries.

It is most essential to the general welfare that cost of transportation should be reduced to the utmost practicable extent, otherwise interchange of commodities between the various sections of our country will be restricted and production discouraged. Cost of transportation is the crying evil in California; the people feel embarrassed and cramped in their energies, and are struggling for relief. The railroads across the continent were constructed at great cost, and their maintenance and operation are and always will be expensive. Complaints of the excessive rates of transportation are universal; our grain, and especially our fruits and wines are cut off from the markets of our own country by competition of foreigners, who can produce more cheaply and are subject to less cost for transportation. The transportation problem is among the greatest which now confronts the American people. That by water should be and is cheaper than that by rail, and for the very good reason that the railway track is built with money, and its maintenance is expensive. The track of the ship at sea is provided and maintained by nature. It is true the Nicaragua Canal will be built with money, and its care and management will be attended with some expense, but it is an inconsiderable part in point of distance of the route over which ships must travel from one side of the continent to the other. Its construction, therefore, ought to materially lessen the charges for trans-continental transportation. It will inevitably produce that result unless there is a combination between rail and water lines to maintain high rates. This, however, will not likely take place, as such an arrangement would have the effect to divert traffic from the ships, and would not add to the profits of ship owners. Land and water lines are usually persistent in their rivalries, and there is such a feeling in the country against railroads on account of their excessive charges, as they are believed to be, that it might be perilous for the roads to combine with and subsidize steamship lines in order to perpetuate exorbitant charges. Such combination is a remote possibility.

That not very high tolls would pay expenses of repairs and management of the canal, and a sum sufficient to pay interest and principal of the bonds, can hardly be doubted, for traffic from the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts and from Europe — destined northward as far as there is any appreciable trade, and southward as far as Chili on the Pacific Coast—would find it advantageous to patronize the canal on account of the great distance that would be saved; and the same would be true as to return traffic. It would seem that the patronage must become so great that with extremely moderate tolls, the revenues would speedily become large. Inter-continental commerce would also be diverted to that route, and from the trans-continental railroads. It would not only take from that which is now carried by way of the Horn and the Isthmus, but by the Canadian Pacific, which has become so serious a rival of our own trans-continental rail lines. Freights from China, Japan and other Asiatic countries destined to the eastern part of British America ought to be cheaper than by the Canadian Pacific.

To lessen the cost of transportation would enhance values of California

productions and give stimulant to the development of the State's resources. Our products are already of large variety and immense in quantity, and are destined to reach almost incomprehensible proportions. We now need all the markets we can get in the East, and in future the need will be greater; but it will be impossible for us to command them in competition with foreign producers, if they have any substantial advantage in the cost of transportation. No part of the nation will be more benefited by the Nicaragua Canal than California. The canal will enhance the importance of San Francisco as a commercial center; as a distributing point its territory has been invaded on the north and on the south by rail lines leading from the East to the principal cities of Washington and Oregon, and to Los Angeles. It will be the terminus of all steamship lines to this coast. Their ships may call at ports southward, but they will hardly extend their voyages northward, and their cargoes will largely be distributed from this city. So also will exports concenter here. Carrying upon the sea is now most largely done by regular steamship lines whose termini are the larger cities, from which merchandise is distributed to points of consumption. There has been a tendency to this for more than a third of a century, ever since iron ships have come into use, and it has been demonstrated that building those of large tonnage is economical and safer. Regularity in departure and arrival is a feature that has become regarded as essential to success. Concentration will be greater than it now is, for the great cities are better supplied with facilities for reaching trade districts than the smaller ones. In my humble judgment, the trade of San Francisco will be immeasurably increased by the construction of the canal; and since trade causes active demand for money, it gives impetus to industrial development.

The disclosure in Paris of the corruption in connection with the Panama Canal is unfortunate, and especially at this time. It may have the effect to deter Senators and Representatives from giving support to any measure of assistance for the Nicaragua enterprise. There are suspicious people the world over, and there are also men who shrink from doing what their better judgment commands through fear of assault or criticism. Because the support of deputies and other French officials was purchased, it ought not to be presumed that American Congressmen were purchased, should they support a reasonable measure of aid to this great American project. The plan has been frankly laid before the public and has received the fullest consideration, both through the newspapers and in public meetings. Sentiment seems to be quite unanimous in favor of doing what may be necessary to secure the construction of this great national highway; it is a matter in which all parts of the country are interested to a greater or less extent. In my opinion, support of it by Senators and Representatives will not be criticised, but approved. The Panama Canal was a scheme of Louis Napoleon when he meditated conquests of the countries in the southern part of North America. Without this the Panama Canal would be of no more consequence to France than to other commercial nations of Europe, as it would not connect her possessions, or constitute a necessary channel of commerce between her and her dependencies. There are those who doubt the practicability of the Panama scheme, and it is certain, if the opinions of engineers are to control, that the Nicaragua enterprise is by far the most feasible. The canal under discussion affords facilities, especially to the American people, for intercourse between the extremes of the country. It is a scheme to promote our best interests, and to support any reasonable measure would not be regarded as proceeding from corrupt influences, but from the highest patriotic motives.

WOMAN IN COMMERCIAL HORTICULTURE.

BY MAGGIE DOWNING BRAINARD.

TREES, flowers and vegetables are to-day offering possibilities, commercially and otherwise, as a reward to woman's tact and energy not exceeded by any other field. Facts from all parts of the world demonstrate it. Paris alone, during the winter season, spends $200,000 on lilies-of-the-valley. A lady living near New York City has paid the rent of an expensive place by good management of greenhouses.

In the Southern States, at the close of the war, negro labor was so demoralized that exclusive cotton planting was considered impracticable, and a struggle for bare existence was maintained for years, until the gradual drifting into the shipping of fruits and vegetables to Northern markets brought prosperity once more to the land. Women of culture and refinement were the first to embark in the new enterprise. The first barrel of cucumbers shipped from the South after the war by a Georgia lady netted her $100. Tomatoes were next tried in Mississippi; then peas, beans and other vegetables followed with wonderful success. Even little children caught the exciting fever and cultivated their miniature patches with enthusiasm. The old cotton districts were turned suddenly into gardens and experiment stations, and box factories sprung up as a new necessity. The pioneers, however, had much to contend with in the way of discouragements from croakers, as well as contending against long existing habits and customs.

My own orchard was the second planted for commercial purposes in what is now the fruit belt of central Mississippi; that of Capt. J. R. Eggleston, the largest peach shipper of that State, being the first. In order to fully understand every principle tending to success, I engaged our leading nurseryman, Geo. H. Hudson, to come and practically instruct me in root-trimming, top pruning and planting. Following out these lessons, I personally superintended laying out my own orchard plot and the pruning and planting of every tree. This was something heretofore unheard of for a lady to do. I cannot express the pleasure I felt in my new experience, notwithstanding the merriment my old poke sun-bonnet, short dress and thick shoes afforded my friends, as well as the general passing public on the near highway.

Nothing daunted, I next turned my attention to shipping cut flowers to various Northern cities. Single blue violets readily netted me twenty-five cents per hundred; double ones forty cents; daffodils forty-five cents; Cape Jessamine buds sold for one dollar per hundred, and "pussy willow" blooms three dollars and fifty cents per bushel.

I gathered these last along the creek banks and the edges of the swamps.

This success, however, did not come in a day, but was brought about by a final perfection in packing, which was learned by the closest study, hard work and plenty of experience. Daffodils grew plentifully in all the old home gardens, but the idea that there was any money value in the blossoms was a revelation, and the owners thought me crazy when I offered them even a very moderate price for them. They were so profitable that I set out to gather a quantity of the bulbs to plant in rows around the orchard fence. My financial success which had been whispered around gave such encouragement to others that I found myself followed in every new pursuit, and watched with hawk-eyes to see what new venture I might undertake. This sometimes gave rise to ludicrous mistakes on the part of the sly observers.

I remember once I had been out gathering bulbs, and on my return passed through town with a wagon-load of daffodil roots. Of course, a few of them peeped out from under the corner of the blanket and caught the eye of a very smart and enterprising village speculator. He conjectured at once that they were onions, and without waiting to find out anything more definite in the matter, hurriedly went from place to place and bought up all the onions he could secure at quite a little advance on the going price. He had them all ready to ship before he found out his mistake, and that onions were not even paying freight. So much for trying to defeat a woman.

I obtained my primitive ideas of shipping cut flowers from Miss Irene Newman of Crystal Springs, Mississippi, who was the first woman who successfully shipped roses from that State to Northern markets. She belongs to one of the first families of the State, is highly educated, refined and accomplished, and a genuine type of the woman of the New South. Full of energy, she was among the first to catch the new spirit of enterprise. Guided by keen executive abilities and wonderful foresight, she entered the field of horticulture with the ardor of a lover, and soon became one of the most successful fruit, flower and vegetable growers of what is now known as the "Hub" of Southern horticulture. She found that early tomatoes generally brought from four to six dollars per bushel; beans two and one-half to four and one-half dollars per bushel; peas about the same price; cucumbers from ten to twenty-four dollars per barrel; that early radishes brought what might seem exorbitant prices; peaches four and one-half per bushel, and strawberries twenty-five cents per quart. She raised one crop of radishes on a little plot of land thirty by sixty feet and sold it for over forty dollars.

Miss Newman learns much each year by informing herself of the general experience of the people who attend the horticultural conventions, and whatever she finds will be least planted, that, she knows, will be in greater demand; so she is seldom caught on an overstocked market, and by being on time, gets the highest prices. She has invented a method by which rosebuds are transplanted in water as far north as Peoria, Illinois, and are as beautiful and fresh on arrival there as when first packed. For these she gets extra prices, and is now receiving orders from many northern cities.

Mrs. Jennie Kern, of Natches, Miss., has turned her attention especially to propagating and shipping camellias. Reared, like the majority of rich Southern planters' children, in luxury and indolent ease, this woman, by force of circumstances, has developed into one of the most enterprising of her sex, and is an ornament and an honor to her native State. Other branches of horticulture come under her supervision and judgment, but local and foreign trade in camellias is the great object with her. She has invented her own method of packing and shipping, and her flowers often

bring from twenty-five to thirty cents apiece. From November to February she is kept busy in this line.

Camellias are especially adapted to California soil and climate. I know a lady who has sold twenty dollars' worth from two medium sized bushes in a single winter.

Mrs. Georgia McBride, a resident of the "Willows," a suburb of San Jose, California, has met with remarkable success in fruit-growing. Formerly from St. Louis, Mo., she was left in early life a widow with four little boys, the oldest scarcely eight years of age, and the youngest not two. Coming to California on account of bad health she remained six years and then returned to Missouri, thinking to educate her children there more advantageously. In this she soon saw her mistake. Determined to teach her boys to be industrious and self-supporting, she paid them wages to work during vacations or leisure hours, but soon discovered that they were subletting their contract—employing free negroes to do the work for half the amount she paid them, and devoting their own time to play. This she saw would never do, and at once made up her mind to return to California and buy a ranch, concluding that for lack of sub-letting facilities the boys would be forced to become personally industrious.

She invested in a wheat field near the "Willows" at $125 per acre, the stubble on it standing thick and tall. This proved to be a most lucky piece of land for her, being finely adapted to the growth of cherries, apricots and prunes, the choicest varieties for future market. At that time more attention had been paid to growing apples and pears, but the Codlin moth became very destructive to both of them, and the pernicious scale was ruinous both to them and to the white cherries. She therefore planted the black Tartarian which knows no enemies, and the whole of her thirty-eight acres, except two, were planted in the other stone fruits under her own personal supervision and judgment aided by her boys. The latter, it is fair to say, found the climate of California to be a great promoter of industrious habits. For the next four years she did all the pruning on the whole thirty-six acres. The third year she gathered six tons of prunes from five acres, and in the fifth year her apricots brought her $260.

Of the original number of acres she has sold five, and has given her oldest son a ten-acre orchard in full bearing. Her home place now contains twenty-three acres, on which there are planted 1,500 prune trees, 100 Blenheim apricots, 150 Tartarian cherries, 200 Napoleon bigarrean cherries and 400 Muir peaches—making 2,350 trees in all. Of these, 1,100 prune trees in bearing last season netted her $2,700, and her cherries and apricots between $300 and $400 more. In addition to this, 300 young prune trees will come into bearing this year, and the cherries and apricots, which bore lightly last year are promising a heavy crop, so that the trees are likely to double their yield the present season. The white cherries and Muir peaches are only two years old.

She went into the orchard business not knowing one tree from another, but her one stimulus in this great undertaking for a woman was the raising of her boys by the force of example. She knew that to say to them "Come" would have more weight than to say "Go," and so she went, taking the lead.

Imagine a delicately raised, refined woman, used to all the luxuriant surroundings of a fashionable and wealthy city life, and possessing money wherewith to indulge in every fancy, giving up all this to enter a field of labor in order to more surely lay the foundation of a perfect character, through industry, in her children, and you have before you an example of what man worships and God blesses—a model mother and a true woman. Observation and close study of insects and tree pests has enabled her to fight these enemies so successfully that her trees are noted for their beauty, thrift and

clean appearance. She has never had a foreman, and only hires help during the season of picking and drying fruit. She has her own dryer, cures all her own fruit, and always gets the highest market price.

In addition to all this she was the architect of her own home. Plans for homes at that time seemed all alike. This one plan did not suit her, and she was told no others could be furnished. She then went to work on her own plan, drew her own design and presented it to the architect who was forced to see its feasibility, and readily supplied the technical details for her drawings. This house, thus erected under her directions, in build and finish, is one of the most charming, delightful homes in Santa Clara Valley. It contains every modern improvement and invention, perfect ventilation and sun exposure in every room. Large weeping willows planted by her own hand spread their great sheltering drooping branches far around, sweeping the ground like a gently-waving, leafy curtain, and enclosing within its circle the most complete of summer bowers a poet's fancy could create. Beds of lilies, roses and violets mingle their perfume with the orchard fragrance, and brighten the scene with iris, fairest of pencil dyes.

Another model fruit and vegetable grower is Mrs. Sarah T. Ingall, also of the "Willows," and formerly of New York city. Her two orchards, one of ten acres on Cherry Avenue, and one of twelve acres on Hicks Avenue, are monuments of woman's success in fruit growing. Possessing capital and executive ability, this woman of refinement has fully proven the reward that is to be found in fruit-raising for her sex. Her attractive home and independent income are advertisements stronger than words of her successful management. The places are planted in prunes, cherries and apricots. In 1887, from these two places the apricots and cherries alone sold for $5,000. She cures her own fruit on the premises, having a large drying house with a capacity of four and a half tons per day. Originally she used a steam pump for irrigating purposes, and with the aid of a Chinaman to replenish the fire, learned to manage the engine with her own hands. She found the water almost indispensable in increasing the quantity and excellence of her fruit. She still irrigates, but finds it more convenient to buy the water from the irrigating works of a neighbor.

On buying her orchards she knew nothing practically of their cultivation. At that time the industry, as regards pruning, washes and insects, was in its infancy, and experiments, successful as well as disastrous, were common. Some advocated pruning; others would hang the sign, "Noli me tangere" on every tree. Close observation and conversation with practical people guided her, and in this careful way she found success and safety. She has in bearing 400 cherries, 700 prunes, 1,450 apricots and peaches. Her cherry orchard is one of the finest in the State. Three and a half acres last year netted her $2,000. From her cherry trees she gathered twenty-seven tons; twenty of black and seven of white. This entire crop she handled herself. Besides this she dried and shipped to the East three full car-loads of dried fruit, consisting of prunes, apricots and peaches. In addition to fruit growing, Mrs. Ingall also cultivates cucumbers under glass for Winter market; these she readily disposes of in local market at four dollars per dozen. Her arrangements are extensive for this special pursuit, and yet the demand is greater than she can supply.

Mrs. Henry Barroillhet, near San Mateo, California, once the wife of one of San Francisco's most popular bankers, and a reigning belle, stands at the head of the local cut-flower shipping trade of to-day. Whatever she favors for floral decoration is paramount in the beau monde. Her husband was manager of the bank of Bellec & Co., at San Francisco. Here they lived in princely

style. Through the mismanagement of the French branch both banks failed, and Henry Barroillhet gave up everything he owned to his creditors. He died a few months afterward of a broken heart, leaving his wife without even the remnant of a fortune. The blow that stunned the man aroused the woman to action. When she was told they had no home, she bravely replied: "Yes, we have;" and called to mind an old house on some land her father had given her years before. To this spot she repaired, and with the aid of a faithful domestic, hammers and nails were used, paint-brushes and brooms were handled with fingers used only to the diamond's glitter, until a comfortable home stood in the place neglect had rendered desolate. At the husband's death she was too independent to seek for help. New to self support, she seized the first opportunity which presented itself—the cultivation and sale of flowers. She now owns one hundred and forty acres of fine land, all in cultivation. Seven acres are in orchard. Five acres are in violets, with an increase of fifteen more this Fall. Seven acres are in chrysanthemums, while roses, lilies and other flowers come in for a big share of the acreage. Two thousand eucalyptus trees, three thousand pines and sequoias and other trees are very profitable, the leaves and branches being used as evergreens in decoration. The best testimonial to the beauty of her flowers and the favor with which they are regarded by San Francisco is the fact that about 8,000 chrysanthemums, 2,000 bunches of violets, 800 to 1,000 Duchesse de Brabant roses, to say nothing of other varieties, are daily shipped during their seasons. Her specialty, however, is in violets, for which she receives $2.50 per dozen bunches. Chrysanthemums bring from one to five cents apiece, governed by size rather than color or beauty. This season there were 18,000 chrysanthemum plants in bloom, including 275 of the finest Japanese varieties, beautiful beyond description. For beauty of form, richness and delicacy of coloring, as well as perfection in size, none could surpass them.

On this highly cultivated country site is found some of the grandest scenery in the State. This, together with the great beauty and perfection of the highly cultivated floral grounds, makes the spot a fair Eden of America. Mrs. Barroillhet personally attends to the cultivation, irrigation, gathering, packing and shipping of this mammoth trade, knowing every detail, and employing of course the most trusted help. She accomplishes this great work with an ease and accuracy excelled by none. She is a noble, generous woman, devoted to the memory of her husband, a fond lover of Nature, an earnest Christian, and the leading aim of her life is to help the needy and unfortunate.

A real rose ranch and a practical manufactory for the extraction of perfumes from flowers and plants, is to be found in the foothills near Los Gatos, managed by Mrs. Janie Whittell, the wife of Dr. A. P. Whittell of San Francisco. The farm consists of sixteen acres—a small valley and gently rolling hills. The Rose du Provence is the one specially cultivated for the rose perfume. This is a semi-double, pink-tinted rose with foliage of a roughened surface and having a peculiar fragrance in itself. Several acres are also devoted to a special type, a species of rose geranium which grows well and develops a large amount of essential oil, in which the perfume is concentrated. The "cassia," a shrub of the acacia family, the bitter orange and some other plants are also cultivated with much care.

Mrs. Whittell resided with her husband some time at Grasse, and other places in France where the raising of fragrant flowers and the extraction of perfumes has been made a lifetime business for many generations, and so, from actual practice, she has thoroughly learned the business of perfume extraction. All the flowers and plants on this California rose farm were im-

ported from France in order to insure genuineness and high grade stock. Mrs. Whittell fully understands the process of extraction by *enfleurage* as well as by distillation, although the latter process was mostly used last season. She expects to be prepared to purchase flowers and fragrant plants which may be raised by ladies of the vicinity, under her direction, in large quantities. Samples of rose and rose geranium made last year were equal to the finest imported, and Mrs. Whittell may be written down as a successful leader in this branch of horticulture so well adapted to women.

Miss Kate Sessions of Santa Barbara will, in another year, show what a little woman can do when she tries. Her grounds are now a perfect experiment station, principally for the propagation of bulbs, and raising seeds for Eastern markets. She is also very enthusiastic on the subject of perfumes, and thinks it a most profitable coming industry for women.

Miss Anna McConnell of Elk Grove, California, although a beginner in floriculture, is making it a most wonderful success. Her specialty is propagating and selling the finest varieties of chrysanthemums. Last year she issued her first catalogue, in which she enumerated only ninety of her best varieties. She has now 325 of the rarest Japanese specimens, many of which are the prize flowers of last November. Miss McConnell went into the business more for pleasure and physical benefit than remuneration, and is so delighted with general good results that she advises all women to "Burn up their embroidery, drawn work, knitting, etc., and have a garden, however small, with a view to dissipating headaches and weak nerves by working in the fresh air and sunlight."

"Out of bitter seeds have come some of the fairest harvests." This has been said in connection with Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr and her wonderful home "Carmelita." In 1877 she bought forty-three acres of pasture land in the San Gabriel valley, near where Pasadena now stands. It was then a barren stretch of land on which the sheep-herd fed, and was thickly infested with rabbits, gophers and squirrels. With but little money and no help, save her own hands, this brave little woman conceived the idea of making this infested wilderness not only a blooming garden, but also a paying one. It was hard to start—hard and slow. The first year, seven acres were reclaimed and planted in citrus fruit. The second year, fourteen more were planted in walnut trees and pomegranates. The third, ten acres more were planted in orchard and vines, and in the fourth, the last trees were placed in the ground.

The house in which she was living was the merest shanty, but she had planted vines about it which grew swiftly and festooned lovingly over the old shabby walls, crooked windows and low casings until the barnlike effect had entirely disappeared. Her invalid husband sat at the open window and watched her as she went from post to post in her outdoor work. From sunrise to sunset she worked; no hired laborer worked so hard, no man in the whole country worked harder than she—this frail little woman. Husband and wife had both filled important chairs as members of college faculties, but he was now an invalid and she could not leave him. Besides she loved an outdoor life, and was passionately fond of trees and plants. These thoughts alone stimulated her to greater toil.

Completing her orchard she turned her attention to building a house. Five years from the time she bought her sheep pasture at seventy-five dollars per acre, the same land, on account of the locating and building of Pasadena, had risen to $2,000 per acre. She was thus enabled to build her house which is of redwood, picturesque and commodious enough to accommodate many people. Hand and brain-work combine to ornament the interior and give pleasure to the most fastidi-

ous connoisseurs of art, literature and science. The ornamental grounds and winding paths are beauties of poetic creation. In the open spaces are myriads of rarest flowers, and the borders in colored foliage plants are remarkably beautiful. This place in itself is a grand advertisement for California. It is said no other place in the State has so fine a collection of trees and plants, vines and flowers. Drives are shaded by vines, mulberries, maples, hawthorns, acacias, palms, yews, cedars and cypresses. Hedges are made of cypress, limes, pomegranates and roses. And then her vineyards! Forty-three kinds of imported varieties as well as the principal American ones, numbering in all 13,000. Besides the citrus fruits, her orchard contains apples, thirty varieties; plums, twenty-five varieties; persimmons, twelve; mulberries, ten; and these in addition to apricot, cherry, fig, guava, jujube, loquat, prunes, pears and peaches. Of small fruits she has ten varieties—strawberry, raspberry and blackberry. Of nut trees there are English walnut, almond, butternut, beechnut, chestnut, hickory, pecan and filbert.

Who can read this list and say that a woman cannot succeed in horticulture?

Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, of Ventura, California, is famous as a seed and bulb grower, and is probably the pioneer woman in that industry on the Pacific Coast. Nine years ago this wonderfully energetic woman formed the idea of growing bulbs and seeds for Eastern markets. Her plan was greatly strengthened by a letter received from Peter Henderson, of New York, in which he said: "I am certain that California before fifty years will be the great seed and bulb growing country of the world. You have the exact condition of climate necessary to grow seeds, and I would advise you at once to begin systematically."

As I get it from her own lips, she commenced on a lot four hundred by two hundred feet in size, fronting on the main street of Ventura. Poverty was not, as some have reported, the impetus to the undertaking, for her husband is a well-to-do lawyer, able and glad to support his family. The love of enterprise and Nature was born in the woman, and her especial love for flowers developed in her girlhood. It was these inborn traits which laid the foundation of an industry that will in future years be one of the chief pursuits of the State.

Pioneers seldom get either sympathy in trials or encouragement in perseverance, and Mrs. Shepherd was no exception to the rule. Realizing that her husband had as much on his shoulders as he could bear, she determined to work this enterprise alone. With her own hands she toiled from morning till the night. Three weeks would cover the whole time in which, during the first year, she received any help. The next year she had a man for six months who worked for a neighbor two days out of every week to help pay his salary. After that time she was able to pay him herself. After the third year she kept two men, and now employs five, besides one woman, and her eldest daughter finds full employment as book-keeper and secretary. In a short time she expects a woman assistant. She has added five acres more to the original garden, on which she grows seeds and bulbs. Her resources have all been within herself. Imagine, then, what powers of planning and abilities to execute lie within this one frail, delicate body who, many predicted, must die early from feebleness of organization.

She has determined to make Ventura county the center of this special branch of horticulture, and will eventually succeed. At first, seeds and bulbs, grown by an unknown woman, naturally fell dead upon the market. Everywhere she was met by the same answer—"We get our supplies from Europe." Undaunted by these rebuffs, she adopted the method of exchange. This was charily accepted,

and then in seeds or plants of little value. Still she persevered, exchanging very largely for ornaments for home decoration. Finally, all at once, the Eastern dealers waked up to the superior quality of California grown seeds, and that the bulbs were better than the European importations, until the demand became greater than the supply. In nearly every mail orders came from all parts of the United States, from Europe, Australia, the Sandwich Islands and South America. She now grows largely by contract, producing hundreds of pounds of seeds, thousands of calla bulbs and other plants and roots in the same proportion, every year.

Mrs. Shepherd has been urged by friends to deal only in specialties, such as she can grow best, they telling her that there is more money in such a course, but it is not money alone that she works for. She has plans, and these plans are not satisfied with specialties. She is a wonderful collector, and proposes to make her miniature farm a supply depot of everything that is rare and valuable within the limits of her climate and locality, and the possibilities of these are very great. Her experiments and marvelous success as a hybridizer will reveal unheard of wonders to the botanical world in a few years. Her novelties are now attracting widespread attention and admiration. Mrs. Shepherd has opened up another gold mine of infinite value to California. She has proven that within the bosom of the soil lie hidden treasures of germination whose existence was unknown.

Horticulture has been added to the curriculum of nearly all English female colleges. Why should not the United States make the same advancement, and thus make the road as easy for woman as for man, when the same pursuit seems as well adapted to the one as to the other?

THE BROKEN HARP.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

My golden harp lay broken on the floor—
My shattered hopes among its parted strings.
Ah, who can know the joy of him who sings,
Or grief of him whose heart will sing no more!
'Twas not for me to add unto the store
Of golden thoughts in sweet pathetic rhyme,
That lofty bards had given to their time—
Not e'en one thought, one little maxim more.
But I had lived to sing a noble strain,
That thought let fall from off a burning pen,
To raise the souls and touch the lives of men.

Long years rolled by—the harp ne'er spoke again,
But love still labored on through grief and wrong,
And made one life a pure, immortal song.

SOME CALIFORNIA WRITERS.

BY AN AMIABLE CRITIC.

TO describe the curious outcroppings of literary ability in California would require an article by itself. In their violation of fixed law, these outcroppings resemble the appearance of gold and silver ledges. Not even the old miner can predict with certainty that a promising ledge will yield any ore. In the same way the first "panning out" of a bright mind may be the last; or, on the other hand, the most unpromising "color" may end in a literary "lead" that will endure for years and yield the richest returns. Most of the writers who have made California well known in literature were born at the East, but all received their strongest impressions here, and all reflect faithfully this far Western life, which is as distinct from that of the East as this climate of rainless summer is distinct from that which brings showers in July.

It is difficult to analyze the charm of the best Californian literature, but of its existence there can be no doubt. Something it possesses of that outlandish quality which marks the Anglo-Indian literature that finds its best expression in Kipling's stories; but it has more than mere strangeness of name and of scene to recommend it. No alien race pervades it, as the Hindoo pervades Kipling's romances. The Anglo-Saxon is dominant here, but he has suffered a sea change in his voyaging to this coast. He is broader in his views than his Eastern brother; he has more hearty sympathies, takes greater risks, recovers more speedily from crushing failure, believes less in name and family and blood and far more in individual stamina and character. He is a curious combination of opposing traits, and upon him the Indian and the Spanish-American have both had their influence. With his daring is mingled much of the superstition of the savage, and between periods of intense activity he knows how to enjoy that complete idleness which the California sun makes so full of recuperative influences. To describe the life of the early Argonaut, who revealed his passions as people uncover their inner nature on shipboard, requires a certain sympathy with lawless character, and an intimate acquaintance with a life that has never had a parallel in this country or any other; but it is not so difficult as to paint accurately the life that succeeded the gold-hunting period, with its newly enriched millionaires and its peculiar grafting of the refinements of an old civilization upon the vigorous, unrestrained Californian.

It is the purpose of this article to call attention mainly to those Californian writers who have done good work, yet who are little known outside of their own State. It is not the fortune of every writer to make a lucky hit and to gain a name that is worth much in the sale of story, sketch or poem. It is the misfortune of many very clever Californian writers that all their best work has been done for newspapers and magazines. Admirable though it be, it is yet fugitive, and extremely difficult to bring together and make presentable in book form. Then, too, the distance from New York, the main publishing center, renders it almost impossible for the far Western author to establish personal relations with the publishing houses that go so far to insure the success of his writings. Hence we have here the singular spectacle of a great body of uncommonly clever and

distinctly original literary work that is buried under the dust of newspaper and magazine files. Genius, of course, breaks loose from all such bonds as these, and emancipates itself; but the literary geniuses produced in California may be counted on the fingers of a single hand. Scores of writers of undoubted talent there are, who have been cribbed and confined by their environment, and it is the exception when they have been able to break through their trammels and give to the world the best that is in them.

With the Californian writers, who have gained fame in two worlds, it is not my purpose to linger. Everyone knows the biography and the work of Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller. It is like carrying coals to Newcastle to print anything in regard to these three men, who are still doing work equal to their best. The Californian naturally knows many of the faults and foibles of these famous authors, because he has watched them in the process of evolution into celebrities. Yet no follies can detract from their undoubted genius. They all bear what Lowell so finely called the broad arrow-mark of originality. They all have the Californian impress that makes their slightest work smack of the new strong soil.

Mark Twain would never have written his "Innocents Abroad" without the training that he received in Nevada and California. The development of his native keen sense of humor was greatly aided by his life on the Comstock, where the practical joke flourishes like the sagebrush. His lawless, irreverent attitude toward all that history has accepted, which is a constant source of wonder and amusement to the European reader of his "Innocents," is simply a reflex of the Nevada way of looking upon the universe.

The same mental peculiarity may be found in the dwellers in California mountains and deserts. The stories told to-day in the camps of freighters on the edge of Death Valley and among prospectors in the mountains that look out upon the desolate Colorado Desert, have the same element of the grotesque and the ridiculous that are found in the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras." So, too, the incidents in many of Harte's short stories are taken direct from real life. Anyone who lived in the mines in the early days knows of the counterpart of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat;" and "Tennessee's Pardner." revealed a drama played so many times that it ceased to attract any notice.

No one has ever equaled Bret Harte in his idealizing touch. He preserves faithfully local color and local customs; he reflects California scenery in a way which gives a wanderer from this State a touch of homesickness; yet he invariably represents his characters not as they are in real life, but as they ought to be to properly fill his picturesque background. Between his types of Quixotic far-western chivalry and the real tobacco-chewing California pioneer there is all the difference that exists between Cooper's noble red man and the real Indian who delighted to shoot an enemy in the back, or to turn a dishonest penny by bartering the shame of his squaw. That intangible line between the real and the ideal cannot be discovered in Harte's characters, and often among purely fanciful characters one comes upon such a masterpiece of realism as the newly enriched Harcourt, in one of Harte's latest stories, who in his dubious rise to fortune, and his patronizing manner of encouraging the younger generation to tread the paths of virtue which he has avoided, might be a photograph from life of one of our unesteemed millionaires.

Joaquin Miller has the poetic developed even more strongly than Bret Harte, and he is by far the ablest writer now on this coast. He always sees things in pictures, and his pictures are full of life and color. Though his characters may be wild and fantastic, and his incidents unreal, yet so great is the illusion of the scene

that he paints and so powerful the glamour of his genius, that we unconsciously lose sight of what is fantastic, and see only what is genuinely human. Miller apparently has never made any pretense of keeping within reach of truth or reality. His autobiography, known as "Life Among the Modocs," is the wildest romance. The poet in him is so fully developed that he can never bring himself to spoil a picturesque story with the prosaic touch of truth. He allowed the British to fancy that he had served as a lad under Walker in Nicaragua, when the simple facts were that he never saw the gray-eyed man of Destiny, nor did his eyes ever behold the scenes that witnessed Walker's brief triumphs. Yet such is the clairvoyance of the true poet, that he has given the finest picture ever drawn of the famous filibuster chief, and he has painted Nicaragua as Lafcadio Hearn has depicted the West Indies. Much of Miller's work has the cloying sweetness of Swinburne's alliterative verse—verse written for the ear and not for the mind—but he is head and shoulders above any other living poet in this country in native genius and in command of the resources of melody. His prose, too, like that of most poets, is admirable in its variety and its charm.

With Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller should be grouped Charles Warren Stoddard, who is not so widely known as they, but whose small body of work is perfect of its kind. Through indolence of temperament, Stoddard has written little that is in him, but his "South Sea Idyls" is enough to keep his memory green. No one has ever brought down upon paper the witchery of the South Seas as Stoddard has done. Apparently without effort he has reproduced that unique life in Hawaii which even so accomplished a literary artist as Robert Louis Stevenson has failed to adequately describe. Even his fugitive work is marked by the same literary skill. His short sketch of Father Damien, the priest who fell a martyr to his devotion to the lepers of Molokai, is full of that mingled poetry and pathos which appeals to the heart. In its moral lesson it is as powerful as the early chapters of "Les Miserables." Stoddard is a professor in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., and for ten years he has written nothing of importance save his tribute to Father Damien.

Next to these four come by right the historians who have done much to spread the fame of California, Hubert Howe Bancroft and Theodore H. Hittel. Bancroft is a peculiar character who has been greatly misunderstood. He is a singular combination of the literary enthusiast and the shrewd business man. Had he done nothing more than to gather his great library and to index it, he would have deserved the thanks of all scholars interested in the early history of this Coast. But he has had collected and digested all the mass of facts bearing on the history of the Pacific Coast from Panama to Alaska. The work of compilation has been done by many hands, but the final revision, that which makes the history what it is, is Bancroft's own. We may quarrel with his style, we may object to his offensive anti-Chinese and pro-Mormon views, but we must admit that he has tried to be fair, and that he has spent such pains as even Carlyle never knew to secure accuracy of fact and statement. Some of his books are marvels of graphic description and of condensed information. Such a work is his "History of Alaska," by far the best book on our northern territory that has ever been written. His elaborate "History of California" is also full of good things, but it is hurt, like most of his other histories, by excess of detail and by superabundance of rhetoric.

Hittell is a far smoother writer than Bancroft, and he has a better idea of proportion. His "History of California," in two volumes, is full of vivid touches; it reads like the ro-

mance that it is, for no novelist ever imagined events more startling and unexpected than have crowded the two score years of California's life.

If ten people in this State were asked to select the California writer who to-day gives evidence of the greatest literary ability, no doubt nine would name Ambrose Bierce. A perfect master of the technique of style — and a musical term is appropriate here because he uses language as a composer uses the scale — Bierce would now enjoy a national reputation if he had been able to look upon human nature at the normal angle. A pessimist by temperament, he has deliberately cultivated the poet's scorn of the commonplace human herd, until it is doubtful whether he could depict anything which depends for its force upon simple pathos or genuine love. Like Poe he revels in the horrible and the weird, but unlike Poe, he has not the gift of idealizing the terrible and stripping it of its revolting features. In that memory-haunting final scene of "The Fall of the House of Usher," we get one glimpse of the doomed woman who has been locked in the burial vault. That suffices for Poe. He leaves the rest to the imagination.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

Bierce would not be content in such a case until he had actually described to the last detail the frenzied efforts of the imprisoned woman to escape. In one case we have an art which the Zolas and the Maupassants can never reach. In the other, we have a perverted realism that comes to look upon human agony and mere physical suffering and death as legitimate subjects for minute, photographic description. Bierce has written an admirable book of fables, and has produced many short stories that are marvels of literary workmanship; but most of his labor has been spent on subjects that have no real human interest. His "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians" contains some of his best work, but we much prefer the fables, as they come nearest to real life. His latest book is "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," a story full of strange power, in which all the divinity of true love and genuine sympathy is suggested rather than expressed. It contains some superb descriptive passages, and as a bit of mental and moral dissection of the mediæval man it is unsurpassed.

Next to Bierce must be placed Gertrude Atherton, who has gained a wide reputation during the last six years by her novels and sketches. She is a California woman, with the true literary temperament, but she

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

W. C. MORROW.

constantly vexes her admirers by exciting hopes that she does not fulfil. "What Dreams May Come," the book that first gave her a name, contains several passages of rare power—notably the great scene in the seraglio—but the book itself is disappointing. The same may be said of "Hermia Suydam," an erotic romance, whose heroine never touches the earth. Mrs. Atherton's latest work is in the field of early California romance. She has visited many of the old Spanish missions, and has gathered a mass of interesting material in regard to the idyllic pastoral life of the early Californians, which was not wanting in stormy love episodes and bits of savage vengeance. Some short stories gleaned from this field have been printed in "Blackwood" and other English periodicals. These were followed by "The Doomswoman," which may be pronounced the strongest novel ever written about Spanish Californian life. The author has reproduced here the storm and stress of the period just before the American occupation of California, and in the characters she has brought out the strength and the weakness of the Spanish nature. The story moves with the swift pace of reality; one never thinks of the actors as fictitious; and the climax has all the elements of a genuine romance, which might have been played had the pastoral life of California produced two fierce natures like the hero and the heroine of this tale. In this story she has fully restored a life that exists only in tradition. Mrs. Atherton is young, attractive and an untiring worker. She has a keen, receptive mind. She sees things clearly. She is an omnivorous reader with a tenacious memory, and with her zeal and her literary equipment she ought to make important additions to California literature.

Many good critics have placed "The Johnstown State and other Stories" next to Bret Harte's work in vigor of character-drawing, and in the art with which the peculiar scenery of the far West is brought down on paper and made real even to those who have never seen it. Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, the author, has seen service both in the navy and the army. He is a son of Dr. Robert Fletcher, of Washington, D. C., who was a brigade surgeon in the Civil War. Young Fletcher left the navy for the army, but his health gave way in the Nez Perces campaign. He has utilized his Western service in his stories and in "A Blind Bargain"—a long novel. He has also been uncommonly successful in pleasing little people, his book "Marjorie

and Her Papa" being one of the hits of last year. It shows an instinctive knowledge of the way children think, that makes Marjorie as interesting to older readers as to those of her own age. Lieutenant Fletcher has recently had a serial story in St. Nicholas entitled "Two Girls and a Boy," and he is now at work upon a novel. He has made San Francisco his home for several years.

One of the cleverest short-story writers the Coast has yet seen is W. C. Morrow. He has the analytical faculty highly developed, and he has the French passion for clearness of form and perfection of plot. He has also the rare gift of preserving a mystery until the very moment of revealing it. "The Woman of the Inner Room" is a good example of this faculty of keeping the reader's interest on the qui vive. "A Peculiar Case in Surgery" shows another phase of the author's talent. Mr. Morrow well represents the school of romanticism as opposed to that of realism, and his ingeniously conceived situations give a charm and prominent value to whatever he writes. He has been a voluminous contributor to the daily press, and his stories are soon to be published in book form. Mr. Morrow is not a successful maker of fiction alone; he is a trained journalist, and has contributed largely to the economic literature of the State.

A writer who approaches very near to Mr. Morrow in his ability to handle realism, as applied to science or crime, is Robert Duncan Milne. There is a touch of Jules Verne's magic in Milne's brain, for he can work wonders in the heavens above and the waters beneath the earth. He has also produced some remarkable romances of crime. His latest exploit was a grimly humorous account of his experiment with the bi-chloride cure —a little masterpiece of cynical Bohemianism.

One of the youngest of the short story writers is Frank Bailey Millard, who knows California well, and who has been especially happy in depicting types of life in the mines and on the desert. His "Coyote-That-Bites" is a vivid sketch of Apache land. Mr. Millard has also sketched very faithfully the lonely life of the station agent and telegraph operator on the desert. A good specimen of his best work is "A Notch in a Principality," which appeared recently in the New England Magazine. It is a study of the hard life of a small settler on the fringe of a great California wheat ranch, and of the causes that led to the wiping out of the "notch."

A working newspaper man who has written many striking sketches of California life is Arthur McEwen. He is at his best in cynical comment on current events, and as a special correspondent he is without an equal on this Coast. He has a hearty hatred of all sham and pretense, and he has no fear of exposing it whenever it may be revealed. Mr. McEwen has written scores of short stories that are better worth gathering in book form than most of those that appear in the Eastern magazines, and eventually come out in bound volumes.

A man who would have a national reputation as a humorist if he could write as well as he talks, is Sam Davis of Carson, Nevada. Sam, as he is known to all the newspaper fraternity, holds the belt as the champion exaggerator of the sage-brush State. He has a dry humor not unlike that of Bill Nye, and many of his sketches of Nevada celebrities and of the adventures of the tenderfoot in the wilds of Carson are as diverting as the work of Mark Twain.

There is little literary quality in "Mr. Barnes of New York," but the dash and go of the story made "Archie" Gunter known all over the country. Gunter was bred in San Francisco and started out as a playwright. His ingenuity in devising plots and dramatic situations in plays made his fortune as a writer of stories that are especially suited to

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

reading on a train or at a summer resort. He is now at work on a new story which will deal with fresh phases of Western life.

A poet and essayist who has done his best work in California is John Vance Cheney, for five years the head of the Free Public Library of San Francisco. Mr. Cheney is a New Englander who excels in lyrics of the woods and the field. His touch is as dainty as it is true, and in "Thistle-drift" and "Wood-blooms," the titles of his two volumes, will be found verse that frequently approaches Bryant's in its skillful catching of those traits in nature that distinguish American from English scenes. In "The Golden Guess," recently published, Mr. Cheney has shown his skill and range as a literary critic. His article on Browning is particularly noteworthy for its keen discrimination and its just estimate of the author of "The Ring and the Book." Mr. Cheney's literary work has been put aside largely in the last five years by the exacting duties of the librarian. He has greatly increased the value and efficiency of the San Francisco public library—a service that is incalculable in its influence for good.

A man who occupies the same position in this city that William Winter holds in New York is Peter Robertson, dramatic critic of the San Francisco Chronicle. Mr. Robertson is easily first in his department, and, like Winter, his exacting critical labor has not spoiled him for original work. In "Undertones" he carried on for years a unique department in which his powers of sentiment and half-cynical humor had free play.

FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

commended by the best critics.

The newspapers and magazines have also absorbed the best work of George Hamlin Fitch, for over twelve years literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. To give honest and intelligent estimates of the leading books that come from the press—this alone is work enough for one man. Mr. Fitch's aim has been never to praise a poor book, and always to keep in mind the wants of the young generation that is eager for guidance in the wide sea of contemporary literature. He wrote "How California Came into the Union," the first of the Gold Hunter series for the Century Magazine, and he was a frequent contributor to the Cosmopolitan, sev-

He was most happy in his discussion of a woman's way of looking at things, and bits of his work were widely copied. For many months he has carried on a new department in which "The Seedy Man," a battered old playgoer, is made the mouthpiece of varied comment on the real and the mimic stage of life. Much of this work is exceptionally well done, and is worthy of preservation in permanent form.

Mr. Robertson has also written several successful comic opera librettos, among which may be mentioned "Pyramus and Thisbe," and "His Majesty." The latter has recently been given with success in this city. The plot and verse have both been warmly

PETER ROBERTSON.

eral years ago, writing a series of articles on picturesque phases of San Francisco life as well as of the colony system, which has given its distinctive tone to Southern California. He has also written much for Harper's Weekly, and his letters on the State to the New York Tribune, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and the Chicago Herald have done much to make Eastern people familiar with California and the coast. He is also a valued contributor to the CALIFORNIAN.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

The labors of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper in the cause of the education of little children of the poor have overshadowed her work as a writer, but she has been a contributor to newspapers and magazines for many years. Her best work in California was done on the old Overland, with which she was connected from May, 1871, to May, 1874. She contributed more than 100 reviews of the most important books published in that period, and wrote much of the editorial matter in the magazine. Her series of articles on "Ideal Womanhood" excited comment throughout the country. She also wrote a number of other stories, mainly founded on real life. Of Mrs. Cooper's labors in behalf of the San Francisco Kindergarten Association, of which she was the founder, it is almost unnecessary to write. Her work has been unceasing for eleven years, and in that time she has made this association the strongest in the country. She believes that the early training of poor children is the surest means of cutting down crime and vice, and the success of her theory is shown by the fact that not one of the thousands of children who have passed through the local kindergartens has ever been convicted

of a criminal offense. The system which she has perfected with so much care and skill has become a recognized model, and she receives every week applications for copies of her reports from all parts of the world. Her influence for good is thus far-reaching, and if San Francisco ever erects monuments to those who have advanced the moral interests of the city, it should begin with a worthy tribute to Mrs. Cooper.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin must be counted as a California writer, for her literary work has been done here. The stories that gave her a national reputation—"The Bird's Christmas Carol," and "The Story of Patsy"—grew out of her experience in the Kindergarten schools of San Francisco of which she was the first teacher. She has written a good novel, "Timothy's Quest," and she is now engaged upon another. Her juvenile books have rivaled Lieutenant Fletcher's in popularity.

The ablest living American authority on glaciers is John Muir, who has made California his home for many years. He has made a special study of Yosemite and the higher Sierra as well as of Alaska, but he has written little in comparison with other men who have not one-half his knowledge. His best papers on the Yosemite were contributed to the Century, but he has written some admirable description of the great valley, of Shasta and other mountain scenery in "Picturesque California," of which he was the editor. This is a work too costly for general circulation, and it is to be hoped that Muir's contributions to it may be republished in cheaper form. Muir's work in Alaska has been recognized by giving his name to the finest glacier in that far northern land.

"Mining Camps" is a book, which, had he written nothing else, entitles Charles Howard Shinn to a place among California writers, but he has been a prolific contributor to the periodical press for ten years as well as the editor of the Overland Monthly for the greater part of this period. He knows early Spanish California as well as any man in the State, for he has gathered much of its history and tradition from the lips of the survivors of the old regime. Mr. Shinn has a bright, picturesque style and his work is always readable.

A new writer who has made his name widely known on this coast for his sketches of life on the Colorado Desert, and for his trenchant satire on many peculiarities of the Californian

SARAH B. COOPER.

is John Hamilton Gilmour. Mr. Gilmour has lived on the edge of the great Colorado Desert for nearly three years. He knows this land of desolation as few know it, and he has the literary instinct to put into words the impressions made upon him by the death-like stillness of the night, broken by weird sounds that form the basis of many of the legends of the superstitious Cahuila and Yuma Indians; the coming of the spring with her gorgeous pageant of oriental color and the fierce heat of midsummer, when even the shadow of a great rock is denied to the traveler in this weary land. Most of Mr. Gilmour's sketches have appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, but he has had several papers in the magazines.

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

Her short stories first drew public attention to Flora Haines Loughead, but in the last few years she has written two long novels that are worthy of mention among genuine Californian books. These are "The Man who was Guilty," and "The Abandoned Claim."

Another writer who has done some excellent work in making real the singular contrasts of life on this coast is Ella Sterling Cummins. Some of her short stories are admirable. She has now in press "Our California Writers," with biographical notes and extracts. It will be a valuable work as much of the material has been gained at first hand from intimate friends of dead authors, and many of the selections are from books that have long been out of print.

One of California's chief literary glories is Edward Rowland Sill. This mirth-loving, serious man came to us from Ohio in 1871, to fill a position in the Oakland High School. In 1874, he accepted the professorship of English Literature in the University of California. He did his work well; more can be said of no man. How often we hesitate to give our best thoughts to those around us! The fear that we may not be understood checks us. It was different with Sill; he always talked as though he were addressing souls gifted with the highest aspirations, the most rapid perceptions. He never acted as though he were talking to an inferior—to a clod. "Give out the best you have," he would say; "you do not know there are any clods." How helpful this man was in the schoolroom, only his pupils may say. But it is as a writer that we like to remember Sill. Tender, imaginative, sympathetic, thoughtful—he was all these. As an essayist he excelled. We all remember his contributions to The Atlantic—their power, purity of tone and play of fancy. His first volume of poems was published in 1868, when he was about twenty-five years of age. Many other poems followed, revealing the ripening mind and the steady glow of the

divine light within him. The thought of his early death saddens us. What might he not have done had he lived to redeem the promise of his accomplished work!

But one cannot paragraph Sill. He needs a volume to himself. Only his intimate friends knew him. Crowds had no attraction for him; he loved the few friends, the quiet corner. He did nothing for applause; in all that he did a portion of himself was infolded. "The gift without the giver is bare." Had he been able to follow his own heart, a quiet literary life would have been his choice. The "business" of the world distressed him. He, too, would fain have driven the money changers from the temple.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Sill was born in Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1841. After graduating from Yale he resided chiefly in California. He died in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887. "Venus of Milo and other Poems" was published in 1883, and "Poems" was issued posthumously.

Charles Edwin Markham was born in Oregon, April 23, 1852. Since 1857 he has lived in California. His youth was passed on a lonely cattle range in the central part of the State. He attended Pacific Methodist College; also the State Normal School, where he was graduated in 1872. After this he entered Christian College as a student, and, eventually, became a member of the faculty. He has held pivotal places in the educational department of his State, and has lectured on literary and social problems. He is now Principal of Tompkin's School, Oakland.

From early youth he has been a student of the great poets and thinkers. With him poetry was a passion, and his artistic instinct made him reject all but the highest models. He worked on unaided, except by the dead masters, until some years ago, when he received a letter from Edmund Clarence Stedman, in which the distinguished critic pronounced his poems "truly and exquisitely poetic." This was Mr. Markham's first authentic word of encouragement. Since that time he has been a frequent contributor to Scribner's Magazine and The Century. That he reverences the divine gift of song can be seen in any half dozen lines of his poem "The Poet."

His home is in the hights; to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim—
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his—
To hail the coming centuries,
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortex of the spheres.

Mr. Markham's poetry is characterized by the tender melancholy peculiar to all men who look far into life—look deeply and seriously. One cannot help noticing his resemblance in temperament and tendencies to Edward R. Sill: there is the same enthusiasm of humanity, the same passionate moral instincts. A volume of Mr. Markham's poems, with the title "On Mountain Tops," is soon to be published.

Among the writers of California who have attained deserving distinction is Gustav Adolf Danziger, who is well known as a student of Semitic literature. Dr. Danziger has contributed stories and tales to the press and magazines of more than ordinary power, and is joint author with Ambrose Bierce in the lately published novel, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." A collection of his stories will soon appear in book form, and promises to take a place among the enduring literature of California. Dr. Danziger is an interesting example of a writer who has not only made a success, but has made it in a foreign tongue.

DeWitt C. Lockwood, of the CALIFORNIAN editorial staff, is a frequent contributor to Eastern periodicals, such as Kate Field's Washington, Christian Union, Outing, St. Nicholas, etc., and has written innumerable short sketches and stories for the daily press. His poetry is largely of the narratory, or ballad order, and much of it is preserved in collections of popular verse in this country and England. Mr. Lockwood was connected with the Century for several years, and was at one time editor of the Washington Magazine on Puget Sound.

Grace Ellery Channing is well known to the readers of the CALIFORNIAN and the Eastern magazines. Her first book was a biographical sketch of her grandfather, Ellery Channing, which was followed by melodious verse, descriptive articles of rare interest, and bright stories of the type of her "Basket of Anita" in Scribner's. Miss Channing's home is in Pasadena, but she has been spending the past two years in Florence, Italy, studying the country and obtaining impressions for future work.

Ranking with Miller as a poet, in the estimation of many, is Ina Donna Coolbrith, for many years librarian of the Public Library of Oakland. Her verse is musical and characteristic of the Golden State. Miss Coolbrith is the author of several books of verse, among which "The Perfect Day" is best known.

One of the most prolific writers on varied subjects is Yda H. Addis, whose delightful papers on Mexico are well known, and who has earned a well deserved reputation as a writer of fiction and verse. She has a novel in press, and is one of the most promising writers of the West.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

Few writers of prose and verse rank higher than Lucius Harwood Foote, the well-known Secretary of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco. General Foote was formerly Minister to Corea, and in one of his books, "Legends of Corea," reflects his memories of this little known land; while "A Red Letter Day" and many poems, as well as translations from the German, show the bent of his scholarly mind.

THEODORE VAN DYKE.

Southern California seems to attract people of literary tastes, and the literary circle is continually growing. Among the names which come to mind are Jeanne C. Carr, Margaret Collier Graham, Dorothea Lummis, Jessie Benton Fremont, Madge Morris and many more.

Among the writers of Southern California who have obtained prominence is Charles F. Lummis, whose articles in Scribner's and St. Nicholas, and whose books on the Pueblos have attracted widespread attention. Like Cushing, Mr. Lummis lived with the Indians, and has become thoroughly familiar with them. He has several books under way, and is now in Peru working on a series of articles for the Century Magazine.

Theodore Van Dyke of San Diego, is noted for his beautiful descriptions of outdoor life and delicate delineations of nature. He graduated at Princeton, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He has written much on shooting, fishing, natural history and gun-rifling, and he has also contributed to many leading journals and magazines. In addition to his magazine and news-

paper contributions he has published "The Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," "The Still Hunter," "Southern California," "Southern California, the Italy of America," and the "Millionaires of a Day"—the latter containing the best description of the boom in Southern California that has ever been written. Van Dyke's father was also a lawyer and a writer of note.

GUSTAV ADOLF DANZIGER.

If space permitted, many other writers might be included here who have done work that has the genuine California flavor. Whether it is the climate which stimulates the imagination, or the fine physique that furnishes motive power to the mind, certain it is that California gives promise of a literature that will be rich in original qualities. It will have something in it of the warmth and quickening power of the sunshine of the coast—something of the free, yet not lawless nature of the pioneer and gold-hunter, and some touch of that cosmopolitan nature that makes California seem like home to the wanderer from the farthest corner of the world.

ON THE VIGA CANAL.

BY Y. H. ADDIS.

RETURNING FROM MARKET.

AMONG the coveys of tramcars that all day long, in trains or singly, bowl out of the Zócalo, or great public square before the Cathedral in the city of Mexico, a modest car of the order "bobtail" may be seen bearing the legend "La Viga." Passing through the southeastern quarter of the city, this car traverses a very labyrinth of streets so narrow, so rough, so dirty, so sinister, albeit so picturesque, that the wayfarer might readily fancy himself transported to the purlieus of Bagdad, Constantinople or some other Oriental center.

Debouching on and skirting a great square by the *matanzas* (slaughter-house, or shambles), the car stops at the *embarcadero*, or embarking place. Close by, over the doors of two contiguous pulque-shops, are sign boards which might be taken to intimate that Charon has established a "Y-line." They read, respectively, of course in Spanish, "The Gates of Heaven," and "The Little Hell." The landing is unsightly, unsavory, but certainly most picturesque. A primitive levee with booths for the sale of drinks and junkets under tall cottonwood trees; a teeming throng of the lower orders, in all their variety of class or guild-garb are here; and, huddled along the brink in a broken line, the rude barges whose low canopies just show above the bank.

At the approach of a possible passenger, the boatmen swarm forth. What with their vociferous urgence, their wild gestures, their bare, brown legs and arms, and attire for light

NATIVE HOMES AT SANTA ANITA.

marching order, they suggest irresistibly the donkey-boys of the Orient. So clamorous is each in vaunting the praises of his own particular craft, and his own skill in poling, that timid Americans often retreat and abandon the excursion, through fears of personal violence. The storm is easily quelled by one knowing *las cosas del pais*—the ways of the country. There is no fixed tariff of charges, and the demands range from two and three to ten dollars; or, if the load be heavy, a dollar and a half should be paid for the trip to Santa Anita, or Ixtacalco.

The *lanchas* for passengers are scow-like, flat-bottomed boats, square-headed at both ends, twelve to twenty feet long by four feet wide. They take a certain gondola-ish appearance from the *toldo*, a flat canopy roof of canvas, or better, a rounded tilt-like one of reed or palm matting. The more pretentious have adjustable curtains and benches running fore and aft with cushions. On these, the traveler, if fastidious or discerning, will not sit, preferring rather the floor when made comfortable by his own cloaks or rugs.

The boatman—the current name *remeros* (rowers) is a misnomer—uses a long pole or spar which he prods from the prow into the bottom of the great sluice, holding it there, and by a treadmill step passing aft as the boat glides beneath his feet, then running forward again along the gunwale and *da capo*. My favorite boatman was El Chaparrito (The Little Squat One,) a short, cask-built, smiling but silent fellow who knew his beat full well.

AMONG THE CHINAMPAS.

This branch, La Viga, is considerably more than half the whole length of the canal. Some twelve miles southeastward of the city of Mexico, lie Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco which are practically one body of water, being separated only by a dyke pierced by a watergate. From the mouth of Xochimilco starts the canal, which upon reaching the city, cuts through it, skirting several of the great markets and passing out again at the city gate of San Lázaro, which

UP THE VIGA.

name the canal now takes on its way to the Salt lagoon, Texcoco. Though this approaches quite near to the borders of Xochimilco and Chalco, the waters of these are fresh. The canal in its entirety has the general outline of a horseshoe bent widely open.

The word *Viga* means beam or rafter, and the canal probably took this name from the transportation thereover of the timber used for building purposes in the capital — its chief application being as rafters. This convenient waterway was formerly the great avenue for the native trade from Cuernavaca and the south by way of Chalco. The density of its traffic and its importance, commercial, industrial and strategic, were recognized by that keen observer, Cortés, as he marched his men along its causeway on their first approach to The Great Tenoxtitlan, coming up from Chollulan. It still brings a vast quantity of freight, including practically all the fuel, forage, flowers, vegetables and much of the fruit for the city markets.

Thick, defiled, is the air at the embarcadero, as "El Chaparrito" swiftly poles his lighter-like craft past the swarm of dugout canoes, past the army of woman scrubbing out and pounding clothes (think of wearing

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS.

garments laundered in that foul water as thick as gruel !), past a malodorous tannery, past a charming old house smothered in honeysuckle and guarded by phalanxes of giant callas, and through the first bridge.

This Puente de la Viga is an ancient Spanish watergate, and here is a *garita* or guardhouse, where market boats bringing merchandise to the city pay the *alcabalas*, a sort of toll, or perhaps *octroi*, an impost tax. The system of its imposition is one of those things peculiar to Mexico, and inscrutable as the ways of Providence. Each cental of flour pays twenty-four cents; of potatoes, fifty cents; barley straw, eight cents; milk, also taxed by weight, thirty-three cents—a distinct discouragement to aqueous adulteration; butter and eggs—Heaven and the revenue department alone know why—are free. Livestock, fowls, etc., all have their tariff—everything down to the marshgrass and vetches brought in for forage. The receipts at this *garita* often reach $3,000, even $4,000 per diem.

The arches of this bridge are extremely graceful, but like all the bridge-arches on the canal, they are very flattened, and now is understood the low height of the *toldos*. The austerity of the gray, rough stones is usually bedecked with golden wisps that they have caught from the cargo of some passing hay-barge. Outside the *garita* a long line of boats loaded with firewood, are often found unable to pass under the low arches. There are two archways, one used by incoming and the other by outgoing craft.

Once beyond this and into the open stream, new vistas of beauty are disclosed, and now is understood what first inspired that timeworn comparison: "The Venice of the New World." And in parenthesis it may be said that not Peter Martyr, not Clavigero, was first to make this application; it was the soldiers of Cortés, in that wondrous first march to the city, alongside the canal, who christened Venezuela "the little Venice," the little flower-growing town of Cuitlahuac on an islet connected by causeway to the north shore.

Surely, for the age that knew them, these buccaneering, filibustering, desperately fighting fellows had æsthetic perceptions and sentiments beyond the mark of a rough soldiery.

Before us, as before the Conquistadores, ripples the broad canal, here dark, with reflections of the bordering cottonwoods and poplars, there brightly giving back the smile of a sky all opaline and nacreous. Now it glides past a ruined *quinta* (villa or country-house), rich with the tones that Time paints, looming against the light with all the dignity of desolation; then uprise the tall, smoking chimneys of a busy factory, whose walls are lapped by the water, or the grim adobe barrier around an ancient dwelling, where rendezvous, declare the timorous, a band of specter huntsmen, whose phantom hounds nightly howl and bay in the courtyard; mayhap next comes a field with yellowing grain, and many, many, "foolish poppies in among the corn." And everywhere, far away or in the foreground on the hard-beaten footpaths of the causeway, still, as when first the Spaniards saw it, "a spear's length wide," everywhere jog the sturdy forms of Indian women with their coarse, dark skirts and *huipiles* — upper garments of woolen stuff, rough as a common blanket, worn like a "poncho" or "slicker," their broad palm hats and horny bare feet. Laden more heavily than the meek little donkeys, under their tall or massive burdens, they scurry along at a little, swinging, trot-trot pace that devours distance amazingly.

It is a sight to make one hold the breath, when, on the left, a thicket of trees and brush gives way to open country, and there against the eastern sky, resting lightly as a cloud, but firmly as a faith, stretches the majestic figure of a woman in repose. We have seen Ixtaciihuatl — the White Woman ! No need for exercise of the imagination here—every curve may be

traced of a perfect outline, and much of perspective contour. And beyond her, as if at a reverent distance, standing guard over her grand repose, uplifts his stately shape, her traditional spouse, Popocatépetl — the Mountain that Smokes.

On the right-hand bank stretches the Paseo de la Viga, an old-time promenade, formerly very fashionable, but now forlorn enough, except for one day in the year—the Feast of Flowers, which occurs on the morning of Thursday in Easter week, when, according to an old custom, the swells of the city turn out for an early airing in carriages, in the saddle, those who needs must on foot, but all in their utmost splendor of apparel. On this occasion the booths then erected along the banks, and the boats plying on the canal, are all densely covered with flowers, and it is a point of honor with the *chinamperos* to cherish in reserve for this occasion their most corpulent cabbages, most gigantic bunches of celery, and choicest garden plunder in general. Another time-honored observance of this feast is that all, gentle and simple, breakfast here al fresco, on tamales and *atole de leche*. Tamales will hardly need description to Californians; *atole de leche* is a rich gruel made with milk, sweetened and flavored with cinnamon.

About midway the length of the Paseo is the statue, which is not a statue, but a bust, of the nephew of Moctezuma, last of the Aztec princes, and dear to readers of "The Fair God." Cuaugtemotzin his name is spelled in the inscriptions in Spanish, and in Aztec or Mexican, on the pedestal, which was erected August 13, 1869. The bust is fairly executed, representing a correct type of the Mexican Indian.

Here and there along the way are quaint ancient bridges, most of which have become the nucleus of a little aggregation of houses, of which many are used as a sort of tivoli. Poling up the canal, if it be a Sunday afternoon, one may see in the porches or balconies of these *casas de recreo*—the equivalent of the German *lusthaus*—many of the notabilities of Mexico; one veranda in particular is almost sacred to that journalist and caricaturist who is known — doubtless from his swart complexion—as "The Black Sphynx." At one of the bridges is a village known as Sacramento or La Jamaica; and here lived Juan Corona, a brawny, burly man, an extorero—exempt bull fighter—disabled some years earlier by a bull's goring. The old fellow posed as a virtuoso, and his big, airy house was cluttered up with the queerest assortment ever seen of rubbish and real curios. Bull-fighters' dresses, horn-pierced and bloodstained; ghastly relics of death in the ring; Aztec antiquities, some of unquestionable value, some most patently spurious, but these last were always, probably because of their finish, the ones to whose authenticity Corona pinned his faith devoutly — French music-boxes and gimcrackery; Comanche war dresses; historical autographs and documents, and all sorts of odds and ends were on view. They were not shown on fee, but there was a box into which the charitable visitor could drop an offering, if so minded. Juan Corona, saturnine as he looked, was a kindly man, and having learned that many poor children in his neighborhood staid out of school for absolute lack of clothing, undertook to right the difficulty, and to his own generous gifts, added these casual contributions. Some sixty girls were thus kept clothed through his efforts. On his premises was a *coleadero*, a long, narrow lot surrounded by a high fence, where the young bloods came to cultivate strength and agility by "tailing the bull." From one end of the enclosure a bull was set loose, running down the length, followed by four or five young men on horseback. He who first reached the bull ranged alongside, caught Taurus' tail, threw his own leg over it, and by a peculiar, deft twist threw the bull upon its

back. It is a very pretty trick, involving no cruelty. Probably no other experience is so well calculated to take the conceit out of a bovine champion, whose look, as he sprawls with feet in the air, is not a little astonished and amusing.

CANOE WITH FORAGE.

The objective point of most "doers" of the Viga is Santa Anita, a hamlet that William H. Bishop, who is nothing if not classic, has called "the St. Cloud, or the Bougival of Mexico." Less soaring comparison has dubbed this "a Mexican version of Coney Island." The fact is, both terms are inadequate. Santa Anita is unique—*sui generis*. It is a village or hamlet composed almost entirely of cane huts, straw-thatched, whose tenants are all purveyors to the hungry, merry crowds that come here for *recreo*—an outing. Between the chozas, hardly any of which are larger than eight by ten feet, and very low-roofed, are open spaces, swept and sprinkled assiduously. Some houses have rough tables, some only benches, which are set on the damp ground, and covered with a drawn-work towel, which loses its pristine whiteness after it has served ten to thirty batches of people in succession. Chairs are at a premium; people may stand, or squat, or straddle an end of the bench whereon are set forth the orders of duck and tamales. For *pato* and tamales are the *pieces de resistance* here. The atmosphere is pervaded, saturated with the pungent odor characteristic of the Mexican cuisine, a peculiar combination of pepper-pods, hot lard and garlic, which is, to say the truth, not a little appetizing. Thicker than commas on a page are dotted the *brazeros*—little furnaces or braziers of earthenware, like a flat three-legged basin filled with ashes, upon which, over a mere handful of charcoal, fire, frizzle and sizz the savory *guisados*.

The calls of the venders arise on the air, as full of blandishment as the siren voices that tempted Ulysses and his weary mariners.

"*Por acá! Por acá!* This way! This way! Pass right to my little table to taste my little duck and my little tamales. Here is a place where the dear little ones are welcome. No one here is going to think them a trouble or in the way, bless their little hearts!" The lavish use of the diminutive, most noticeable everywhere in Mexico as a sign of esteem and endearment, here becomes positively amazing—the *ito* being tacked to every address, even to men of colossal proportions. "And my *pulquito* is the sweetest little *pulque* going — just brought fresh in the little pigskin from the little *magueyes*," and so *ad infinitum*.

The visitor chooses a bench or a table; the attendant sprite snatches a square fan woven of reeds, and the braziers sizzle, as if by instinct. A bunch of miniature *pelados* approach—little boys sometimes, but generally little girls, shy-eyed but brazen tongued, with scant, slattern skirts of gaudy print flapping their bare feet, an infant brother or sister slung on the back in the stack of the blue *rebozo*. "Buy my *ramos*—nosegays of lovely flowers, *niñito*"—this to the aforesaid strapping man of two score years—"they are very cheap, only a *medio!*" and, from asking six and one-fourth cents for each posy, they will, if the day be advanced, and the chances of market waning, give a

dozen for a *tlaco*—one and one-half cents.

Some of these are "sure enough" flowers—blue and white stock-gillies, crapy Castilian roses, and poppies—oh! such poppies! ranging from snowy white to black purple, and full and double enough to serve as a pompon in the hat of the most assumptious drum major that ever tossed up his baton. Even flowery California would arch eyebrows of polite reticence if I should tell how big those *amapolitas* really grow in the valley of Mexico. Another kind of posey, too, is pressed upon the visitor—pseudo-flowers cut with infinite patience from carrots, turnips and the huge Viga radishes, somewhat as the Chinese carve them; but the *pelado* outdoes the Celestial by dipping these artificial horrors in aniline dyes of most brilliant blue, red, yellow and purple; and not a few Americans have beaten a sheepish retreat before the shouts of laughter following their assertion that "these are new varieties of flowers—I am sure they are indigenous here."

With the duck and the tamales, the pro tem hostess sets forth pulque—not in the ordinary tumblers sold in the city, but in great glass biggins, holding as much as half a gallon—a veritable pulque-schooner, whose erstwhile milky contents has been colored orange hued or crimson. While the viands are under discussion, the consumers find more esthetic entertainment in the dances. All the properties needful are a harp or a violin, and a *petate* or rush-mat, indeed, even the beaten, sprinkled earth, and the participants foot it most merrily. They present, too, an appearance really classic, what with their picturesque raiment, the svelte, uncorseted forms of the women—for the dancers at Santa Anita are of the *plebe*—the happy swing of their movements and their crowning with great wreaths of the aforesaid massive, gay-toned poppies. Perhaps the classic suggestion goes even a trifle too far when "the gin within the juniper begins to make him merry," which is to say, in the local version, "when the pulque ascends," and the capering takes on breadth; then the dancers look very Bacchantic.

And all this time not a word about the *chinampas!* Never mind; however flotary they may have been once, be sure they will not now drift away and elude us. Once the red, chile-dyed, unctuous-coated fingers, which, having been invented indubitably prior to the common use of forks, are still entirely in vogue at the repasts of Santa Anita—once, then, the digits are cleansed on the pocket-handkerchief in preference to the community towel, and the *marchanta's* claims duly discharged, the first step away from the table will bring abundant opportunities of seeing the "floating gardens;" for a score of bare-legged, bronze fellows will cluster around, urging the hire of their *chalupas*, dug-out canoes for "snaking" through the canalets or ditches which separate one *chinampa* from another. For alas! these fairy fields, these floating gardens, they do not float at all; they are neither more or less than a wide tract of rectangular truck-patches upraised by the process of piling up the rich deposits of soil scooped from the ditches running between, from which, also, if the moisture supplied by seepage prove insufficient, the owner irrigates the plot by the simple, primitive process of flirting water over it with a calabash.

The mud that has silted to the bottom of these lakes and trenches probably is the richest soil in the world, and the richness and profusion of the vegetable yield is simply astounding.

Connected with Santa Anita is the association of one incident very significant of Mexican character. I once took Charles Dudley Warner down the Viga, and we were considerably annoyed by the importunity of a canoeman, who insisted that we should hire his boat. This we were not ready to do until after seeing the church and some other features at closer range.

It is unusual to meet with so unpleasant an experience; as a rule, the utmost urgency of vendors or guides can be overcome by a decided "No!" or better yet, by a knowing grin and the lateral waving in native fashion of one's forefinger. But this fellow, probably tipsy, audaciously declared that we were injuring, with our weight, the "made ground," and he became abusive. Then I said to him a few sharp words in the vernacular, and he hung his head in shame and slunk away. "What on earth did you say to the fellow?" asked Mr. Warner; "the effect was magical." What I had said was, "Do you call this Mexican hospitality? Shame on you! a disgrace to your nation! you are the first who has ever made me unwelcome in Mexico!"

And that brutal, nearly naked creature, apparently with hardly an instinct above the curs snarling alongside, had responded to the assured touch, knowing that he had outraged the finest trait among his countrymen. There is still something noble among a nation whose meanest answer to the touch on this chord.

Can we go farther to-day? No, for the shadows are long and we must see the market-boats coming in for to-morrow morning's traffic. But speak softly! tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Tenoxtitlan—these were the ordinary, every-day folks' "scrub" *chinampas*. Farther away—and I know where—there really are yet gardens that do float, rarely as foreigners see them, and one fine day of these we will go and find them. But now—"*A la proa*, Little Squat One! to the bows and homeward."

The canal is alive now, thronged with Indian boats; long, unstable dugouts, some of them fifty feet long. Loaded with nicest precision of adjustment, they rush swiftly along with their symmetrical, compact masses of almost mathematical exactness. Stacks of great radishes press their vivid carmine against the bluish green of cabbages, flanked by corded orange carrots or pallid celery, while atop of all are abounding posies; the pink, crapy petals of fragrant Castilian roses, snowy heaps of *ninfas* (water lilies), crinkled deluges of huge vari-colored poppies, or fragile sweet peas innumerable. In the bow is poised the Indian poler, clean-limbed, muscular, well-proportioned; perhaps his whole menage is there; the women in the stern, cooking over a brazier; the children and the family dog couched on refuse, or a part of the load itself, and every one skilled in the ticklish art of trimming ship upon the narrow craft. Now, too, come trailing along, with overlapping ends, rafts of the *vigas* that gave the canal its name. Hovering warily near the bank, or shooting forward like some new and monstrous sort of waterbug, may be seen a small canoe, holding a beggar almost naked but plumply well nourished with bald brown pate and sanctimonious countenance. He is ostensibly blind, but certainly not dumb. Give him an alms satisfactory to his ambition and he will invoke on your head blessings from all the saints imaginable, including several unknown to the calendar. Refuse him or give too modest a coin and he will curse you blue in the face.

Hark to the sound of music! Here comes a *lancha* with sixteen or twenty passengers of the artisan or petty shop-keeping class out for a holiday. No doubt this is the fete of several of them named Epigmenio or Pantaleona, or some favorite appellation of the *plebe*. They have been dancing alongside, aft the *toldo*. Range alongside, offer the salutations of the hour and cigarettes—each an Open Sesame to native good graces—and ask to hear their national hymn. They beam with delight at this compliment from a foreigner; and guitar, mandolin and dulcimer strike into the stirring anthem and follow it up with all the national airs that you may call for; "La Golondrina" (The Swallow) sweet, poetic, ineffably yearning; "La Paloma" (The Dove or Pigeon), which is really a Havanese song, most melo-

dious but untranslatably gross in wording; "Adios, mis Sueños" (Good-bye, my Dreams), favorite sentimental ballad of the muleteer persuasion; and many others written in a minor key, so sweet, so sad, so haunting that they will ring in your heart for many an hour after you have stepped ashore at the narrow stone gangway at the Merced market.

"SIESTA."

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

A dim-lit cañon, rank with alders grown,
  Arched overhead to hide the brazen sky;
A drowsy breath upon the breezes blown;
  A soothing sound of water rushing by.

Upon the hills the manzanita gleams,
  Like ruddy bonfires kindled by the sun;
Beneath the pines, the stag in fitful dreams,
  Reclines with twitching limbs which long to run.

Far up the stream the trees in vistas grow,
  And waving ferns bedeck the mountain wall;
Close by our feet the rippling rapids flow,
  While far below us sings the waterfall.

Upon the point a squirrel sits alone,
  And stabs with piercing note the languid air;
A tilting lizard, perched upon a stone,
  Reviews the scorching world with curious stare.

The scene grows dim; the weary eyelids close;
  The form is stretched at ease upon the sod,
Beside the stream in quiet and repose—
  Asleep with Nature, and alone with God.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

THE World's Columbian Exposition is about to be opened to the public of all nations, and if we can form any estimate by a comparison of the magnitude of the undertaking with that of antecedent efforts of the same kind, we may safely conclude that never in the history of mankind has so vast a peaceful concourse of the peoples of the earth been collected, as will assemble at Chicago during the months that the exhibition remains open. It will be a long, unbroken stream of multitudes flocking from all quarters of the globe to gaze upon a group of edifices hitherto unequaled in size and magnificence, and to examine the most wonderful collection that has ever been made of exhibits of almost every industry on earth. More languages will be spoken there than when the confusion of tongues dispersed the would-be builders of a tower up to heaven; and buildings rising higher than that unfinished structure was ever raised by those architects of old, will strike with admiration and astonishment visitors from the farthest ends of the earth, as they wander through the Exposition grounds and the great thoroughfares of that city by the lake.

Nothing marks more vividly the prodigious stride that the world has made in development and progress during the last forty years than the contrast between the space requirements for the first international exhibition, and those of this the latest undertaking of the same kind. The Crystal Palace of 1851 covered an area of something over twenty acres; the Manufactures' building at Chicago alone has a ground floor of forty acres; while the total area of the whole group of twelve edifices amounts to about eighty-three acres. To briefly trace the progress of exhibitions from their initial start to their present all-comprehensiveness may not prove uninteresting.

As far back as the year 1756–7 the Society of Arts in London offered prizes for the best specimens of manufactures, tapestry, carpets, porcelains and other industrial productions, and exhibited the works that were offered in competition. About the same time, also, the Royal Academy, then presided over by Sir Joshua Reynolds, organized a plan for the exhibition of paintings, sculptures and engravings. France, however, must be credited with the merit of having first commenced a system of exhibiting the works of industry and art on a plan that more nearly approached that of the first international exposition. In 1797 the Marquis D' Aveze, at that time Commissioner to the Royal Manufactories of the Gobelins, of Sèvres, and of the Savonnerie, finding the warehouses filled with their choicest productions, while the workmen were starving for want of employment, caused by the woeful neglect of those institutions, suggested to the government the idea of a public exhibition in Paris of the tapestry, china and carpets stored in those establishments, and of their disposal by means of lottery. Having gained the consent of the government, with the additional permission to convert the Chateau de St. Cloud into a kind of bazaar for the purpose, he prepared the apartments for the exhibition, and had so far succeeded in his philanthropic enterprise as to fix a day for the opening, when, in consequence of a decree of the Directory ordering the banishment of the

nobility from France, the undertaking fell to the ground, he being compelled to leave the country. On the following year, however, he was allowed to return, and his long-projected plan was carried into effect. The success which attended the enterprise was such that the idea was adopted by the government, and the first grand official exhibition took place on the Champ de Mars the same year. Prizes were awarded on this occasion, and the comparative merits of the exhibitors were decided by juries. The second exhibition took place in 1801, a temporary building being erected in the quadrangle of the Louvre for the purpose. At this exhibition there were 200 competitors. From this time the exhibition of domestic products and the awarding of prizes to the successful competitors became almost an institution in France, though the disturbed state of the country and of Europe caused a gap in their continuance from 1806 to 1819, in which year another exhibition was held, the number of competitors amounting to 1,700, as against 200 in 1801. In the years 1825, 1827, 1834, 1839, 1844 and 1849 exhibitions were held in Paris; in the last mentioned year the exhibitors had increased to 4,494.

Other nations followed in the wake of France and had their industrial exhibitions, but they were not attended with the same success. At Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham, in England, and at Dublin, somewhat similar exhibitions were held, though they partook more of the nature of bazaars than of competitive displays of manufactures.

In 1849, M. Buffet, the French minister of Agriculture and Commerce, proposed an exhibition of the various products of the world to be held in Paris. The opinion of the French manufacturers was taken on the subject, but was inimical to the purpose, and the plan was abandoned. Meantime the success which had attended the Industrial Exhibitions in France, induced the Society of Arts in London to move the English government to promote a somewhat similar exposition, but their efforts met with no success. In 1848, a proposal to establish an exhibition of English industries of a self-supporting character to be governed by a Royal Commission was submitted by Prince Albert to the government. Nothing was gained, however; the phlegmatic ministry being little inclined in this case, as in other progressive movements, to take any additional trouble,

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

much less responsibility, beyond what necessarily fell to their office. Popular feeling in favor of such an undertaking had, however, begun to be general, and the early promoters of the measure being freed from all dependence on government for support now began to act with energy and decision.

In 1847, the Council of the Society had established a limited exhibition of manufactures, professedly as a beginning of a series. The success of that event determined the council to persevere, and hold similar exhibitions annually. Accordingly, the experiment was repeated in the following year, and with such greatly increased success that the council announced their intention of holding annual exhibitions as a means of establishing an exhibition of British Industry to be held in 1851.

Prince Albert, being president of the Society of Arts, was fully aware of all these proceedings and took the subject under his own personal superintendence. The exhibition of 1851 was the result of his labors in the cause, and was wisely made an international one, the privilege of exhibiting not being limited to British manufacturers, but extended to competitors in the whole civilized world. The number of exhibitors on that memorable occasion was 15,000. Since that date numerous exhibitions have been held in Europe and America, ever increasing in magnitude and magnificence of display, till the Exposition at Paris in 1889, seemed to have reached the topmost pinnacle of artistic triumph, grandeur and success.

KANSAS BUILDING.

Prominent among the attractions of the Paris Exposition of 1889, was the harmonious beauty of the whole in an artistic point of view. The site, the arrangement of the buildings, the perfect combination of architectural designs, sculptured ornamentation and natural features of the position, united in forming a grand picture of an unprecedented display of human art and skill. These attractive factors were lamentably wanting in the Philadelphia Exposition of 1879, which had more the appearance of a great industrial show where the beautiful veiled its face, and arrangement and design, carried out under no definite artistic plans, lacked harmony and symmetry. Taught by the humiliating contrast, the United States has recognized that a great country, which invites all

nations to compete with it in industrial products and scientific progress, must offer something more than a mere series of great show-rooms, in order to gain the admiring appreciation of the world and win renown; that in this esthetic age a display of commercialism and material wealth is not all that is required of a great civilized community; and that, apart from its industrial exhibits, it must prove its artistic power, its possession of refinement of taste, its appreciation of the beautiful, and its capability to give material expression to them with

NORTH DAKOTA BUILDING.

skill and proper judgment. And in these great international expositions these qualities are represented by the style of architecture and sculptured decorations, by the selection of site and the taste with which the grounds are laid out and adorned. All preceding exhibitions have been stamped

COLORADO BUILDING.

WYOMING BUILDING.

with the national character and national tastes of people who have planned and erected them, and France showed to the world four years ago that in conception of what is necessary to produce a magnificent and harmonious effect, she was in advance of all other countries. She proved her proud claim to be the most artistic nation of the earth. But the Columbian Exposition at Chicago will at last convince the world that we Americans are not deficient in art, and that we possess an artistic vigor and independence which has enabled us to surpass even the efforts of the Parisians.

The celebration of the discovery of this continent four hundred years ago is an event that has drawn out all the capabilities of its greatest nation, and has inspired the people through the length and breadth of the United States to a degree of exertion in preparation for a peaceful contest such as they have never before experienced.

The success which has attended the efforts of the promoters of the World's Columbian Exposition will be witnessed by myriads of visitors from Europe, Asia and Africa, from Central and South America, from Australia, from the ends of the continents and from the islands of the seas and oceans. It has been estimated by persons best capable of passing judgment on the subject, that the aggregate total attendance will amount to about 30,000,000 people, while railroad men actually put the total at twice that number. Vast, titanic, has been the work to make preparation for the reception of such immense

multitudes, and vaster still for the reception of the thousands and thousands of exhibits that will be displayed. So great has been the undertaking that many critics at one time maintained that the work could not be completed before the end of June. These apprehensions, however, proved groundless; on January 3d last, Director-General George R. Davis and Chief of Construction D. H. Burnham announced that when the gates of Jackson Park were thrown open in May the Columbian Exposition would be complete in every department for the installation of exhibits. The materialization of this great conception and the unities that have been preserved in landscape and buildings constitute the greatest industrial, artistic and architectural achievement that the world has ever seen.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.

To the uninstructed imagination, the selection of Jackson Park as the site whereon to make this magnificent display may have seemed a sad mistake, but to the mind's eye of the landscape-architect, the position held out the certain assurance of possessing all the qualities necessary to meet the requirements of the most fastidious critics. A low-lying, swampy waste, consisting of sand-dunes and hummocks, crowned with stunted oaks and separated by broad stretches of marshland, did not seem to hold out inviting promises; but the landscape-artist converted this wilderness into a terraqueous scene of beauty. The whole tract comprises 500 acres lying on the shore of the lake; of this large area only a small portion had been finished as a park on the northern extremity. Into the unfinished part beautiful sheets of water from the lake have led, forming a picturesque combination of islets and promontories, lakelets, bridge-spanned canals, basins, bayous and lagoons. To the north the undulating ground is interspersed with lawns and groves, winding roads and pellucid pools. In the centre of this large area is Wooded Island, surrounded by clear water from the lake, and on the banks of its opposite shores rise the stately edifices of half a dozen of the principal structures.

When Mr. Burnham was chosen Chief of Construction he wisely decided that the work of erecting buildings, which it was intended should surpass all previous structures of the kind, ought not to be thrown open to competitive bidding. His arguments against the adoption of such a system prevailed with the committee, and ten of the most celebrated architects, or firms of architects, were chosen from

different cities of the United States to co-operate in designing and erecting the buildings. Selecting then thirteen of the most famous, he assigned to each the construction of one of the great edifices. The members of this staff worked in perfect harmony, meeting weekly, as the great enterprise progressed, to consult over their plans, and the result has been the production of a group of buildings hitherto unparalleled as regards beauty and utility for the purposes for which they have been designed. The following are some of the assignments made:

MONTANA BUILDING.

Administration Building to Robert H. Hunt, of New York; Machinery Hall to Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston; Agricultural Hall to Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, of New York; Mining Hall to S. S. Beman, of Chicago; Electrical Building to Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe, of Kansas City; Transportation Building to Messrs. Adler and Sullivan, of Chicago; Horticultural Building to W. L. B. Jenney and W. B. Mundie, of Chicago; the design of the Woman's Building was thrown open to competition among women of the United States, the successful competitor being Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, who is a graduate of the architectural school of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in that city; Fisheries Building to Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, of Chicago; W. J. Edbrook, supervising architect of the Treasury Department, designed the United States Government Building, and Charles B. Atwood, of New York, that of the Fine Arts. Of the great building assigned for Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, Mr. George Post, of New York, was the architect.

Space will not admit of going into much detail, and only a general idea of the principal buildings and the class of exhibition to which they are devoted can be given. Facility of admission for great crowds was a consideration that occupied the serious attention of the promoters, and Jackson Park offered unusual opportunities of accessibility by both land and water. For the extent of a mile and a half or more, the shore of Lake Michigan was bounded by a fine sloping wall of stone, surmounted by an esplanade of white concrete, and a long, broad pier was projected into the lake, terminating in a lengthy landing at right angles with it, on which has been erected a casino.

EAST ENTRANCE TO HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

BUILDING OF ELECTRICITY.

On land at the western end of the great court quadrangle, which is 700 by 2,000 feet in dimension, is the railroad terminus, with its eight wide arched gateways of exit and entrance. Fronting the terminus stands the Administration Building, the most monumental of all the group, the vestibule of the Exposition, rising to a height of 275 feet, and surmounted with a dome second only to that of St. Peter's at Rome. Passing through the broad archways of this beautiful building, decorated with sculpture and works in bronze, the visitor will enter the court, the centre of which is occupied by a large artificial basin, and on right and left of which lie the buildings of Machinery, Agriculture, Mines, Electricity and Manufactures. These five buildings are of pure classic designs, relieved by conventional ornamentation.

The largest building in the group is that assigned to Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, and its magnitude is such that it covers an area of forty-four acres. The domical portion of the roof of this greatest of Exposition buildings has a span of 388 feet, the largest ever yet attempted. To speculate upon the number and value of the exhibits that will be displayed in this immense and magnificent receptacle would be vain, for the handiwork of all known nations of the globe will be therein represented. The great arches in this building will be regarded as one of the wonders of the Fair.

Next in size to the Manufactures Building is the Transportation Building, which has a ground floor of eighteen and two-third acres. This structure and that of the Fisheries are not classic in form; but the former at least will contain exhibits of universal interest in this age of hurry and rapid transit. All modes of travel and traffic will be presented. The goat-cart, ox-cart, and railroad; the Indian canoe and models of the ocean greyhounds that skim across the Atlantic in less than six days. The monster war-vessels of the day will be also represented by models, and the development of the method of transportation by the appliance of steam on railroad and ships will be illustrated.

TEXAS BUILDING.

Almost equal in dimension to the Transportation Building is the Ma-

FISHERIES BUILDING.

chinery Hall, occupying an area of seventeen and one-half acres; then follows Agricultural Building with a ground plan of fifteen acres. These two imposing structures are connected by a colonnade running round the southern end of a canal which separates them.

To the west of the southern portion of the Manufactures Building, and separated therefrom by a broad canal, are situated the Electricity and Mining Buildings, covering respectively nine and three-fourth and eight and three-fourth acres. These edifices are marvels of construction, and display in their appropriateness for the purposes for which they were designed, the skill of the architects who erected them. The great porch or entranceway of the Electricity Building is raised high above the rest of the edifice, while dome-capped towers on the sides and ends elevate still higher their pointed summits. In this department all the wonders of electric force that man's intellect has so far been able to utilize will be exhibited, and the progress made in the science during late years shown in striking contrast with the string raised by Franklin to the cloud-battery, and the rude dynamo he employed in knocking down country boors with electric shocks at a shilling a head. One-seventh of the space in this building will be occupied by the electrical exhibits of Edison, who will show in operation his latest discoveries. No less instructive will be the collection in the Mines and Mining Building. Said Dr. David T. Day of the United

MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

States Geological Survey, and Secretary of the American Academy of Mining Engineers, last January, "The Exposition will do much to educate the people on the mining interests of the country, as they are not now appreciated as they should be. New discoveries are constantly being made by engineers

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

of which the people have little knowledge, but a large and approximately complete exhibit at the fair will go far to supplement their information."

Adequate with regard to space, and perfect in design as to structural composition for their respective purposes, are the Horticultural Hall and the Fisheries Pavilion, each being built with characteristic treatment. The conservatory type was necessarily followed in the construction of the former, and its huge central dome of glass and long glazed galleries afford all the light and sunshine that the most ardent floral sun-worshipper or the most gluttonous plant may desire.

To the north of Horticultural Hall is situated one of the most notable features of the exposition—the Womans Building—which will be described more fully in a future article.

Two other buildings remain to be mentioned, and these are the Fine Arts' Building and the United States Government Building. The former, as already mentioned, was constructed by Architect Charles B. Atwood, and is one of the most beautiful edifices of the kind ever designed. To ensure the safety of the valuable, and if destroyed, irreplaceable exhibits of art that will be deposited therein, the building is of fire-proof construction, and an isolated site for it, about the middle of the northern division of Jackson Park, and on the northern margin of the lake therein, was selected. Speaking of this structure, Mr. Henry Van Brunt, of the firm of architects which constructed the Electricity Building, says, in the October number of the Century Magazine, 1892. "There is no building on the grounds which we should more regret to see destroyed at the conclusion of the Exposition than this beautiful monument. Its essential structure is, as we have seen, fire-proof; only its porticos, its peristyles and its exterior decorative details are temporary. These could be so readily replaced by permanent construction in the same form, that the architects of all the buildings hope it may be permitted

ENTRANCE TO FISHERIES BUILDING.

by the officials in power to remain as the most appropriate and worthy memorial of the Exposition of 1893."

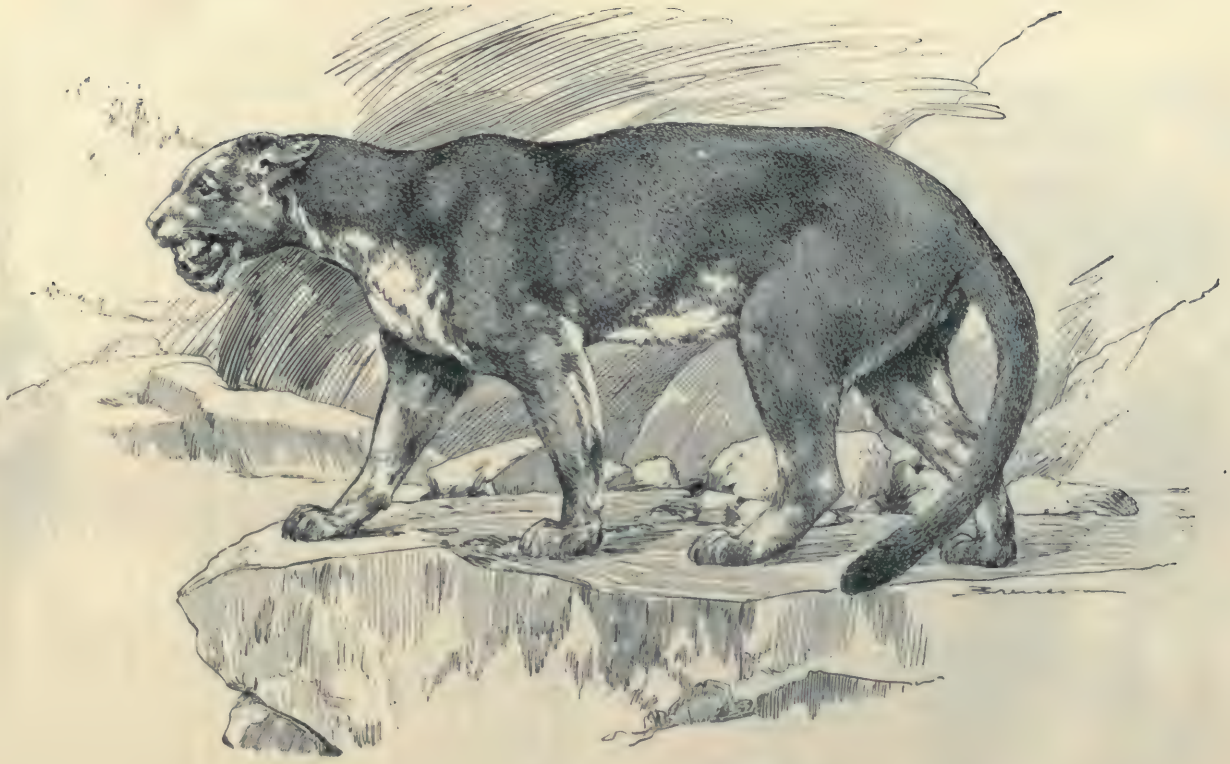
In the Government Building the exhibit will be very fine, the various departments being under the charge of officers appointed by the President. The Departments of War, Agriculture, the Interior, the National Museum, National Fisheries Commission, the Post Office, of State, Justice, and the Treasury, etc., occupy in the aggregate 148,000 square feet of floor space. The Post Office Department exhibit will show the progress of the postal system and the method of transmitting and delivering mail, and will include an illustrated history of the United States postage stamps. The naval display will be shown in a separate structure built in the lake east of the building, on the exact model of a first-class modern armored battle-ship, fully equipped and manned, lying alongside a mole extended from the shore.

The skill with which the management of this stupendous enterprise has been conducted is on a par with its magnitude. The whole undertaking has been generaled with consummate ability. Director-General George R. Davis divided the work of management into fifteen branches or departments, viz.: Those of Agriculture, Ethnology, Fish and Fisheries, Mines and Mining, Liberal Arts, Machinery, Publicity and Promotion (the first of its kind, although there have been press bureaus; the press work of this exposition is simply a branch of the work of promotion which is carried on at home and abroad), Fine Arts, Manufactures, Electricity, Horticulture, Floriculture, Post Office Department, Transportation, Foreign Affairs, and the Woman's Department. To take charge of these divisions the most competent men in the country, famous for their ability in their particular lines, were selected and appointed the managing heads.

RUIN.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

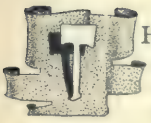
Thou smouldering ruin, child of grim decay,
O speak, thou saddest seed of destiny—
Thy word is law to ocean's pondrous might,
Thou wills't, and time's slow pace and silent flight
Blights youthful joys and bows the hoary head,
Turns living realms to tombs of ghastly dead—
The stately capitals that nations rear,
The sacred shrines that people hold most dear,
And all of glory that mankind can boast
To sombre dust; and, all their glory lost,
Thou sittest like a gnome; in ghastly glee
Thy moral speaketh —"Thou who seest me
Remember that, when few more years are gone
Thy stately courts will have one, only one
Who, at the rise of all his country's power
Was present there; even in that great hour
When triumph loudest sang her song of praise
To human wisdom, lightest pride did raise
In human hearts—I stood beside the throne
Where all did worship. Now I sit alone
And count the relics; now when wrong and right
And poverty and weakness, wealth and might,
The vanities that wreck the lives of men
Are naught, in ghastly solitude I reign."



"THERE IN ITS SANCTUARY STOOD THE GREAT CAT OF THE SIERRAS."

ON THE TRAIL OF A MOUNTAIN LION.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



THERE was great excitement around Las Cacitas. From early morning horsemen had been arriving: ranchers on sturdy ponies and richly chased Mexican saddles, tourists on pigskin, and boys afoot, all armed with rifle or shot-gun, and presenting in the aggregate a formidable force. The sun was rising over the Eastern Sierras, sending its warm rays into the deep cañons, filling them with radiance and turning the dew or fog drops upon every leaf and branch into gleaming gems. The silvery fog bank that had taken possession of the San Gabriel Valley during the night, demoralized by the sun, was stealing away, its compact body broken and disconnected, and forming attenuated lines of silvery sheen that moved along the mountain sides towards the sea. Myriads of birds gave song as the sun rose; insects came to life after a night of chilly sleep. The inshore wind caught the maze of web with which dett spiders had covered the upland slopes, lifting it high in air to bear it away like flecks of cloud. The atmosphere was tempered by a delicious warmth, and redolent with the odor of a thousand flowers, while all about and away from the horseman on this March morning extended a mass of color reaching up to the very base of the Sierras. The yellow of the violet, the white and pink of the larkspur, the delicate azure of the bluets forming a crazy quilt of color, through which blazing masses of the poppy wound away, as far as the eye could reach—a river of gold.

Through this California snowbank the horses had literally waded, and now the band of hunters stood in the ranch yard listening to Don Felipe, who was the master of ceremonies, by virtue of long experience.

"It was like this, gentlemen," he said. "Last evening at about midnight I was sitting on the veranda of the ranch-house, smoking, when I heard a singular cry as of some one in mortal agony, unlike anything I had ever experienced before. It worried me so that I slipped out into the corral, tossed the saddle on my horse, and taking my rifle, stole out without waking anyone, and made my way down the trail which leads over yonder to the arroyo-bottom. It was a fine night; the fog was away over the San Rafael hills in a mass of silver, while our valley was flooded with the light of the moon, so that I could see objects almost as plainly as I could in the day-time. The trail down the side of the arroyo is just wide enough for a carriage, and a fairly good road. My horse had been down it many times, but before he had gone fifty yards in the darkness of the trail, I saw something was wrong, and for the first time in my experience the horse acted strangely; he stopped suddenly and shook like an aspen leaf, and you may be sure I listened intently. You all know, gentlemen, the strange sounds one hears at night, and this was no exception. At first I heard nothing but the quivering of my horse and the faint breath of the mountain air on my cheek; then I gradually began to feel the presence of something or somebody, but what or where I could not tell. For a few moments I hesitated, then put spurs into my horse and dashed down the trail, distinctly hearing a crash through the bush as of some heavy body, and sounds as though I was being followed. Pulling up, the sounds ceased, but upon starting they began again, and

were repeated rapidly half a dozen times.

"You can imagine, gentlemen, that it might make me a little nervous, and I confess that it did. Giving my horse the spur again, I dashed down into the arroyo and pulled up on a small clearing surrounded by live oaks; you can see it from here. It did not seem half a minute that I sat listening for the cry that had attracted my attention at first, when suddenly I heard a crash, and a second later a heavy, lithe body struck my horse at the neck like a thunderbolt. The animal reared, fell backward upon his haunches, and I slipped off to see a big mountain lion, beaten down by the horse's hoofs, bounding away into the darkness. My horse is in the corral badly cut, and two of my yearling calves are dead. And if you, gentlemen, can kill the lion I shall be obliged."

This, then, was the cause of the excitement at Las Cacitas. A big, hungry mountain lion had come down from the Sierras and was making havoc all along the foothills, as several ranchmen testified, and the assembled party were determined to avenge the losses and have some sport as well.

Las Cacitas stands at the entrance of one of the largest cañons that came down from the Sierra Madres—a deep river of verdure that winds away for many miles through some of the grandest scenery of the Southern county, and abounds in many picturesque side or lateral cañons. Down this natural artery the lion had come, Don Felipe having traced it by the imprint of its big paws, and the brute was supposed to be lurking in ambush awaiting the cover of night to make another onslaught on man or beast. At a word the cavalcade turned down the arroyo trail, it having been decided to move up the arroyo, divide into parties, and work the various cañons with the hounds that were impatient to be off.

The quick transition from the open valley to the mountains is one of the great surprises here. There were no intervening foothills; the granite portals of the arroyo were open, and passing through the great gates the hunters struck at once on the ascent of the Sierra Madre. The trail for the first few miles led under alders, live oaks, spruce, and the fragrant bay-tree, crossing and recrossing the stream at least forty times, the rise being so gradual that it was noticeable only in the change of foliage.

The cañon deepened as they moved on, and soon they were in a channel or gorge—the work of untold centuries. Every step developed new wonders. A sudden turn, and they crossed a miniature sandy beach and stood on a lofty rotunda of rock, whose walls rose for nearly a thousand feet—a precipice draped with mosses and ferns. A veritable forest of the latter greeted them here; not the delicate fern of the East, but gigantic allies, with fronds five feet in length, and the tints of surpassing delicacy. Again, they were under an ancient oak, its roots grasping the precipitous sides of the cañon one hundred feet above, while beneath and all about were strewn acorns of extraordinary size.

Along this cañon path, with its ever-changing moods, the cavalcade passed for several hours, rising higher and higher, until finally, at about 3200 feet above the sea, a huge rock almost barred the way. Here, leaving the arroyo, the actual climb began. The true beauties of the mountains were now apparent, while the difficulties that must have beset the path-makers became equally evident. They had been following the stream-bed for some distance, but now left it to cross a "razor-back"—a narrow ridge leading down from a peak, and environed on each side by deep cañons. To attain this vantage-ground, as the crow flies, one would be compelled to ride directly up an almost perpendicular precipice; as it was, the trail extended to the east twenty paces, and then taking a turn that

the animals made in their own length, it deviated to the west an equal distance. It was a series of steps up the incline, so that Don Felipe, being in the rear, could see almost over his head a dozen or more horses, not one hundred feet away, yet headed in different directions. Twenty feet or so was gained by each one of these tacks, and by this means the summit was reached —the jaded and winded animals resting on a narrow ledge that seemed like the ridgepole of a house, with a rollway of eight to ten hundred feet on either side. The borders of this elevation were covered with fine manzanita trees, their seemingly polished trunks knotted in fantastic shapes; and over them one looked down into the abyssal depths of the cañon.

If no game was forthcoming, the climb repaid the trouble — there was no doubt about that; the view was well worth traveling many hundred miles to see. The ridge led to other peaks with changing scenes, until finally, as a culmination, the little party walked out upon a mere shelf cut into the solid, white lime-rock, about three feet wide, with an almost perpendicular fall of several hundred feet. If one of the horses had been seized with vertigo, or had espied a rattlesnake, upon which they sometimes wheel about, a tragedy might have occurred; but nothing took place to interrupt enjoyment in the true grandeur of the scene. A sudden bend, a steep climb, and the great fall of the arroyo was beneath them—its roar rising in deep, muffled notes; while opposite descended another fall—a triple one—of still greater height.

To the imaginative stranger, the mountains might have appeared dotted with gigantic candles, as everywhere, on ridge and peak, in groups and singly, rose lofty columns of white yucca, resembling the flame of a candle. In fact, its Spanish name is "The Lord's Candlestick." The stalk was, in some cases, twenty feet in height, rising from a clump of bayonet-like leaves, and bearing proudly a mass of cream-white bell-shaped blossoms, in striking contrast to the green of the adjacent slopes.

From this point a sharp descent was made, and again fording the arroyo, here scarcely six feet wide, they entered the camp, above the Virginia Falls. A rude imitation of a Swiss chalet, with an old Virginia chimney, and a group of tents constituted the hamlet. Rifles, saddles, good-natured hounds, a pair of antlers and a string of trout told the story of life in the woods.

In the evening they gathered about the big fireplace, the counterpart of many to be seen between Norfolk and the Potomac; and from where Don Felipe sat one could glance up the log-chimney and see the stars and sparks seemingly mingling among the big trees of the cañon. The hooting of the owl, the rushing of the stream, and its fall over the rock a few rods away were the only sounds to break the stillness.

"Some folks think," said an old mountaineer, "that I was the first one into these mountains, and I reckon I was, over sartin trails; but there's been men in here a matter of a hundred years ago, accordin' to my thinkin'.

"How do I know? Well, it was this way: A few years ago, a friend of mine down in Los Angeles told me that about once a month a Chinaman came into one of the banks there and deposited raw gold. My friend, 'lowed that it was bein' salted down to be carried to China, and it bein' agin' his principles, he made out to follow the Chinaman; so he got on his trail and followed him up the cañon below here, but he always lost him at a sartin point. You, gentlemen," continued the speaker, looking around, "have all heard tell of the lost mine in the Sierras? Well, my pardner believed the Chinaman had struck it; so he put me on the track, and I spent about four months a-dodgin' him; then I give it up.

"On one of my trips into the range I got in about twenty miles below here, as near as I kin reckon, and I cut my way in mostly with an axe. One day, after I 'd had a pretty hard pull, I came out right on to a pile of lumber that kinder give me a start. There was logs two foot through, cut as neat as you could do it with a saw, piled one on another to a height of twenty foot. They was all sagged in the middle, and so far gone I could run my finger in 'em anywhere. Big trees had grown up all about, and the brush was as thick as bear-fur. I crept round, and in the bush I found —well, they had a report round Los Angeles that I found a lot of plunder; but, between you and me, I did n't."

The following evening the party started again on the quest for the mountain lion. A small cañon which had not been entered the day previous was selected and in dashed the refreshed hounds, their melodious voices echoing from side to side. Soon the cañon grew so narrow that the leader found himself in a trail that was a mere indication.

A few hairs on the brush, a huge track below, a sharply defined hoof on the sand-rock, told that this was the highway of the grizzly, deer and coyote. The dogs had gone whimpering down into the cañon some time before, and with heads close upon the horses' necks, the men plunged upward through the thicket at an angle so sharp that several times the faithful animals almost lost balance, and would have rolled down the slope but for skillful sliding off and grasping of bridles. Finally, by an extraordinary effort, a knob was reached, where, as the jaded animals stood trembling and panting from the exertion, they heard the melodious bay of the dogs rising from the deep cañon, followed by a sharp yelp that told of a hot scent. Then a Winchester below began to play, and a few moments later several rifles were brought into action. Off darted the deer fairly skirting the precipitous wall of rock on the opposite side of the cañon, and finally falling beneath a baytree, where it was found later.

While making the descent to secure the game, the hunters came suddenly to a huge rock that projected from the mountain, extending toward a like mass on the opposite side of the chasm. On reaching it, Don Felipe uttered a cry of precaution, and pointed across the cañon. There, in its sanctuary, stood, in strong relief against the rock, the great cat of the Sierras—the mountain lion—its head raised in a listening attitude. The whole position was so noble and impressive that it was some seconds before the rifles cracked and the fierce yell of the wounded animal broke the stillness. It turned quickly and savagely, snarling and biting at the wound in its flank; then, being struck again, whirled, and blinded by pain and fury, sprang or rolled over the precipice, and went thundering down the side of the cañon, lodging dead in the chaparral far below.

"That chap was a-lying for the doe," said the old mountaineer, as later he came up the mountain, with the skin of the lion over his back. "They kill more deer in and out of season than all the hunters in California put together; and when your folks say a mountain lion ain 't up to the mark, don 't you take any stock in it. No, I never knew one to kill a man; but they will tackle a grizzly, and I 've seen 'em tear a horse so that the owner did n't know him when he saw him. I 've killed the mountain lion from the Rockies down to San Bernardino, and when they 're cornered they are as bad as a regular lion, from all I have read.

"In the north country, some years ago," continued the old hunter, who was trimming up the skin with his knife, and evidently gaining inspiration from the work, "I rode on a ranch with a lot of as wild boys as you ever laid you eyes on; that is, there was n't anything vicious about them, but they

was n't afraid of anything, and the greater chances there was, the more fun they saw in it. Our ranch lay in a little valley between the foothills of the range, and in them days it was nip and tuck between the mountain lions and sheep. Every few days the boys would go out with all the dogs of the ranches around, and have a mountain lion round-up. One morning we was following along the foothills, when, all at once, so sudden that the horses all settled back, two big lions jumped out of the bush not ten feet off, and made for the hills. There was a stretch of about fifty yards clearing, and before they had got over half of it we was on them. One rolled over, full of bullets, and the other turned on the crowd with a broken leg. Then the fun commenced. The boys wanted to give it a show, so they rode round, and when it started again they went for it with lariats, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the big cat was so tied up you could n't tell where it was. It would roll over and over, winding up the ropes, snarling and yelling enough to lift your hair ; then it would make a rush for the horses, and it was big enough to give a mustang a good rustle. In this way, they fooled around; it a-rushing at them, and they dodging away, until they got it clear to the ranch. It weighed a matter of 270 pounds.

"The way they get deer," continued the old man, "is a caution. Sometimes they lay for them along the runs, or on a high rock, and in a bound or two land right on them, at times making jumps that no mortal man would believe. I'm sticking to facts when I tell you that I have measured a fifty-foot jump of a mountain lion, and I've heard tell of bigger ones yet. I was up in one of the cañons last winter, where there is a fall of fifty feet, when the dogs started a lion and chased her down to the fall. It was sheer rock on each side and she went over it and landed in a bush at the pool—a leap that would have killed any other animal. I've found deer at the bottom, that made the same jump and never knew what hurt them."

This great cat has a wide geographical range, being found in various parts of this continent, even out on the Florida Keys, and its swimming powers have been observed among the islands in the Straits of Magellan. In the East it is known as the panther, in South America, the puma, and upon the Pacific Slope, where it attains a weight of 300 pounds and has a maximum length of eleven feet from head to tip of the tail, it is popularly called the mountain lion.

In many parts of the West this animal is looked upon as a public enemy, and is always killed when seen. In the San Bernardino country, Southern California, it is followed with hounds, treed and shot; often giving fight and maiming the smaller animals. But, nevertheless, it is a coward, and can, as a rule, be alarmed and even demoralized by the slightest show of opposition. In the hills and mountains of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, it is found in great numbers, and so mischievous is it that a price is put upon its head, and every cowboy who kills one receives eight dollars from the Territorial government. Last year Montana paid $1,288 for this purpose alone, which means the death of 161 lions.

In the Sierra Madre the lion preys chiefly upon deer, lying in wait for them in the various runs or on the lofty slopes, where these animals are exceedingly common, though rarely, if ever, seen in the lowlands. When the time comes in future years, that Eastern enterprise shall put a mountain railroad, like that of Mount Washington, up the face of the Sierras, this little known country cannot fail to become a famous summer resort, abounding as it does in game, and ever-changing picturesque scenery.

There is a mystery about the great gorges. The discovery of stone implements and ancient landmarks, as has been previously mentioned, tell of an occupancy, pre-Columbian perhaps,

about which little or nothing is known; and there is the constant feeling of expectation. If nothing else, one may find a gold mine ; and prospectors are ever prowling about, hoping to "strike it rich," forgetting how great would be the expense of packing the mineral out.

The cañon immediately adjacent to Virginia Falls is, perhaps, the most attractive of all, its grandeur and abrupt precipitous walls calling to mind the Royal Gorge of Colorado. Whipping the little stream for the mountain trout, one looks aloft and sees the walls of the cañon almost meeting overhead, worn out and polished by the winter rains in an astonishing manner ; while elsewhere, marks show that the little stream in the winter will rise twenty feet or more, and it has been known to do so in as many minutes.

The cañon below the falls is only reached by a precipitous trail, too steep for even the temerity of the burro, but it abounds in nooks and corners of surpassing loveliness. The walls are draped with hanging ferns and delicate mosses. Here is a cave delved out of the solid rock by nature's hand, the entrance partially concealed by a tapestry of thick, peculiar grass that depends from high above. Near by, the silvery thread of an unnamed fall finds its way down from the land of the yucca above ; and this natural harp gives out a rich, resonant sound that rises from the dark cañon and is borne away long distances by the wind.

In the deep cañons one is soon overtaken by night ; indeed, in some of these intricate pathways, (the work of aqueous erosion,) the sunlight, if it enters at all, stays but a few moments. As the sun goes down, the changes that are marshalled on are singularly beautiful. The vivid green tints of the chaparral, so brilliant at midday, begin to fade and assume a deep purple, over which a delicate, silvery mist imperceptibly draws its veil. On it creeps, the royal tint becoming more intense, until suddenly it takes on a fiery glow, and over all the slopes there plays a roseate light—the warm good-night of the upper range.

THE ZUÑI MAIDS.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

DOWN where Nutria's slender thread of steel
Winds trembling on through sandstone red and gray,
Upon the sun-kiss'd cliffs at close of day
As suppliant saints these dusky virgins kneel—
Mute, statuesque; their flowing robes reveal
The untold graces which the poets say
The witching Aphrodite did display,
And many a nut-brown venus doth conceal.
Then, as the purple twilight fades to gloom,
Still speechless do they wend their hillward way
Along the path for countless decades trod,
To where the white smoke-spirals fling perfume
Like incense, while a distant bell's deep bray
Calls them to vespers with their unknown God.

SHASTA AND THE POPPY.

BY CORA E. CHASE.

Have you not seen a little child
Smile sweetly in the face of Age;
Whose hopeful trust in all mankind,
Found naught forbidding in the sage?

So Shasta stands, in purple state,
Snow-crowned and wisely old;
While straight in Shasta's awful face,
Smiles up this flower of gold.

JAPANESE FOLK-LORE.

BY HELEN GREGORY-FLESHER, M. A.

STORIES of the nursery, fables and folk-lore, always form a most attractive department in the literature of a nation. Not only because of the play of fancy shown therein, but as a faithful mirror of the manners and customs of the people themselves; for every race has its own characteristic collection, handed down from parent to child from time immemorial. Wonderful stories are they—fresh and interesting to each successive generation who, in turn, as old age creeps on, gather the children and grandchildren round the fire and tell once more to eager young hearers, tales that are ever new.

No known author ever claims as the children of his brain these brilliant waifs that, like Topsy, seem to have "jest growed." They are usually of considerable antiquity, and are not merely the fashion of a day, for while the works of many writers appear, dazzle, and sink into oblivion, the household fable is immortal and outlives them all.

Like most Eastern people, the Japanese are great lovers of the art of story-telling. Professionals sit at the street corners to amuse and entertain all who are willing to pay them a trifling sum, and it is seldom indeed that these men are not surrounded by an interested circle of hearers, while they recount facts and fancies more or less skilfully woven according to the ability of the narrator, and the incentive offered. The fables they recite concern principally such animals as foxes, badgers, cats and mythical creatures that are neither man nor beast, and who live only in the land of imagination.

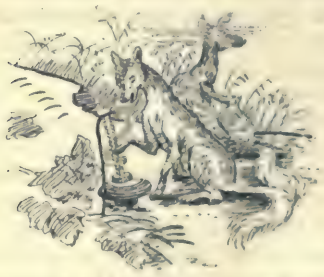
The stories are rarely new, though fresh incidents and personages may be added; generally they are of a similar class and occupy the same position in Japanese literature as "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Puss in Boots," and such tales do in our literature. Many of these stories have been translated into various languages—English, French, German, and more particularly, Russian; and nearly all of them point a moral more or less sharply defined. The favorite characters are the fox and the badger, who are represented as playing various tricks upon the human race. These creatures delude young knights by assuming the forms of beautiful girls, or occasionally even playing the rôle of a pious Buddhist, or Shinto priest.

A most amusing superstition prevails concerning the badger. The country people assert that on bright moonlight nights, he lies in wait for some belated traveler, and so soon as one is perceived, the badger sits on his haunches, takes a deep breath, and then expands his stomach upon which he drums delicately with one of his forepaws. This music (?) is so entrancing that the bewitched man follows the badger, who meanwhile approaches and recedes like a will o' the wisp, content only when he has lured the innocent traveler to his death.

Foxes also plot against man. Let the wayfarer in an unguarded moment,

put down his lantern, and the *kitsuné* (foxes) will almost surely extinguish the light and devour the candle, of which it is said they are very fond. If a fox has the good fortune to attain to the age of fifty without being chased by a dog, power is given it to assume the form of a middle-aged woman; at the age of a hundred, it becomes a beautiful young girl, while with a thousand years of life and immunity from troublesome canines, the lucky animal is transformed into a celestial fox with nine tails, and becomes the messenger of Inari Sama, the god of the rice fields. In its celestial character the fox has certain honors paid it, and here and there, in the country, on elevated spots, little shrines may be seen, with stone images of foxes lining the entrances, which are dedicated to Inari Sama and the celestial foxes.

In art objects the fox is frequently connected with the chrysanthemum, and this is due to a curious and very ancient legend. A fox once succeeded in bewitching a prince of noble birth by assuming the form of a lovely girl. Day by day the young man grew weaker and paler, and his troubled retainers in despair saw him fading away without apparent cause. One day the fair charmer fell asleep upon



FOXES EXTINGUISHING LANTERNS.

a bed of chrysanthemums, and accidentally resumed her own shape. The prince, happening to pass that way, and perceiving a fox asleep in his garden, shot at and wounded it in the head, but not mortally. Afterward he discovered a wound on the forehead of his sweetheart, and recognizing her true character, unhesitatingly slew her.

Though the fox is generally represented as deceitful and wicked, a popular story known as "The Grateful Fox," shows him in a more favorable light.

One day, so the story goes, a kind-hearted man saved the life of a fox cub and returned it to the old ones. Shortly afterward the man's little son fell ill, and as he was an only child and much beloved, the most eminent physicians were secured. These learned men declared that in order to save the boy's life it was necessary to procure the heart of a fox, torn from its living body. The father said that rather than kill any creature deliberately for such a purpose, he would let the child die; but he sent to a noted hunter, who would be sure to know when any one went fox-hunting, and asked him to let him have the heart of the first one that happened to be slain. The following evening a fox heart was brought the anxious parent by a messenger. Meeting the hunter the next day, the gentleman thanked him for his kind promptitude, only to learn that the former knew nothing of the matter and was even then on his way to express his regret at not being able to supply his friend's urgent need. That night in a dream a middle-aged woman, weeping bitterly, appeared to the gentleman and told him that she was the fox whose cub he had saved, and that in gratitude she had killed her own offspring and sent the heart to her benefactor that his son might live. The boy recovered, erected a fine shrine to the old foxes and secured for them high rank at the court of the Mikado.

This is but the skeleton of a tale that every nurse and mother dresses to suit the understanding of her little charges. The principal lesson being, of course, kindness to animals. The remedy here prescribed may appear strange to Western ideas, but the liver of foxes, dried and pounded, is almost

a specific in the Japanese pharmacopœia, and every old woman can tell of some friend's friend whose recovery was entirely due to this potent remedy.

When foxes, cats or badgers are depicted as friendly, they are always represented as being very powerful and influential. A tale entitled "The Badger's Money," is a good example of this sort of fable. A poor priest allows an old badger to warm itself at his hearth during the long winter evenings. For this favor the badger feels very grateful and inquires of the religious man if there is no way in which he can repay him, at the same time asking him to express the "dearest wish of his heart." "I wish to have a little money, that when I die Buddhist masses may be said for the repose of my soul," he answers. After that the badger comes no more, and the poor old priest feels distressed, for he imagines that the badger does not like to come without the money; or perhaps it may be dead, so every night he prays for his humble friend. At the end of three years, one evening some one calls to him to open the door, and he joyfully recognizes the voice of his old acquaintance, the badger. The priest invites it to enter, and after the animal has warmed itself as of yore, it draws out of its purse the sum for which the priest had wished. The grateful badger had gone to the mines, and by working over the sand and stuff thrown away by the miners had, with great toil, collected the money. The priest, struck by this mark of feeling on the part of a beast of such poor repute, bows deeply and expresses his sorrow that the badger has taken so much trouble on account of a foolish speech, but adds that he feels very thankful, and that now the greatest wish of his life is attained. Ever after the priest and the badger spend the long winter evenings together.

When the sun shines during a rainfall, English people call it a "sun shower," and they say "the devil is beating his wife." But the Japanese call it a "fox's wedding," a name based on the following pretty legend.

Many years ago there lived a handsome little fox named Fukuyemon. When this fine young fox grew up he heard so much of the charms of a certain beautiful young female fox that he determined to marry her. A meeting was arranged between the lady and her suitor, and both were deeply smitten with each other. So the groom sent magnificent wedding presents, and those who bore them received a good round sum from the prospective father-in-law. After the marriage ceremony a lucky day was chosen, and the lovely bride was carried to her husband's home "through a shower of rain, the sun shining all the while." In course of time a litter of little foxes was born, much to the delight of the grandsire who treated them as tenderly as though they were "butterflies or flowers." The comments put into his mouth are quaint and charming touches of human nature: "They are the very image of their old grand dad," said he, as proud as possible. "As for medicine, bless them, they are so healthy they will never need a copper coin's worth." And every day the happy grandparents prayed to Inari Sama to keep away dogs and all other ills.

One of the strangest features connected with these fox superstitions is *kitsune-tsuki* or "fox possession"—the word "possession" here being used in the Biblical sense. It is undoubtedly a form of hysteria and is more prevalent among the ignorant than the educated classes, and among those of weak, emotional natures rather than the vigorous minded.

The fox is supposed to enter the human body through the breast, or under the finger nails. Inside the body of the person "possessed" the fox lives its own life and the patient his, so that it is as though there were two spirits within one body. The patient usually has violent paroxysms, during which the fox speaks in a high falsetto voice and the person in his

own natural tones. If the seizure is severe, an angry dispute frequently rages between the two voices until the patient sinks exhausted,

High medical authorities have observed that "possession" never occurs to those who have not heard of it before, and it often follows a debilitating illness, such as the typhoid fever. The only successful treatment is first to make the "possessed" person fully believe that a cure is about to take place, and then, after having obtained the patient's entire confidence, any ceremony, however empty, will produce the desired effect. Sometimes "possession" takes another form. Dr. Baelz says that at the temple of Minobu, the people sit hour after hour praying to the hideous and enormous statues of Ino. The devotees swing backward and forward like Dervishes, until their overstrung nerves give way and they seem to feel a snake or tiger writhing within them, when with a wild cry they fall fainting to the ground.

Of the cat legends, the most noted is that of the "Vampire Cat of Nabeshima." Japanese felines resemble those of the Isle of Man in having no tails, or rather mere stumps of that member. In order to render this particular monster more dreadful in the eyes of the Japanese children who are accustomed to seeing this animal without any caudal appendage, the Vampire Cat is represented with two tails. This blood-curdling legend, if told at night, makes the hair on the Japanese child's head stand on end, and his slanting eyes assume a most unnatural roundness. Like his lighter-skinned brothers, his bravery is apt to be dependent upon the brilliancy of the night lamp. It may be well to state that the Nabeshima family referred to in the legend given below, is one of the noblest in Japan, since they belong to the eighteen chief *daimyo*, and are of the house of the Prince of Hizen.

Many hundred years ago in the castle of Nabeshima, there lived a lovely lady called O Toyo. Of all the beauties the castle boasted, she was the handsomest, and the prince's favorite. One day as the prince and the charming O Toyo come in from the garden a large cat follows them, and unperceived, conceals itself in O Toyo's room. In the middle of the night the treacherous brute flies at the fair girl's throat and kills her. Then the cat drags the body into the garden and buries it. Assuming the form of the dead woman, she begins to bewitch the prince, who soon becomes dangerously ill and is troubled with fearful dreams.

A guard of a hundred men is set to watch in his room, but every night about ten o'clock a most unnatural sleep overcomes them, and try as they may they cannot resist it. A faithful retainer, Ito Soda by name, who obtains permission to watch by his lord, conquers this strange and irresistible drowsiness by wounding himself with a dagger.

He is rewarded by seeing the pretended O Toyo, whom he does not know, steal into the room and approach the prince, and though he suspects her to be a goblin wearing the form of one of the castle ladies, he does nothing but watch her while she, disconcerted to find one of the watch awake, retires after a few minutes.

This happens three nights in succession, and then the goblin finding its visits fruitless and the prince recovering, comes no more, but concludes to bide its time. Ito Soda perceiving that since O Toyo has ceased coming, the guard are no longer troubled with the mysterious drowsiness, denounces the beautiful girl as a goblin to the family and announces his intention of killing her, to which they agree. So going to her apartments one evening just at dusk he offers her a letter, and at the same time endeavors to stab her; but resuming the shape of the two-tailed monster the Vampire Cat escapes through the window into the mountains, where it commits many ravages among the wood-cutters until the Prince of Hizen

organizes a great hunt and the villainous creature is killed.

This is the bare outline; but to hear it told just before going to bed, by a Japanese *ama*, or nurse, who dwells almost lovingly upon its horrors, makes even European flesh feel creepy. In skillful hands it becomes a delightfully terrible story. Ito Soda, of course, is richly rewarded, and promoted to high rank. Such stories were intended to foster and encourage faithfulness to duty and devotion to the feudal lord.

Another well known tale shows a cat in a more amiable light, for this faithful animal protected a daughter of the house from the wicked machinations of a rat, who had fallen in love with the young girl. The family cat enlists the services of a neighboring feline warrior, and together they fight and conquer the rat, but are so terribly wounded in the encounter that in a few days both die. The owners of the devoted cats bury them with honors and erect a beautiful temple to their memory.

Notwithstanding their lack of tail, cats are much esteemed and petted in the "Land of Great Peace." The Japanese are not by any means alone in believing the cat to be an uncanny animal. In Great Britain, and in Europe, the favorite attendant of the witch is a black cat, three hairs from whose tail was a most potent charm. The cat myth, like that of "the hare in the moon," is probably world wide —one of those light touches that reveal to us that the whole world is kin, and human imagination much the same everywhere.

All these stories possess that subtle quality of immortality that eludes definition. Perhaps it is that the foundation lends itself so readily to the reciter's skill, and he can easily enlarge, decorate, or shorten it to suit himself and his audience. The tale may be long or short; elegant and refined when told in the castle, sweet and homely when recounted round the family brazier, or coarse and broad as told by the professional at the street corner; but it always remains a picture of the mind and manners of speaker and hearer. Perhaps in its very adaptibility lies some of its charm, for in all surroundings, with numerous additions and variations it is but the gem in another setting.

"Lu-wen," the native form of Rip Van Winkle, is another instance of the power granted the fox, to mislead and betray poor human mortals. The story is of Chinese origin, but long possession and many improvements have made it Japanese.

Lu-wen was a poor but pious woodcutter, who lived in the Nanlin mountain range in China. One day he lost his way in the woods, a not unusual accident with him for he was a lover of nature, and much sky-gazing had accustomed him to this slight inconvenience. As he wandered on, a fox suddenly ran across his path. Lu-wen pursued it eagerly, but had only gone a short distance when he came to an open space in the woods where two beautiful ladies sat playing "go." The astonished woodcutter gazed at their wondrous beauty in open-mouthed amazement, while the apparently unconscious women went on undisturbed with their game.

After what seems to Lu-wen but a few moments, he concludes that he had better go on, but when he tries to move he is alarmed to find himself almost rigid, and to notice that the handle of his ax is worm-eaten and rotten. In perplexity he puts his hand to his face, and discovers that instead of being clean shaven he has a long white beard, and that his hair has become scanty and silvery. The poor man, bewildered at these changes, makes his way to his native village, but his perplexity only increases, for though the houses are the same, he cannot find one familiar face. In vain the old man asks for his wife, his children or his relatives, but the people only think him in his dotage. At last an old woman hobbles up who says she belongs to the seventh generation of Lu-wen. Grief stricken, the unhappy

man returns to the mountains and joins one of the bands of immortal hermits.

Another legend known as the "Boy of Urashima" has sometimes been called the Japanese Rip Van Winkle. The oldest version of this legend dates from the sixth century.

There once lived a poor fisherman and his wife who, the story goes, though barely able to obtain the necessaries of life yet always burned incense to Rogu, the seagod. After a time a boy was born to them, who grew up to be a good son and by catching fish and working hard managed to support them all. One day, Taro, for that was his name, goes out to fish, but it is so stormy that after praying to Rogu he turns homeward. In answer to his prayer the god, riding upon a tortoise, rises in front of the astonished Taro. Mounting the tortoise the boy and his guide ride for three days through scenes of mysterious splendor, until they arrive at a beautiful palace in which magnificent apartments are assigned to the fisherman. Some of the charming creatures he meets have heads of shell, coral or amber. After Taro has passed what seems to him as seven days, he begins to feel uneasy and tells the king he cannot be happy while he does not know how his parents are faring. Rogu permits him to depart and gives him a box as a souvenir, exacting a promise from the fisherboy that he will never open it or show it to any one. Taro then bids adieu to all and the tortoise takes him to where his boat had been left. But though he recognizes the place he cannot find his parents' hut. An old gray-haired fisherman tells him that they have been so long dead that to read their names on the tombstones the moss must first be scraped away. The boy finds all as described and a feeling of sorrow overpowers him, and with his emotion comes an irresistible longing to open the forbidden box. He yields to it and a purple vapor issues therefrom and suffuses his head, while a cold shiver runs through him; his limbs stiffen and his face drops into wrinkles — he becomes an old man burdened with four centuries of age, and in a few days succumbs to his infirmities and dies. The "Boy of Urashima" is generally depicted with the magic box in his hand and a tortoise at his feet. This creature is always an emblem of longevity, as it is supposed to live ten thousand years.

SHOJI DANCING.

THE BOY OF URASHIMA.

Rip Van Winkle belongs to that class called by Gœthe "world stories." No nation can claim exclusive right to it, for the same myth appears in many languages and in the most remote parts of the world.

The "Lucky Teakettle" is a very original and ingenius story in which that useful article of domestic economy plays the principal rôle. A priest who finds an old kettle in the temple fills it with water and hangs it over the fire, when, to his great amazement, it suddenly turns into a badger and begins jumping about the room. A teakettle of such curious disposition does not recommend itself to the man of religion, so the next day when a tinker chances to call, the priest, thinking to turn an honest penny, sells the kettle without telling of its uncanny accomplishment. That night the tinker hears a strange noise, and getting up from his bed perceives the kettle walking about upon

four legs, and covered with a fine coat of fur; the kettle then proceeds to turn from a badger to a kettle and back again with bewildering rapidity. The next morning the tinker shows it to an acquaintance, who surely must have had a drop of shrewd Yankee blood in his veins, for he suggests that here is most excellent material for a splendid show. "Take it about with songs and music," says his friend, "and make it dance on a rope." The tinker adopts the idea, and acquires a comfortable fortune exhibiting the Lucky Teakettle.

A pretty little fairy story called "Little Peachling," I may perhaps be allowed to describe as the Japanese Tom Thumb. A poor woodcutter and his wife have long wished for a child, but Heaven did not seem likely to grant their desire. One morning the man starts out to cut wood in the mountains, while his wife goes down to the stream to wash clothes. Floating in the water she finds a beautiful peach which she carries home for the good man's dinner. Just as the husband is about to cut it in two, the peach bursts open and out steps a beautiful little boy whom, on account of his birth, the delighted couple name Momotaro—"Little Peachling." One fine day after he has grown up, Momotaro sets out for the ogres' castle, determined to vanquish the monsters and bring their treasures to his foster parents. The success that follows his mission is entirely owing to his kind treatment of the various animals he meets on the route. Thus the moral of this little story is also kindness to animals—a very favorite precept with the Japanese, and probably rendered more important owing to the doctrine of transmigration of souls. The lazy, half savage, yellow dogs which overrun the streets of Tokyo lie in the middle of the streets, and chickens stray leisurely across the road, but no one molests them. The coolies instead of giving them a hint to move, simply go out of their own way to avoid hurting what might be the temporary dwelling of the souls of their great grandparents.

Two very noticeable points of difference between Japanese tales and fables of foxes, badgers, etc., and European stories of the same sort, are, that in the former the human race are the butts upon which the animals exercise their wit and ingenuity, while in European tales the fox plays his tricks upon the bear, or lion, or some other animal, seldom upon men; and the drama is acted out in *propria personæ*, whereas here the aim is to deceive beings of a presumably higher plane of intelligence than themselves, and that by assuming the forms of beautiful women. It naturally follows that these pranks are seldom played upon women or old men. Virtue is always triumphant, and vice defeated in the long run. Good, true, young men, properly brought up, are nearly always represented as seeing through the deception and killing the goblin, and though it can scarcely be said that to be deceived shows a sort of obliquity of moral vision, yet the inference is plain that ability to fathom the deception is a proof of an unusually pure and upright nature and a discerning mind.

"The Tongue Cut Sparrow" is an exception to the remarks made above concerning women, for in this little story it is an old woman who is the victim. Here the old man obtains from the sparrows, to whom he has been kind, a rich treasure, as a reward of his tender-hearted and unselfish conduct, while the cruel wife, who visits the birds, too, hoping to get a handsome present, receives and with difficulty carries home a heavy basket. When the basket is opened it proves to be full of hobgoblins, who fly out at her and frighten her to death.

"The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees Bloom" also conveys the lesson that disinterested kindness receives an unexpected reward. In this story an old man and his wife treat a favorite dog very kindly, and in return the animal shows them where a large sum

1—THE VAMPIRE CAT OF NABESHIMA. 2, 2—THE LUCKY TEAKETTLE. 3—THE BIRD'S GIFT. 4—THE AVARICIOUS NEIGHBOR. 5—THE OLD MAN WHO MADE WITHERED TREES BLOOM.

of money is buried. A greedy neighbor who hears of the occurrence borrows the dog, and, taking him into the garden, beats him until in desperation the poor beast begins to snuff about and scratch up the ground. Full of delightful anticipations the cruel man begins to dig, only to find to his great chagrin a lot of carrion and offal. Enraged, he and his wife kill the unlucky dog and bury him under a cherry tree. In a dream the ghost of the animal appears to his former owner and informing him of all that has happened, tells him to make a mortar of wood of the cherry tree. So, feeling very mournful over the death of their favorite, the good old man and his wife go to the wicked neighbors and ask for the dog; but these false friends weeping crocodile tears say that he died of a fever and is buried under a tree. Following the directions he received in the dream, the master begs to be permitted to carry away the tree and his request is granted readily.

The mortar made from this wood turns everything put into it to gold, and the avaricious neighbor, learning of its wonderful properties, has the audacity to borrow it; but in his hands it loses all supernatural power and is nothing but a common mortar and a poor one at that. The disappointment and anger of the grasping old man knows no bounds and he throws it into the fire. Again the dog comes to the master, and, telling him of all that has passed, bids him go and get the ashes, saying at the same time, that when the good old man sprinkles them upon dead trees they will immediately bloom again in all their pristine beauty. The old man does as the spirit of the dog bids him, and makes not only a fortune, but reaps great honor, for the prince upon hearing of this marvel sends for him, and the old man makes all the trees in the prince's garden put out blossoms, though it is the winter season. When his neighbor learns of this last piece of good fortune, he gathers up a basketful of ashes, and, going to the prince, claims that he is the "Old Man Who Makes Withered Trees to Bloom." He is commanded to give a trial of his skill, but the ashes only blow about and fly into the prince's face, and the silly man, instead of being rewarded, is severely punished for his pains.

"The Battle of the Ape and the Crab" inculcates the doctrine that if a man thinks only of his own profit and tries to benefit himself at others' expense, he will incur heaven's hatred. A crab, a simple-minded creature, is induced by a scheming ape to make a certain exchange vastly in the latter's favor, and then, adding insult to injury, the ape mischievously deprives the crab of the fruits of even this poor bargain. An egg, a bee, a mortar and a piece of seaweed combine with the kindly natured crab, and assist him to successfully punish his mean, hard-hearted enemy—after which happy consummation this very promiscuous assortment of creatures live together in brotherly love and affection.

"The Bogie Man," with which Western children not so long ago were frightened into good behavior and sometimes convulsions, is replaced in the Japanese nursery by the "Tengu," who stands ready to make away with the tongues of boys and girls who do not speak the truth; and it is to be feared that a firm belief in the existence of these mythical creatures has made more young people adhere to strict veracity than an abstract love of truth itself. The "Tengu" are a species of wood sprite, caricatures of men, with wings like birds. Sometimes they have extraordinary long noses, or arms, or bird-like claws. Their principal occupation seems to be to torment evil doers.

"Shoji," wild creatures with red hair, are held up to children as terrible illustrations of the evils of strong drink. Tubs of *sake* are set out on the seashore, and these unhappy creatures, who cannot resist the

temptation to indulge their depraved appetites, drink until they are reduced to a state of helpless intoxication when they are easily killed; a dye being made of the juice squeezed from their fiery locks.

Other well known tales are the "Elves and the Envious Neighbor," "The History of Sakata Kintoki," and "How Tajima Shume was Tormented by the Ghost of His Own Creation."

"The Elves and the Envious Neighbor," sometimes called "The Envious Neighbor and the Devils," is a story showing how an ill tempered man, instead of ridding himself of an affliction only succeeded in making it doubly severe. A good tempered, jovial, old man afflicted with a large wen on the side of his face, was once coming home from the mountains late at night when he fell in with a merry party of elves. They invited him to join them, and, after entertaining him with a variety of funny antics, asked him, as an exchange of courtesies, to dance for them. Entering into the spirit of the fun he does so to their great amusement and delight, and they invite him to come back the next fine moonlight night. This he promises readily enough, but the elves to make sure resolve to take some pledge from him. After a little consultation they decide that the wen must be some concealed treasure, and to the secret pleasure and surprise of the old man they remove and keep it as surety.

When he goes home he chances to mention these curious facts before a neighbor who is afflicted as the old man was. The neighbor, who is a cross-grained fellow, immediately sets out for the mountains and is lucky enough to fall in with the same elves, but he is so surly, and dances so badly, that the disgusted sprites throw back to him the wen they retained as a pledge, not knowing that this is not the same man. So the bad tempered man returns worse off than before.

"Sakata Kintoki" is a ghost story in which a wicked lord orders Sakata his wife and family to be crucified, because they presented a petition to the Shogun protesting against the *daimyo's* merciless taxation of the peasants. The lord is haunted by the ghosts of his victims until they cause his death.

If the Japanese nursery has no Santa Claus, yet the delights of this season are not unknown, for does not the treasure ship come home every New Year's Eve laden with *Takara-bune*—The Precious Things—the cap which confers invisibility, the key which unlocks all hearts, the hammer that opens all doors, the purse which never grows empty, the clove, the jewel, the weight and the lucky rain-coat? As crew and passengers the ship carries the seven household gods, namely: Bishamon, Benten, Daikoku, Hotei, Ebisu, Fuku-roku-jin and Juro-Jin. A most auspicious crew, for Bishamon is the God of Wealth, Ebisu the God of Daily Food—a fisherman with rod and creel and a good large *tai* (a Japanese fish) which is his emblem. Then there is Daikoku, the God of Prosperity, and the most cherished of the seven. Little figures of him are to be found in every household, sometimes as a well-to-do merchant, but more often with a miner's mallet in his hand, and seated upon rice bales. The moral that wealth disappears unless carefully watched is indicated by the rats that gnaw the rice bales. Then comes the God of Longevity who carries a staff and a roll of manuscript; the God of Wisdom, Fuku-roku-jin, who may be recognized by the great length of his head; the special God of Children, both before and after birth—Hotei—a great, fat old man carrying a cloth bag which he uses to catch children, or occasionally to bring the "Precious Things" with which he surprises phenomenally good children. This

JURO-JIN.

favor, however, is only won by earnest endeavor and an extraordinarily good behavior, to which, it is to be regretted few attain—except in story books.

An article on Japanese Folk-lore would hardly be complete without some reference to the dragon, of which there are several kinds. First the Celestial Dragon whose duty it is to guard the dwelling of deities; the Spiritual Dragon, who has the elements in his keeping; the World Dragon who keeps the rivers in their proper courses and the dragon who guards all concealed wealth and protects it from men. The dragon is always a sign of majesty and dominion.

Then there is the fire fiend, who when unrestrained devastates cities and towns alike, but makes a good servant. He is usually represented as a terrible monster, all head, horns and flame. The Earthquake Fish, whose movements cause the inhabitants of the land of "Great Peace" so much anxiety, is a solemn and frightful reality to many Japanese children of larger growth.

"Namayu" as it is called, resembles a dolphin, but from the mouth hang great feelers. The giant, "Kashuma," is its guardian, and when it becomes too unruly, he mounts upon it with the rock "Kansame," which holds the world together like a rivet in a fan handle.

The other deities of nature are Futen, the Wind God, with the bag from which he squeezes out mild zephyrs, or roaring hurricanes, and which serves to support him like a balloon, and Raiden, God of Thunder with a whole row of kettle-drums swung over his head, upon which he rattles as he flies through the air.

Reference has already been made to the "Hare in the Full Moon," who attained this exalted position as the reward of an act of self-sacrifice. Once when Shaka (the Japanese Buddha) was suffering from starvation this devoted animal threw itself into the fire to provide food for the "divine one" who, as a reward, had the faithful *Usagi*, or Hare, translated to the moon where ever since it grinds in a mortar the elixir of youth.

Japanese Folk-lore and household fancies show us a stage crowded with a dazzling array of fairies, elves, wood sprites, ghosts, gods, devils and fabulously endowed creatures such as cats, dogs, foxes and badgers, who speak and act like human beings.

A full collection of these tales would make as entertaining reading as the Arabian Nights and would exhibit fully as great an oriental splendor of imagination.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY GUADALUPE VALLEJO.

MANY curious traditions existed among those Indians, who, in the days of ultra-civilization, dwelt in that section of California now known as Alameda County.

One of these relating to Warm Springs I have often heard from the lips of the old Indians, and stripped of the vernacular it is as follows:

The Warm Springs, which were formerly of a much higher temperature, were guarded night and day by an enormous rattlesnake, who was wedded to a raven. The latter sat on the branches of a neighboring tree while daylight lasted and cawed dismally at anyone's approach. Few dared go near the Springs, and if, perchance, some stranger found his way thither, he was invariably frightened off by the huge reptile.

Only those who knew the secret power of the rattlesnake and made use of it, could drink the waters unmolested. This herb, according to the Indians, was not only a perfect antidote against the bite of venomous reptiles and insects, but was also a powerful narcotic, and when the snake faced its unwelcome visitors, their defense consisted in projecting a handful of the herb toward its hissing head, at which the animal would immediately become stupefied, and of course, for the time being, perfectly harmless. No one had ever dared, or in fact desired to injure the snake, and the spot this gruesome creature had chosen for its home, became to the aborigines a center of weird fascination.

One summer day at noon two horsemen, belonging to the first families of San Jose, found themselves in the vicinity of the Springs and dismounted to drink of the salubrious waters. Upon nearing the spot they were startled by the rustling of leaves and the loud hissing of a serpent, at which one of the men immediately drew his sword while the other armed himself with a heavy stick, and between the two the ugly monster was soon dispatched. The men now drank of the water, which proved to be of a blood-warm temperature, strongly impregnated with sulphur, and then throwing the dead snake over the branch of a live oak tree they proceeded on their journey.

When the raven, which had flown away at the appearance of the strangers, returned to find his faithful consort no more, he was stricken with grief and despondency. One of the most trusted of the Mission Indians—Fabian, by name—saw the poor bird flutter awhile about the body of its beloved companion and then dart toward one of the springs into which it suddenly plunged and forever disappeared.

A few days later some old men of the tribe visited the spot. Great was their consternation upon discovering the dead body of their usual host, hanging from the limb of a tree, and when search for the raven proved unavailing, the old men looked at one another and shook their gray heads ominously. Then they threw away the bunches of rattlesnake herb they had gathered and walked slowly toward the smoking springs.

Another surprise and disappointment awaited them here. They found the water many degrees colder, and never since that time has it regained its former high temperature.

THE MISADVENTURES OF LIEUT. VON LENDHEIM.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

LIEUTENANT von Lendheim was an Austrian officer of hussars. That he was a handsome fellow goes without saying, for all Austrian hussars are handsome. He was, moreover, about thirty-two, clever, well-educated, and a good deal of a man of the world in a German sort of way.

With all these charms of mind and manner united in a single individual, it was not a cause for the slightest wonderment among his friends that Miss Mary White—the daughter of Colonel White, a New York broker—who, with her mother, was spending the winter in Vienna, should fall a captive to the manifest court that he paid her from the first. The wonder really was that she held out as long as she did, for it was quite two months after she had first met him before she agreed, at the expiration of a certain time, to become his wife.

The Lieutenant, who was not only an ardent lover but used to having things his own way, cut this period of probation as short as possible, and it was mutually agreed among the three—the mother, the Lieutenant and the daughter (the father was not consulted)—that the wedding should take place in New York, the following June. The Lieutenant rather wanted it in Vienna, but they drew the line at that for several reasons; one of the most cogent being a social one, namely, that both mother and daughter desired to show the handsome young officer in all his glory to their admiring and presumably envious friends.

It was accordingly settled that the Lieutenant should procure a leave of absence as long as possible, and appear in New York at the appointed time to claim his bride at the hands of her father, although up to this time that particular functionary was wholly in the dark as to what was to be required of him. These incidental preliminaries having been thus satisfactorily arranged, the bride-to-be and her mother—whom the Lieutenant in his unaffected way already called "mama"—set out for Paris to undertake the real serious business of the affair; and for the next few months they were absorbed by the shops and dressmakers.

History does not chronicle the doings of the Lieutenant in Vienna during these weeks of waiting, but love-born letters on pink paper with a crest came regularly to Miss Mary White—she hated the pink paper but adored the crest—and were answered by her in good time.

Like all protracted seasons of longing and waiting, this, too, at last went by, and not only had the dresses and other paraphernalia been sent home from Paris, but the Lieutenant at last found himself on a Bremen steamer half way to New York, whither Miss White and her mother had already preceded him.

He arrived early one stifling morning in the pleasant suburb of Hoboken. By a series of contretemps, although the vessel had been reported the evening before, neither Miss White nor any member of the family, nor even the coachman met him at the pier. He was forced to drive alone as best he might, to the apartments of an old athletic friend in Fifty-ninth street, with whom, as had been arranged, he was to lodge while in New York. He finally reached the metropolis in a very mixed frame of mind. Such a little matter as this, however, although it wounded the Lieutenant's vanity, even in his present state of submissiveness, was easily

and satisfactorily smoothed over and soon forgotten, and the few days intervening before the wedding were spent in a round of gaiety. So much did he see in such a short time—so many persons and places—that to this day he does not know whether Delmonico's is a street or a theater, or that Riverside Drive is not a part of the Battery. One thing, however, he does remember and that is the exact location of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which he vows he could find in the dark—but that is anticipating the story.

When the day of the wedding came —the ceremony had been fixed for the evening—the Lieutenant drew a sigh of relief. Somehow or other the New York visit had not been quite satisfactory to him. He had been whisked about so that it had not only confused him, but had begun to tell upon him physically. Worse than all this, although he had been constantly in Miss White's company, somebody or other had always been there, too, and they had not even had an opportunity, as he reflected somewhat bitterly, with an old-world conception of the part he was playing, for a single comfortable tete-a-tete, or an exchange of confidences. This particular day he had been denied — heartlessly he thought, though they told him that it was a necessary preliminary—the first sight of the beloved object until he should meet her at the altar, and he had rather a wretched time, which he spent variously in retrospection, polishing his cartouch and vigorously rubbing up other metal parts of his equipment. Upon one thing he certainly congratulated himself, and that was that the end was near and that his troubles were almost over.

The wedding was to be a military one to a certain extent. The groomsman was to be the Austrian Consul in uniform, and with that minute attention to detail that characterized all the wedding preparations, it had been arranged that out of compliment to the diplomat, and the nationality of the groom himself, the Austrian national hymn should be played during the service. The ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Now it must be borne in mind that there are in New York no less than three churches of the Protestant Episcopal denomination having "Trinity" as a constituent part of their names. First of all there is Trinity Church proper, or Old Trinity, which as everybody knows is on Broadway, opposite Wall street; then there is its immediate offshoot, Trinity Chapel, extending from West Twenty-fifth to West Twenty-sixth street, near Broadway; and finally, there is the Church of the Holy Trinity, already mentioned, which stands at the corner of Madison avenue and Forty-second street. The three churches bear no sort of resemblance to each other in shape or size, and as has been stated, they are block after block of city streets apart.

The first of Lieutenant von Lendheim's misadventures, and be it said, the moving cause of them all, was, in a certain sense not his own fault. They had so many things to attend to around at the Whites' that he had been left rather neglectfully to arrange for his own carriage to take him to the church. It only occurred to him late in the afternoon that it was necessary to have a carriage at all, and he at once rang for a messenger, and when he came gave him a verbal order to the livery-man in the next street. The Lieutenant had always maintained, and even now, when he can view the matter to a certain extent dispassionately, still maintains that he gave the order correctly to the messenger boy. However that may be, the boy unquestionably told the livery-man that the carriage was to go from Fifty-ninth street with its fare to Trinity Church, and in that form the order was passed on to the coachman.

The carriage drove up to the door, and the Lieutenant in all his gorgeousness of apparel, came clanking down the front steps and entered.

"You know where to go?" he said.

"I do, sir! Trinity!" was the reply, and the Lieutenant was soon bowling along down town over the New York pavements.

His mind, when he first got into the carriage, was almost in a whirl at the imminence of the event that was about to transform his life, and it now had plenty of time to resume its normal condition of tranquillity. The journey seemed long to him, much longer than he had supposed, but any distance, he reflected, would appear great at such a time, and he held his peace. His endurance, however, at last gave out, and he was just on the point of appealing to the driver, when that unsuspecting individual drew up with a flourish, and in a trice had descended and opened the door with the cheerful remark, "Here you are, sir!"

The Lieutenant hastily arranged his accoutrements, for he knew that he was late, and hurriedly dismounted. He had already taken a step toward the church when he looked up and saw to his unutterable dismay that the edifice was closed and unlighted. It came to him like a flash that he had been brought to the wrong place, and that the cabman was personally responsible for the blunder. That worthy had again mounted the box and was gathering up the reins preparatory to a start when the Lieutenant, keeping in check for a moment a rage that was bloodthirsty in its vehemence, wheeled where he stood and called out, "What church is this?"

"Trinity, sir!" said the cabman with a shade of injury in his voice.

Then the Lieutenant sprang forward as if he meant to commit murder, but he relented in time, and stood still at the curb shaking his fist at the man, while he objurgated and reviled him in German and English. Long before he had ceased anathematizing the cabman, the latter, with a look of alarm such as one might bestow upon a dangerous lunatic, whipped up his horse, and with a look behind to see whether he was being followed, vanished incontinently up the street.

The hopelessness of the Lieutenant's predicament became intensified as he saw the object of his wrath disappear in the distance. It was late; long past the time set for the wedding and he was alone in a remote quarter of an unknown city. Something must be done and done quickly. He looked about him in search of a cab, but not one was visible. Just at that moment, however, a street-car came slowly up from Bowling Green, and, when it finally reached him, the Lieutenant hailed it and got in, amid the admiring gaze of the few passengers it had as yet picked up. The conductor was just then engaged in his first collection of fares, and the Lieutenant had only time to settle himself in the furthest corner of the car, when he in his turn was addressed politely but firmly with "Your fare, sir!"

Now, the Lieutenant had not really expected to be called upon to expend any money that evening, but in view of some possible emergency he had provided himself with two bright, twenty-dollar gold pieces. One of these he now produced. The conductor took it, examined it on both sides, and, regarding the Lieutenant quizzically, said, "You can't try that on here; it won't work."

"But it is all I have," said the Lieutenant.

"Then walk," was the suggestion as the conductor pulled the bell. The Lieutenant, burning with indignation, alighted, and once more stood alone on the curb. Then he sauntered on up the street in the direction taken by the car. At the Astor House he discovered a hansom that had just deposited a passenger on the sidewalk, and he hurriedly hailed the driver.

"Where is the church of the Holy Trinity?" he shouted.

"Down there," said the cabman, pointing in the direction from which the Lieutenant had come.

"No," said the Lieutenant, epigrammatically, "I do not mean there—uptown?"

"Oh!" said the cabman, "will ye be after goin' up?"

'I will," returned the Lieutenant, "and I have the utmost haste."

"All right," said the cabman, "I'll git ye up in good shape," at which the Lieutenant entered and they started off.

This time it must be conceded that the Lieutenant was really at fault and that, too, in spite of his previous experience with an insufficiently instructed driver. It ought to have been apparent to him with half an eye that this particular cabman hadn't the slightest idea where he was going, and had started out with the hope and intention of picking up his information on the way. Had his fare been listening for that sort of thing he might have heard the following conversation carried on a little later between his own cabman and a colleague whom he had overtaken :

"Say, Bill, where's Trinity?"

"Down?" asked the colleague.

"No ; up."

"West twenty-five—off Broadway."

They were going there now the nearest way, and it really was not very long before they came out into the blaze of light at Madison Square, and soon pulled up in a throng of carriages at the door of the church. The Lieutenant rose to his feet and leaped out upon the sidewalk. Without a word he recklessly handed one of his twenty-doliar gold pieces to the driver, and almost ran up the steps of the church.

Once inside the edifice the Lieutenant found himself in the midst of an assembled multitude. Brilliant lights flashed in all directions, the organ was playing softly, and there was the general air of expectancy which always prevails just before the entrance of the bridal party. The Lieutenant's one thought was that he was still on time. The beatitude of the idea so possessed him that he did not heed the usher who politely stepped forward as he started down the center aisle, nor did he notice the hum of curiosity that ran over the church when he had advanced to the steps of the altar and turned and stood there erect and alone with an air that was sublime in its imperturbability. He had not arrived a moment too soon, for scarcely had he turned and faced the entrance when the buzz of expectation grew louder; the introspective murmurings of the organ turned into the triumphant joy of a wedding march, and the bride—the end and brief epitome of all—with her retinue of men and maids entered and had already begun her progress toward the altar. Without a shade of self-consciousness, but if possible more erect and martial than ever, the Lieutenant stood there and awaited her approach. Behind him the officiating clergyman had silently taken his place at the head of the chancel steps, and two men in unexceptional black, one of them with the air of an actor who was to play a principal part, had arranged themselves near him. The Lieutenant, whose senses were absorbed by the spectacle in front of him, had seen nothing of all this, although the men in black immediately noticed him, and had exchanged significant glances of inquiry.

The procession slowly advanced. It was close upon him when his eyes for some inexplicable reason strayed for a moment from the bride, and intelligently fastened themselves upon her escort upon whose arm she leaned. He started, for it was not Mr. White. Something must unexpectedly have happened to him, he thought, some sudden illness, to keep him away. His glance quickly went back to the bride, but this time he did not start—for an instant his heart stood still and he ceased to breathe. He could not believe the evidence of his eyes, but thought he had suddenly gone mad. Even though the veil covered and in part concealed her, the approaching figure was not Miss White. For one awful moment, that sometimes comes

back to him in dreams, he stood there without sense or volition. Then he turned round and saw the two men in evening dress in the chancel behind him, and at once the horror of it all flashed through his mind.

How the Lieutenant got out of the church he never knew, but it was not until he found himself on the sidewalk that he came once more into full possession of his faculties. Then he ambled up to a policeman and inquired, falteringly:

"What church is this?"

"Trinity Chapel," was the reply.

He did not groan—he was made of sterner stuff—but his heart sank like lead within him. He had to go to the corner of Fifth avenue before he found a cab that was disengaged. He did n't care, however, he was in no hurry now. He recognized the futility of even trying to hasten where haste could no longer avail. When at last a man from the opposite side of the street signalled his readiness for a fare, he motioned him across, and asked in a voice in whose appealing note of despair there was an infinite pathos, "Do you know where the Church of the Holy Trinity is?"

"I do, sir!" said the cabman.

"Where is it?"

"Corner Madison avenue and Forty-second," was the reply.

"There," said the other wearily, "is where I desire to go."

When the Lieutenant arrived, crushed and discouraged, at the church for which he had started out in such high spirits earlier in the evening, he found it closed and deserted. He had known that this would be the case, and when the cab drew up in front of the building, he did n't even dismount.

"The Dakota," he said hopelessly to the cabman, and then wondered at himself for having said it.

It is a long drive from the Church of the Holy Trinity to the great apartment house in West Seventy-second street where the Whites lived. The Lieutenant, however, did not mind it this time, for it gave him the needed opportunity to think over what course to pursue. Of one thing he was certain—and he accepted the fact grimly—he had lost Miss White. Then there came to him the realization of that loss. He thought bitterly of the lonely years that stretched out before him; how his family and friends in Vienna, particularly his fellow officers would regard the affair, and he resolved to see her once more and learn whether he had forever forfeited all claim to her affection. The particulars of that interview have never been divulged, but Lieutenant and Mrs. von Lendheim certainly started the same evening on their wedding journey. Mrs. White also left town immediately which, considering the predicament in which the public was placed by the marriage notice that had duly appeared in the morning papers, was an unfair thing to do, but she had certainly produced a social effect, though not exactly in the way intended.

The Lieutenant, in his far-away Vienna home, is a happy man except when he thinks of that night in New York, when a cold, hard look comes over his face. Once in a while a letter is received from Mrs. White in which she expresses the hope that the two will soon come to America to make her a visit, but when it is read aloud by his wife, the Lieutenant says never a word—he merely shrugs his shoulders.

Questions Of the Day

Bancroft Library

RECENT DECISIONS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE recent decisions of the United States Courts in Ohio and Louisiana present new phases of the law in its bearing upon the labor question. They were all made under the act of Congress approved July 2d, 1890, which is commonly known as the Anti-trust Act. It declares every contract, combination in form of trust, or otherwise, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations, to be illegal, and every person who shall monopolize or attempt to monopolize, or conspire, or combine with any other person or persons to monopolize such trade or commerce shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Further it declares every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of such trade to be void. Jurisdiction of cases arising under the act is conferred upon the United States Circuit Courts, and it provides that any person injured by such combination or conspiracy may institute suit in said courts, and recover threefold damages, costs, and reasonable attorney fees. Any property owned by guilty parties and in transit is forfeitable to the United States.

The general impression has been that this act had no application to labor organizations or combinations, and that it related solely to the producers and distributers of merchandise. And as it provides for the forfeiture of property owned by those guilty of combination or conspiracy, there is a good deal of reason to hold that it is limited in its operation to trade or commerce proper, and does not extend to those who are engaged merely in transportation, and who are without interest in the property itself. The construction given to the act by Judges Taft, Billings and Ricks is certainly not strict, but it is latitudinous. The questions they have passed upon will undoubtedly go to the court of last resort, where the exact scope of the statute will be defined. There will be a condition of uncertainty and unrest until a final interpretation is given to the statute. It is very doubtful whether Congress had the labor question in mind when it enacted that law. The country, with a good deal of vehemence, demanded the suppression of trusts and combinations to control production and distribution of commodities that enter into general consumption. There had been formed, and they were in actual and formidable operation, such trusts as that in sugar, salt, cotton-seed oil, petroleum oil, and many others which attempted to control, and to a certain extent did control trade in the leading articles of commerce. It was this evil that Congress intended and attempted to reach and suppress.

There is no doubt that if Judge Taft is right in his premises, all who participate in, or advise a strike which injures through interruption of interstate or international commerce are liable to be mulcted in damages; and Judge Billings, if the law extends to labor organizations or to single persons engaged in the mere handling of freight and passengers, is correct in granting a restraining order, for the law expressly confers such power. Judge Ricks restrained the engineers on the Lake Shore Road from boycotting the Ann Arbor freight. Everything, therefore, depends upon the question of the applicability of the statute to the cases they have passed upon.

Congress has plenary power to regulate

interstate traffic and to compel interstate lines to handle the passengers and freights of connecting lines. Under the law the Lake Shore was bound to receive the business of the Ann Arbor, and whatever interpretation may be given to the Anti-Trust Act, the engineer in charge of an engine had no right to take a step that would prevent the Lake Shore doing its duty under other statutes, or under the common law. He must either do what his employer directs, or he must get off from the engine and let some one take his place who will obey such directions as will enable the employer to execute the obligations imposed by law. The decisions do not go to the extent of holding that strikes are necessarily unlawful. For no courts will hold, and no legislative body will enact that a man cannot cease work when he pleases, provided he is not under contract to labor for a specified term.

As a rule, on the railroads and in the large manufacturing establishments, there are no contracts binding an employer or employee for a fixed term of service, and the practice is for the former to discharge and the latter to resign at will. This right cannot be interfered with, and strikes that amount to mere cessations of work are not and cannot be made unlawful. There should, however, be a condition in all such contracts that discharge or resignation shall not take place except on reasonable notice to be specifically stated as to time, that business may not be embarrassed, and those who live by their labor may make preparations to go into other employment. Labor organizations have alienated public sympathy by indulging in the destruction of property, in forcibly preventing others taking the places of strikers, and in some instances in committing acts most heinously criminal. They have also been in the habit of striking at times when it would not only do employers most harm, but inflict serious damage on the public. The common feeling is that if men do not want to work on the terms offered let them quit, and that that shall be the end of it. Trusts and combinations and the exactions of capital will never be prevented by indefensible acts on the part of labor. Legislative bodies and courts will go to the extent of protecting property, in assuring stability to business, and in securing to all the undisturbed privilege of working on terms that suits them. If labor organizations stand in the way of this, they will be suppressed by an aroused public. The sentiment that demands the suppression of trusts, and prevents the exactions of capital, will also grapple with all other agencies that unjustly retard public prosperity.

MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

Some years ago while in conversation with a well-known man of wealth, he remarked to the writer that while he had abundant means and a promising outlook, he was educating his three daughters with a view to their supporting themselves if occasion required. The young ladies were prominent in society, yet one was taking lessons in dressmaking, another was preparing herself to teach music, while the third was fitting herself to fill the position of a book-keeper. By a singular turn of the wheel of fortune in five years this very sensible man was completely ruined, and for several years lived in Europe in a manner only known to himself. His daughters found themselves thrown upon the world without a dollar, but thanks to their training they were all enabled to support themselves. This is but one of scores of instances that are occurring in this and every country every day. Children are brought up without any aim and thrown upon the world to make the fight against an armed foe, poorly equipped. The education of women especially is a question that deserves the consideration of our thinkers, educators, and those who give money for educational purposes. It is a healthy sign that manual training-schools are appearing all over the land, and it is to be hoped that the day is near at hand when every town and city will have such a school where young men and women can be taught accomplishments which, if necessary, can be used in the great struggle for life. California has several such schools, and in the city of Pasadena a wealthy citizen has founded a school that embodies the idea of manual training—an institution that pretends to equip students for the actual struggle for life. Here are found the daughters of wealthy men studying the art of cooking or perfecting

themselves in the various departments of housekeeping. Certain days are devoted to dressmaking, lace-making and many other studies that can be used, if occasion comes, later on. Machine shops, electrical plants, and carpenter shops are here fully equipped, all filled with students eager to learn and suggestive of great good to be accomplished. At present there seems to be an impression that young women can only fill the positions of saleswomen or typewriters, but there are scores of fields not yet touched upon by women, that are open to them with the proper training, and these manual training schools springing up all over the country will, in all probability, solve one of the greatest questions in which women are interested.

"THE GOOD GRAY POET."

Apropos of the biographical sketch of Walt Whitman by De Witt C. Lockwood in the last number of this magazine, C. W. Eldridge of San Francisco writes as follows:

"I have read with interest the article on Walt Whitman in the April CALIFORNIAN. In the opening paragraph the writer says that it is a matter of conjecture how the name of the "Good Gray Poet," was first applied. I am able to give definite information on that point. The epithet was first used by William D. O'Connor in his pamphlet with that title, published in 1865, as a vindication of the poet and an excoriation of Harlan, the Secretary, who had dismissed him for his book. This pamphlet is undoubtedly the most brilliant monograph in American literature. I am a life-long friend of Walt Whitman and his champion, William D. O'Connor. I was considerably surprised that a somewhat extended sketch of the former should be given without mentioning the latter, who was Walt's earliest and ablest defender. I was in Washington when this remarkable pamphlet was written, and held frequent conferences with O'Connor about it. The title was also a subject of conference, and Mr. O'Connor has the sole honor of inventing it. It was suggested to him, as he told me, by a line in Tennyson's 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington':

O good gray head which all men knew * * "

"DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'."

In the April CALIFORNIAN we published a poem with the above title which has appeared anonymously for a number of years in various publications. We are now in receipt of several communications from subscribers who have kindly supplied the author's name. The following letter in regard to the subject is from Dr. J. A. Crane, of Santa Ana, Cal.:

"De Massa ob de Sheepfol'," which appears in your April number, has for many years had an honored place in my old scrap book. It is to be regretted that such gems are so often given a place in the columns of newspapers, and the names of the authors omitted. Very soon they become waifs and hence their origin difficult to trace.

"Many years since Chas. A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, pronounced this poem 'without regard to dialect, one of the most beautiful in the English language.' Upon investigation, I think you will discover that its author is Sally Pratt Mc Lean. If there be other claimants for this distinguished honor, for so it must be regarded, I am not aware of the fact."

[Sarah Pratt Mc Lean (now Mrs. Greene) was born at Simsbury, Conn., and is the author of the well-known novels, "Cape Cod Folks," "Last Chance Junction," "Towhead," etc.—THE EDITOR.]

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.—*Tennyson.*

LITERATURE is in its transition period. Many poets, philosophers and other deep thinkers believe that the following century will witness the development of a distinctly higher and purer standard than has ever before existed, and that it will attain an advancement previously undreamed of save by a few prophetic souls; philosophies will be unfolded and realized, unthought of save by the most acute reasoners of the age, and hitherto unknown truths will be evolved.

Literary abilities seem to become more widely distributed as the years progress, and the result is that there are now more writers of every class and description than at any previous time. Books unnumbered are being written and published, and our country alone supports a surprising number of magazines, besides innumerable periodicals and pamphlets of minor importance. Between one and two hundred manuscripts are accepted annually by many of the magazines, and an estimate can scarcely be made of the amount of rejected matter that passes through their hands. It is, perhaps, on account of this competition, more difficult, and requires more persistent effort to attain success in serious literary pursuits than in almost any other profession, for "Of making books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

The inexorable judgment of the editor and publisher is focused upon every piece of literature offered for publication, and this literature must come within certain limits of popularity prescribed by public taste, thoroughly understood by those whose duty it is to pass judgment upon it, and decide as to its fitness for publication. He who occupies such a position bears the weight of a great responsibility, for while understanding his limitations and exercising some conservativeness, he must select matter for publication which is characterized by sufficient originality of thought to surprise without shocking the average reader. He must sink his personal ideas and opinions in his judgment, and become a composite expression of the opinions of many. The young writer must, therefore, shape his thoughts so that they may pass through this rigorous channel, after which they may reasonably be supposed acceptable to the general public.

He who has attempted to live by the products of his pen alone well knows the difficulties under which the young author labors. He also knows that he must undergo very exhaustive exertion for proportionately little compensation. There are few authors to-day, even those of established fame, who are able to live upon the incomes derived from their writings alone, many of them occupying editorial positions or other remunerative literary situations. For some reasons it is well that this occupation is so beset with difficulties, for, while in some cases the sufferings undergone by a young author wear away the keen sensitiveness of his intrinsic powers and higher nature, in others they but serve to broaden his experience, develop his character and strengthen his talents. There is another advantage accruing from the lack of immediate personal benefit in a literary career. If it were to offer too many inducements, that class of writers whose lack of earnestness and definiteness of purpose would by no means be an ornament to the profession, would be increased immeasurably and the present conditions render it an unprofitable occupation for any one who is not willing to make many sacrifices for its sake, and those who would write for financial benefits alone are not likely to pursue it. In the future let us hope that this class will have been relegated entirely to oblivion, or that those still remaining in the literary field will have undergone development that will place within the grasp of their comprehension the great purposes that actuate true creation in

any profession. To the poets we must accredit a high understanding and true conception of these purposes. Their utterances are the result of the realization of truth, and the capability of prophesy. Ryan says of them,

> As seers see a star
> Beyond the brow of night,
> So poets scan the far
> Prophetic when they write
> * * * *
> It is not all a dream,
> A poet's thought is truth,
> The things that are—and seem
> From age far back to youth.

Robert Grinshaw in a volume entitled *Fifty Years Hence*[1] makes a prediction of what may be in 1943, "a prophesy, supposed to be based on scientific deductions by an improved graphical method." He quotes Byron, who says, "The best of prophets of the future is the past," and upon this hypothesis bases a system by which he promises to figure out mathematically, the different conditions of life, geographical divisions, scientific discoveries, atmospheric conditions, the evolution of recorded speech, etc., in a series of charts marked in different colors to represent them. "Given a mode of expressing social conditions, legal enactments, human emotions," he says, "extending through a sufficient period, and known with sufficient accuracy to be properly chartered, the present may be made to throw light upon a past too dim, and past and present point with unerring finger to the future, be it near or distant." Unfortunately, when the expectations of the appreciative mathematician are at their height, he discontinues his explanations and simply sets forth the results of the investigations. But perhaps since such wonderful results are obtained in storing and utilizing all the electrical forces and motive powers of nature, and attaining an undreamed of development in the mechanical and fine arts, we should be satisfied to forego the pleasure of an analysis of the means.

The *Cause and Cure of the Irrepressible Conflict Between Capital and Labor*,[2] is intelligently discussed by Hiram Orcutt, LL.D. "Relations between employer and employee," he says, "are regulated by the inevitable law of demand and supply." He defines their relations as neither that of master and slave, nor that of partners, but contracting parties, "each having in view his own interests." He dwells at some length on the evils arising from strikes, giving actual facts and figures concerning the misfortunes and losses suffered by both contracting parties. Profit sharing by employers with employees, he seems to think inadvisable and even unjust, as the employer has assumed all the risk and expense of investment, while the employee is free of this responsibility, and his wages are guaranteed. If an employee, he says, must share a percentage of the profits he must also share a percentage of loss, if the firm should sustain losses. Mr. Orcutt states some of the rates at which the wage earners are paid, saying that if they were struggling for mere existence their present complaints would be justifiable, but that they are receiving exceptionally high wages, better pay than the workingmen of any other country. He says finally, "Let them recognize the laws which regulate the commercial world, and devote themselves faithfully to the interests of their employers, satisfied with fair compensation, and striving to make their services more valuable by self-culture. This will not only put an end to the existing war, but will subserve their own greatest pecuniary interest, comfort and welfare—a result greatly to be desired."

A Mere Cipher,[3] by Mary Angela Dickens, was published in serial form under the title, "A Modern Judith," but is now republished in book form under the original title given it by the author. It is the story of a man who had almost ruined himself with drink before fully realizing its demoralizing effect. The degradation of an inebriate's condition, in which all dignity and manliness is undermined, is graphically but delicately brought to the reader's observation. The young man, after conquering his appetite, devotes his time and attention to aiding an enthusiastic priest in perfecting his plans for forming colonies of the poor of London in Manitoba. He says, "I have come to the conclusion that all that can be urged in favor of emigration sinks into utter insignificance before the advantages of colonization. Where emigration breaks up and divides, colonization consolidates, where emigration means exile and loneliness, colonization means another and a larger home."

The character from which the novel takes its name is one of that type of women who has been from earliest youth thoroughly inculcated with the exactions of duty, and never has entertained the possibility of asserting her own individuality against the authority of either parent or husband. In her own humble, timid way she manages to be of much service and benefit to those about

[1] Practical Publishing Co., 21 Park Row, N. Y.
[2] New England Publishing Co., Boston.
[3] Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

her, and finally sacrifices her life to save the life and honor of the man she loves from the unscrupulous injustice of her husband. This man, unconscious of the noble sacrifice that has been made for him, marries his sweetheart, and the woman who has died for him remains as she always has seemed to be, "A Mere Cipher."

A new edition of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier's *Marriage*[1] has lately been published in more complete form than in any previous edition. Miss Ferrier was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott, and her works were very highly commended by him. Her book is full of brightness and interest, while an undercurrent of serious philosophy gives the story stability. She faithfully depicts the characters of the Scotch, displaying familiarity with their customs, manners and speech, and her descriptions of their home life is intensely amusing. She also portrays in some of her characters the many abnormal fallacies of conventional society, and their demoralizing effect upon its advocates. Several good object lessons are given concerning the mistakes that are made in marrying without due consideration. The marriage of one of her principal characters is that of the undeveloped girl under the influence of unsophisticated romanticism, of another, a union for wealth and position, and of still another the commonplace wedding that occurs every day, in which all the grand faculties or brilliant capabilities are sunk in hopeless contentment and insipidity. The first two often culminate in tragedies, but the last has not even that redeeming feature—it is a gradual paralysis of the strongest and noblest qualifications, until life becomes a mere duty, incapable even of despair. Marriage, that holiest and purest of bonds, is a much abused and much desecrated word. Marriage, which was instituted to perfect the great inevitable law of sympathy or duality in nature, and bring two component parts into the purest, most sanctified relations, is used as a commodity in which the best desires, the most ethereal conditions of the human soul are stifled and deadened, or so degraded that they are unworthy of their name.

A Roman Singer[2], by F. Marion Crawford, has been lately issued in a new edition. This author in his word-painting of the Italian life and character is true and original, even though he often portrays those individualities that are unique, and rarely met with or recognized in the ordinary paths of life. "A Roman Singer" is written in a style that at once invites you warmly into the writer's confidence and carries you to the depth of his conceptions. Nino, the singer, is a peasant child, brought up by a professor of languages, not wealthy in this world's goods, who educates the child to follow his own profession. The child, at an early age, displaying remarkable musical genius, concentrates his attention upon its development and persistently follows the profession for which nature has fitted him. He becomes so engrossed in his pursuit that he pays no attention to those things that usually become part of a young man's life, and arrives at manhood, his character unsullied and concentrated. He finally meets and loves a woman whom he pursues with his characteristic intensity and determination, and after many trials and difficulties, finally marries her. The beauty of the love existing between these two young people is ideal, and what the mutual love of man and woman was originally intended to be. They come to each other in virginal purity, their affections innocent of the faintest breath of the warping, disfiguring touch of contamination which robs the true grand passion, when it does come, of half its worth.

One of our poets, whose work would impress the reader with the purity and grandeur of the writer's character, is the late Abram Joseph Ryan, commonly known as "Father Ryan." He entered the Catholic priesthood at an early age, devoting himself to a religious life, though he also gave much attention to literary work. In his epic poem, "Their Story Runneth Thus," there is such pathos and depth of feeling that we cannot fail to detect its autobiographical character, and our appreciation and sympathies are wrapped more closely about the man for coming in such close touch with his private life and thoughts. Some of his work is mediocre, but he often breaks forth into flashes of song that startle the reader by their depth and grandeur, and bear sufficient testimony to his genius. His thoughts are much greater than his expression, and he shows his appreciation of this fact in the lines:

Yet far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley like Virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

G. L. B.

[1] Roberts Bros., Boston.
[2] Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

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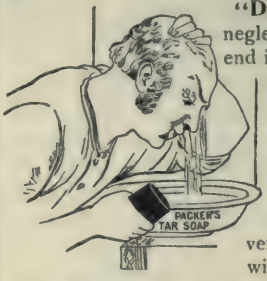

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EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany encourages his son, the Crown Prince Frederick William (aged eleven), in casting sheep's eyes at young Queen Wilhemina of Holland, who is about thirteen.

Queen Margherita of Italy has promised to send her collection of laces to the World's Fair. It contains many well-preserved specimens of fine old flat and raised Venetian point, but the most valuable piece in her possession is a coverlet under which all the princes of Savoy were born.

"His serene Highness," Albert Grimaldi, the Prince of Monaco, who was born in 1848 and succeeded to the diminutive throne in 1889, is noted only as a prince of gamblers, being the owner and manager of the notorious gambling casino at Monte Carlo. He has one son, Prince Louis.

Carmen Sylva, the poet-Queen of Roumania, is said to be afflicted with creeping paralysis, her lower limbs being almost useless. It was physically impossible for her to attend the wedding of her nephew the Crown Prince Ferdinand to the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, although report says she was glad to be spared the infliction. She is still with her mother in Germany.

The Czar of Russia is not going to be outdone by any woman in the matter of titles, and is about to add to his collection that of "Emperor of Asia," as an offset to Queen Victoria's "Empress of India." The new coat of arms represents the double-headed Russian eagle flying across the sun's disk. Alexander is a big man, good natured and so forth, but inclined to be fond of flummery; and the prospects are that he will be obliged to grow faster than hitherto, to keep pace with his orders and decorations, if he expects to wear them all at once.

The Prince of Wales is said to favor the marriage of his second daughter, Victoria, with Lord Roseberry, who, aside from being several other things, is the rich widower of Hannah de Rothschild, whose four children inherit (through their mother) the millions of their grandfather, Baron Meyer de Rothschild. Of course Lord Roseberry comes in for his share, and a finger in the financial pie generally. He is wise, clever and ambitious, and only forty-five, and the Wales family are in greater need of money than of princely blood. The Princess Victoria is "as good as gold," perhaps better, and may not wish to outdo her elder sister, the Princess Louise, who married the Duke of Fife.

Queen Victoria's health has been "causing great apprehension at court," as it has been in the habit of doing, at short intervals, for several years past, yet like her grandfather, George the Third, so far as living is concerned, she seems to take kindly to old age. This time she has had bronchitis, failing sight, and is addicted to the intemperate use of ground cinnamon. Her grandfather had and did worse things, yet lived right on. The queen has also just approved a new statue of herself—the sixty-fifth she has approved—this one is going to Hong Kong. And she has perfected her speech in Hindustanese, and accomplished various other feats wonderful for a woman of her age.

Though Natalie of Servia possesses greater beauty, no empress or queen or princess in Europe has a more interesting face than Princess Stephanie (of Belgium), widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. It is small wonder that she is a woman of moods and of tempers; when barely seventeen she married Rudolf and prospects of unlimited happiness, yet, until recently, her life has been a nightmare ever since then. And after all the crown of an empress was lost to her! What storms of passion and of anguish she must have undergone before she acquired the look of repressed defiance her proud face now wears. Judging by its expression, one feels inclined to predict that there will be more history to follow.

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Who was Esau?

Esau was a man who wrote fables and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash.

Who was Wolseley?

Wolseley was a famous general who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell: "Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age."

What is a Bacchanal?

A native of Bechuana, in South Africa.

Who were the Phœnicians?

The inventors of Phœnician blinds.

Who was Perkin Warbeck?

Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry the Eighth. He said he was the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people.

Describe the heart and its function or work.

The heart is a comical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy petition. These parts are called right artillery, left artillery, and so forth. The function of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.

What is a chimera?

A thing used to take likenesses with.

Define hydrostatics.

Hydrostatics is when a mad dog bites you. It is called hydrophobia when a dog is mad, and hydrostatics when a man catches it.

What is the meaning of mer de glace?

Mother of glass.

What is a watershed?

A place in which boats are stored in winter.

What fossil remains do we find of fishes?

In some rocks we find the fossil foot-prints of fishes.

What is gender?

Gender is the way whereby we tell what sex a man is.

What is the meaning of cynical?

A cynical lump of sugar is one pointed at the top.

What is a republican?

A republican is a sinner mentioned in the Bible.

What are the metamorphic rocks?

Rocks that contain metaphors.

Explain the words fort and fortress.

A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress a place to put women in.

Name the two chief volcanoes in Europe.

Sodom and Gomorrah.

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To Pass the Time Away.

"That is another story," as the builder said when ordered to run the walls up higher.—*Troy (N. Y.) Press*

Teacher—What is a hero?

Tommy—The man who marries a heroine.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A new kind of flannel is called tramp flannel because it shrinks from washing. —*Yonkers (N. Y.) Statesman.*

The man who thaws out dynamite is being heard from. There is generally but one report.—*Baltimore American.*

"Why do they call their daughter Olive?"

"Because a liking for her has to be acquired."—*Chicago News Record.*

"Papa," asked the little boy, "why do rabbits have cotton tails when they can raise fur of their own?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Briggs.—How do you like my new coat? I got it at the misfit parlor.

Griggs.—First rate. It's one of the best misfits I ever saw.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Little Dot—I just hate that girl!

Mamma—We are commanded to love our enemies.

Little Dot—Yes, I know, but she isn't a enemy. She's a friend.—*Good News.*

Tourist—This is rather a live little place, isn't it?

Citizen — Well, I should remark; there's been sixteen lots sold in the cemetery in the last two weeks.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

An Oregon paper tells solemnly of a cow that is regularly milked by a trio of larcenous clams. It neglects to state that the clams having filled their shells, roll down hill and arrive at the bottom bursting with butter, which they sell, the receipts being devoted to alleviation of the condition of the uncivilized clams of Timbuctoo.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

SHE WAS A TAILOR'S WIFE.

Physician.—You see your son is feverish, madam. Notice the coating on his tongue.

Mrs. Anxious.—I don't see any coating on his tongue, but I see an ulster in his throat and his pants are dreadful short.—*Washington Post.*

Young Wife.—Oh, dear! this recipe for chicken salad says four cloves, and I haven't one in the house. What shall I do?

Cook.—Didn't you go to the theatre last night, mum?

Young Wife.—Why, yes, Bridget.

Cook—Well, the master's coat is upstairs.—*Judge.*

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

The printer was kicking because somebody was at his case rack and had got things into all sorts of confusion.

"I'd like to know," he said, with more or less profanity, "who has been doing this?"

"Circumstances," suggested the foreman. "You seem to forget that circumstances alter cases," and the printer bowed his head and wept.—*Detroit Free Press.*

VERY LIKE AN ANTHEM.

A sailor who had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a time and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What!" replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, me, give me that. Bill give me, give me that hand, give me that hand, handspike, spike, spike. Bill, give, give me that, that hand, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, spike. Ah-men, ah-men. Billgivemethathandspike, spike. Ah-men' why, that would be a hanthem."

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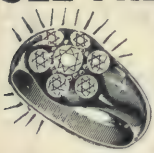

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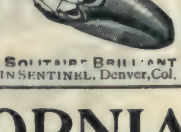

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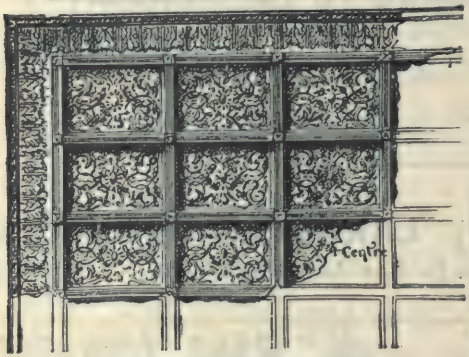

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Leave Los Angeles for Pasadena	Leave Pasadena for Los Angeles
6 35 a. m. Ex.Sun.	7 15 a. m. Ex.Sun.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	9 30 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles
10 30 a. m.	11 35 a. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 00 p. m.

Downey Avenue 7 Min. Later than L. A. Leaving Time

On theatre nights the 11 p. m. train for Pasadena will wait at Los Angeles until twenty minutes after theatre closes.

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Passengers leaving Los Angeles on the 8 a. m. train for Mt. Wilson can return on the same day.

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7 55 a. m. Sun.Ex.	6 55 a. m. Sun.Ex.
11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
2 55 p. m.	12 45 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

LOS ANGELES AND GLENDALE

Depots, East End of First Street and Downey Avenue Bridges

Leave Los Angeles for Glendale	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles
6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	6 15 p. m.

Los Angeles, Long Beach and E. San Pedro Depot, E. end of 1st St. Brg.

Leave Los Angeles for Long Beach and E. San Pedro	Leave E. San Pedro for Los Angeles
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MADERA, FRESNO COUNTY, CAL.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

A Money Making Plan Based Upon Sound Principles

HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

List of colonists and references to our reliability furnished upon request. Address

The John Brown Colony, Madera, California

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Any one interested in finance does not fail to find the study of the stamp system of savings one in which there is much food for thought. Undoubtedly it is the best system in the world to encourage small savings.

People's Home Stamp.

In Germany it has resulted in the hoarding up of millions of marks by the poor people, who call down blessings upon its originator.

The 5-cent stamp system is in full operation at the People's Home Savings Bank, and those who have investigated it are convinced of its efficacy.

About 11,000 stamp-saving books have been issued by the bank to the people of San Francisco. In each book are ten or fifteen deposit cards, and when enough stamps have been purchased from time to time to fill one of the cards, that card is worth a dollar at the People's Home Savings Bank, 805 Market Street, corner 4th. As an object lesson in saving to the youth of the land the stamp system is invaluable.

The People's Home Savings Bank has adopted a very effective plan for accumulating a good sum of money by small savings. The bank has a large number of small nickel-plated safes, oblong in shape and about half the size of an ordinary cigar-box. These will each hold about $35 in silver coin, and their use is becoming general in San Francisco. To get a safe, you simply deposit a dollar with the People's Home cashier and take it home, where you drop in an occasional dime or more, and wake up some morning to find that you have $35 of surplus coin on hand. The only way you can get at this is to take the little safe to the People's Home Savings Bank, where the key is kept, and there unlock it. The dime-savers then deposit the money in the People's Home Savings Bank, and thus lay the foundation for a fortune.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A special feature of the People's Home Savings Bank is the Safe Deposit Vaults; the strongest without exception on the Coast; easy of access, being on the ground floor of the Bank; brilliantly lighted with arc and incandescent lights, and secure and convenient for the inspection of valuables.

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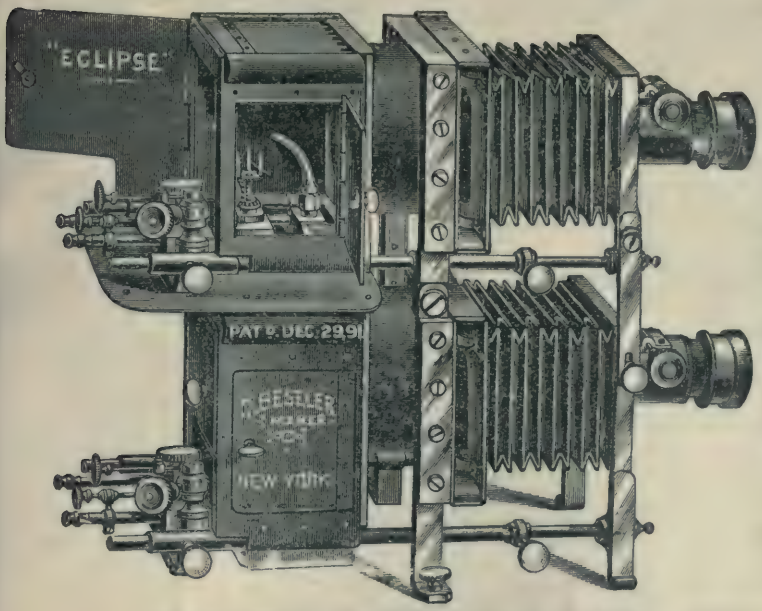

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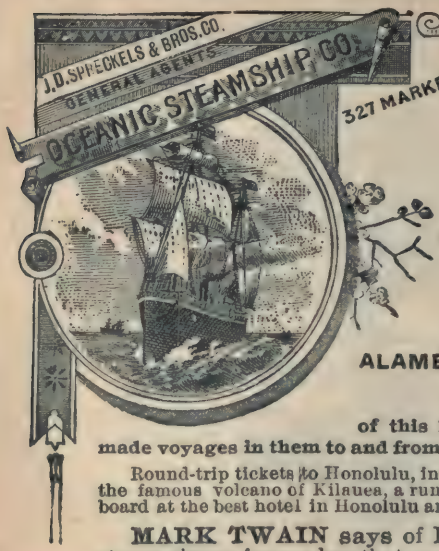

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